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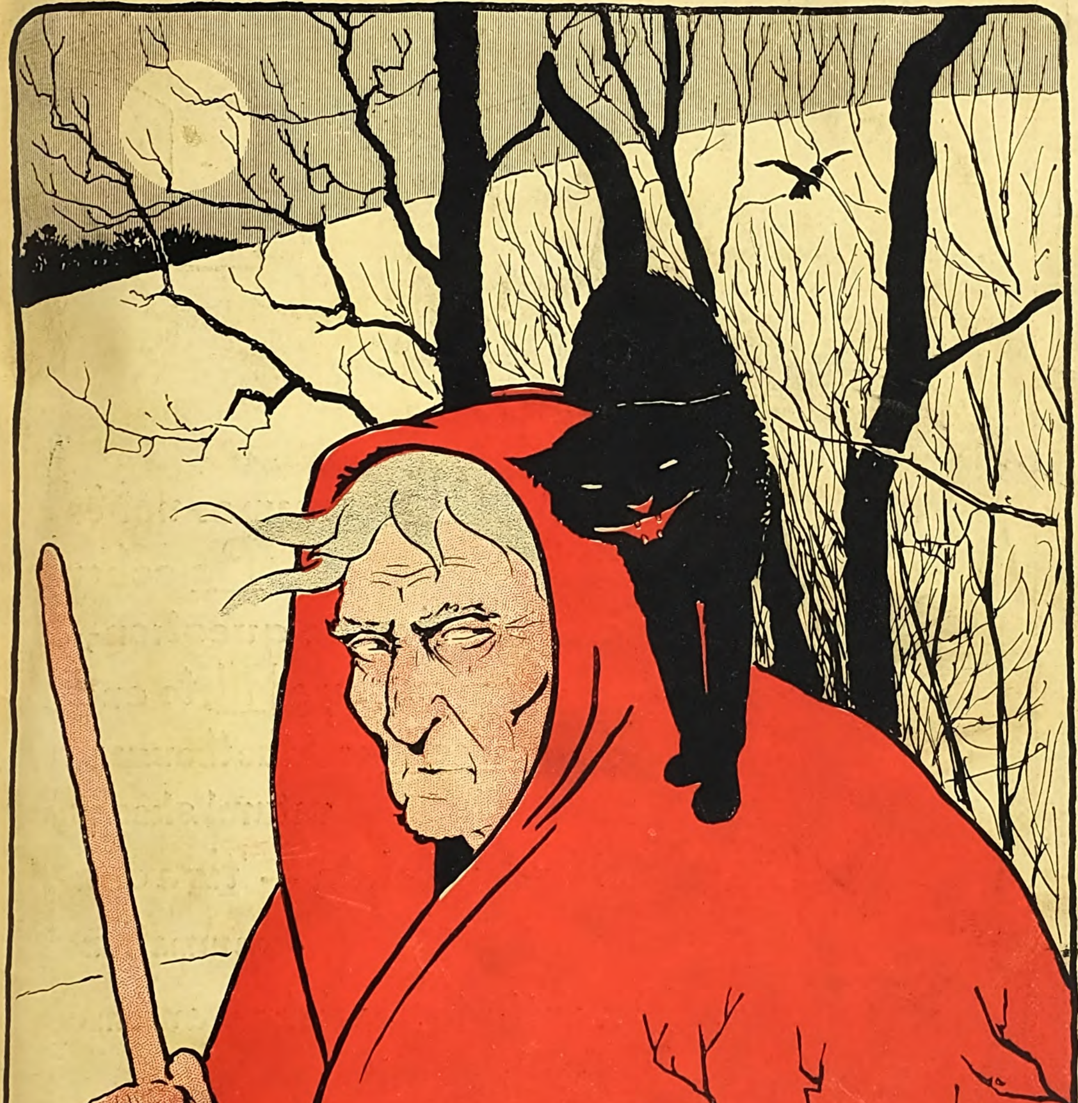
BEST MORNING PAPER—PEARSON'S DAILY, "THE EXPRESS," ½d.

THE ROYAL

4D.



Published by C. ARTHUR PEARSON Ltd., London, W.C.

No. 25, Vol. V.—November, 1900.

Philosophy of this Life.

WHERE BRITAIN RULES ALL ARE FREE!!

'It is for you to find out why your ears are boxed.'—*Huxley.*

LAUGH, and the WORLD laughs WITH you.
WEEP, and you WEEP ALONE.

DISASTERS are in reality the stepping stones to FUTURE ADVANCEMENT.

IMPURE BLOOD is the groundwork of nearly every form of DISASTROUS DISEASE.

ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT'

acts as simply, yet just as powerfully, on the animal system as sunshine does on the vegetable world, and REMOVES BY NATURAL MEANS, without hazardous force, all fœtid or POISONOUS MATTER. It is IMPOSSIBLE to OVERSTATE its GREAT VALUE in HEALTH or DISEASE.

It is HEALTH-GIVING, COOLING, REFRESHING, and INVIGORATING, assists the functions of the Liver, Bowels, Skin, and Kidneys by Natural Means, and relieves the system of effete Gouty, Rheumatic matter, the groundwork of Fevers and other diseases.

Without such a SIMPLE PRECAUTION the JEOPARDY of LIFE is Immensely Increased.

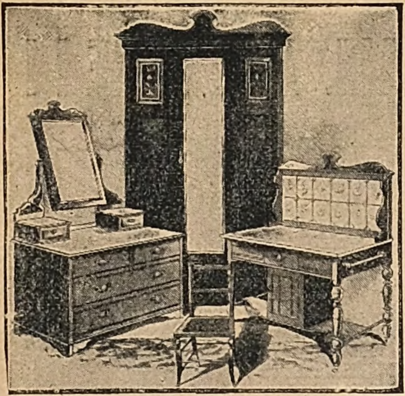
"I HAVE served for more than a quarter of a century with my regiment in the West Indies and on the West Coast of Africa, and have constantly used ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.' I have always found it of the utmost use, especially during the Ashantee War, under Sir Garnet Wolseley. I have been through several epidemics of yellow fever during my military career, but have never had an attack. This I attribute to the use of 'FRUIT SALT,' which I strongly recommend, more especially to those living or travelling in tropical countries."—(Signed) ———, Captain Retired Pay, West India Regt., Spanish Town, Jamaica, 9th April, 1900.

The effect of ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' on any DISORDERED and FEVERISH condition is SIMPLY MARVELLOUS. It is, in fact, NATURE'S OWN REMEDY and an UNSURPASSED ONE.

CAUTION.—*See Capsule marked ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.' Without it you have a WORTHLESS imitation.*

Prepared only by J. C. ENO, Ltd., 'FRUIT SALT' WORKS, London, S.E., by J. C. ENO'S Patent.

TASTEFUL, ECONOMICAL TEN-GUINEA SUITES.



This Bedroom Suite consists of Wardrobe, 3ft. 6in. wide and over 6ft. high, with large full-length highly-polished mirror with bevelled edges, carved panels; the inside is lined and fitted with swivel hooks and a very large drawer comes underneath. The Dressing Table is fitted with a beautiful large bevelled mirror, and has in addition 2 jewel drawers, 2 small drawers, and 2 extra large ones The Washstand is fitted with a fine Sicilian marble slab, 2 double rows of artistic tiles at back, pedestal cupboard underneath, while at side is attached a towel rail. 2 Cane-seated Chairs are also supplied with the Suite. This Bedroom Suite can be supplied in either American Black or Satin Walnut, Mahogany or Oak, and is solid throughout, every article being well polished by hand labour. Price, delivered free to any part of the United Kingdom, 10 Guineas Cash or on our instalment plan, 1 Guinea Cash with order and 10 monthly payments of 1 Guinea each, or 21 monthly payments of Half-a-Guinea. In ordering, please say wood required.

EACH SUITE
£10 10s.
CARRIAGE PAID
to any Railway Stn.
in the Kingdom.
CASH
or
CREDIT
as preferred.

Our special Parlour or Dining Room Suite consists of Couch, Lady's and Gent's, and 4 Small Chairs. In Solid Oak, Walnut, or Mahogany; soundly constructed and luxuriously upholstered in the best Imperial Saddlebags, richly embossed figured Velvet, or Crockett's best quality Leather Cloth, the backs of both large and small Chairs being padded with the same material. The quality of the coverings and of the stuffing is such that with ordinary wear and tear the suite should last a lifetime. Price, delivered free to any part of the United Kingdom, 10 Guineas Cash, or on our instalment plan of 1 Guinea Cash with order and 10 monthly payments of 1 Guinea each, or 21 monthly payments of Half-a-Guinea. In ordering, please state the wood and colours of coverings preferred. Extra Small Chairs can be supplied at 1 Guinea each. Every article is spring-seated.

NOTE.—Thousands of Testimonials give unstinted praise as to Quality of Material, Workmanship, and Price.

FREE! It will save you pounds in Furnishing to send for our Illustrated Descriptive Catalogue—

GLOBE FURNISHING CO., D. Dept., Pembroke Place, LIVERPOOL.

A New Food for Diabetes

Cheltine
DIABETIC FOOD

CHELTINE
DIABETIC FOOD
FOR
DIABETICS
NOURISHING
AND
PALATABLE
CHELTINE

Palatable and Nourishing.

Hitherto the great objection to all Diabetic preparations has been their extremely unpalatable nature. The CHELTINE DIABETIC FOOD and CHELTINE DIABETIC BISCUITS are thoroughly pleasant to the taste. Another strong claim which CHELTINE has on the Diabetic patient is that the food is extremely nourishing, and not like many other so-called Diabetic FOODS, in which there is no nourishment, and which gradually starve the patient.

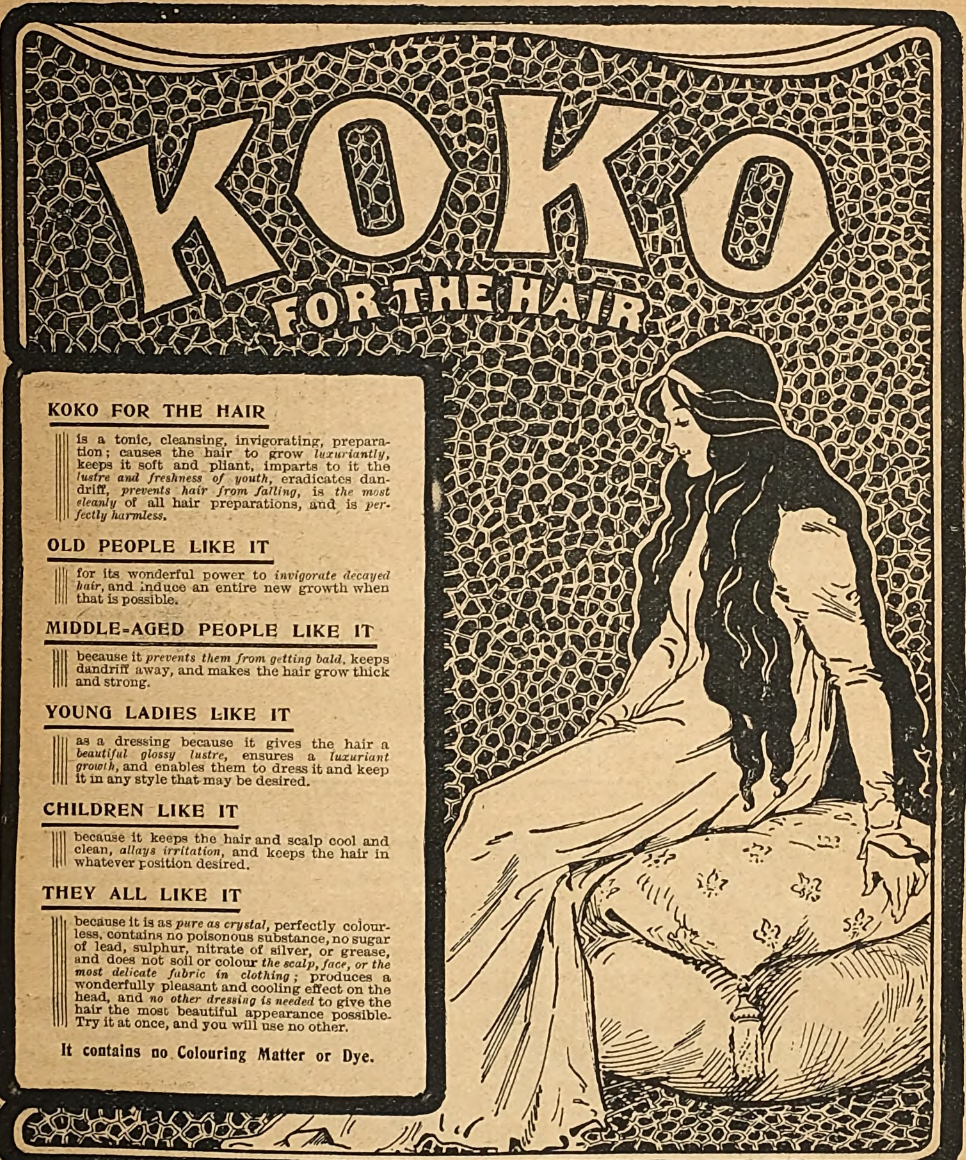
CHELTINE DIABETIC FOOD can be taken in many ways, such as with Soups, Jellies, Puddings, Creams, Ices, Gruel, &c., thus affording the sufferer constant variety, and relief from the usual monotony of Diabetic diet.

PRICES—Cheltine Diabetic Food, 2/6 per Tin. | Cheltine Diabetic Biscuits, 2/- per Box.

OF ALL CHEMISTS.

FREE SAMPLE sent on receipt of 3d. to defray Postage.

Address—***THE MANAGER (Dept. A.), Cheltine Works, CHELTENHAM.***



KOKO FOR THE HAIR

is a tonic, cleansing, invigorating, preparation; causes the hair to grow *luxuriantly*, keeps it soft and pliant, imparts to it the *lustre and freshness of youth*, eradicates dandriff, *prevents hair from falling*, is *the most cleanly* of all hair preparations, and is *perfectly harmless*.

OLD PEOPLE LIKE IT

for its wonderful power to *invigorate decayed hair*, and induce an entire new growth when that is possible.

MIDDLE-AGED PEOPLE LIKE IT

because it *prevents them from getting bald*, keeps dandriff away, and makes the hair grow thick and strong.

YOUNG LADIES LIKE IT

as a dressing because it gives the hair a *beautiful glossy lustre*, ensures a *luxuriant growth*, and enables them to dress it and keep it in any style that may be desired.

CHILDREN LIKE IT

because it keeps the hair and scalp cool and clean, *allays irritation*, and keeps the hair in whatever position desired.

THEY ALL LIKE IT

because it is as *pure as crystal*, perfectly colourless, contains no poisonous substance, no sugar of lead, sulphur, nitrate of silver, or grease, and does not soil or colour *the scalp, face, or the most delicate fabric in clothing*; produces a wonderfully pleasant and cooling effect on the head, and *no other dressing is needed* to give the hair the most beautiful appearance possible. Try it at once, and you will use no other.

It contains no Colouring Matter or Dye.

SPECIAL OFFER to those who have not yet tried KOKO.

A 4/6 Trial Bottle for 2/-

Any person forwarding this Coupon and P.O. for **2/-**, and 4 Stamps to pay postage, packing, &c., will receive immediately for trial, by Parcel Post, under cover, prepaid, **One Regular 12oz. Bottle of Koko for the Hair,** the price of which is **4/6,** provided it is ordered within **ten days from the date of this offer.** In no case will more than one bottle be sent for the use of the same person on this Coupon, as we make the offer solely for trial, knowing that it creates a demand when once used; and this large bottle gives it a fair trial. We find it better to thus practically **give away** one bottle to make a customer than to spend large amounts in advertising. **Any person into whose hands this offer comes may avail themselves of it.** Address all Orders with Coupons to The

KOKO MARICOPAS CO., Ltd.,
16, Bevis Marks, London.

Orders may be sent with this Coupon after the expiration of date, providing we are then issuing these trial bottle Coupons, and if we are not, the money will be returned. This Coupon will be received at 16, BEVIS MARKS, E.C., or 113, REGENT STREET, W., and **2/-** only will be required when presented personally. **KOKO is sold by all Chemists, &c., at 2/6 and 4/6 per Bottle.**

No. Q 7 **COUPON** DATED Nov 1/00

This entitles the Holder to a 4/6 Bottle on the conditions stated above.

Koko Maricopas Co
Limited

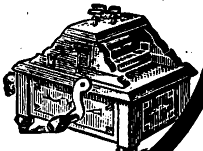
For the sake of greater profit you may be asked to buy some other hair preparation instead; in justice to yourself and to us kindly insist on having KOKO.

M. & C. AGENCY

ENAMELINE
THE MODERN
STOVE POLISH

Every Tin Guaranteed.

TRY IT ON YOUR GRATE.



THERE is not a musical instrument made that can approach the "Orchestral" for beauty of tone, cheapness and ease of manipulation.

DRAPER'S
ORCHESTRAL ORGANETTE

is a real organ in miniature, containing two full sets of reeds and three stops. Productive of wonderful variations of tone and effect. Can be played at sight.

A CHILD CAN PLAY IT.

PRICE 35/- A Marvel of Cheapness. Cash returned if unsatisfactory. Also supplied for Easy Payments. WORTH £4:4:0

THIS IS FREE!

Everyone can have a copy of our handsome new Catalogue of Organs, Jewellery, Watches, &c., FREE on application.

J. M. DRAPER,
Dept. 309.
Organette Works,
BLACKBURN.

WOODS' PATENT GALVANIZED
STEEL WIRE MATTRESSES AND BEDSTEADS.
Carriage Paid, and Liberal Cash Discount allowed.

Guaranteed for Five Years.

EXHIBITED Carrying ONE TON AT Liverpool, Manchester, and other Exhibitions.

Catalogues and Prices free on application to the
LONGFORD WIRE CO., Ltd., WARRINGTON.
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Please mention this Magazine.

ELECTRICITY offers the greatest opportunities for advancement to-day. We can teach anyone at home by mail to

Become an ELECTRICAL ENGINEER

or to learn Telephony, Electric Lighting, Electric Railways; also Mechanical Engineering, Mechanical Drawing.

Institute endorsed by Thos. A. Edison and prominent men of England.

Fit yourself to start in a new profession at a better salary. Write for our free, illustrated book, entitled "Can I Become An Electrical Engineer?"

The ELECTRICAL ENGINEER INSTITUTE OF CORRESPONDENCE INSTRUCTION.
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KEITH'S PERFECT
"CADZOW"
(10 YEAR OLD)
INCOMPARABLE **WHISKY.**

TRADE MARK.

WILD CATTLE IN CADZOW FOREST

THE LANCET says, June 17th, 1898: "Thoroughly matured. Its character, in regard especially to taste and aroma, is quite consistent with the statement that this Whisky is kept in bond from ten to thirteen years."

GRANVILLE H. SHARP says: "Possesses an especially fine aroma and flavour that is only obtainable by time."

44s. per doz. case, Carriage Paid. Sample Bottle, 4s., Carriage Paid.

Cash with Order or Reference.

JAMES KEITH, HAMILTON, N.B.

BEST FOR THE
SKIN & COMPLEXION.

CALVERT'S CARBOLIC TOILET SOAP.

6d. Tablets. Sold everywhere.

ANTISEPTIC, EMOLLIENT, REFRESHING.

Illustrated List post free on application.
F. C. CALVERT & CO., P.O. Box 513, MANCHESTER.

TOBACCONISTS COMMENCING.

£20

See Illd. Guide and Catalogue (259 pgs.), 3d
'HOW TO OPEN A CIGAR STORE from £20 to £2,000.'
Tobacconists' Outfitting Co. (*Regd.*)
186, EUSTON ROAD, LONDON.
N.B.—The largest and original house. (*A reputation of over half a century.*)
Manager—HY. MYERS.

Hairdressers' Shops Fitted. Estimates free.

TWO SHIRTS FOR THE PRICE OF ONE.

IMPROVED WHITE SHIRTS
(UNDRESSED)
WITH REVERSIBLE CUFFS.

The reversible cuffs of these shirts enable them to be worn **twice**, and the wearer thus obtains practically two shirts for the price of one. A boon to all who appreciate snow-white wrist linen daily, and who object to the annoyance of detachable cuffs. Made in two qualities. In ordering please state size of collar.

The "RANELAGH," to open in front or behind, as preferred. Sample Shirt, **3/11**; ¼ doz., **11/6**; ½ doz., **22/6.** Post free.

The "ADELPHI," made with wide, heavy dress front, one stud hole, and fitted with patent side tabs and flexible waistband to prevent unsightly bulging caused by many wearers. Sample Shirt, **4/11**; ¼ doz., **14/6**; ½ doz., **28/6.**

FREE SAMPLE COLLAR! To introduce our best four-fold Irish Linen Collars, we will give Sample Collar, post free, to every gentleman sending trial order for our Improved Shirts. State size, depth, and shape required. All collars are made to FIT our shirts

HOWITSON & EARSMAN, Shirt Makers, 3, Ranelagh Place, Liverpool.

ARGUMENT UNNECESSARY.

THE LONG AND SHORT OF IT IS

SOUTHALL'S

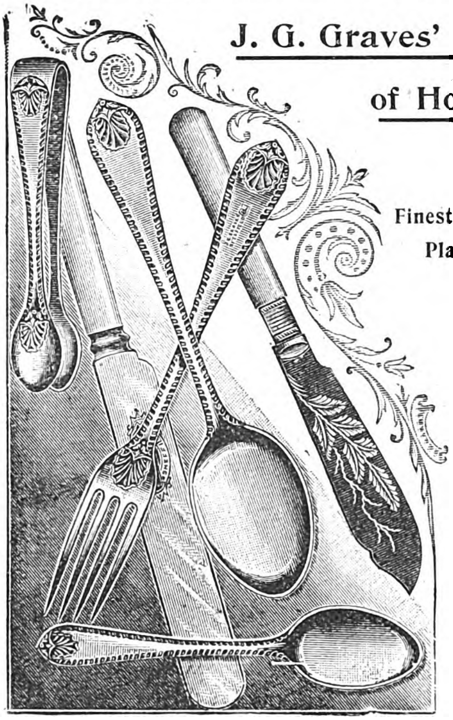
PATENT BOOTS FOR MEN

have come to be regarded as the ideal Boots for men to wear. You can buy cheaper boots, but you will not get the same comfort in wear, and ease in walking. Laces are dispensed with, and the trouble of putting the Boots on and taking off reduced to a minimum.

PRICES 12/6, 14/6, and upwards.
Postage 6d. extra British Isles; 2/- Europe; 3/6 Colonies.

London Address–35 Norfolk St. Strand, W.C.
Where Catalogues may be had, and measurements taken for Boots.
Boots made from Customers own lasts.

Write for Illustrated Catalogue (free) to
SOUTHALL & Co., Dept. 17
KIRKSTALL ROAD, LEEDS.



J. G. Graves' 'Registered Pattern' Parcel of Household Cutlery and Plate.

55 PIECES FOR 30s.

Finest Sheffield Cutlery and "Columbian" Silver Plate, Warranted to wear white throughout.

CONTENTS:—Half-dozen White Handle Table Knives, Half-dozen Dessert Knives to match, Half-dozen "Columbian" Silver Table Forks, Half-dozen Dessert Forks, Two Table Spoons, Half-dozen Dessert Spoons, Half-dozen Tea Spoons, Half-dozen Egg Spoons, One Pair of Sugar Tongs, One Moist Sugar Spoon, Two Salt Spoons, Two Mustard Spoons, One White Handle Butter Knife, Jam Spoon, Pickle Fork and Bread Fork.

With each parcel, as above, J. G. Graves will present a Handsome Bread Knife with Sterling Silver Mount.

You only send 3s. to start with, J. G. Graves will then forward this Splendid Parcel, and, if you are satisfied with it, you complete the purchase in nine more monthly payments of the same amount, making 30s. in all. If you are not satisfied with it, return the parcel, and your deposit is instantly refunded.

If you prefer to send the full amount of Cash with order, J. G Graves will include in the Parcel a Fine Pair of Carvers to match knives.

Have you seen the New Catalogue of Watches, Jewellery, Clocks, Sheffield Cutlery and Plate, &c., &c.? Sent Free to your address on receipt of a postcard or letter.

WANTED.—Persons who can show our goods to their friends and influence orders. Good commission given. Write for terms and particulars.

J. G. GRAVES, Dept. 67, Division Street, SHEFFIELD.

Trial Bottle, Post Free 7D.

TO COLOUR

GREY HAIR

SHADEINE, guaranteed permanent, washable and absolutely harmless. Will not burn the hair or produce unnatural tint. Detection impossible. Contains no lead, silver, sulphur, &c. Trial Bottle **7**d., post free. (Sent secretly packed.) State colour required.

N. M. ALEXANDRE (Est. 1861), 30, Westbourne Grove, London, W.

FRILLED BUTTER MUSLIN.

FOR ARTISTIC HOME DECORATION. White, Cream, Ecru, and 12 Art Shades. CURTAINS, frilled 2 sides and bottom, 3 yards long, 56in. wide, 6s. 9d. per pair. *May also be had by the yard, 56 inches wide, frilled both sides, 11½d. yard.*

Sample Book of Plain and Fancy Muslins sent on approval. ROLLER BLINDS, edged with Lace or Fringe, from 4s. each. Samples of Materials on approval. Roman Carpets, *Tapestries*, Cretonnes, Art Silks, Art Linens, Plushettes, Art Serges, &c. Patterns on approval. Table Covers, Cushion Squares, and Mantel Borders. *Picture Book of Lace Curtains, Roller Blinds, Heavy Curtains, Blankets, Quilts, Carpets, Rugs, Mats, Stair Pads, Linoleum, Cork Carpet, &c. post free.*

H. GORRINGE & CO., 67a Dept., NOTTINGHAM.

"THE BLICK"

No literary man or journalist should be without his typewriter, and the BLICK, with its new Literary Keyboard, will meet all his requirements. It is made to wear, is quick in operation, easily portable, and costs but one-third the price of the older makes.

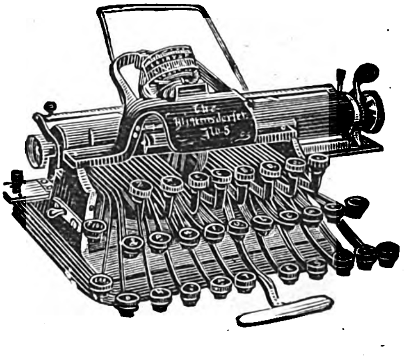
Before you buy an old-fashioned and high-priced machine, investigate this matter. Send for our new Booklet, "CHOOSING A TYPEWRITER," and List No. 27, which will help you to judge the good points of ANY machine.

CASH PRICES:

£7 10s.

and

£10 10s.



THE

BLICKENSDERFER TYPEWRITER CO.

Head Office: **NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.**

New London Depot: 9, Cheapside, E.C.

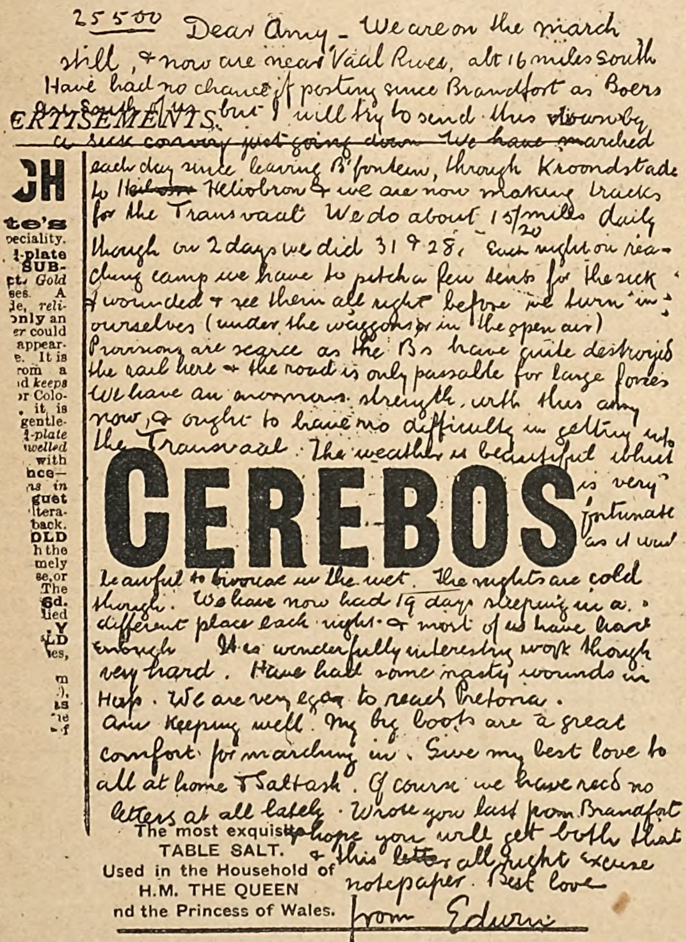
(West End Agency: 195, Oxford Street.)

Branches: Leeds, Manchester, Liverpool, Birmingham, &c.

A LETTER

FROM THE FRONT.

The ONLY notepaper available near VAAL RIVER being the **"CEREBOS SALT"** advertisement torn from the "Strand Magazine."



25500 Dear Amy - We are on the march
still, & now are near Vaal River, abt 16 miles south
Have had no chance of posting since Brandfort as Boers
Are South of us but I will try to send this down by
a sick convoy just going down. We have marched
each day since leaving B'fontein, through Kroonstade
to ~~Heilbron~~ Heliobron & we are now making tracks
for the Transvaal. We do about 15/20 miles daily
though on 2 days we did 31 & 28. Each night on rea-
ching camp we have to pitch a few tents for the sick
& wounded & see them all right before we turn in
ourselves (under the waggons or in the open air)
Provisions are scarce as the Bs have quite destroyed
the rail here & the road is only passable for large forces
We have an enormous strength with this army
now, & ought to have no difficulty in getting into
the Transvaal. The weather is beautiful which
is very
fortunate
as it would
be awful to bivouac in the wet. The nights are cold
though. We have now had 19 days sleeping in a
different place each night & most of us have had
enough. It is wonderfully interesting work though
very hard. Have had some nasty wounds in
Hosp. We are very eager to reach Pretoria.
Am keeping well. My big boots are a great
comfort for marching in. Give my best love to
all at home & Saltash. Of course we have recd no
letters at all lately. Wrote you last from Brandfort
hope you will get both that
& this ~~letter~~ all right excuse
notepaper. Best love
from Edwin

ERTISEMENTS.

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CEREBOS

The most exquisite
TABLE SALT.
Used in the Household of
H.M. THE QUEEN
nd the Princess of Wales.

(REPRODUCED BY PHOTO-ZINCOGRAPHY.)

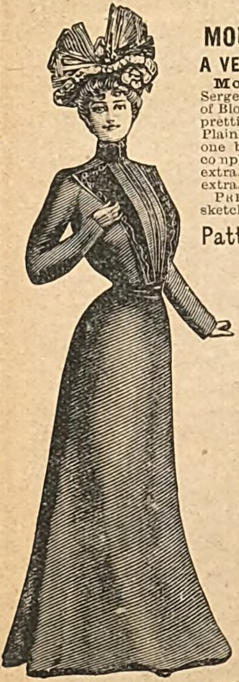
CEREBOS TABLE SALT

is always "at the front" in Good-class Houses.

JOHN NOBLE COSTUMES AND MANTLES.

Sent without delay by Parcel Post, safely packed, and guaranteed to be exceptionally high value for money.

MOURNING ORDERS SENT OFF AT ONE DAY'S NOTICE.



A VELVET-TRIMMED COSTUME.

Model 256. — Made in Cheviot Serge or Costume Coating, consisting of Blouse Bodice with Velvet Revers, prettily trimmed Black and White. Plain fashionable Skirt with one box-pleat back. **10/6** Price complete, only 10/6; carriage 6d. extra. Skirt alone, 5/6; carriage, 5d. extra.

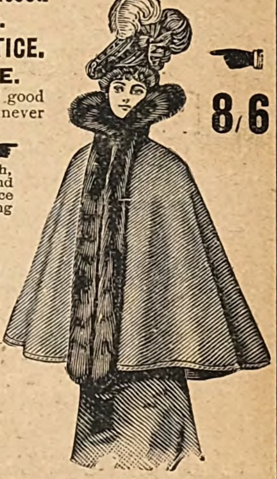
PRETTILY TRIMMED HAT, as sketch, 7/6; carriage, 6d. extra.

SPECIAL VALUE.

A comfortable garment, of good appearance, at a price never before attempted.

MODEL 339. ☛

Well made in good black cloth, trimmed on collar and front black fur. **8/6** Price only 8/6; carriage 6d. 26in. long in front.



Patterns and Illustrated Fashion Lists Post Free.

A FULL DRESS LENGTH of Costume Coating or Cheviot Serge (6yds. 52in. wide) for 7/6, carriage 8d.

COLOURS.—Black, Navy, Brown, Myrtle, Fawn, Khaki, Grey, and Royal Blue.

SIZES IN STOCK of Ladies' Costumes are 34in., 36in., and 38in. round bust (under arms); Waists, 24in., 26in., and 28in.; Skirts being 38in., 40in., and 42in. long in front. Any other sizes made to measure, 1/6 extra.

These Designs, or Ladies' own styles, can be made up in any kind of Dress Fabric at the most moderate charge. A BOX OF PATTERNS OF NEW SEASON'S DRESS GOODS LENT TO SELECT FROM, and sent carriage paid.

The new Illustrated Fashion List sent Post Free, showing special values in Children's Costumes, Jackets, Corsets, Waterproofs, House Linens, Blankets, &c. Kindly name "Royal Magazine" when writing to

JOHN NOBLE, LTD.,

No. 44, Brook St. Mills, **MANCHESTER.**

TO INSURE GOOD HEALTH

FOR THOSE WHO SUFFER WITH

PAINS IN THE BACK,

Headache, Nervous Exhaustion, Gout, Rheumatism, Indigestion, Sleeplessness, General Debility, in fact, all cases of Congestion,

Electricity will Cure when all other remedies fail.

Recommended by three Physicians to H.M. the Queen and H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, and by the most eminent medical men of this century.

Bands for Headaches and Sore Throats, 5s.

New Illustrated Pamphlet Post Free on mentioning this Magazine.

J. L. PULVERMACHER AND CO. Limited,
194, Regent Street, London.

HAGEMANN'S COMPLETE

COCOA, MILK & SUGAR,

MOST ECONOMICAL.

1

EASIEST TO DIGEST.

All 3 in 1—IN A FINE POWDER.

COCOA

HAIR DESTROYED.

Send me an envelope (stamped and addressed), and I will tell you how to remove all superfluous hair FREE OF CHARGE. Send no money.—Address, in confidence, Miss H. E. (Room 3), 195, Oxford Street, London, W.

BECOME A "CRACKSHOT!"

By a little practice with a

20TH CENTURY DAISY AIR RIFLE

PRICE ONLY 4/-

Extreme Length, 30in.
Weight, 2lb.

20th CENTURY
DAISY

Shoots B.B. shot or darts with sufficient force to kill birds, rats, &c. at 50ft.

Write at once for address of nearest agent to "R" Dept.

NO POWDER
SMOKE
DANGER
NOISE

WM. E. PECK & CO., 8, Bradford Avenue, London.

OUR FAITHFUL TIMEKEEPER
£2 SILVER WATCH
WATCHMAKERS ALLIANCE LTD
184 OXFORD STREET. W.
CATALOGUE POST FREE.

SIX GOLD MEDALS.

New Zealand, 1882; Calcutta, 1884; London, 1885; New Orleans, 1885; Southern States, 1886.

Goddard's Plate Powder

NON-MERCURIAL.

OVER HALF-A-CENTURY'S unrivalled and universal reputation as the *Best* and *Safest* Article for cleaning Silver and Electro-Plate. Sold in Boxes, **1s., 2s. 6d.,** and **4s. 6d.** each by Chemists, Grocers, Ironmongers, &c.

MACKINTOSH'S

EXTRA CREAM
TOFFEE
INCOMPARABLE FOR FLAVOUR.

IS "MOREISH"—More you eat, more you want.
Suits Everybody's taste. *For trade terms apply—*
J. MACKINTOSH Ltd., The Toffee Kings, HALIFAX.
Sold here, there, and everywhere.
LARGE SAMPLE PACKET POST FREE **6d.** STAMPS

STONE'S GINGER WINE

A GRAND THING FOR WINTER.

STONE'S

GINGER WINE.

STONE'S GINGER WINE is prepared from the finest Jamaica Ginger, and is a most healthy and palatable drink. **Ginger** is noted for its gentle stimulating properties, and the most convenient form for taking it is **STONE'S GINGER WINE.** Be sure to ask for **STONE'S,** and see that you get it.
Sold by all leading Wine Merchants, Stores, and Grocers, or on draught at Bars and Refreshment Rooms.

Wholesale: **THE FINSBURY DISTILLERY CO., LONDON, E.C.**

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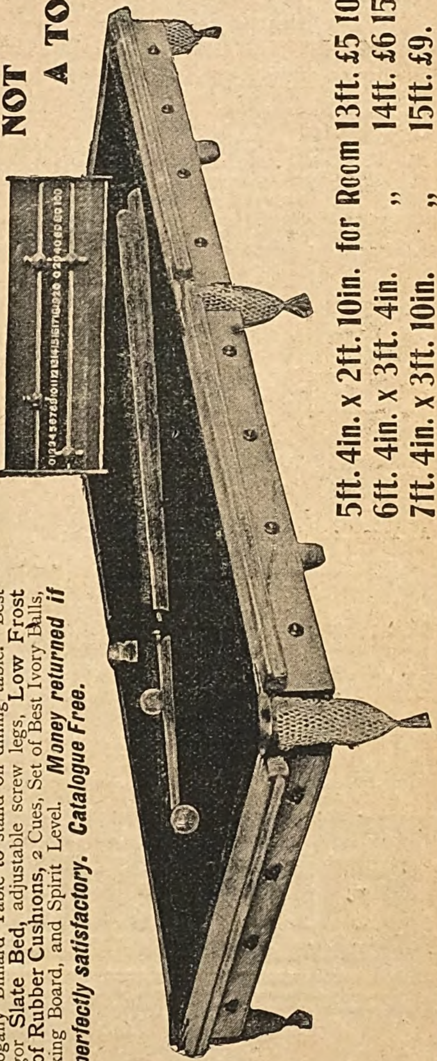

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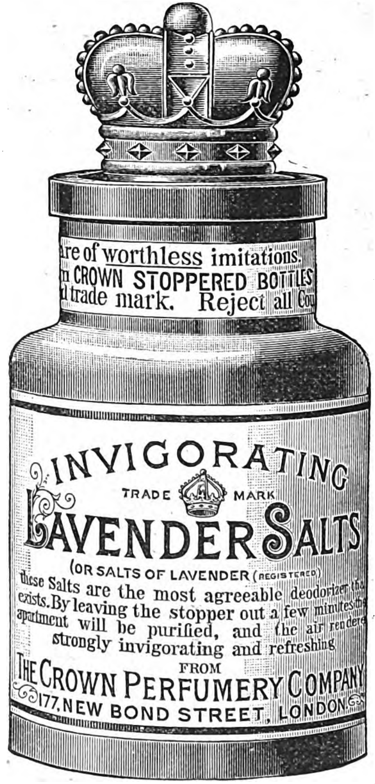
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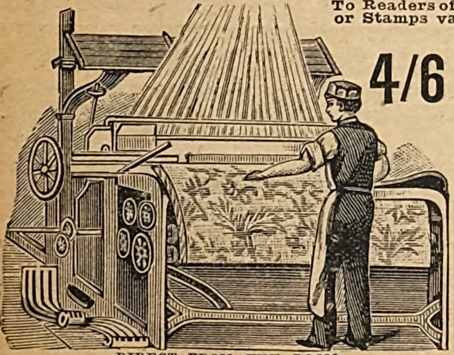

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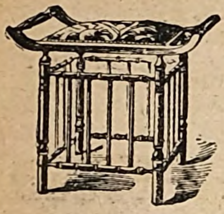

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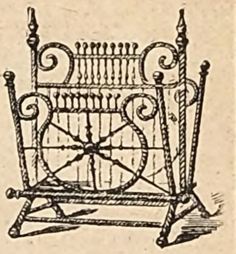

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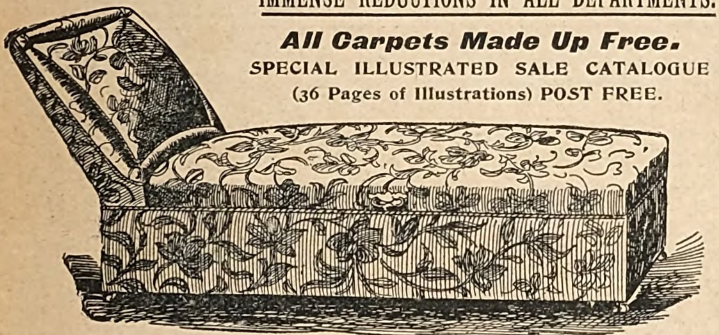

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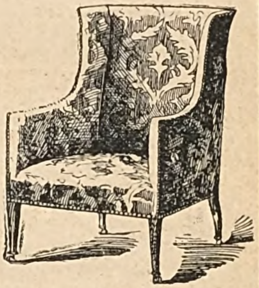

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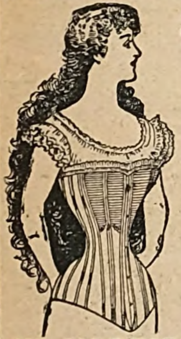

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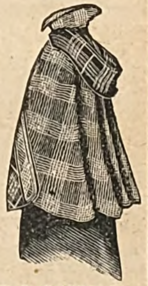

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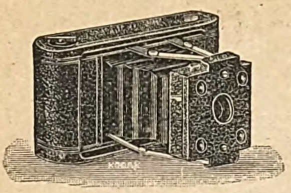

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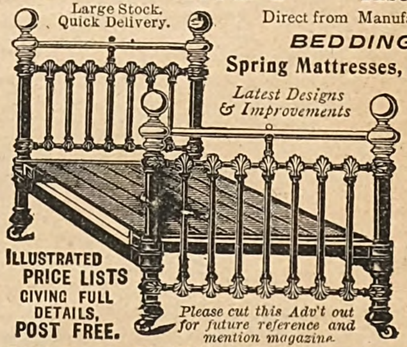

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THE ROYAL MAGAZINE.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

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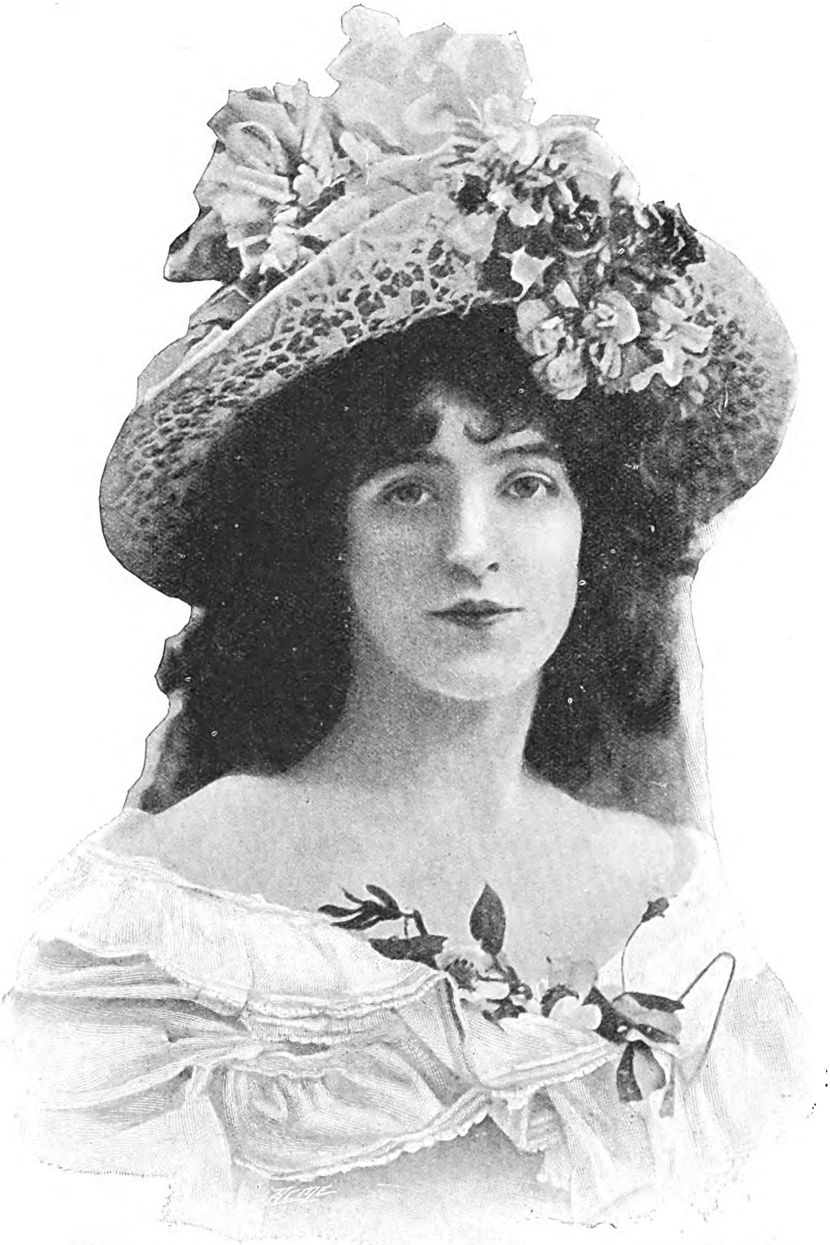

Photo by Madame Lallie Charles.

IN THE MORNING OF LIFE.

Photo by G. Barry.

THE ART OF THE CAMERA

By Roderick Grey.

Photography as an Art.

Photography and acting are what might be termed by a legal gentleman "joint plaintiffs in the court of public opinion on an application to be adjudged, entitled to the right and status of an 'art.'" I should be sorry to have to find out exactly how many articles have been written and papers read by eminent and humble actors in justification of their claim that acting is an art. And it is not settled yet. It may, perhaps, be settled one day and probably in favour of the applicants.

As I have said, photography finds itself in much the same position as acting. Is it an art? I have seen it stated by an expert photographer that a photograph, which is the result of a plate exposed by merely pressing a button and then developed and printed without any working up of the negative, has no claim to be termed a work of art. And that contention has been very roundly abused and considerably sat upon by the editors of and contributors to photographic papers.

Skill in Photography.

I for one am with them, as witness the title of this my monthly contribution. I do not pretend for one moment to suggest that I can define an art. But if the element of personal skill comes in, then photography has some claims on this score. Give two men an inkpot, a pen (each may chose his particular nib), a sheet of paper, and a subject, with directions to write a poem upon it, and one will turn out a poem and the other a miserable jingle. Give two people each a camera and other accessories, together with a subject, and one will turn out a beautifully finished and mounted picture, and the other a foggy, indistinct, and ridiculous failure, smudged on to a piece of cardboard. In fact, from the choosing of a subject to the sticking down of the finished print on to the mount there is a huge margin for individual skill.

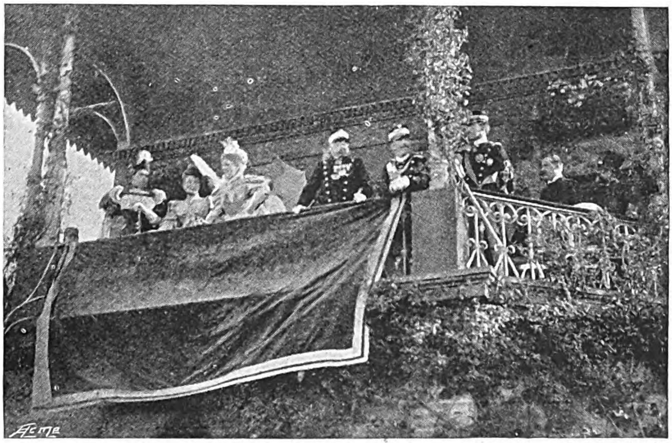

Photo by Count Luigi Primoli.

The late King of Italy and Queen Margherita watching a carnival.

"Press the button and ——"

The "press the button and we will do the rest" test is an excellent illustration if an amateur cares to try. For

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From a Photo.

Salute!

example, take out a couple of spools of films of half-a-dozen each. When you have exposed them all, send one spool to a good photographer and develop the other yourself.

When you get your prints home compare them with your own productions, and you will realise how much you—and, of course, I am talking directly to the very ordinary amateur—have yet to learn, and that the fault is entirely yours and not that of your camera or your chemicals. Nor does this fact fully comprehend the difference between an expert and a tyro, for if the two are out together and act independently in every way, the former, by his results, will prove that he knows just what to photograph, how to select the best view, and how to seize the best light.

To those who are really fond of photography, the fact of personal skill playing so large a part is the chief charm of the hobby. Difficulties only exist to be overcome.

Over-Exposure.

WITH stand cameras I think I am safe in saying that over-exposure is the chief cause of trouble. Beginners are fond of working with very rapid

Photo by William Marriott Dodson.

Waiting for a Bite.

Photo by Madame Lallie Charles.

GATHERING A POSY.

plates, and are frequently apt when giving a time exposure to "give just a second more to make quite sure." It's that second more that, far from making sure, makes trouble.

An over-exposed negative may be recognised by its being dark all over. The different parts, although dark, have no sharp contrast. Possibly all the details can be seen, but there is a dulness overspreading the print that makes it flat and poor.

The best thing, almost the only thing, to do is to stop development at as early a stage as you can, subject to getting out some detail. Do what you will, however, the result remains that the negative lacks full and proper contrast.

Photo by Lafayette.

Sunshine.

Under-Exposure. UNDER-EXPOSURE is not infrequently mistaken for over-development, just as over-development is often mistaken for under-exposure. There is some excuse for confounding the processes, for they are somewhat similar. Under-exposure is recognisable by the high lights appearing exceedingly dense, whilst the shadows are transparent and without detail. If you place a sheet of white paper behind the negative, and can see it white through the shadow portion of the plate, then you may be pretty certain your negative is under-exposed. The prints you will get from such a negative will have the high lights hard and white, whilst the shadows will come out as little more than black patches.

The hardness of the high lights may be somewhat softened by stopping development at an earlier stage than usual, but the advantage thus gained is counterbalanced by the fact that what little detail there might possibly be in the finer shadows will be entirely lost. An under-exposed negative is beyond cure to the extent that you cannot put on to it that which it has failed to record. To an extent—and a considerable extent—you can battle with over-exposure, but under-exposure is well nigh hopeless.

Over-Development. OVER-DEVELOPMENT may, as I have said, be confounded with under-exposure. There is, however, this difference—that in the shadows the details are thin and can be printed. The evil, however, that stamps a negative as over-developed is—assuming it to have been

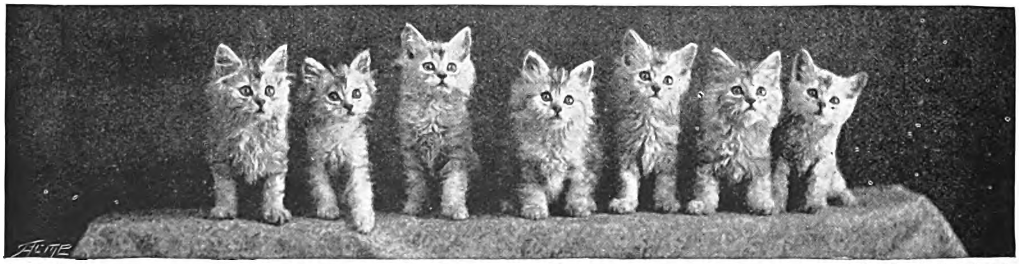

Photo by Landor & Foulsham.

We are Seven.

correctly exposed—its excessive contrast. The result is that when you come to print, you will find that if you get your high lights just right, the shadow gradations will be lost in a dense blackness. On the other hand, if you stop printing when the details in your shadows are exactly as you would wish them, you will find that your high lights will not come out.

Under-Development.

UNDER-DEVELOPMENT is, of course, the opposite to over-development, and just as the latter may be mistaken for under-exposure so under-development may be mistaken for over-exposure.

The details are there, but the negative is weak. When it comes to printing, the prints will prove flat and unsatisfactory.

Of all the four troubles, there is, perhaps, the least excuse for under-development, and I do not think it is often the trouble at the bottom of a bad print. Over-exposure is far more likely to be the cause—an evil with which, as I have said, under-development is likely to be confounded.

Photo by John Hart.

Aloft.

Should Plates be Dusted? I SEE that at a recent meeting of the London and Provincial Photographic Company a question was raised as to whether it was necessary to dust plates before putting them into the slides. Plates often gather more dust from the brush which is supposed to clean them than they originally carry. And originally they carry a very infinitesimal amount, modern makers expending a vast deal of care when packing them up; but when the receiver opens the parcels, fibres of the packing papers and cards are liable to become detached and settle on the plates, as also particles of dust which are always present in a room, and these, unless removed, will often spoil an otherwise perfect picture. But even then more harm than good is frequently done by cleaning, and the everlasting grievances of amateurs, that their pictures are spoilt because of the dirtiness of their plates, is due to their own carelessness. They will not understand that a cleaning implement may become dirty itself. Remember, then, that it is absolutely necessary that your dusting-brush should be carefully cleaned every time before use; if this is not done the plates had much better be left untouched. It is the strict observance of trifles such as this that makes all the difference between good and bad photography.

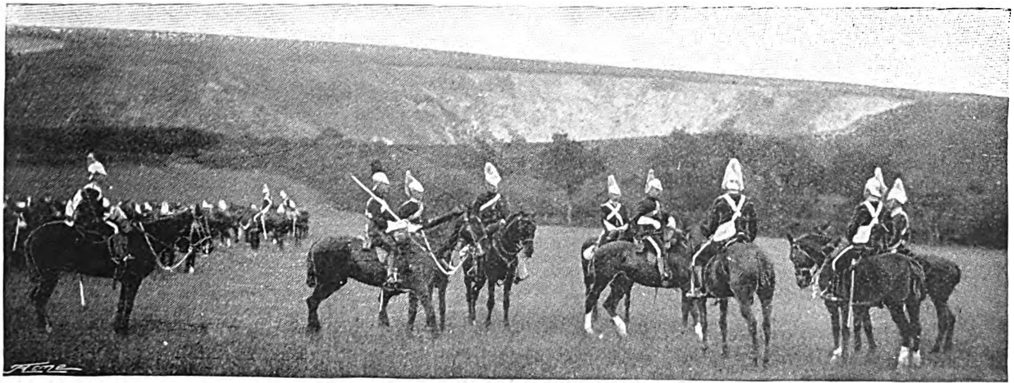

Photo by E. T. Shoaf.

Men of the Isle of Wight Yeomanry.

Edward Read
1900

A SUPREME TEST

By MURIEL HINE

I.

I WAS sitting in the garden with Leo Straherne's wife, watching, in silence, the shadows of the great cedar sweep softly over the green lawn as the light wind gently stirred in its supple branches. I pictured to myself—as a sudden twinge shot through my wounded shoulder where that accursed frontier bullet had done its work so well—the contrast between the peaceful English scene that lay before me and the one I had so lately left in far-distant Chitral, with all its grim battle-life, when strong-nerved men were strung to their utmost, not by the possibility of meeting the enemy face to face, but by the hateful uncertainty of guerilla warfare, and the spasmodic, but often deadly, aim of the hidden foe.

I heaved a quiet sigh of relief as I realised that after the long years of exile in the East and these few deadly months of war I was sitting peacefully once more in a quiet English garden with a gentle English lady by my side.

I had always been devoted to my little cousin Irene—"Butterfly," as we used to call her in the days when she would come clamouring for some game or other, or a ride on my schoolboy shoulders—and still fonder, when later on I spent a too-brief fortnight's leave before I joined my regiment abroad, and found her still the mischievous "Butterfly" of old, but sweeter, prettier, and more imperious than ever, in all the newly acquired dignity of her lengthened frocks.

Then came the swift good-bye, the bustle of departure, and India with its strange new scenes and wondrous life; so England and the days that were slowly faded away.

But the years had sped and I was once more at home, with my wounded shoulder for excuse. I found that Leo Straherne had amply fulfilled the promise of youth and was universally recognised, in his generous prime of life, as one of the great authorities of the day, and, in addition to this, had inherited all his eccentric old father's wealth and above all Straherne Court, where he and his young wife passed their days with a little gold-haired child, as quietly and happily as though fame had not touched either of them with his disturbing fingers.

I admired the man immensely, with his splendid physique and magnificent head and that look of suppressed power that somehow dwarfed all noisier and more assertive cleverness. But at first it puzzled me oddly to think why Irene of all people, had chosen to marry him, loving as she did a gay London life and the merry frivolous set she always gathered around her wherever she went. One afternoon, I asked her bluntly for the reason, taking double advantage of my privileged position both as cousin and convalescent.

But as soon as I had said it I regretted the words, for her smiling face suddenly clouded over, and "Why do you ask me, Dick," she interrogated, with a note of distress in her voice. "Don't you think Leo is happy?"

I smiled at this new view of the case, and hastened to assure her that, to my way of thinking, he was at the same time the luckiest and the most contented of living men, and was glad

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to see her face change at my exaggerated protest, though a shadow of pain still lingered in the beautiful brown eyes.

"I owe him that at least," she said softly, and for a moment she hesitated; then she told me her story.

II.

"When I first met Leo," she commenced, "he was practising in a little village ten miles from Ashby Leigh, where we had taken a house for the summer months,

"I found him such a delightful, serious contrast to the men I had danced, ridden, and flirted with for the last few months that I think, out of sheer gratitude for the change from the monotony of those others, I fell in love with him.

"I learned that his father was an old Surrey Squire, who, furious with his only son for 'stooping'—as he considered it from his century-ago standpoint—to the profession of medicine, had limited him to the least possible allowance, and practically shut the old doors of Straherne Court in his face.

"Cast on his own resources, Leo had persevered steadily, passing one examination after another with brilliancy, and resisting the ever-constant temptation of throwing up the drudgery and poverty of his existence for the luxurious country life which, by a word on his part, he knew he could at any moment return to. By the time he had reached the age of twenty-eight he found himself, after a year of partnership with the old village practitioner, on the latter's death, the owner of the small practice above-mentioned.

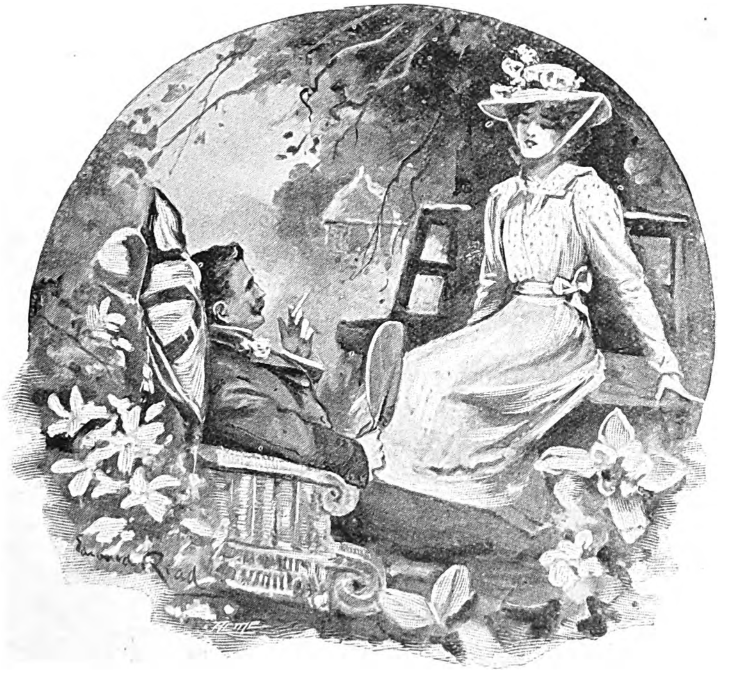
"Ours was the only big house open to him within easy reach, and many a summer evening, returning from his long country rounds, he would drop in for a chat, which, often as not, ended in our persuading him to put up his horse and dine with us.

"Of course, my people did not altogether approve, but that was only to be expected, and I am afraid rather added a spice to my resolution; and so the end of it all was that my father made me a most generous allowance which, with Leo's own, was amply sufficient for both, and we were married one bright October morning at the little village church.

"At first I was radiantly happy in my new home. I drove the long rounds by my husband's side, and took a deep interest in all his dreams and aspirations, for we only looked upon this quiet village life as a stepping-stone to better things, and an opportunity for him to read and study for the scientific side of his profession which then, as now, that it has been realised, remains his fondest desire.

"I think if we had just stayed on as we were then, I should yet have been very contented, but the change came all too soon; the old squire died suddenly, unreconciled, and Leo came into his own.

"In the excitement of the busy days that followed, I hardly regretted dear old Ashby Leigh, but as the months rolled on, and we settled down to our new luxurious life in the great Manor House sunk in the depths of its broad park, I felt that some intimate joy had passed away from us, never to return; and there were evenings when I could have cried for very


"Why do you ask me, Dick? Don't you think Leo is happy?"

sadness as the pompous old butler slowly served us in the high-panelled room, and dead and gone Strahernes smiled grimly from their massive frames upon us, and I thought of the cosy little suppers of Ashby Leigh, when we dismissed the rosy country maid, and waited upon one another like a couple of happy children picnicing.

"And then it was I first began to pine for London and the old gay life.

"Leo was building a laboratory in the east wing, and every London train brought parcels of instruments and fittings, heavy cases of books, and all the grim paraphernalia of a scientist's retreat.

"Every day I seemed to see less and less of him, and then one morning came an invitation from the Branksomes to spend a week in their new house in Park Street.

"I jumped eagerly at the diversion and went. Instead of a week I stayed a fortnight.

"When I returned Leo seemed tired and overworked, and admitted to late hours spent over the long-coveted new possessions.

"I did my best to enter patiently into all his long-drawn-out plans, but it began to get upon my nerves, and there were days when I fancied that his love for me was small when compared with that which he bore his work.

"And then it was I first met Captain Adye."

She stopped short, and I interposed "Adye of the 12th?"

She nodded her head uneasily. "Did you know him?" I felt vagueness was the kindest course. "In India, very slightly," I responded carelessly, and again there was a short silence. Suddenly she turned to me with one of her brilliant smiles, but I noticed for all her assumed assurance her eyelids flickered, and her eyes strayed past me. "Suppose we miss a few pages?" she suggested abruptly.

I could not resist the temptation; I knew Adye's method well. "We'll take the story up again after his proposal for a fresh deal all round," I interposed, but repented me immediately, as a hot wave of colour passed over her averted face.

"He *was* a brute," she remarked almost childishly, "but I didn't see it then, don't you know? I thought him very kind and sympathetic at the time; not long after I realised that he was responsible for most of my early unhappiness with his clever cynical talk.

"And one evening, on my return to Straherne, the crisis came. Some little matter had upset me thoroughly, and it was on Leo that I poured forth all my long pent-up resentment.

"He tried to soothe me at first, but I would not listen to him, and at last his temper rose. 'You are most unreasonable to-night, Irene,' he said in his cold, authoritative way; 'I can't think what has come over you lately.'

"I had just reached the door, and I stopped and hurled at him my last words with a sob. 'I wish to Heaven I had never met you!' I cried.

"I saw the quick change in his face, and for a moment it frightened me, and the next I had fled upstairs and locked myself in my room.

"Late that night he came and tapped at my door. 'Irene,' he said, 'I want to talk to you, dear,' but I pretended to be asleep, and after a minute or two he went away again.

"The next morning I had arranged to go to town. I breakfasted in my room whilst my maid packed, and when I came down I learned that Leo was still at work. I thought for a moment of going to his laboratory, but the dogcart was at the door, and I changed my mind, and left the house without a word.

"For four days I threw myself feverishly into the gaiety around me. I saw Captain Adye on every possible occasion; but Leo never wrote me a word, and I dreaded, with a child's dread of the dark, my return to the bleak old house.

"I arrived home one Friday afternoon. Leo greeted me very quietly, but I knew he had neither forgiven nor forgotten, if only by the fact that for the first time since our marriage, it was the groom alone who waited for me at the little village station.

"I had not met Captain Adye for some time, but his letters poured in apace, and one morning, as he handed me the post, Leo demanded: 'Who writes to you so often from the Cavalry Club, Irene?'

"Under his steady glance I felt my cheek grow scarlet, but I held my head high and retorted: 'A friend in town.'

"A frown gathered on Leo's forehead as he answered drily: 'So I supposed. May I ask his name?'

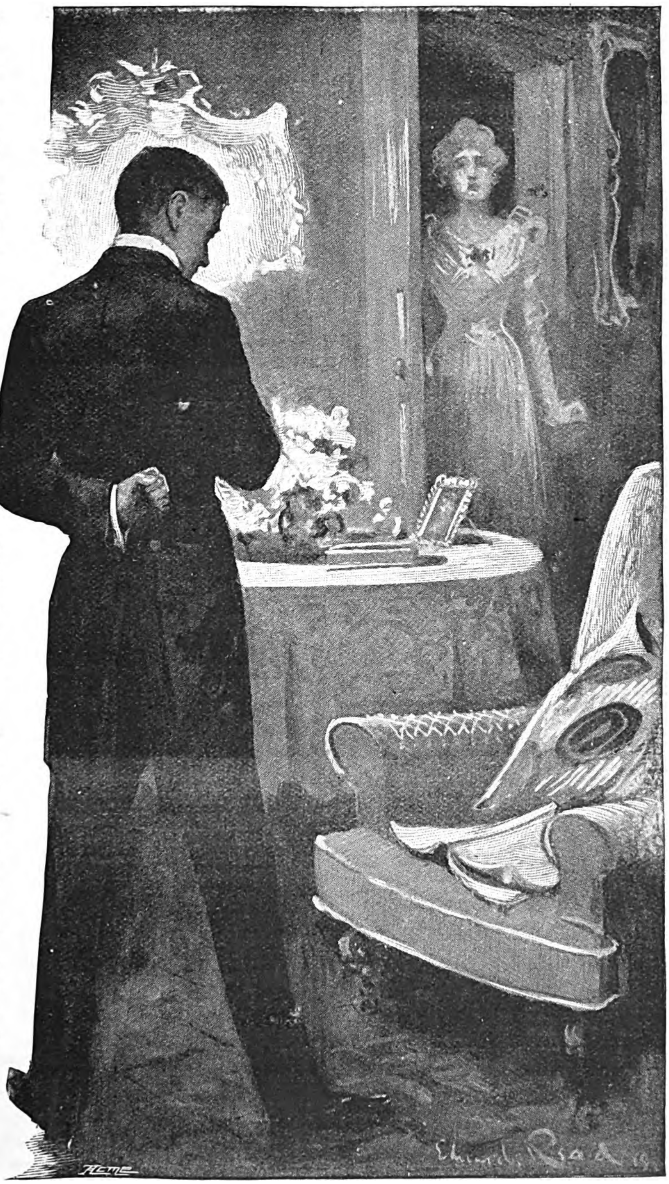
"'Captain Adye,' I replied, with a grand air of indifference. 'Adye?' he said interrogatively, and would have spoken further, but checked himself suddenly with a curious little smile, and gathering up his correspondence, he walked slowly away into the east wing.

"Do what I would, that little scene at breakfast haunted me, and the bare fact of losing any of Leo's respect stung me like a whip.

"For of all the letters he had written to me, the last was the only one unfit to meet my husband's eye.

"In it Adye had thrown aside all the subterfuges of the past weeks, and had urged me in broken, passionate language to leave the narrow groove of home and to start life anew under his eternal love and protection.

"My nerves were strung to their utmost pitch, when the old butler brought me a message that his master would like to see me in his study for a few moments, 'if I could spare him the time,' and as I realised the full irony of the polite termination, and followed the servant down the long stone passage and through the baize door that bridged so wide a gulf, my heart was beating wildly, and it was all that I could do to keep the tears out of my eyes.



"I wish to Heaven I had never met you!" I cried.

"As I entered the room Leo was writing at the big bureau, and he blotted the page before him carefully, and laid it by the side of the others on the table before he seemed to notice my presence.

"Then, still in silence, he pushed forward a big chair for me abstractedly and drew up another facing it, and to my great relief began to speak.

"But what he said was so unexpected that for a moment or two I scarcely realised what he proposed.

"The sum total was this:

"He had, he believed, made a great medical discovery—an antidote for certain snake poisons hitherto regarded as fatal in their results—which, if proven, would be one of the greatest scientific boons of the age, in India and elsewhere.

"He had tried it on certain animals and found it to be an absoute success, and he was now going to put it to the supreme test, and try it on a human being, the one chosen being himself.

"He explained to me that he intended testing personally inoculation with the deadly poison, and in so many minutes from the time given the antidote was to be promptly and efficiently administered.

"'Naturally the person who stood by him in the hour of trial and used the hyperdermic syringe as described was practically responsible for his life. He had thought for some time of securing the services of a brother practitioner, a leading London man; but that morning—here he fixed me with his keen blue eyes—circumstances had arisen which had caused him to change his mind. He would give this matter of life and death into the keeping of the person he trusted the most in the whole wide world—the one being in whom he had implicit confidence—his wife!

"As I slowly realised it, I would have given anything to have stopped him in his mad undertaking, but my pride forbade me, and a mocking voice suggested he was but doing this to put me to the test, and I boldly picked up the gauntlet he had flung down at my feet.

"Once, some time ago, when my mother was ill, I had given her doses of morphia, so I knew how to use the instrument, and to make quite sure I tried it once more carefully, and asked numerous details. Leo's brow cleared at my ready acquiescence, and once during the slight preparations he took my hand in his, and his face grew tender as of old, but my studied look of surprise rebuffed him, and he dropped my cold fingers hastily, and put on his every-day professional manner.

"At five o'clock the experiment was to take place, and exactly at twelve minutes past the antidote to be administered.

"As the hands drew near the hour, he described briefly the probable effects of the poison—intense drowsiness, possibly slight delirium, resulting speedily in a state of coma from which only the remedy would rouse him.

"As the clock struck he inoculated himself, throwing the empty tube carefully into the flaming fire, and lay down on the small couch by the window.

"His eyes slowly closed, and he looked like a man asleep, but by-and-by his expression changed, and he began to mutter unintelligibly to himself; then all was silence again.

"His face grew grey. I touched the hands which hung so limply by his side, and they felt stiff and cold, but his breathing sounded quite peaceful.

"I looked at the clock—five minutes more—and then at the charged syringe by my side, and a horrible temptation rose suddenly in my brain. Five, four, then three minutes—why not ten? . . . why not *for ever?*

"I walked feverishly to the table and took up the first thing that came to hand, as I thrust that deadly thought far behind me, with shuddering nerves—it was a letter written to the Medical Faculty setting forth the merits and possible flaws in the great discovery. It wound up by absolutely exonerating, 'Irene, my wife, in whose loyalty and skill I have implicit confidence, should any unforseen accident occur and the experiment prove fatal to myself.—Signed, Leo Straherne.'

"Scarcely thinking what I did, in my active need for occupation, I broke the seal of the second letter addressed to 'Irene Straherne, in the event of my death,' and with a start of surprise mastered the short contents, which amounted to a businesslike statement to the effect that Leo Straherne left all his worldly goods, including Straherne Court, to his beloved wife, Irene, to do with as she thought best, and in the event of her marrying again or not.

"Then for the first time the full force of the man's love and generosity swept across me, and as I realised it, I heard a sound that forced a cry from my lips and sent me flying in the direction of the couch.

"For the clock had struck a quarter past. Leo's face looked grey and set, and to my excited fancy his breathing seemed to come fainter and yet fainter.

"Swiftly I raised up the skin on his bared arm, and inserted the needle with the life-preserving fluid.

"I leaned still nearer and it seemed to me his life was gently ebbing away. 'Too late! too late!' a voice rang in my heart, and I flung myself on my knees beside him and prayed as I had never prayed before.

"'Oh God, give me this man's life!' Over and over again, I repeated the words and as I pressed the cold, nerveless hands in mine, slowly and slowly, easier came the short faint breaths, the rigid look relaxed, and a wan tinge of colour came into the pale face.

"Hours seemed to pass before he opened his eyes, and as they fell upon me kneeling there beside him, with the tears streaming down my cheeks, never shall I forget the look of love and trustfulness he gave me.

"My heart was too full for words and in silence I warmed the broth and brought it to him, and helped him to raise himself up against the cushions.

"I think he must have noticed how my hands were trembling, for he took one of them in his and pressed it gently.

"'Brave little hand,' he said, and his voice sounded weak and far-away—'my brave little Butterfly.'

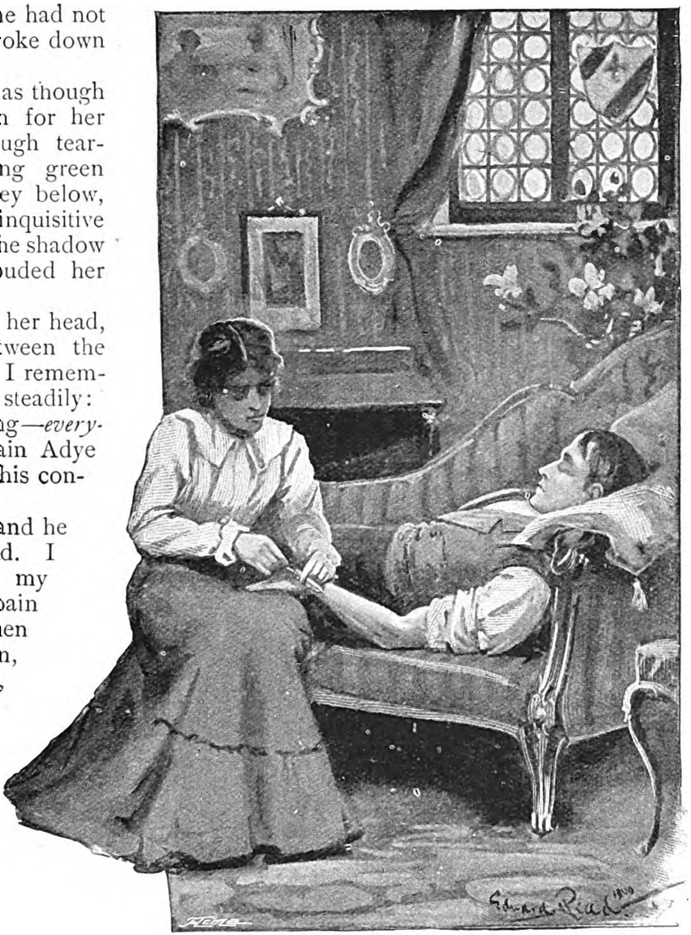
“At the old tender name he had not used for so long a time, I broke down utterly. . .”

She paused for a moment as though the memory were too much for her even now, and gazed through tear-dimmed eyes down the long green lawn to the wood-lined valley below, while I cursed myself as an inquisitive old fool to have caused even the shadow of this trouble to have clouded her bright young face again.

But in a minute, she lifted her head, and looked me straight between the eyes with the old defiant look I remembered so well, and continued steadily:

“So I told him everything—*everything*, mind you, about Captain Adye and how little I had merited his confidence and all!

“I did not spare myself, and he listened in silence to the end. I had covered my face with my hands, I could not bear the pain in his keen blue eyes, but when he spoke his tone, though firm, was very gentle indeed, ‘You must tell me one thing, dear,’ he said at last. ‘*Why* did you do this thing?’ and a tremor came into his voice, ‘don’t be afraid, child, did you *love* him . . this Captain Adye?’ I felt him lean towards me, and he drew his breath in sharply, as he waited for my reply, but all I could stammer through my sobs was—



I raised the skin on his bared arm and inserted the needle with the life-giving fluid.

“‘No, no! only . . . . I thought you didn’t care, and I was so lonely . . so *very* . . lonely . . Leo . . . !’

“And then in a minute his arms were round me, and I heard him murmur under his breath—‘Please God, little woman, you shall never be lonely again!’”

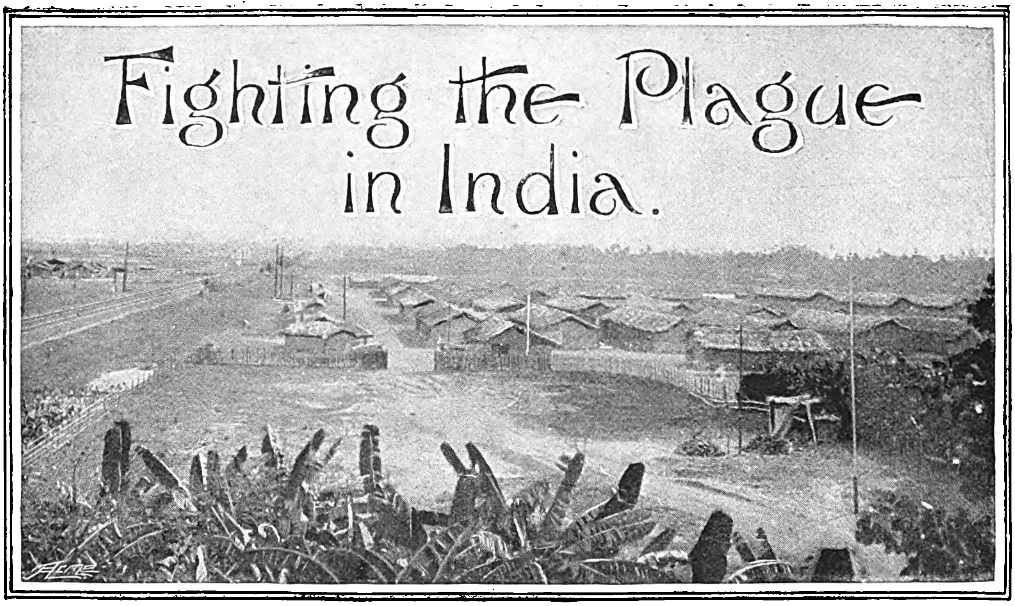
Her voice sank almost to a whisper with the last words, and without looking up into her face I knew that there were tears in her eyes. All around us, on bush and lawn and tree, was the soft, rich glow of dying sunset, and the summer air was very still save for the delicate rustle of leaves and the song of a single thrush perched high up on an adjacent elm tree. We neither of us spoke—indeed, what was there to say? But we thought the more as we gazed silently into the peaceful evening, and saw the western gold deepening, and the shadows lengthening on the grass.

Suddenly “Butterfly” started and laid her finger to her lips, as the sound of gravel scrunching under a man’s tread, and the laugh of a child rang out on the evening air.

A shadow fell across the lawn, and turning warily in my chair, ever mindful of the wounded shoulder, I saw Leo Straherne striding down the path, in his arms a tumbled bundle of lawn and lace, golden curls, and bare kicking legs.

And as I saw the light that shone in “Butterfly’s” dark eyes as she looked up into her husband’s handsome face, I realised that Leo Straherne had amply fulfilled his word, and it was not the frontier wound alone that caused me to sigh, as I let my eyes wander away into dreamland over the edge of the purple hills.

Fighting the Plague in India.



A segregation camp for plague patients.

By Caldwell Lipsett.

Illustrated with Photos specially taken for the Royal Magazine.

Bombay, when approached on the land side, smells like a mixture of india-rubber and rotton seaweed. This is not a special sign of the plague, nor is it peculiar to the present moment when the filth disease is epidemic there; it is the native odour of that water and sewage-logged island, and in itself affords sufficient reason why the plague should have selected Bombay as a congenial abiding place.

By the courtesy of Mr. Harvey, Municipal Commissioner of Bombay, I was enabled recently to go the round with a plague search and disinfection party in the company of Captain Pritchard, the district plague officer of Dongri, and to visit the plague hospitals with Professor Muller, President of the relief fund.

To the casual eye there is very little difference between Bombay now and before the plague broke out. Outwardly there is no perceptible difference except, perhaps, that it is a somewhat more common occurrence than it used to be to meet a native funeral in the streets, and certain houses are seen to bear the plague-mark.

The method of plague-marking is as follows. When a case occurs, a half circle is inscribed on the wall of the house, and the date of discovery written inside it; if the patient dies the circle is completed. A circle with a cross inside it means a death from natural causes, but when these become so numerous as to outnumber the plague deaths, as sometimes is the case, the diagnosis becomes suspicious, to say the least of it. A large D means that the house has been disinfected, but in some districts a large F is put instead, meaning flushed. The letters U.H.H. mean that the house has been condemned by the municipality as unfit for human habitation.

The method of detection at present is almost purely by voluntary agency, mainly by native gentlemen; these are organised by the district plague officer, and each man is supposed to report any case that occurs in his quarter in the course of the day. Some committees, of course, work very much better than others.

Starting, then, at seven in the morning from the Dongri Plague District Office, which is in a fairly open part of the town, a couple of turns took us straight into the centre of Nowrojee Hill, one of the worst nests in Bombay, hardly one of the houses in which escaped furnishing a case of the plague during the first three epidemics. The houses here are mean, squalid and filthy

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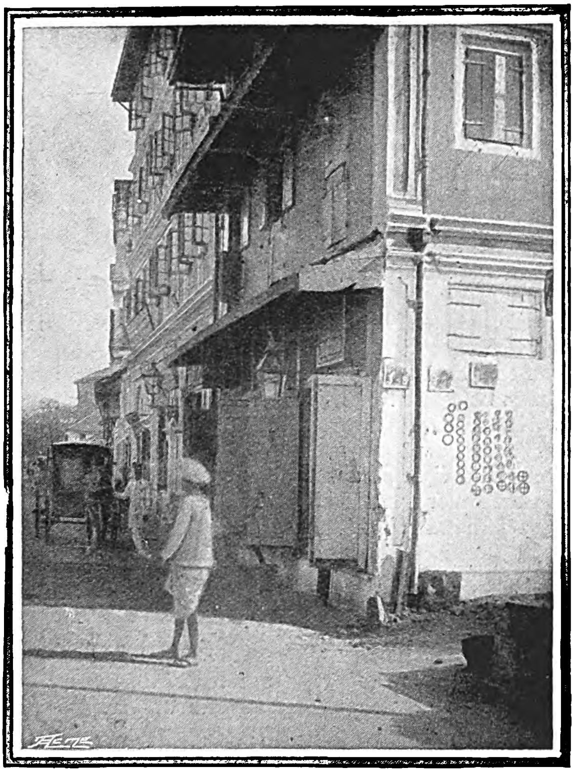
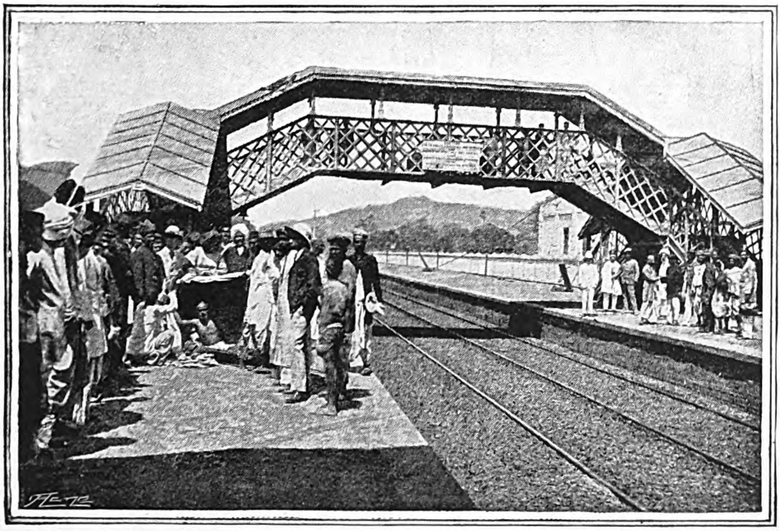
beyond description; they are built in blocks of about a dozen, and between each block is a gutter some two feet wide, reeking of ooze and slime, and discharging its foetid contents in the public roadway. The inside of a house is inconceivably worse than the outside; each room is about ten feet square, built of mud walls, floor and roof; often there is not a vestige of furniture in it, and here a family not only lives, but takes in lodgers to the number of ten or a dozen, till they are packed as tight as herrings in an airless, lightless den with no opening but the door.

In a *chawl* or large tenement house in Bombay, ramified with passages and crowded with rooms, there are often as many as 700 inhabitants, so that it may be imagined that to turn out such a large number for disinfecting purposes is no easy task. The inhabitants of these dungeons generally have not a rag of clothing beyond what they stand up in, and hardly a possession between them beyond a few cooking pots; they sleep on the bare floor, and their under-fed, over-fatigued, and vermin-infested bodies suck up plague germs as a sponge sucks water.


A plague-marked house, in which there were fifty-three cases and thirty-nine deaths.

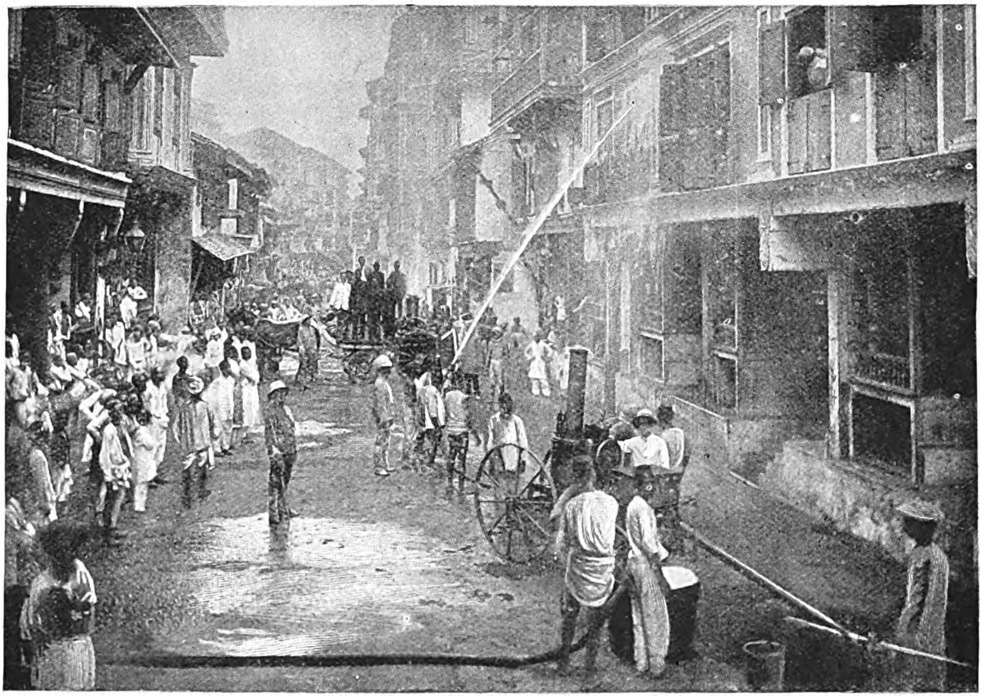
The inhabitants of Bombay, like all Orientals, are, in the mass, exceedingly amenable to authority; but even such a sheep-like population as this has its disorderly individuals and classes. The most unruly class in Bombay are the Seedi boys, a race of negroes who have their own king and queen, whose authority has had to be called in request more than once in order to stop a riot; next to these the Mahommedans are the most independent in character. This particular morning plague cases had been discovered amongst the Mahommedans on Nowrojee Hill, and some trouble was expected. As a matter of fact, however, only in one case did we meet with a refractory patient.


A plague ambulance and patient at a railway station.

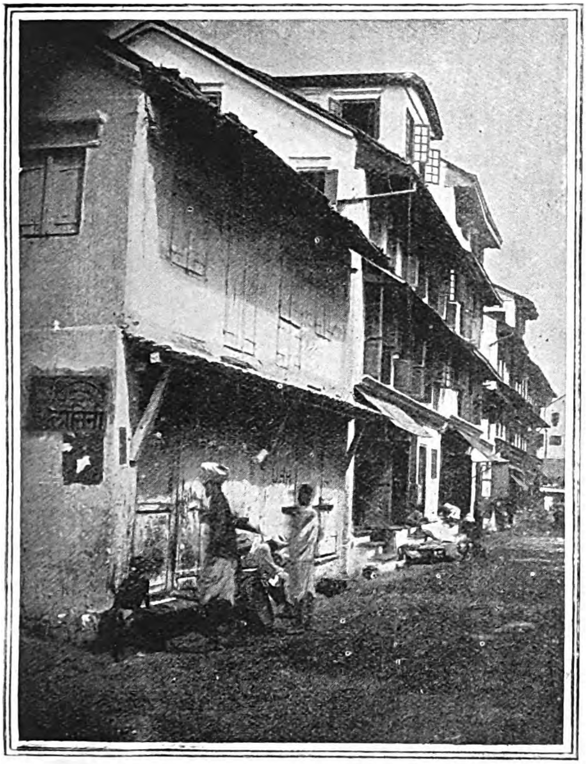
This was a Mahommedan boy with evident marks of the plague on him, who leant against a doorway with a dull, vacant look in his bloodshot eyes, eyelids and mouth half open, and refused to go to hospital with the brutish, unreasoning obstinacy of ignorance.

The two most obvious signs of the plague are this vacant look and a staggering gait. When attacked with the disease a man's legs become dissolved and nerveless, and buboes form round his armpits and groin. Most deaths from plague take the form of sudden failure of the heart's action. The district officer argued at length with the boy, pointing out that he would go to a hospital of his own class, be treated by native doctors, and visited by his relatives; when he was cured he would be given new clothes and enough money to keep him until he was strong enough to work; on the other hand if he stayed where he was he was bound to die, he would give the infection to his relatives and neighbours, and become a danger to the community. To all this the boy simply repeated a stubborn "no," and a middle-aged man, who appeared to be his father, supported him, saying that the lad did not wish to die away from his own home and his own people. If anyone or everyone else died it was *kismet.* On the other hand another member of the group, an old crone who may have been the grandmother, displayed a distinctly more liberal mind, pointing to a neighbouring house on which there were three half-circles, and all three patients had returned cured from the Sirkar's hospital. In spite of this object lesson the boy still remained obstinate, and we retired discomfited; later on, however, we met a native doctor and sent him back to try his luck, and the boy ultimately gave way to this renewed pressure.

In the meantime the ambulance is being fetched to take a Maratha cart-driver to hospital, and his immediate effects are brought out to be burnt; the cotton quilt that formed at once his bedding and the whole furniture of his room is cast into the middle of the roadway, and as it strikes the ground we are driven several yards back by the stench of putrefaction that spouts up from it, while loathsome vermin crawl out of it and wander along the highway. The refuse from this and the neighbouring plague houses is collected in a heap and burnt, while the owners are compensated for the loss. The man's daughter is given a couple of rupees, which



Cleaning and disinfecting a house with the aid of a fire-engine.

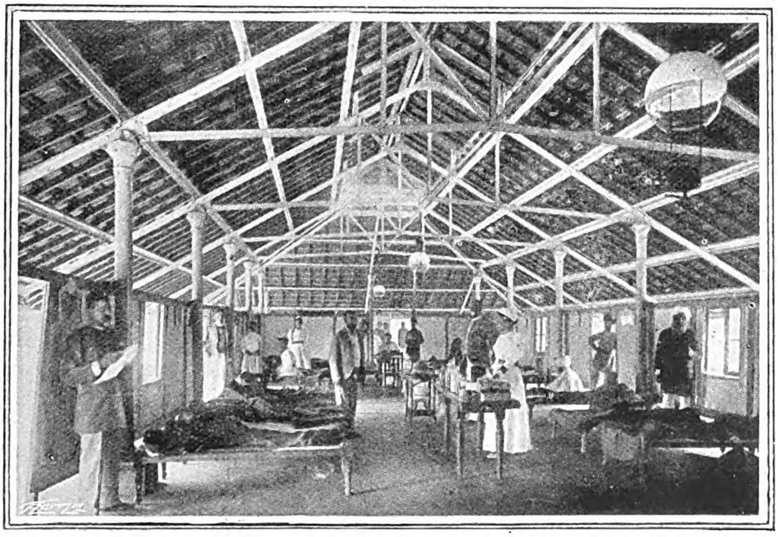


A condemned house. The letters "U.H.H." mean "Unfit for Human Habitation." The building will have to come down.

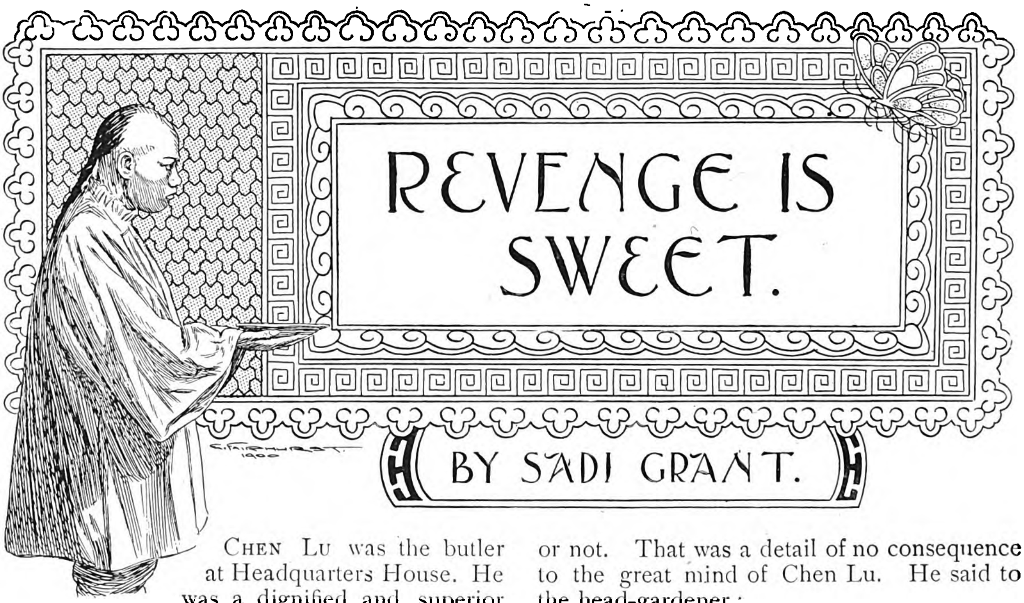
will get her a complete set of new bedding, and two rupees to keep her in food for a while. When the rubbish was burnt, all other movables were taken out of the room, walls, ceiling, and floor being stripped bare, and then the whole place was sluiced with bucketfuls of a disinfecting solution of perchloride of mercury and hydro-chloric acid, until every corner dripped with moisture. The fire-engine and hose, which were employed in General Gatacre's time, are no longer used.

After this we went on to the segregation camp at Elphinstone Bridge. This camp is used for the purpose of segregating "contacts" while their houses are being disinfected. The word segregation appears to be something of a misnomer, as, while the women sit and gossip over their cooking pots and meal-grinding, the men go out and about their work as usual. This particular camp consists of 132 rooms, built of split bamboo and bamboo matting, each measuring about 20ft. by 12ft., and designed to contain a family. The whole camp holds about 650 people at a time, and, at the time of my visit, upwards of 15,000 persons had passed through it since it was built, each "contact" remaining about ten days.

Bombay was once a collection of islands, and the central part of the Archipelago has gradually turned from an open lagoon into a swamp, and from a swamp has been filled up with rubbish and built over; but at one point this ancient swamp is confined by a concrete barrier, through which no drainage can pass, which leaves the middle part of the city a sort of immense cesspool. Until this grave sanitary defect is remedied, and light and air are let into some of its dark places, Bombay must expect to remain a death-trap and a standing menace to all other cities of the world.



The interior of a plague ward.



REVENGE IS SWEET.

BY SADI GRANT.

CHEN LU was the butler at Headquarters House. He was a dignified and superior person. Generals came and went, but Chen Lu remained. Sometimes an unwise General's wife took upon herself to give orders, but Chen Lu altered his ways for no new inhabitant, and pursued the even tenor of his dignified course. Still, some notice must be taken of the powers that be, and Chen Lu humoured the new-fangled notions of the English "mems" in a measure, provided they stopped short of real radical change. The General's wife had fever, and asked continually for tea and toast; then her maid would ring for Chen Lu and find fault with the tea.

"My lady says you must make fresh tea," said the maid, whom Chen Lu abhorred.

Chen Lu bowed silently and carried away the tea, let it rest on the kitchen table for two minutes, then brought it up again.

"Is this quite fresh, John?" said the General's wife.

"Yes, mem, quite flesh," said the immovable Chen Lu.

So the mem was satisfied, and there was no waste of good tea. Also it pleased the General's wife to call the butler John—well, let her do so, it was a matter of indifference to Chen Lu. As a matter of fact, he liked the General's wife; she was, of course, weak-minded and foolish, as all these barbarian women, but she never failed to smile on Chen Lu every morning, and say in her vague manner, "Good morning, John."

So he took care she always had the dishes she liked best, and her favourite flowers on the table, whether they grew in the garden or not. That was a detail of no consequence to the great mind of Chen Lu. He said to the head-gardener:

"The mem wishes for pink roses, and pink roses she must have."

The head gardener saw the case at once, and what did not grow in his garden he abstracted from that of the Commissioner of Police and of the Solicitor-General without their leave.

"Had not Chen Lu said so it must be?"

The cook, San Fat, was another important member of the household, but he never dared to raise his voice in opposition to the great Chen Lu. Each morning Chen Lu laid before the General or the mem a list of things necessary to buy, or that already had been bought at the early market at dawn of day; he made the arrangements about milk and fresh rolls, and managed the details of a gram-fed mutton club. All with peace and dignity and immovable composure. Chen Lu in his way was a great man.

But there came a thorn in his side—an obstruction to the calm carrying out of the traditions of Headquarters House.

A new General had lately come out to take command, the husband of the very mem we have alluded to above. He was young and hasty, he often swore, and once hurled a boot at the inestimable head of his household. Chen Lu picked up the boot and polished it carefully before replacing it in the shining row at the side of the General's dressing-table.

"Such are the ways of these barbarians who imagine themselves equal to us," thought Chen Lu; but, with wisdom, he reserved further questions of household matters till

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the home atmosphere was less stormy. The General had but the usual hastiness of these savages of the western lands. Unfortunately, he had brought a valet with him—a European—a man who interfered in the household matters and cast reflections on the transactions of Chen Lu himself. For a time Chen Lu supported this, but not for long.

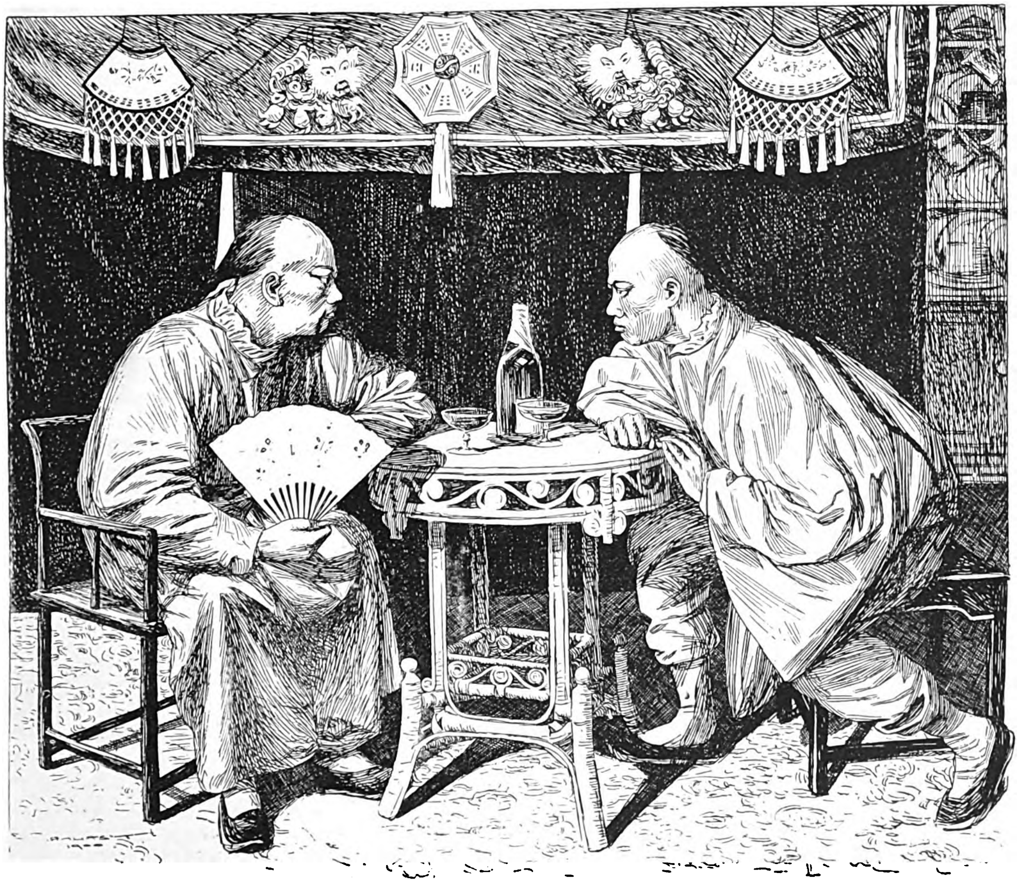
Should a red-headed devil, as this McGregor, upset the ways of a Celestial who had directed the movements of three separate Generals, and to whom the paths of foreign diplomacy were as open rivers?

Counsel must be taken with San Fat, but in Chen Lu's mind the edict had already gone forth. The climax was reached when McGregor deliberately accused Chen Lu of selling the best pieces of the gram-fed sheep for his own use and benefit. It was true, but what of that? Could these barbarians expect the services of so great a man for nothing? However, Chen Lu lied with unmatched cleverness and with such apparent honesty that the General was puzzled, and dismissed the case with a warning "not to do it again."

That evening Chen Lu invited the head cook to take a glass of wine with him in the sanctity of the plate-room. San Fat put on a clean white coat and came. They sat by the open verandah, through which came the languid scent of syringa, and looked on the bright green grass and heavy-laden fruit trees dotted about the garden, sipping the General's best champagne with gentle ease. San Fat also watched with pride the movements of a white turkey he was cherishing, with a view to selling it at a high price to the General's wife.

"It is a fair world," said Chen Lu, speaking in their native language.

San Fat assented gravely.



They sat by the open verandah, sipping the General's best champagne with gentle ease.

"Yet does the climate of the East prove unwholesome to many of the barbarians," continued Chen Lu. "It seems to me that our honoured friend, McGregor, looks not so healthful as but a week ago."

"Ha!" grunted San Fat.

"It may be," added Chen Lu, after a thoughtful pause, "that in one short week of time he may have added his bones to his family vault, if, indeed, these savages know of aught so holy; rather may his bones broil in hell. What sayest thou, O San Fat?"

"I say naught, O Chen Lu," said San Fat humbly, "far be it from me to question thy far-reaching mind."

"Were this barbarian removed from the house, O San Fat," said Chen Lu, impatiently, "thy wages would largely increase."

San Fat started.

"What has thy servant to do with the matter, O Chen Lu?" he asked.

San Fat was a tall strongly made man from northern China, without the brains to originate a plot himself, but quite willing to join in anything that might prove advantageous to his prospects and likely to add to the store in his strong box.

"I mean this, O San Fat," said Chen Lu, lowering his voice and drawing closer to his companion, "there is in the market, thou knowest it well, a white powder that is the bringer of death to him who eats of it, and yet doth it leave no trace, and acts as only a sudden disease. This buy, and mix with the food of this thrice-cursed McGregor. So shall he die, and thou and I remain to reap the benefit."

San Fat gasped, but soon recovered his presence of mind.

"Should all take place as thou sayest, O Chen Lu," he remarked, "how know I that my reward is sure?"

"I swear it by the souls of my ancestors," said Chen Lu. "Do I fail to keep even a promise to one of my own countrymen?—How much more then shall I keep the most holy oath a Chinaman can swear."

"It is well," said San Fat, "but my wages must be raised at least 10 dollars a month, and I must have 100 dollars down ere I can enter on my task."

"So be it," said Chen Lu carelessly, and San Fat immediately regretted he had not asked double the amount.

They sat there in undisturbed serenity and finished the champagne, making an unimportant remark from time to time, but not again speaking of the real business of the evening. McGregor had gone with the General to a camp of exercise some way off, where they were to remain for the night, so the conspirators were undisturbed, as nobody else in the household would have dared to enter the sacred precincts of Chen Lu's pantry.

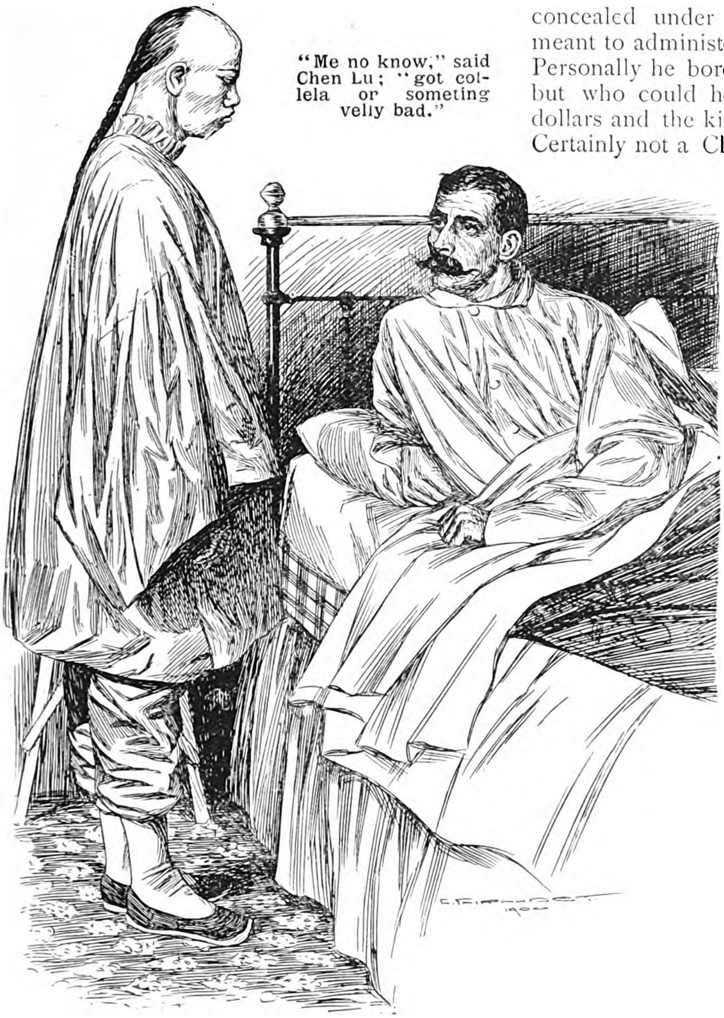
Two days later, the General had arranged to go to a distant part of his division in a steam yacht, taking with him Chen Lu and the cook and two others of the Chinese servants, as they were to stay in this fort for several days. In the meantime the General's wife would pay a visit to the Governor. The food arrangements were, as usual, placed entirely in Chen Lu's hands. At the appointed hour he had everything ready; large hampers were waiting on the quay by the white steam yacht; he had forgotten nothing required for the comfort of the party.

"My butler is really invaluable," said the General to his Brigade Major, who assented heartily, having profited by the excellence of Chen Lu's housekeeping on many occasions. McGregor was also there, busy looking after tin uniform cases, swords and helmets. All was ready—one by one the party all walked down the sloping boards at the side of the quay to the deck of the yacht, the General's flag was run up, the whistle blew, and the yacht moved slowly out among the crowded shipping in Hong Kong harbour. Past ships of every nation they steered — Russian gun-boats, Japanese torpedo-destroyers, British cruisers, Chinese house-boats, with the whole family of the owner swarming over the lower decks, and humble market-boats nearly flat to the water, with a little bamboo hut erection in the middle.

Once out of the crowd, the speed was increased, and they were soon tossing on the rough waves outside the harbour. The Chinamen, who were accustomed to be much on the sea, felt comfortable enough, so did the General, but his aide-de-camp got yellow and still more yellow, till he retreated below. McGregor, in one of the seamen's bunks, groaned loudly also, as he got worse and worse. The breeze freshened, the white waves curled over the white decks—there was a glorious wind that blew the hot, oppressive languors of the East back to the towering cliffs above the shore.

"It makes me feel ten years younger," said the General, as he stood, wrapped up in his mackintosh, near the wheel.

In about sixteen hours they reached the fort, rearing its rough stone walls at the entrance to a river. It was a Chinese fort that had been given over to the English, so the corners of the roof turned up instead of



"Me no know," said Chen Lu; "got collela or someting velly bad."

down, like those you see on willow-pattern plates. Then all was busy stir, shouting and commotion. There was a detachment of the Chinese regiment here, freshly drilled by British officers, and they all turned out in the General's honour, smart and neat in their khaki uniforms.

As soon as the General had landed, Chen Lu took command of the coolies come to clear the baggage off and take it up to the fort; he abused them and kept them up to their work in a manner they would never have stood from a European. San Fat concerned his mind but little; he saw his subordinates carried the enamelled saucepans up in front of him, and that was all. Finally he walked up the hill with McGregor, outwardly the best of friends—but with the deadly white powder concealed under his jacket, and San Fat meant to administer it on the first opportunity. Personally he bore no ill-will to McGregor; but who could hesitate between a hundred dollars and the killing of a mere European? Certainly not a Chinaman, with the inherited philosophy of many thousand years.

The dinner that night was very successful; the officers of the native regiment all came to it, and only wished that such dinners came in their way oftener. Nothing had been forgotten, from Worcester sauce to powdered sugar. The General was in a capital humour and sent for Chen Lu to praise him before going to bed. Chen Lu was calm as usual; yet half an hour before he had handed McGregor the dish of stew containing the deadly powder. His work had been well done, he was tired and sleepy, and with a conscience at ease, he also went to bed and to sleep.

Next morning when the General rang for his man, Chen Lu appeared instead.

"Where's McGregor?" said the General.

"He velly ill," said Chen Lu gravely.

"Ill!" said the General sharply, "what's the matter with him? He was well enough last night."

"Me no know," said Chen Lu; "got collela or someting velly bad."

"Cholera, good Lord! What do you mean?"

"He velly bad," repeated Chen Lu.

The General hurried on some clothes and went to McGregor at once.

"My poor fellow!" he said anxiously, "whatever has given you this? Send for the doctor at once," he added to Chen Lu. McGregor was looking ghastly, doubled up with pain and black in the face.

"I'm afraid I'm done for, sir," he gasped.

"Nonsense, nonsense," said the General cheerily, "you mustn't give up like that! Here, take some brandy directly."

The doctor hurried in in two or three minutes, and took the case in hand, but he could do very little. The symptoms were very like cholera, and he had very little hope of saving McGregor from the first. Everything possible was tried—hot bricks to his feet and body, hot drinks; Chen Lu was full of suggestions, all more or less unpracticable, and San Fat nodded his head and bemoaned the poor barbarian's untoward fate, but all to no purpose—nothing overcame the deadly shivering and the fearful pain. In a few hours poor McGregor was dead; in two or three more he was buried.

So was Chen Lu's revenge quickly and easily carried out. Thus many die in the Far East from private hate, from secret poisoning—many whose deaths are put down to disease. Chen Lu continued a faithful and trusted servant at Headquarters House, and was passed on to yet a fourth general with an excellent and unblemished character. San Fat received his 100 dollars and his increase of wages, as promised to him.

And these two worthies seldom mention their little undertaking to each other; but occasionally, when warm with some of the General's wine, and altogether in a pleasant frame of mind, happy memories recur to them, and, among these happy memories, the memory of McGregor and the richly deserved fate they doomed him to. Then Chen Lu remarks that until foreigners learn wisdom they must expect to be treated as that red-haired devil, who is doubtless now in a region where his kind are uncomfortably plentiful. And San Fat nods his head and gravely acquiesces.

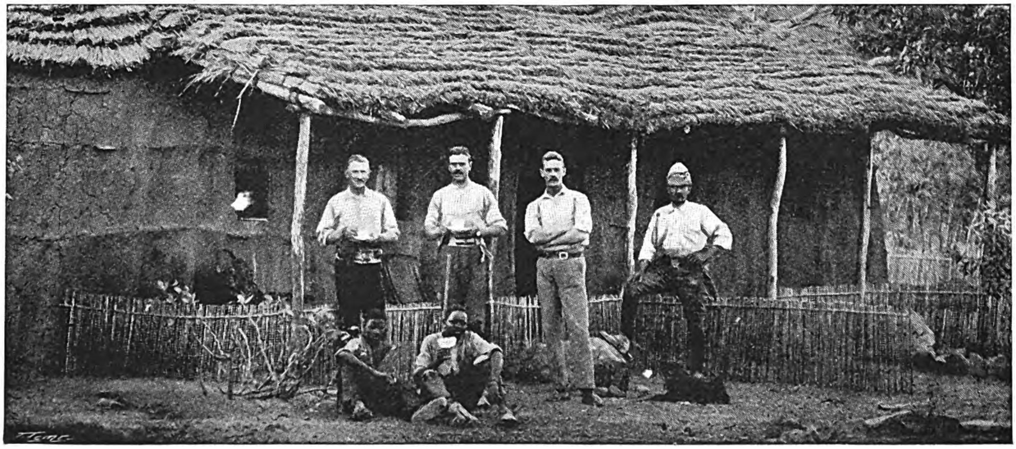
In fact, the little affair was very simple—merely the removal of a barbarian to a better land than China.

A PRINCE AT THE FRONT.

Below is published a very interesting photograph showing Prince Alexander of Teck as he appeared during the suppression of the Matabele Rebellion in 1896. His Serene Highness and his fellow officers roughed it like ordinary troopers, and put up with all the inconveniences common to the country. The Prince is the second figure of the group counting from the left of the picture, and the hut in the background was the headquarters of the officers of the 7th Hussars at Fort Grainger, about forty miles from Buluwayo.

In the old days royal princes who deigned to enter the army had every facility for promotion given them, and if they happened to go to the front they were specially taken care of, kept out of danger, and given every possible comfort. To-day things are different. If they want promotion they must earn it, and share the hardships and dangers of the field.

Prince Alexander has shown a very martial spirit from his boyhood upward, and at the present time he is in South Africa fighting with the British forces.



From a Photo.

The second figure counting from the left is Prince Alexander of Teck.

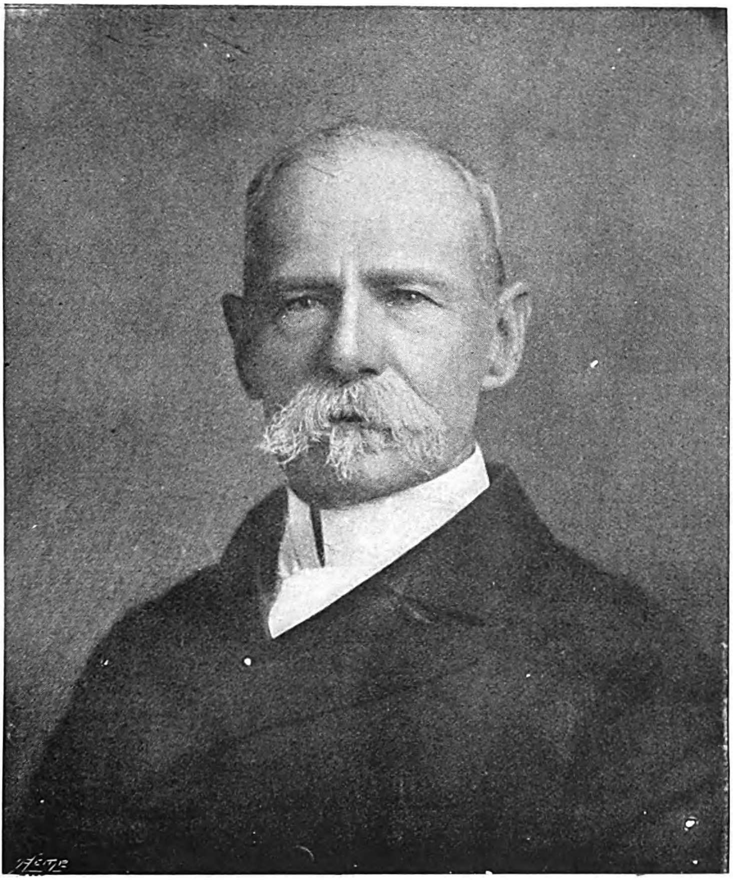


Photo by Mayall & Co. Ltd.

Lord Roberts as he appears in private life.

THE PRIVATE LIFE OF LORD ROBERTS.

With many hitherto unpublished photographs.

BY REGINALD MAINGAY.

As a general rule great public men, sovereigns and soldiers and statesmen, have two distinct characters—that which they show to the world at large, and that by which they are known in private life to their relatives and most familiar friends. What, after all, do we know of the private character of Gladstone, say, of the Duke of Wellington, of Bismarck, of the Czar? Biographers may tell us that they were good husbands and kind fathers; we may hear all manner of *veracious* anecdotes (O rare commodity!) concerning their home life; we may even come in contact with people who knew them intimately—and yet, in spite of all this, how vague and shadowy at best is the portrait we get of them, how little do we know of their true selves hidden away beneath the royal robes and decorated uniforms!

But the greatest soldier and most popular man of the day is emphatically not among those who, like the old Greek actors, wear a mask on the stage; we all know him as though he were a personal friend, and almost forget that he is a public man and a soldier in our enthusiasm for his fascinating character. And this is all the more singular because we have heard, after all, very little about Lord Roberts' private life, his family, and domestic circumstances. Even his auto-biography gives us an extremely

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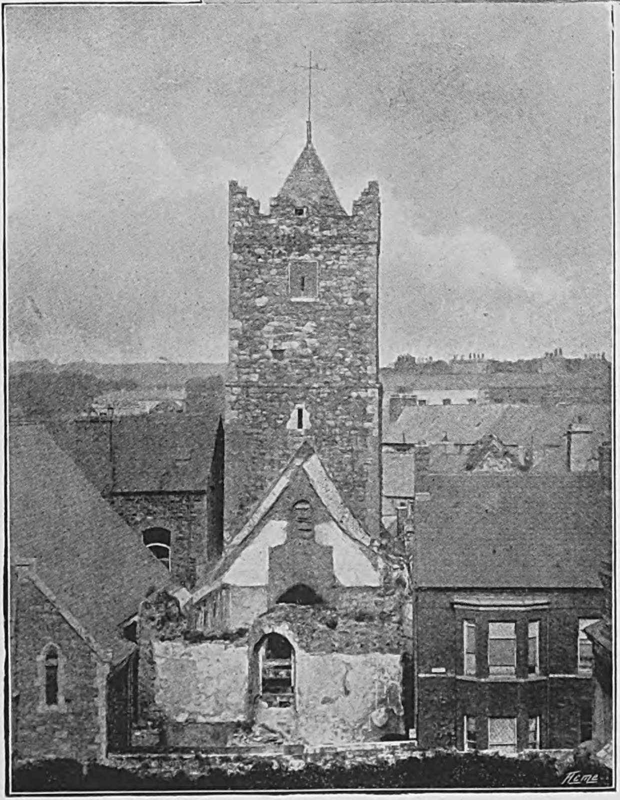
The house of John Roberts, Lord Roberts' great-grandfather, as it now appears in Cathedral Square, Waterford. The house was formerly the Protestant Bishop's Palace, and was built in the reign of Queen Elizabeth.

Photos by Poole.



The old Franciscan Chapel at Waterford—the ancestral burial place of the Roberts family.

meagre account of him—though, indeed, this very omission is eminently characteristic of the man, significant as it is of one of the most salient qualities of both his private and public career—modesty. In the present article I shall attempt to give a sketch of Roberts behind the scenes, as it were—of Roberts in private life—and show that the character of the great soldier differs in no wise from that of the son, the husband, the friend.

There is one point upon which Lord Roberts strenuously insists, and that is that he should not be described as an Englishman —a somewhat quaint demand when we remember that it comes from the man who has served England more gloriously than any other since the death of the Duke of Wellington. No, he is an Irishman through and through, and nothing but an Irishman, and though neither a Fenian nor a Nationalist, — who, indeed, can imagine Roberts as anything but a high-priest of Imperialism ?— he loves Ireland with that peculiarly tender and single-hearted devotion that makes a noble Irishman's patriotism the most beautiful sentiment in the world. Let us never forget, therefore, that Arthur Wellesley and Frederick Roberts, whose names will always be linked together as those of the two greatest

British soldiers of the nineteenth century, were both Irishmen, and proud of the race to which they belonged.

It was in 1712 that one John Roberts came into the world, a man of distinguished talent, but more likely to be remembered by posterity for being the great-grandfather of Frederick Sleigh Roberts than for any gifts of his own. He married a lady of French extraction, Mary Susannah Sautelle, the daughter of Major Sautelle, a Huguenot, whose family had fled to England at the time of the Huguenot persecutions. This gentleman served in King William the Third's Foot Guards at the Boyne, and settled down at Waterford at the close of the seventeenth century. So we see that Lord Roberts has a dash of French blood in his veins.

Among our illustrations are two which give an excellent idea of John Roberts' art—one showing the interior of the Roman Catholic Cathedral at Waterford, and the other that of the Protestant Cathedral there. It was in the former building that John Roberts, at the age of eighty-four, went one morning to look after his workmen at three, in place of six o'clock, and instead of returning home, sat down on a stone and fell asleep, through which he contracted a cold that ended in his death. John Roberts had three sons, two of whom became landscape painters, while the third, a clergyman, was the father of Abraham Roberts, and the grandfather of our national hero.

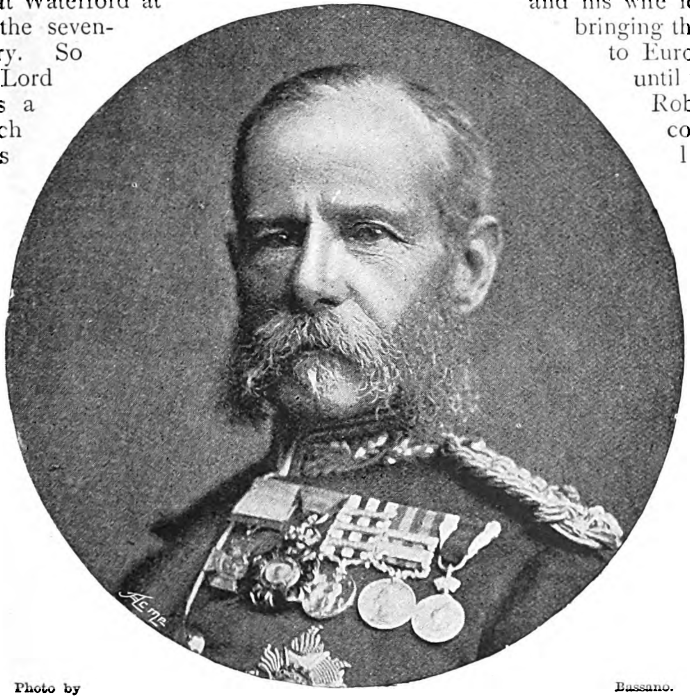


Photo by Bassano.

Lord Roberts in 1880. Taken on his arrival in London, after the famous march to and relief of Kandahar.

Concerning Abraham Roberts, a few words must be said, his career being not only remarkable in itself, but a sort of prologue to the more illustrious career of his son. At the age of seventeen, in the first year of the present century, he entered the Waterford Militia, and four years later joined the East India Company, in whose service he remained for the next fifty years—fifty years of hard work, and frequent fighting in Afghanistan and various parts of India. It was at Cawnpore, on September 30th, 1832—the same year in which his distinguished father became Lieutenant-Colonel—that Frederick Sleigh Roberts was born, his mother being the daughter of a certain Irish soldier, Major Bunbury, of County Tipperary. The Colonel and his wife lost no time in bringing their child back to Europe, and there, until 1836—Colonel Roberts having a couple of years' leave—the family remained, when the parents were forced to return to India, leaving their child to be brought up and educated in England. Such is the hard fate of the majority of Anglo-Indian children, and it was harder in those mid-years of the nineteenth century than it is to-day, an officer in the position of Colonel Roberts getting but rare opportunities of visiting his native land. Fully eight years elapsed before father and son met again, and then it was only to part, after a few months companionship, for another seven long years.

Of Lord Roberts as a child we have very meagre record. A few old people still living testify to the fact that he was by no means an extraordinary boy, either as regards his capabilities or personal appearance. Small of stature and strongly though slenderly built, eager-faced, bright-eyed, and with noticeably large ears, peculiarly active (which in a boy means nothing more or less than bewilderingly fidgety), quick to laugh, slow to despond—such was the hero of Kandahar when he carried a school-satchel on his back. And he loved a scrimmage—yes! he loved a scrimmage in those old days just as he loves a scrimmage to-day, and they remember well, the older inhabitants of Clifton and Carrickmacross, how the alert youngster, with a few boon companions, used to raid various "tuck shops" and squabble over the spoil. Toffee and brandy balls are delicacies which the average youth rates above caviare or truffles, and the boy Roberts was no pious exception to the rule; he took to such elegant sweetmeats with a fervour that many still recall—indeed, if report is to be trusted, the hero of to-day, the scourge of Afghanistan, the terror of South Africa, has still a sweet tooth, and though, doubtless, no longer a devotee of toffee and brandy balls, enjoys his tea with plenty of sugar, and takes very kindly to cake and sweet biscuits.

Lord Roberts began his education at a dame's school in Clifton, where he remained two years, leaving it for the Grammar School in Carrickmacross, County Monaghan. Later, his people placed him under the care of a Mr. Mills at Hampton, and in 1845 he entered Eton College. The boy's career at that training ground of so many great soldiers and statesmen lasted only a year and a half; he was placed in the fourth form, and left the school in 1847 for Sandhurst. It is worth while noting that one of his most prominent contemporaries at Eton was Alfred (now Sir Alfred) Lyall, whom he met years after in India during the great Mutiny.

For young Roberts, fired doubtless by his father's exploits, had, almost since he was old enough to draw a wooden sword from its scabbard, definitely decided to adopt the military profession. To Sandhurst therefore he repaired, and, remaining there some eighteen months, took three out of the six steps required for a commission without purchase. For although the Roberts family were by no means poor, they were not sufficiently well off to indulge in such luxuries as the purchase of commissions; and Roberts, in spite of his father's position, has to thank his own wits and energy, for all his triumphs and the high position to which he has attained. At Sandhurst he won various honours, including a prize for German, and leaving the place early in 1850, entered Addiscombe, the special training-school for soldiers taking service under the East India Company. At the end of the following year he passed the final examination, and was, therefore, qualified for a commission. Finally, on the twelfth of December, 1850, he was appointed Second Lieutenant in the Bengal Artillery, and started about a year later to join his father in India.

Photo by Gregory.

Lady Roberts.

It is difficult for us, who are mostly accustomed to live with our parents from infancy upwards, to imagine the mingled feelings of young Roberts, now a lad of nineteen, when meeting his father after a separation of nearly eight years. Colonel Roberts had been appointed, at about the time of his son's arrival in India, to command a division at Peshawar, with the temporary rank of Major-General. His son, after spending some rather dreary months alone in Calcutta and Dum-Dum, was lucky enough to secure the position of aide-de-camp to his father. The Colonel was sixty-two at the time, but, like the Roberts of to-day, extraordinarily youthful and active in mind and body—the ideal companion for a high-spirited lad. "I had left him as an infant," writes Lord Roberts, "and I had no recollection of him until I was twelve years old, at which time he came home on leave. Even then I saw very little of him, as I was at school during the greater part of his sojourn in England; thus we met at Peshawar almost as strangers. We did not, however, long remain so; his affectionate greeting soon put an end to any feeling of shyness on my part, and the genial and kindly spirit which enabled him to enter into and sympathise with the feelings and aspirations of men younger than himself, rendered the year I spent with him at Peshawar one of the brightest and happiest of my early life."

This fortunate companionship was but short-lived; his son had scarcely been twelve months with him when Colonel Roberts' health began to give way, and it was soon apparent that he would have to return to England without delay. A rather weird event, and one not likely to improve his critical condition at that time, occurred shortly before his departure. His son found him one morning in a very despondent frame of mind, and learnt that he had had an unpleasant dream—one which he had dreamt several times before, and which had always been followed by the death of a near relative. So certain was the old man that some such catastrophe was about to occur, that he put off a dance that was to have taken place at his house two days later. And sure enough, the following morning the news arrived of the sudden death of a relative at Lahore with whom the family were on very intimate terms.

A short while after this strange event, Colonel Roberts left for England, and his son, whom he had conducted up to the threshold, so to speak, of a great career, was left alone in India to travel the road to fame. His public life until the end of the Mutiny is known to all who are familiar with the events of that awful tragedy; for although Roberts was present at most of the great engagements, and notably at the siege of Delhi, although he did his duty with the courage and ardour which we are wont to associate with his name, and won the Victoria Cross, his part in the war was that of many another young officer, and calls for no detailed description here.

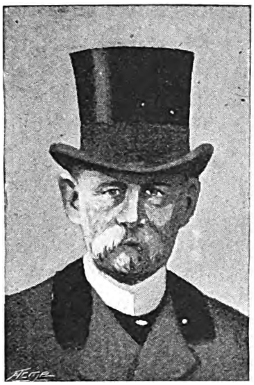


Photo by *Press Photographic Bureau.*

Lord Roberts, as he is often seen walking in Pall Mall.

In 1858, nearly eight years after his arrival in India, Roberts set foot once again on English soil. It was June, the month when this country is at her best, when the fields and the trees are greenest, and the temperature delicious—and how delicious to one like Roberts who had lived eight years in the burning heats of India! "The intense delight," he writes, "of getting home after one's first term of exile can hardly be exaggerated, and certainly cannot be realised, save by those who have gone through the exile, and been separated, as I had been for years, from all that made the happiness of my early life. Every English tree and flower one comes across on first landing is a distinct and lively pleasure."

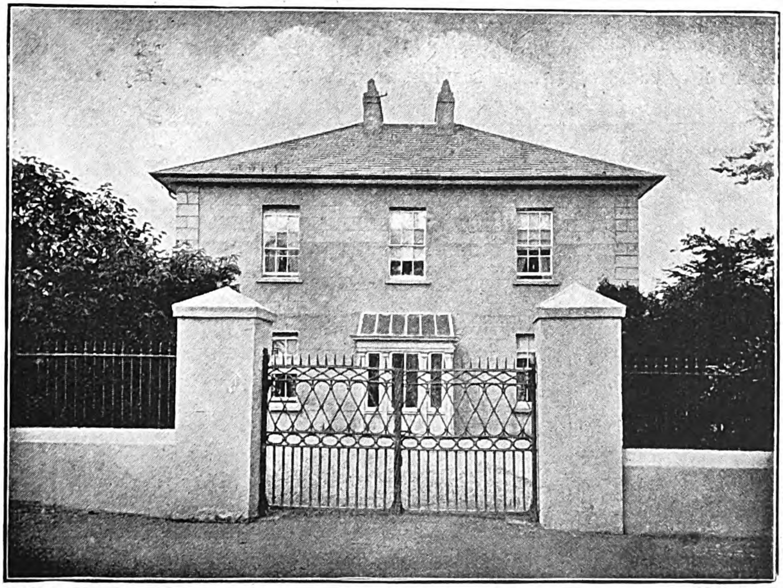


Photo by Poole.

Front view of Landscape House, Waterford, where Lady Roberts lived at the time of her marriage.

Photo by Poole.

Newtown House, Waterford, at the present time. This was formerly called Suirville, and it was here hat Lord Roberts' father and mother lived and he himself spent his boyhood.

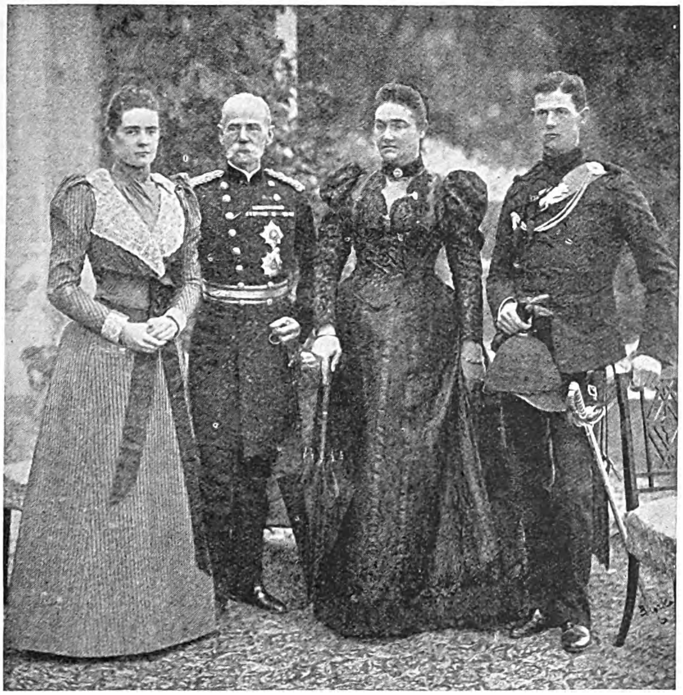
After visiting sundry friends and relatives in London, and making his outer man respectable, Lieutenant Roberts hastened over to Waterford, where his parents and sister lived. “I found my father well and strong for a man of seventy-four,” he relates in his “Forty-one Years in India,” “and to all appearance quite recovered from the effects of his fifty years of Indian service, and, to my great joy, my mother was looking almost as young, and quite as beautiful, as I had left her six years before. My little sister, too, always an invalid, was very much as when I had parted from her, full of loving kindness for everyone, and though unable to move without help, perfectly happy in the many resources she had within herself, and the good she was able to do in devoting those resources to the benefit of others.”

Photo by Poolo.

The back view of Newtown House.

And the man who can write with such beauty and tenderness of his home and people, the man who is brave as a lion on the battlefield and bears a V.C. on his breast—is it a wonder that he has become the hero of a great nation, the type and model of a gentleman? But he was never very imposing to look at—less even in those days than at the present time. A little, tight-set figure, wiry and alert; a plain face with bright, kindly eyes and clean-shaven, except for a moustache (the whiskers had not yet made their appearance); a manner quick, vivid, and full of gesture; a general appearance so neat and trim as to be almost dandified—such was the Roberts of 1859, the Roberts who won the heart of a charming Irish girl, Nora Bews, who was destined henceforward to share with him all his future joys and sorrows. This young lady lived with her married sister in Waterford, not far from Roberts' home. Looking at her house, of which we give a photograph, it is strange to think how often the young lieutenant loitered outside those iron gates and lifted adoring eyes to the windows! The marriage was celebrated on the 17th of May, 1859, in the parish church at Waterford, and Lieutenant and Mrs. Roberts left Ireland to spend their honeymoon among the lakes and mountains of Scotland.

During his holidays Roberts' chief delight has, I think, always been hunting. A remarkably daring and skilful rider, no man enjoys more than he the rough and healthy excitement of a fox-hunt. And his love of horses—not the least charming trait in his character, for it is totally different from that of the ordinary devotee of horseflesh—leads him to take a keen interest in field sports and horse-racing, although he never bets. Of late years he has become an enthusiastic and expert cyclist, and has often been seen careering along the Waterford roads in company with his daughters.



From a Photo taken in India.

Lord and Lady Roberts, with the late Lieut. Roberts and one of the Misses Roberts.

Towards the end of 1859 Roberts was back again in India, and how different was the life there with his wife as companion he is never tired of telling us. For Lady Roberts is one of those women, now, alas, rarely to be found, who make marriage the most beautiful thing in the world, a woman who has no thought apart from her husband, who not only sympathises with all his hopes and ambitions, but helps him in his work, and comforts him in his sorrow. A few months after her arrival in India the war in China broke out, and Roberts, practically certain of being sent to the front, was bitterly disappointed when it transpired that he was after all to remain behind. "I think I have earned your gratitude," said Lord Clyde to Mrs. Roberts, "if I have not managed to satisfy everyone by these Chinese appointments." Mrs. Roberts asked for what she was expected to be grateful. "Why, for not sending your husband, of course. I suppose you would rather not be left in a foreign country alone a few months after your marriage. If Roberts had not been a newly-married man, I would have sent him." This was too much for Mrs. Roberts. "I am afraid," she retorted, "I cannot be very grateful to you for making my husband feel I am ruining his career by standing in the way of his being sent on service. You have done your best to make him regret his marriage!" "Well, I'm hanged if I understand you women!" burst out the astonished chief. "I have done the very thing I thought you would like, and have only succeeded in making you angry. I'll never try to help a woman again!" This anecdote says much more for Lady Roberts' character than any description of mine.

The Hon. Aileen Roberts.

The Hon. Edwina Roberts.

Photos by Chancellor.

The late Lieut. the Hon. F. N. S. Roberts, V.C.

Lord Roberts has had six children, but to-day only two are living, and the graves of the remaining four are to be found in India, in the Red Sea, and among the mountains of Natal. The great soldier's affection for the young has always been one of his marked characteristics, and after the death of his gallant son, it has become almost a passion. His replies from South Africa to the quaint communications of various little boys and girls have in many instances been chronicled in the newspapers, while that charming scene at Pretoria, when his orderly found him engaged in teaching a child to write, is likely to go down to future generations as one of the prettiest events of a deplorable war.

The many heavy sorrows of his life, together with the innumerable perils to which he has been exposed, are doubtless accountable for that deep sentiment of religion which is one of the most marked traits in Roberts' character. His Christianity is not the complex and slightly mystic Christianity of Gordon; it is the simple faith of a nature essentially simple, the Christianity of the average man, only more deeply felt and more strenuously observed. And yet, says Mr. Julian Ralph, who was with him in South Africa, "he never parades his piety, never forces it upon those around him. Not a word has he ever spoken to his staff suggesting or ordering their presence—yet he is certain to attend the weekly service — an example to the Army so modestly and persistently presented that it cannot help but be powerful. When he took the sacrament at Driesfontein in the face, one might say, of the whole Army, it was without a hint of parading his religion. All saw in it an act of simple faith."

It was at Simla, in 1861, that Roberts' first child, a girl, was born, and died a few weeks after its birth. In his autobiography little is said about this bereavement, but we know that it nearly killed his wife, and that it added years to his own life. In the spring of 1865 Captain Roberts (he had been promoted in 1861) and his wife returned to England and stayed there until the following March. Old General Roberts, with that wonderful vitality which distinguished the family, travelled up to London, with wife and daughter, to meet his son, and it was chiefly in London that the party remained until Captain Roberts returned to India, leaving his wife behind, to follow him in the autumn.

The part Roberts played in the Abyssinian Expedition was hardly one after his taste, consisting, as it did, mainly of superintending the disembarkation of troops and stores. Returning to Britain at the close of the war, he stayed a few months in Clifton, and at the beginning of 1869 was ordered back to India. It was a sad voyage. "Having said good-bye to those dear to us, two of whom I was never to see again, my wife and I, with a baby girl, who was born the previous July, embarked at Portsmouth. It blew a gale the whole way to Alexandria. We were all horribly ill, and our child caught a fatal cold. Everything possible

Photo by Poole.

The interior of the Protestant Cathedral, Waterford, before the recent alterations. This was designed and built by John Roberts, Lord Roberts' great-grandfather.

GLORIA IN EXCELSIS DEO

Photo by Poole.

The Roman Catholic Cathedral, Waterford, also designed by John Roberts. It was in the work of erecting this building that the architect caught the cold which ended in his death.

Photo by Poole

St. Patrick's Protestant Church, Waterford, where Lord and Lady Roberts were married.

was done for our comfort by our kind captain; but, alas! our beautiful little girl never recovered, and we had the terrible grief of losing her soon after we passed Aden. She was buried at sea." It is thus that Lord Roberts tells of the second great bereavement of his life. A year later a third child was born, and died at Simla a few months after its birth.

The next twelve years were the most eventful in Roberts' career, including as they did the Looshai Expedition, when he commanded a brigade, and the Afghan wars of 1878 and 1880. It is worthy of note that the last communication he received, from the outside world, before starting on that grim and glorious march from Kabul to Kandahar, was a telegram from his wife. When the war broke out, she and the three children that had been born during the last ten years, had returned to England, and her message was wired from a little village in Somersetshire, congratulating him and the force, and wishing them all God-speed.

Roberts' wide-spread and extraordinary popularity with the English people—he was always popular with the army—dates, one may say, from his return to England after those brilliant exploits in Afghanistan. But popularity for great deeds accomplished is but a lesser half of the sentiment we entertain for "little Bobs"; our personal affection for the man himself is something very different, something far deeper and more enduring. Now the English do not give away their hearts with the charming ease and *abandon* of a certain delightful people across the Channel, nor do they give them to a man or woman whose fascinations are merely on the outside showily attractive; his must, indeed, be a beautiful and sterling soul who shall draw to himself our somewhat chary and undemonstrative affections.

What, then, are the qualities in Roberts' character that have so wonderfully succeeded in capturing our affections? In many ways he is not the usual type of a national favourite, being somewhat reserved in temperament and almost wholly without that jovial good humour which we, as a nation, appreciate above all things; he never jokes, and a smile is rarely seen on his face. What makes up for his attractiveness is, above all, the unfeigned and eager sympathy he extends to all manner of people, and that perfect sincerity which makes a word of praise from his lips infinitely more gratifying than a eulogy from another man. And then his unfailing kindness, his modesty, his abhorrence of self-advertisement, his generosity and tact — all these combine to make up Roberts' wonderful fascination, and endear him to officers and soldiers and all classes of civilians. But especially have they endeared him to those who have been privileged with his friendship — a fortunate few, for Roberts has many acquaintances but few friends, as I understand the term. But these few can tell us how rare and precious a friend they possess in the little soldier—one who never fails in any emergency, and remains staunch and true, no matter what the years may bring.

Photo by Poole.

A unique portrait; for Lord Roberts is habitually grave and seldom smiles.

Until he took command of the British armies in the Transvaal, the Burmese war and his nomination as the Commander-in-Chief of the Indian forces were the main events of Lord Roberts' life. At home his children were growing apace, and his son, in whom all his pride and affection centred, and whom he had destined from earliest infancy to follow in his own footsteps, showed, immediately he entered the army, those soldierly qualities which so distinguished his father's early career. The lad's glorious death at the battle of Colenso cut short all too soon what promised to be a brilliant career, and to Lord Roberts the death of his son was the most terrible loss of a life full of loss and trouble. "Nothing that can ever happen will make the same man of him again," said his wife, and yet, at his country's call, how promptly did the old warrior put aside his private grief, buckle on his sword, rally his men, and lead them on from victory to victory! His wife and his daughters are all he has left to him now, and in these the affection of his singularly warm nature is centred. No, these are not quite all that remain to cheer his declining days; for glory and honour, such as few men have ever possessed, are his, little as he may value them—glory and honour, and what is immeasurably better worth having: the deep, unchanging love of the great people he has served for over fifty years with so single-hearted and unswerving a devotion.

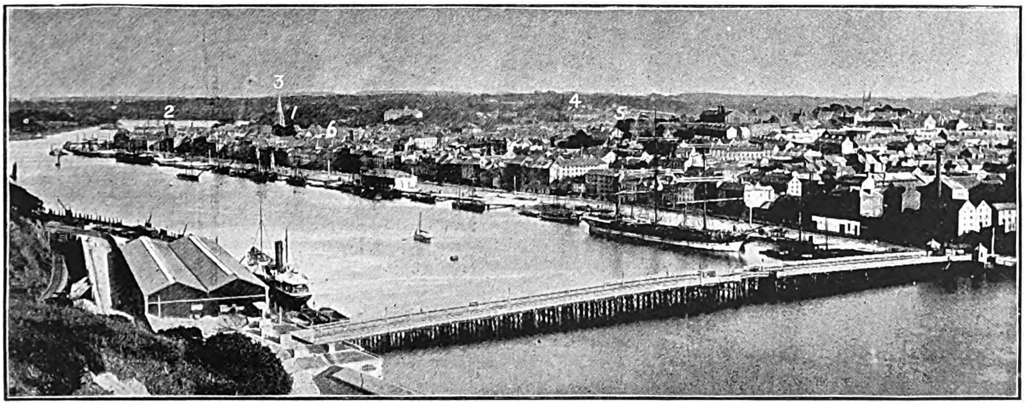
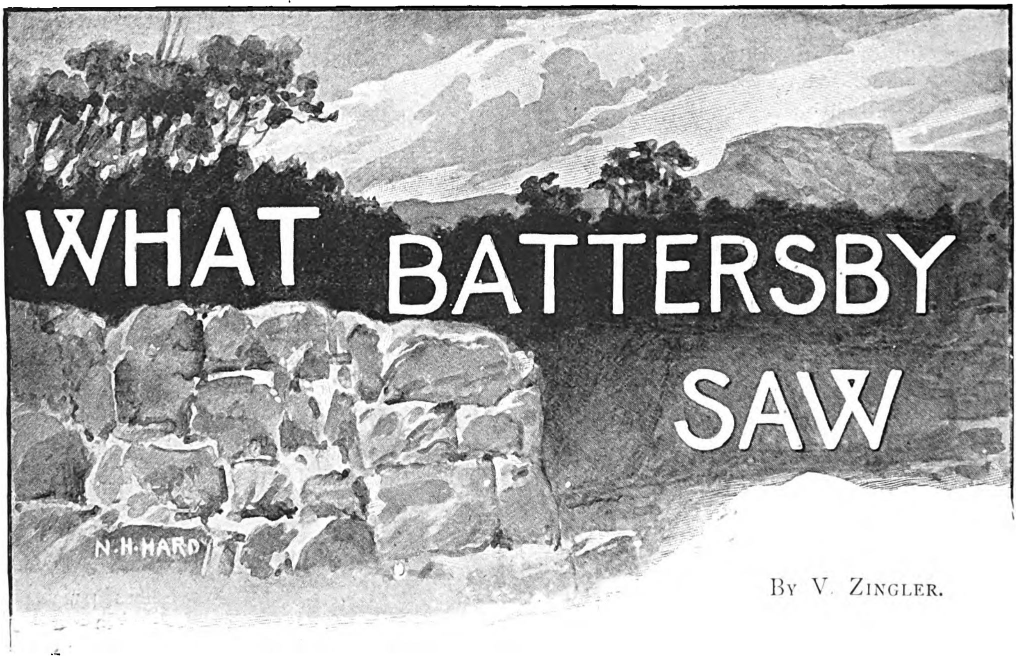


Photo by Poole.

Waterford, the home of the Roberts, showing the positions of the buildings connected with the family history.

1. Newtown House. 2. The old Franciscan Chapel, the Roberts' family burial-place. 3. The Protestant Cathedral. 4. Landscape House. 5. St. Patrick's Church. 6. The Roman Catholic Cathedral.

WHAT BATTERSBY SAW



BY V. ZINGLER.

IT was a lucky thing for Battersby, District Magistrate and Captain of Mashonaland Police, that he was in a good humour when he came across 'Nkusi—so it was for 'Nkusi.

It is true that the manner of the introduction was not favourable to 'Nkusi, who had been caught redhanded in the attempt to flatten out a native; and if it had not been that the Captain had just dined well and was in want of a servant at the time, 'Nkusi would have knobkerried no more natives for the rest of his life. But then the Captain would very soon have followed 'Nkusi, and that is why he was lucky in the humour and the time.

'Nkusi was no Mashona, not he. "Lying, thieves, Baas," he told Battersby, "and sons of snakes, who eat caterpillars and dirt; old women who always die of old age, because they fear to kill each other. Yes, they fear everything—each other, men and devils." Which showed that 'Nkusi had a sense of humour in expressing the contempt which all Zulu races have for the Mashonas. For 'Nkusi was a Zulu, a great, black, brawny savage from the Natalian border, who had wandered to the new gold mines to pick up a living—and anything else he could lay hands on. Not that a Zulu has much call to jeer at the superstitions of others, being greatly inclined that way himself. But then 'Nkusi had mixed a lot with white men, and his racial respect for devils had become a slumbering thing, for he had never seen a devil, nor had he ever met any man who had.

But all that has now altered, for if he has not seen one, he knows that they exist, and so does Battersby, and so most likely does poor Clements the surveyor—but of that we are not quite sure.

Battersby's business it was, with the few troopers who constituted his command, to keep in check the occasional exuberance of the ne'er-do-wells from home as an example to the black labour at the mines; to hold that labour in its proper location with special care as to the sale of liquors and stealing; to prevent or punish raids in the district on the part of tribes coveting the cattle of others; and to uphold generally the majesty of the law, and to mete out condign punishment to those who offended. The exception was 'Nkusi, who was given another chance, of which he took full advantage, for he proved an excellent servant to the Captain—submitting to the other's bullying with a good grace, and receiving volleys of abuse with a broad grin across his shiny black-brown countenance. For he knew well that while he remained with the Captain it would not be necessary for him to steal, murder—or swing.

To Battersby's corrugated iron house (that abomination of South Africa) would come at

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times Clements, the surveyor, and sit on the stoep with him and drink whiskey, and talk far into the night about the large ruins of the neighbourhood, weaving theories as to their origin, and the race of people who built them, describing observations made on them in the course of his surveys, and planning fresh visits to confirm remarkable geometrical results arrived at from previous measurements.

Battersby would listen in a half interested manner, understanding nothing about the scientific character of the ruins or their astronomical aspect, but giving ready ear to the opinions of Clements as to the probable identity of the builders, the work they pursued, and their religion.

But what interested him more than anything was the fact that the Mashonas had an abject fear of the ruins, declaring them to be inhabited by devils and what not, and refusing at any price to go near them. The Captain was adventurous; he longed for an opportunity to investigate the cause of this belief, for cause, he said, there must be for such a universal dread of the place. Clements laughed; Clements, the hard scientific man, with no belief in spirits or the supernatural. "Everything is natural," he would say, "and can be explained as phenomena of nature; to talk of things as supernatural means only that we do not understand them."

"Well, then, how would you explain the horror the natives have for the place?" asked Battersby.

Clements considered. "It is very hard to account for the workings of the native mind," he said, but the ruins *are* uncanny. They cover a large area, and are thickly overgrown with creepers and trees. No doubt these occasionally loosen some masonry, causing it to fall, and the sound would be attributed to unseen hands. Or there may be other causes easy of explanation by natural law."

"I don't say I exactly believe they are ghosts."

"But you would like to," laughed Clements.

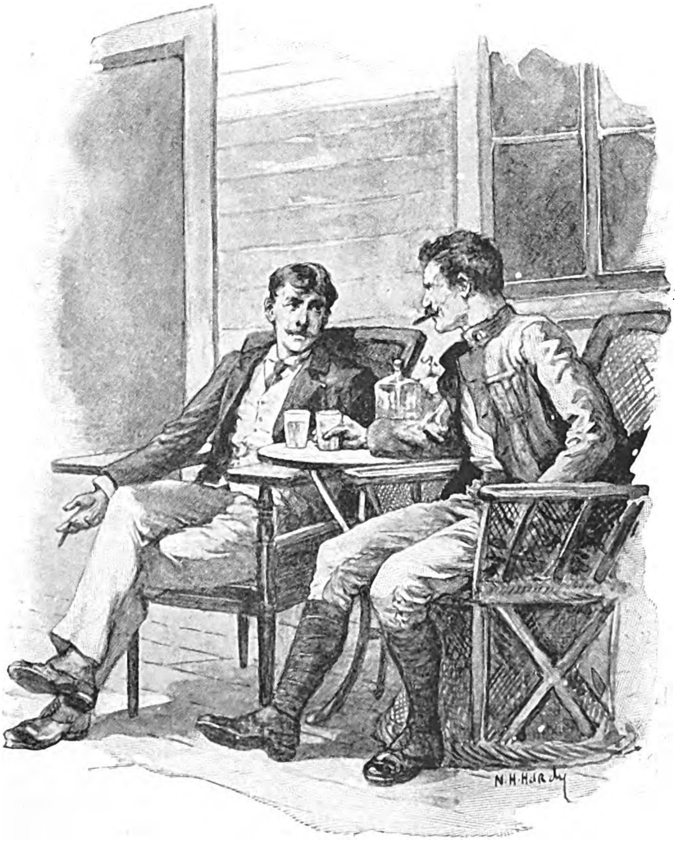
The Captain ignored the jest. "I think there must be some mystery which your calculations have not fathomed, and which I should like to investigate," he said. "Possibly the habits of the dead race might give us some clue. Did you not say that the ruins are situated on gold-bearing rock, and that there are traces of workings?"

"That is quite true," replied Clements; "the workers, as I have told you, were probably Phœnician colonists. They worshipped the sun and Astarte, whose sacred bird, the hawk, you will find hewn out of stone all over the ruins. The outer walls are ornamented with a herringbone pattern where the rays of the sun would strike them at the commencement of the spring solstice, and——"

"Yes, yes, cut all that," interrupted the Captain.

"And on such an occasion they probably had a great festival and a sacrifice," continued Clements, ignoring the other's rudeness, "as you will find a sacrificial stone just behind this part of the wall."

Battersby pricked up his ears.



"I don't say I exactly believe they are ghosts."

"When does the next spring what-you-may-call-it commence?" he asked.

"The next spring solstice," said Clements. consulting a small book, "is due three days hence."

Battersby pondered a long time. Once or twice he opened his lips to speak, but appeared to hesitate. At last he ventured: "Do you think it possible," he said, slowly, weighing his words, "that these ancient people were mostly exterminated at the time of the great Zulu trek from the North some hundreds of years ago?"

"I think it highly probable," assented the other.

"And that a few fled to the underground workings, where their descendants have remained to this day, only appearing at night to get supplies? May they not have excavated quite a vast place in there, and would this not account for the natives' behaviour?"

Clements started; then he laughed uneasily, and said: "That is a very far-fetched idea of yours."

"Nevertheless, I can see by your manner that it has struck you as not unworthy of consideration," said Battersby, watching the other closely.

"On the contrary, the theory is most improbable."

"Improbable, but not impossible. You must remember that it is not a new thing for people to dwell in caves or under the ground."

"Quite so, but how could they maintain themselves there without being known to the inhabitants of the country," argued Clements.

"That is just my point; you have yourself shown that they were a race highly skilled in architectural knowledge, and probably in occultism also. Such a people could not only extend the shafts and galleries they had driven into the rock and burrow out extensive habitations, but," continued Battersby, warming to the subject, "the very condition of the people of the country, the foolish Mashonas, would enable them by their practice of the occult to so play upon the superstition of these savages as to make their retreat secure from all interference."

Clements pondered a while, then his scientific mind came uppermost. "If as you say, they have excavated so extensively, where have they put the earth which they dug out?"

Battersby laughed. "Why, you have yourself told me that the whole of the space inside the walls is thick with vegetation growing in a soil some feet deep, and that this soil would have to be removed to get to the paving of the courts. Where else could this soil come from than below ground? The whole thing unravels itself as easily as a ball of string."

"Another question," said Clements. "How do you think they could keep down the population within the limits of their underground dwellings?"

"What would you and I do if, for fear of being killed if we showed ourselves outside, we were confined in a space only large enough for one of us? One of us would kill the other. Your sacrificial stones answer the question."

"I can see that nothing will put this absurd idea out of your head except actual investigation and proof," said Clements. "You find it very easy to adapt existing facts to bolster up your theory, but I can assure you I could do the same for any other theory. Now what do you propose to do?"

"Listen," said Battersby. "This is my suggestion. If these people really do exist, of which I have no doubt, they are more likely to show themselves at the time of the festival which their ancestors held than at any other time—namely, three days hence. Their religion has undoubtedly been handed down, and if we can only manage to see them on this occasion, it would be unnecessary to resort to blasting operations and possible loss of life. I therefore propose to keep watch in the ruins overnight and see the sun rise on the eventful day. I hope you will come with me. I shall take 'Nkusi."

Clements laughed. "I will come with you to see that you don't get snake-bitten or mauled by some wild animal or that you don't drink so much whiskey that visions will be conjured up. But 'Nkusi won't go."

The Captain ignored the other's sarcasms, and in reply to his last assertion clapped his hands and called out, "'Nkusi! come here, you lazy son of a rhinoceros, you black dog! Where are you?"

'Nkusi quickly presented himself, enveloped in a blanket, and squatted down on his haunches before the men, after the manner of his race.

"What do you know of the great ruined kraal near here, 'Nkusi?" questioned the Captain.

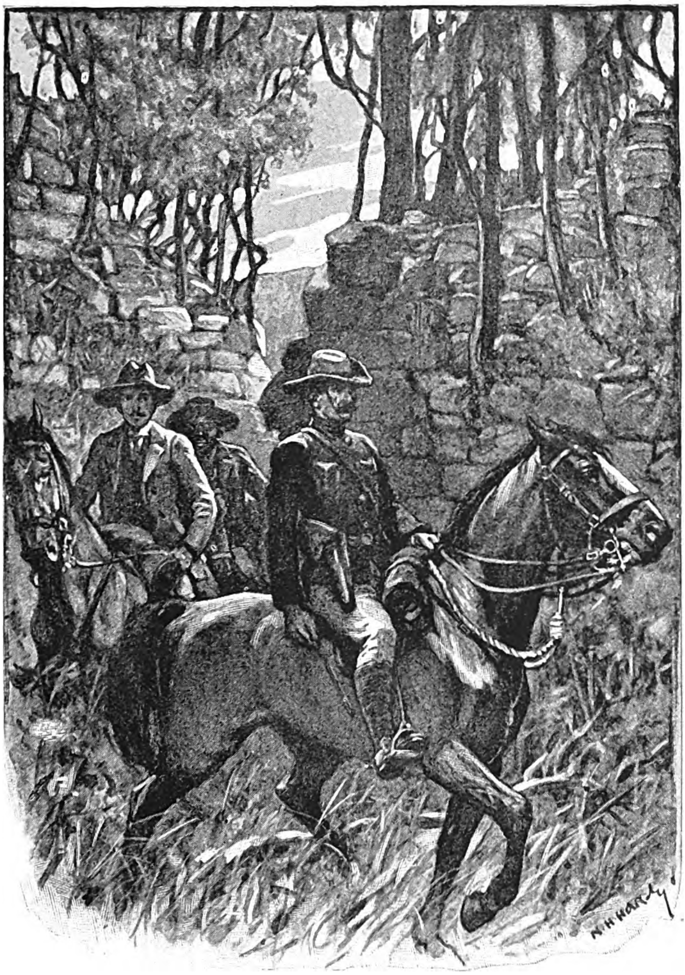
"Baas, I have never been there and I do not care to go," the Zulu answered. "Men say the kraal is bewitched and full of devils."

"Nevertheless, I am going, and Baas Clements is going, and you are coming with us: and we shall watch there during the night."

The Zulu's frame quivered slightly, but he said, "I am the Baas's servant, and go where he goes."

And thus it came to pass that preparations were made for a tragedy: for a vigil which three kept and from which two returned, only one of these being sane—a vigil for the demonstration of things which are better left alone.

Early on the morning before the eventful day the party of three started for their journey, which took them the greater part of twelve hours. The two white men rode on their horses, the Zulu on a pony. The Captain was full of enthusiasm and excitement; the Surveyor depressed and unhappy of mind; the Zulu with a strange feeling of trepidation in his lower regions which was new to him, but which we all know. Why Clements was unhappy he could not say; he thought the expedition foolish, but he had a foreboding of disaster, which he nevertheless kept to himself.



The party arrived at the ruins late in the afternoon.

The party arrived at the ruins late in the afternoon. All was still as death round about this home of a forgotten people; even the birds and small animals seemed to have forsaken the place. Vegetation and walls, walls and vegetation, combined to form a desolate resting place for the eye and a monotonous emptiness for the ear. And, withal, there was, between these high walls and rank weeds, this silence and desolation, a sense of weirdness and mystery which could not but have its influence on the waking mind.

As the travellers dismounted and tethered their horses just outside the walls, the sun was throwing its last rays in a lurid glow over the crumbling masonry, lighting the tops of the walls with tips of fire, and casting long dark shadows over the courts within.

It was not long before Clements, the surveyor, who had explored the ruins before, had found a place where the party could, with comparative ease, clamber over the outer wall, which completely surrounded the many courts and holy places within. And so by dint of a little exertion the men and their few supplies were soon on the top of the wall, which was several feet thick; and by the aid of creepers growing between the stones they let themselves down on the other side.

Now that they had come so far and were feeling tired and hungry, the party presented an appearance of irresolution. 'Nkusi, looking ill at ease, squatted on his haunches waiting for orders; the Captain, with some of his enthusiasm damped by the tiresome journey and the gloomy surroundings, peered about him undecided where to go or what to do next. Clements felt annoyed at the object which had brought him to the place, but he compensated this thought with the solace that next day he would make some further discoveries. And in this he was justified.

"What is the next move in this tom-fool business?" he asked of Battersby ill-temperedly. "Yours was the conception, and I am looking to you for guidance."

This stung Battersby into action. "Never you mind about the nature of the business," he said, "I hold myself alone responsible for the result of this expedition. The first thing is to settle where we are going to pass the night, and my idea is to find the temple behind the part of the wall which you mentioned, and to encamp there. I look to you to find the place. The next thing is to get something to eat."

"Oh, I can show you the place," grumbled the surveyor. "And I suppose it will do as well as any other to sit up all night and get fever in."

The Captain snorted. Clements led the way, and after much groping through the thickening twilight, tumbling over stones and cutting away of creepers, the travellers found themselves in an elliptical chamber fairly clear of vegetation, with a high stone at one end and a long flat stone at the other.

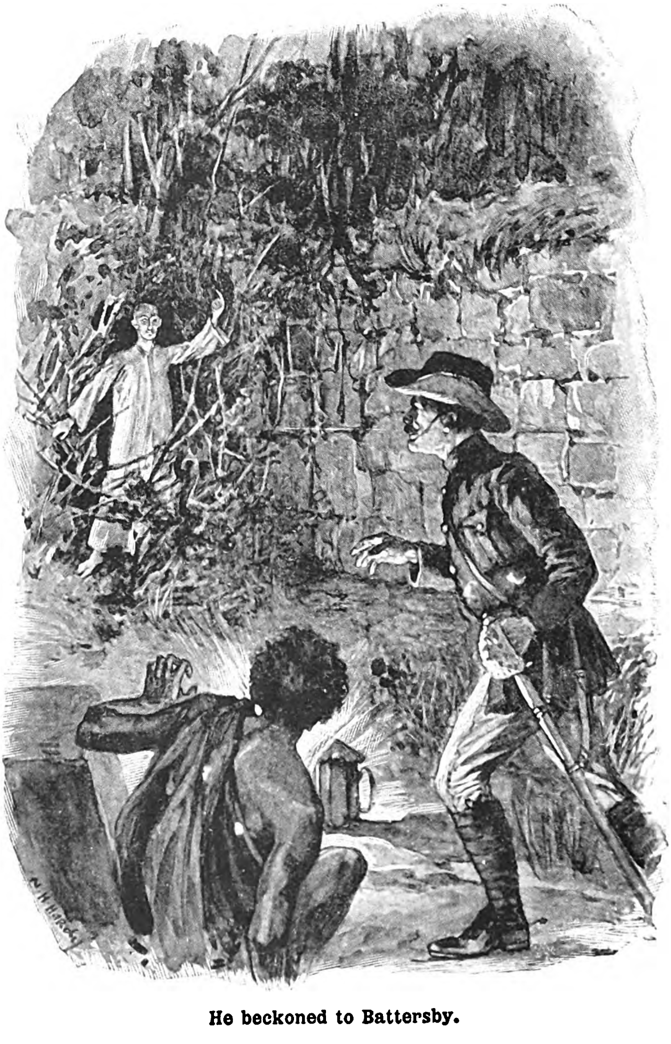
"This is the chief temple," said Clements. "That stone was the altar and the other the sacrificial stone. They are the two foci of the ellipse, and——"

"Hang your geometry, man," roared the Captain, "I want something to eat. 'Nkusi, unstrap the blankets and prepare supper."

They had only brought cold provisions, as it had not been thought advisable by the Captain to light a fire, but nevertheless, after the inner man had been fortified, Clements had recovered from his gloominess, and the Captain had had his enthusiasm restored.

Afterwards he lit a dark lantern and went round the enclosure with the Surveyor, examining the place. Besides the entrance by which they had come in, there was another opening on the opposite side, but heavily choked with thorns and creepers. Having thus satisfied himself that there was only one feasible entrance, the Captain made dispositions for the night.

It was arranged that for the first part of the night—that is till midnight—the Surveyor should remain awake; after that the Captain should watch till dawn, this being the period during which he apprehended that, if his theory were correct, he would see whatever there was to be seen. As for 'Nkusi, he could do what he liked, Battersby said, as long as he did not make any noise. Whereat



He beckoned to Battersby.

the Zulu said there was no sleep for him that night; the truth being that, what with his state of nervousness and his desire to protect the Captain from any possible danger, he could not have slept if he would. And so he retired to a snug corner behind the altar stone, where he wrapped his blanket around him and watched; and of all the three he was the only one who saw everything that night. The other two having cast about for a comfortable place for a shakedown, decided that the sacrificial stone—owing to one end being slightly raised—presented the most convenient solution of their difficulty. Having covered it with a quantity of dried ferns, the rugs were spread upon it, and the Captain, after examining the revolvers, lay down to sleep. Clements made himself a seat where he could lean against the wall, and gave himself up to meditations of a geometrical and astronomical nature concerning the place wherein he now found himself.

The night was dark but for the stars, and the silence was only broken by the heavy breathing of Battersby.

When it was midnight as near as he could guess by the stars, Clements roused the Captain, and, taking his place, was quickly asleep, being little troubled at any prospect of visions or appearances—ghostly or otherwise.

And Battersby and 'Nkusi watched long, until the air became raw and darkness began to give place to the grey which precedes the dawn. Cold shivers ran through the ruins and faint rustlings became audible as the trees quivered in the stillness. And then, whilst they watched and listened, a movement was perceptible in the thorns and creepers which blocked one of the entrances.

In the opening, there stood a strange figure—that of a man. His head was shaved and his feet were bare, but the rest of his body was covered with a long flowing yellow robe. He beckoned to Battersby, and Battersby got up and went. But not before he had seen the Zulu, his face livid, transfixed with terror to where he squatted. Battersby did not want to go, but there was that in the intruder's eyes which suggested that Battersby could not stop if he would, and so he went. The man took his hand, and together they descended the shaft, which, rough under foot at first, gradually became easier to travel as an ever-increasing diffused light illuminated their path.

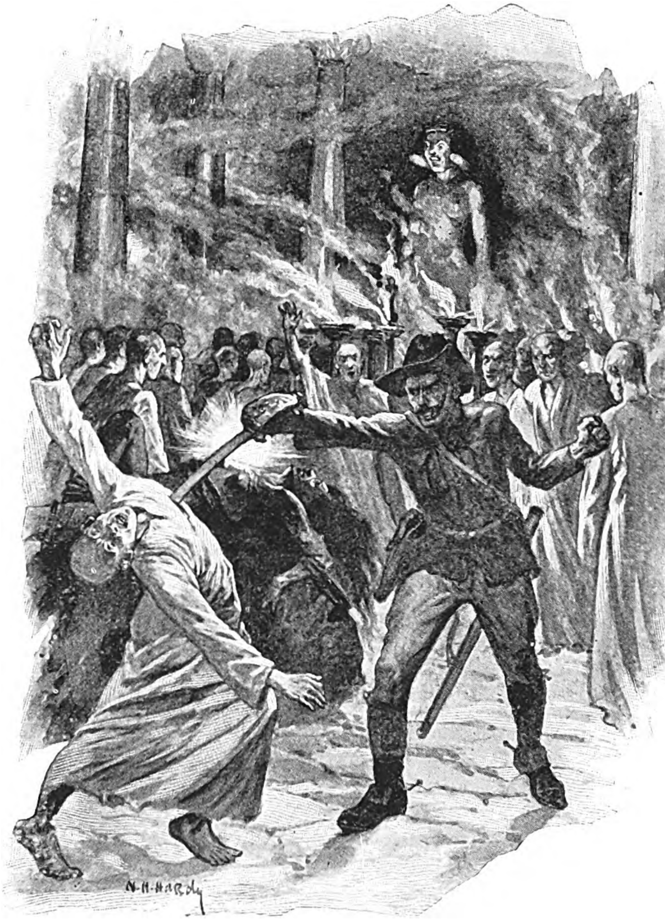
Finally the passage opened out into a vast cavern resplendent with the rays of hundreds of small bluish lights on the walls—a cavern whose roof was hidden by thin clouds of blue smoke. Here were assembled hundreds of people, and the hum of their voices sounded like the roar of breakers on a distant coast They were all dressed in a similar manner to Battersby's guide, but in white, and he saw that they looked expectantly in one direction—namely, towards the end of the cavern opposite to where he had entered. Following the direction of their gaze, Battersby saw long vistas of columns which appeared to support the cavern, and in the hazy distance, where the columns almost lost themselves in the light and smoke, loomed the upright figure of a huge idol—a woman, undraped and cruel of countenance. And before the idol was *something* struggling—but this he could not quite distinguish.

All these things flashed across his senses as he entered the cavern, but up till now his guide had been silent, nor had Battersby felt inclined to do more than follow. And now the guide said something in a tongue he did not understand, and all the people turned and made way for the two as they went down the centre of the cavern. And then the words of Clements recurred to Battersby, and he knew whom he was amongst, and that his own theory had been correct. These people—Semitic without doubt; his guide in yellow—a priest; the figure at the end—Astarte, or Ashtaroth. And that struggling *thing* at the end—he was able to see better as they advanced. It was on a stone, bound down by arms and legs. The body was twisting and writhing—a woman. God! it was a human sacrifice.

And now a buzz went through the cavern, and the priests began a monotonous chant; at the same time the poor victim on the stone redoubled her struggles. Following the gaze of those around him, Battersby saw that a spot of white light had appeared on one side of the stone base of the idol; it was imperceptibly travelling along and would eventually reach the stone.

Then something told Battersby what was occurring. This spot was a reflection of the sun as it appeared on the herringbone pattern of the Eastern wall—projected down here by some devilry; and when it reached the centre—what then?

He was suddenly startled from a lethargy which the scent, the droning, the light, and perhaps the exhaustion of suspense had induced, by the crash of uncouth instruments. The whole assembly gave voice to one cry in unison; the spot of light was on the victim, and the moment had come. Before he knew what was happening, his guide had drawn



He ran the priest through.

the trooper's sword which hung at Battersby's side, and placed it in his hand with a word and a gesture which could only mean "thrust, kill." Simultaneously the multitude raised the cry again—a cry which ended in a long drawn wail. Battersby shook his head; he was not going to perpetrate this crime. Again the priest made the gesture, and again the people cried; and now Battersby felt once more that a powerful will was beating down his resistance, that if he did not strive against it he would have to do that deed from which his whole being revolted.

Quick as thought the inspiration came: *destroy the source of this power which is holding you in bondage, and you will be free.*

He made one supreme mental effort, one superhuman struggle which restored to him voice and action, and, with a cry, he ran the priest through with his sword so that he fell dead, and then he turned and faced the people. But in the pandemonium which immediately followed he was overpowered, seized from behind, and, although he fought and struggled and cursed, he was forced to the ground where he fell heavily —he was choking, some weight was on him, and then all was black.

* * *

When he awoke, 'Nkusi was still holding him down. He felt weak and ill; something was clutching his brain, but he had his faculties.

"Let me get up, you black demon!" he exclaimed, and the other released his hold. "What has happened?" asked the Captain as he slowly raised himself. The Zulu quickly changed his position, but he was too late. Battersby had seen what the other sought to hide; he fell back with a cry of "Oh, God," and his brain snapped.

With infinite effort 'Nkusi brought him home, and for weeks he lay between life and death, racked with brain fever, and always crying out that it was the priest he had killed — the priest — the priest. And none understood the meaning of his ravings; but 'Nkusi thought he knew, although they laughed at him.

"I watched always," he had said at the inquiry, "but at dawn the Baas fell asleep. He made great noise with talk and cries, and then he got up and stabbed Baas Clements with his sword, and the sword remained in the body, and the Baas saw it when he woke. The devils made him do it."

But the others called it sleep-walking, consequent on an attack of fever and a disordered brain—and they also said there was not sufficient evidence to hang the Zulu, or to let Battersby get well and hang him also.

They sent a patrol to the ruins to bring back the body, but the curious thing was that they only found the sword; body there was none. "It must have been taken away by wild animals," they said.

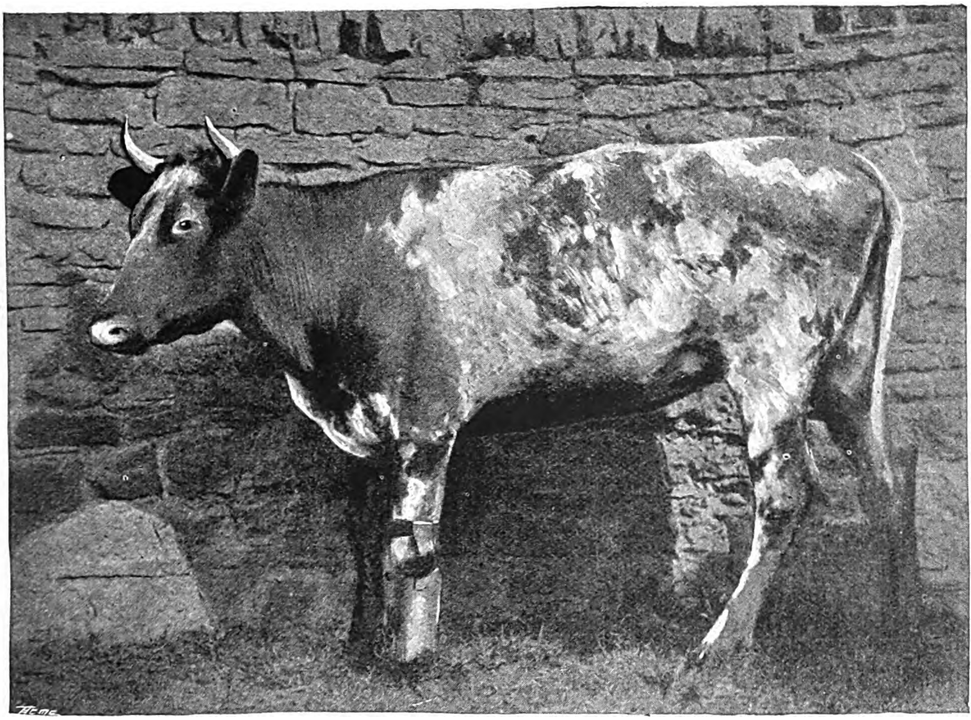


Photo by M. J. J. Shufflebotham.

A cow with a wooden leg. It lived in this condition for several years.

FOUR-FOOTED PATIENTS AND THEIR DOCTORS.

By Athol Maude and E. Maude Baker.

It is a pretty fable that tells of the lion's gratitude when Androcles extracted a thorn from his foot. No doubt, at that time of primitive surgery, the lion thought it a marvellous operation. But what would he think of living in modern times, when a suffering animal is welcomed and made comfortable in a hospital as well-fitted as is any similar institution for the housing of ailing men.

This description applies to the Royal Veterinary College of London; it is a hospital for animals, pure and simple, a hospital that resembles its prototype for human beings so closely as to be almost absurd. Between the hours of nine and eleven in the morning you will find the "out-patients" (animals belonging to people who cannot afford to pay for the treatment of their pets) waiting in a large courtyard, accompanied by their owners. The mere masters have only a hard form to sit on; the pampered patients lie upon thick, clean straw in the centre of the yard. Busy "vets," in long blue overalls, dart here and there, examining the dogs, cats, or whatever may come to hand.

A little Skye terrier, with pathetic black eyes peering through an entanglement of hair and straw, sobs as though his last hour has come. "How old is he?" asks the vet. "How long has he been like this?" and a dozen more questions of a like nature. The answers are carefully jotted down and considered; the dog is examined, a diagnosis mentally drawn up, and a verdict given. "Plain distemper—do so and so—give him this medicine and he will be as fit as a fiddle in a day or two," with which directions the vet. writes out a prescription upon the dog's own card, and the happy owner picks him up and trudges off to the dispensary to get the mixture made up.

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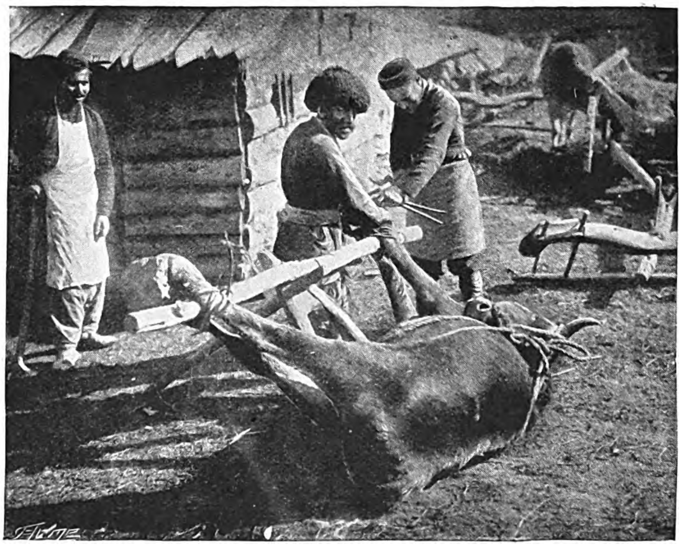
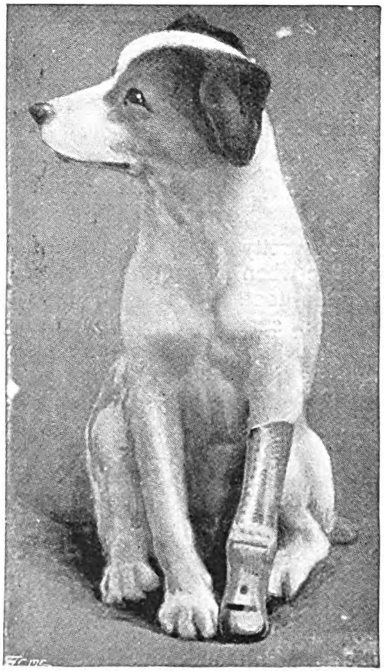


From a Photo.

How the Russian peasants truss up their cattle when an operation upon the hooves is necessary.

Case number two is more serious. So the patient is carried to a near-by table, where Professor Hobday or his assistant, Mr. Woolridge, make a careful survey of the case, explaining point after point to a party of students, who stand around, note-books in hand. Technical terms are showered upon the poor beast, who seems to glory in the seriousness of his malady. He yields to the surgeon's touch and rolls this way and that in order that he may be the more easily examined. No, there is no help for it, he must be operated upon, and with that he is hurried away to await a more opportune moment.

Thus patient after patient is brought up before the powers that be; and if you ask me which is the more anxious, the master or the beast, I should, without hesitation, say the master, though I certainly think that in most cases the beast knows just as much of what is happening as does the master. Even Professor Hobday thinks the same; in proof of which he said that, to his certain knowledge, two dogs—at separate times, of course—had returned alone to the out-patients' department of the College at intervals of about six months after they had received their first treatment. One of these dogs had been operated upon for a severe internal injury, and, after a lapse of several months, having probably felt a pain in the old spot, he thought he would drop in and see his doctor. The sapient beast again underwent an operation, and, upon recovery, promptly trotted off home rejoicing.



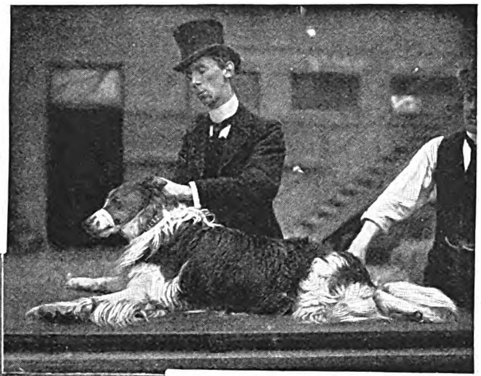
From a Photo.

A dog wearing a false leg.

From Photos.

Two views of a false leg which was made for a dog. It is worn as shown in the opposite picture, and cost no less than £11.

By about eleven o'clock in the morning the out-patients of the Veterinary College have all been accounted for—some to undergo a course of nursing and medicine, others, forlorn and dejected, to await the operator's hand. The former go home; the latter snuggle deep into the straw until their turn arrives. Now comes the most anxious time of the day; but, by the use of a judicious system, this anxiety is reduced to the question whether it will be possible to perform the seemingly innumerable cases in time. Three or four surgeons are all at work at once in various different apartments labelled "Operating Rooms."



Slip bandage to prevent a dog biting during an operation.

These rooms are by no means so repulsive as their name implies. Everything is scrupulously clean—so clean, indeed, as almost to resemble a model dairy. The floors bear evidence of frequent scrubbings; the tables and fittings are polished to a dazzling brightness; the instruments are invariably boiled in an antiseptic solution for at least a half hour before they are used; so that really the animal can have no possible objection to being laid upon the table, which stands beneath the full light of a window.

From Photos.

Extracting a dog's teeth.

The anæsthetist gently places a small bag over the nose of the dog (or whatever other animal it may be) and sprays the chloroform into it. Gradually the patient becomes insensible, and is strapped in the desired position ready for work. There is a snip here and a snip there—the sponge working busily the while—and before you really know quite what has occurred, the wound is closed and sewn up, and the dog is out in the open court-yard, breathing in air and consciousness. In half an hour the whole thing is over.

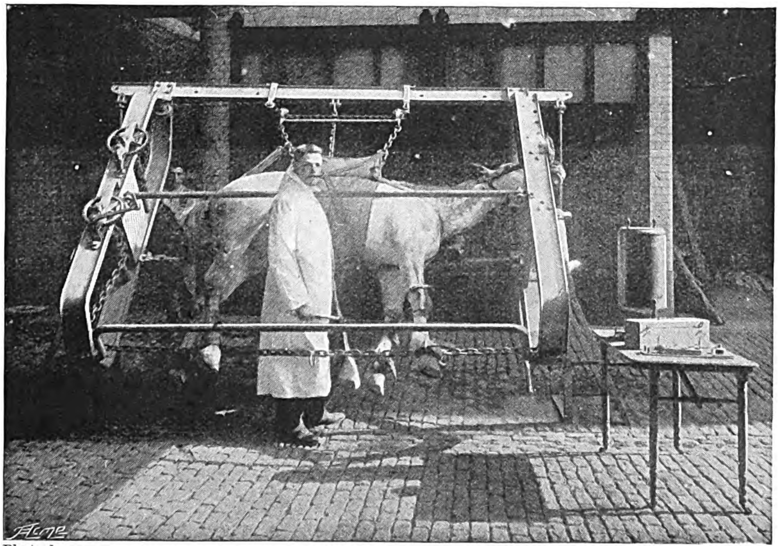


Photo by Jno. A. W. Dollar.

A surgical operating table for the horse, invented by a French veterinary surgeon, but greatly improved by Mr. Jno. A. W. Dollar, M.R.C.V.S., who has written a book on the instrument.

It is absorbingly interesting to go the round of this animal hospital—a perfect maze of stabling and infirmaries, class rooms, and laboratories. You pass an old cart horse, the drollery of whose position makes you laugh aloud, despite the hurt limb you know he *must* have. He sits, if you please—absolutely sits—like a circus horse in front of his manger. True, he is prevented from lying down by the broad band which suspends him to the ceiling. But

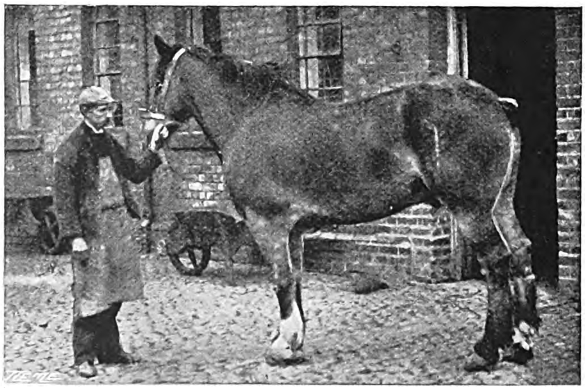
A cat with a bandaged eye.

this band is only to prevent him from lying on that maimed fetlock of his — not to keep him from sitting down if he wishes to do so; and he knows it, too — knows it as well as you or I; so he promptly avails himself of the opportunity and sits.

From Photos.

Chloroforming a cat.

To be concise, the college is a series of surprises. One almost imagines oneself accompanying Alice in Wonderland. Why shouldn't the walrus weep, or do anything else it pleases? you ask yourself, as the ludicrous resemblance between the human and the animal patient again strikes you. Look at that mare in the corner, with an enormous poultice on her head. Standing there, as she does, with her neck hung low, she looks for all the world like an old woman with the toothache. Again, the sleepy old shire lying at his ease, with leg outstretched, all swathed in bandages. He might as well be a gouty octogenarian, grumbling before his fireside.



From a Photo.

A tailless horse for whom a false tail has been made.

But the climax is reached by a cow with a wooden leg. She broke her hind leg at the joint and was miserable for days. But directly she got the substitute, and a strong one it had to be, she was as merry as a lark. To see her fling that wooden limb of hers full at the troublesome little dog, which insists on yapping at her heels, would bring tears to the eyes of the most gloomy. Another cow with a wooden leg is portrayed in our heading-photograph.

One of the most remarkable cases that have issued from the College was that of a whippet, who got her two fore legs crushed by jumping out of a high window. The remedy lay between an ounce of lead and amputation, which latter remedy was carried out, and the whippet may now be seen hopping about like a kangaroo, in the vicinity of Blackfriars Station.

And it is not only at the Veterinary College that you find these extraordinary cases of canine surgery. Dog fanciers in general, and Mr. Edward Moseley, of Regent Street, in particular, have performed upon not a few marvellous cases.

Not that Mr. Moseley is a veterinary surgeon by profession; for he is a dentist, and it is probably this fact

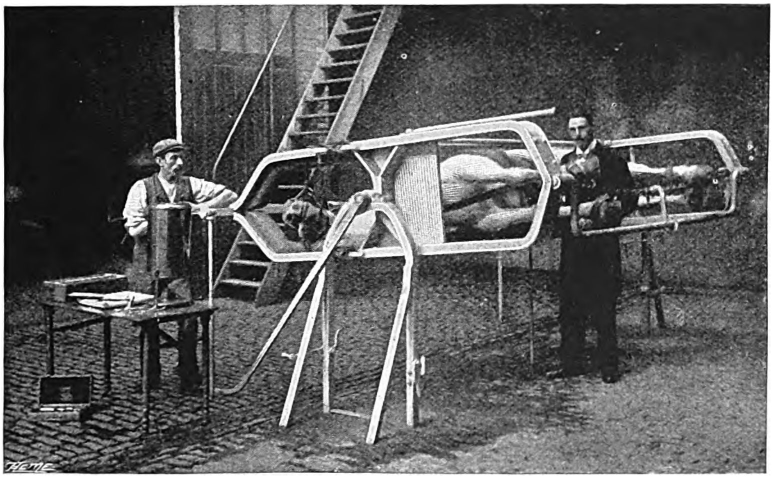


Photo by Jno. A. W. Dollar.

Mr. Dollar's table in position for operating.
Showing a horse turned to the left with free accessibility to all parts.

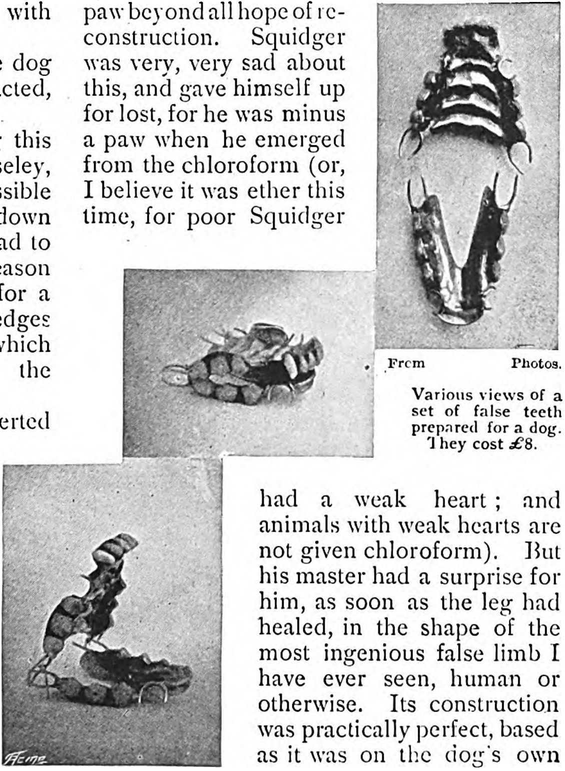
which induced him to perform the only operation of its sort that has ever been done. He is an enthusiastic dog breeder, and whilst in Belgium he came upon a very old Schipperke dog, which he thought would make a good "stud dog." As I have before remarked, the dog was old, and about a year after Mr. Moseley bought him practically all his teeth fell out. This meant that the dog would have to be fed on minced meat or "slops," which is contrary to canine canons. Naturally, therefore, the dog declined in health; so at length Mr. Moseley decided upon the unprecedented operation of supplying "Myn Duyvel" (the dog's name, so called from his bad temper, of which the polite Dutch translation is "my devil") with false teeth.

Special moulds having been made, the dog was chloroformed, the old stumps extracted, and a plaster cast taken of his mouth.

"When I had succeeded in getting this model of his mouth," explained Mr. Moseley, "I bought several of the smallest possible artificial human teeth and ground them down to the required shape and size. They had to be made very small, for the simple reason that twenty-four of them are wanted for a little Schipperke's mouth. The cutting edges were protected by thin platinum foil, which made them sharper and prevented the porcelain from breaking.

"The first time that the teeth were inserted the dog had to be chloroformed, and when he came to, he fought hard to get rid of them. In two hours, however, he was completely reconciled—a change which was brought about, I may say, by the discovery that he could now eat a chop, *bone and all.*"

As the set referred to were made entirely as an experiment, Mr. Moseley finds it difficult to give the cost of false teeth for dogs. Roughly, they would be about ten guineas a set, though of course this price varies with the size of the dog. The Schipperke being of so small a breed, necessitated exceedingly delicate workmanship.



From Photos.

Various views of a set of false teeth prepared for a dog. They cost £8.

Nor is this the only specimen of canine surgery that can be placed to Mr. Moseley's credit. He once had a fox-terrier, Squidger by name, who crushed his paw beyond all hope of reconstruction. Squidger was very, very sad about this, and gave himself up for lost, for he was minus a paw when he emerged from the chloroform (or, I believe it was ether this time, for poor Squidger had a weak heart; and animals with weak hearts are not given chloroform). But his master had a surprise for him, as soon as the leg had healed, in the shape of the most ingenious false limb I have ever seen, human or otherwise. Its construction was practically perfect, based as it was on the dog's own

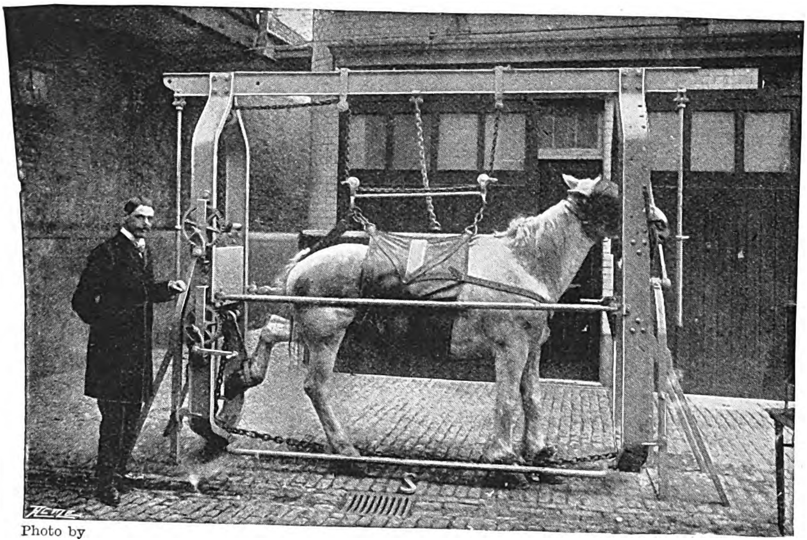


Photo by Jno. A. W. Dollar.

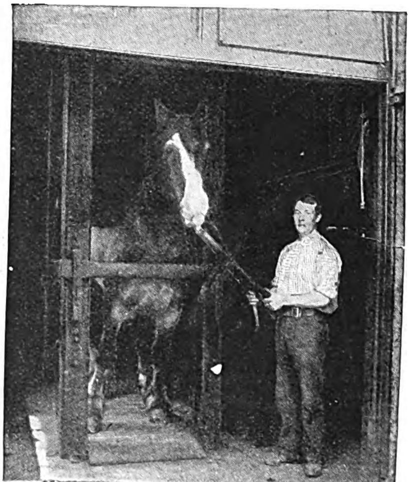
A horse fixed in Mr. Dollar's operating table, with the hind leg lifted and drawn backwards for operation upon the sole.

leg. It has two joints at the place that corresponds to our ankle, which are worked automatically by springs. The dog can therefore trot along with his old elastic stride, in a manner to all intents and purposes as easy as before. The false leg is shaped exactly to a cast taken of the lost limb, and is padded so that it can be laced with comfort to the stump that remains. Moreover, the dog's pad is represented by a soft sole of indiarubber.

One would almost imagine that, after the foregoing examples, we had reached the limit of the "vet's" art, or at any rate the limit of his field of operations. This is not so, however, for there are yet the eye and the tail—the two extremes, in other words.

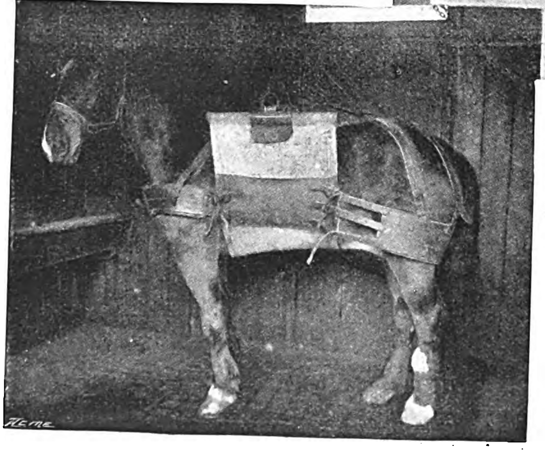
Though it is not so common to come across an animal with a glass eye, as in the case of a human being, yet it is by no means so uncommon as may be imagined. There is a dog at Worthing, for instance, who wears a false eye so true to nature that it is exceedingly difficult to tell which is the real eye and which the false.

And now let us end with the tail. A curious fact in connection with this part of the animal is that the majority of the funeral horses that one sees about are the proud possessors of what may grandiloquently be called false "caudal appendages." Nor are funeral horses the only sinners in this direction. Often and often the necessity of an operation at the end of the spine will cause the hairs of the tail to cease growing. The retail price of a tail is £2 10*s*.



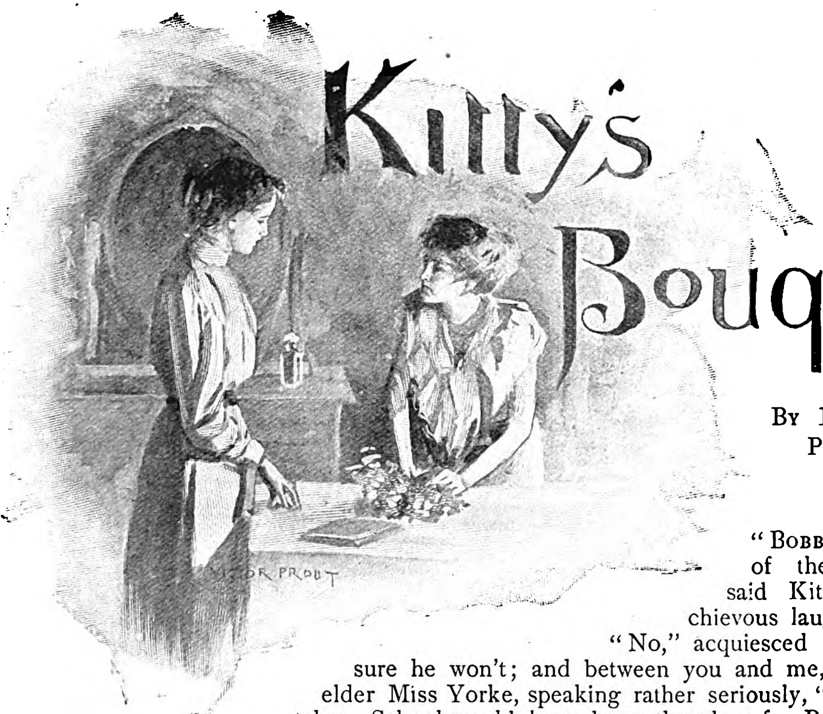
From Photos.

A horse in the stocks awaiting an operation at the Veterinary College. Chloroform is being administered.



A horse in the sling. The weight is taken entirely off the legs.

Kitty's Bouquet.



BY ELIZABETH C. PILKINGTON.

I.

"BOBBIE won't approve of the arrangement," said Kitty with a mischievous laugh.

"No," acquiesced Barbara, "I am sure he won't; and between you and me," continued the elder Miss Yorke, speaking rather seriously, "I think it a mistake. School would have been the place for Bobbie; he would have found his proper level there. As it is, he is getting terribly spoilt; father is so absurdly proud of him, and Bobbie, of course, is quite sharp enough to know this, and takes advantage in every possible way. And as for mother—well, I think she is even worse than father!"

"I expect we shall have him up here directly," said Kitty. "I know he will be bursting with indignation."

Scarcely had the words escaped her lips when the door opened noisily, and in came the aforementioned Bobbie—a handsome, impertinent-looking lad of twelve, whose every feature was alive with consternation and disgust.

"I say, girls," he cried, "have you heard? Isn't it a beastly, horrible shame?—I'm to have a tutor!—and I would much rather go to school. I know how fellows laugh at a poor chap who is humbugged with a tutor. It was quite bad enough having Herr Bernstein coming twice a week to teach his idiotic German—but this animal, I suppose, will be for ever on the spot."

"You're wrong there, Bobbie," cried Kitty, "for mother has arranged for him to board with the Harlands at the school-house, and he will only be here mornings and afternoons."

"Even then I shall see more of him than I like—I know the style! A grubby-looking fossil in blue spectacles—his hair cut with a knife and fork. I've seen one specimen—Maurice Richards had a tutor—ugh!"

"Come here, Bobbie," said Barbara, coaxingly, "and I will tell you something nice." Barbara was only step-sister to the other two, but being much their senior and also a great favourite, her words carried weight. "He is not a grubby fossil at all—just the opposite—quite a smart young fellow, an Oxford man, and, do you know," speaking with emphasis, "he has played in a county match against the *Australians!*"

The discontented little wrinkle in Bobbie's nose uncurled itself, and his blue eyes brightened.

"Oh, I say, Babs, old girl, is that true?"

"Perfectly true; ask father."

"Well, then, let me tell you girls," said Bobbie, suddenly changing his tactics, "that this fellow, when he comes, will be *my* property; father has engaged him for *my* education, so understand from the first that I won't have you girls appropriating him."

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"You vulgar boy," exclaimed Barbara, indignantly.

"Well, you don't do that kind of thing, Barbara, you're too old, I suppose,"—with brotherly candour—"but Kitty there, was always having little talks with Herr Bernstein, and didn't she once measure her length in the dust when chasing after his hat?"

Pretty eighteen-year-old Kitty flushed angrily.

"Really, Bobbie, you're quite bad enough to begin with, but if you add story-telling to your list of misdemeanours I don't know what will be the end of you."

"Oh, Bobbie, Bobbie;" laughed Barbara, "you have got hold of the wrong end of the story; it was Herr Bernstein who nearly fell into the duckpond when trying to rescue Kitty's hat."

"Much the same thing," calmly replied the incorrigible youth; "and look here," he added, as he strutted round the room with a lordly air, "what's this fellow's name? I must know what to call the chap when he comes."

"Mr. Moore—Basil Moore I think father said his name was."

"I'll tell you what, girls," cried this small "man of the world," "I shouldn't be surprised if he turns out a regular 'take-in' after all. I always think old dad is a bit of a greenhorn." And with this last remark Bobbie bounded from the room, singing at the top of his voice:—

Owen Moore ran away,
Owing more than he could pay.

II.

Bobbie's tutor, about whom there had been so much discussion, duly arrived at the appointed time. Somewhat grave and reserved in manner, he was of medium height, with an olive complexion and fairly regular features, but the charm of his face—for it was an attractive face—lay in a pair of handsome dark-grey eyes.

From the first Bobbie established himself as Mr. Moore's devoted slave, and the influence the young man had over his pupil was wonderful. But Kitty and Barbara were rather slow in making friends with him, not that they gave heed to any opposition or hindrance thereto on Bobbie's part (though, to do him justice, he did his best), but there was at first a curious reserve and quietness about the young man which did not encourage sudden intimacies, and, being of an apparently modest turn of mind, it evidently did not occur to him that he could be of any particular interest to them. Was he not merely "Bobby's tutor?"

At the Schoolhouse he won golden opinions, and Mr. Price, the Vicar, who often dropped in for a chat on the latest news from the Transvaal, found his usual twenty minutes' stay lengthen into an hour or so when the tutor was present. It was on one of these occasions that the subject of getting up an entertainment in aid of the fund for the wives and children of Reservists was discussed, and Basil Moore, whose interest in the matter was keen, entered into the spirit of the thing at once and offered some valuable suggestions.

After thoroughly discussing the matter with Mr. and Mrs. Harland (who were equally enthusiastic) and the tutor, Mr. Price, finding he was then due at a meeting, hurried away.

"I am glad the Vicar suggested Miss Katherine Yorke as one to help," said Mrs. Harland after Mr. Price had gone. "Have you ever heard her sing? You must have, of course."

"No," replied the tutor, "as yet I have only heard her through closed doors—Master Bobbie does not approve of music when I spend the evenings there—but I should say she has a good voice, from the little I have heard."

"Oh, Mr. Moore," exclaimed Mrs. Harland, "she is simply the loveliest singer I ever heard! If only Mrs. Yorke will consent to her singing at our concert, success would be certain. I heard her sing last year; Mrs. Yorke had kindly invited the school children to tea in the grounds, and during the evening Miss Barbara took us—Mr. Harland and myself, that is—into the house where we had a little refreshment, and Miss Katherine sang for us. I never shall forget the treat it was; first she sang a bright little love-song, all "tral-la-la"—the kind of thing I don't care for, as a rule, but to hear her sing it made you laugh from sheer light-heartedness."

"Then we must move heaven and earth to get Miss Katherine's name on our programme," said Basil Moore briskly. "Mr. and Mrs. Yorke are at Bournemouth, but I will see if I can get Miss Yorke to help us—she has great influence with her father and mother."

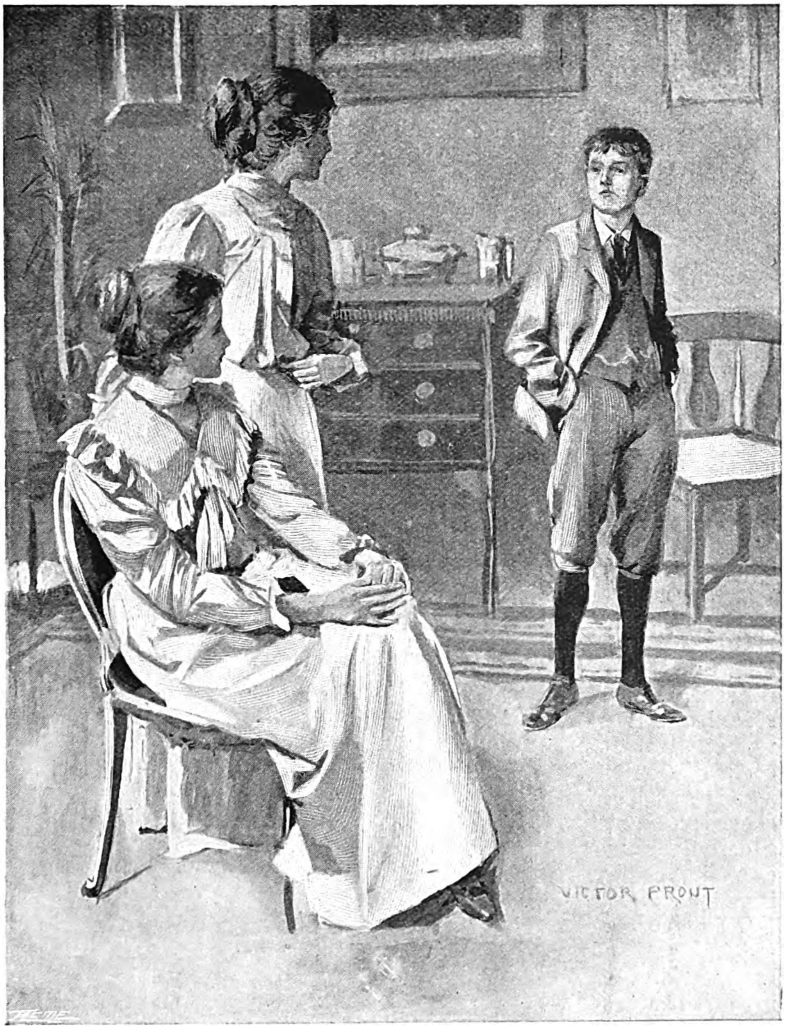
III.

At last the much-talked-of night arrived, and long before the time advertised for the commencement of the entertainment the room was completely packed. The platform was prettily decorated with palms and flowering plants—banners and scrolls with patriotic quotations adorned the walls. "A gentleman in khaki" took tickets at the door, while young ladies of the neighbourhood, becomingly attired in nurses' costume, sold programmes.

The entertainment consisted of some good part songs, solos of varying merit, a couple of pianoforte duets, and of course, a recitation in the shape of Kipling's "Absent-Minded Beggar."

Kitty was decidedly the star of the evening. She had chosen for her first item a woful little ballad of Tennyson's, set to appropriate music. There was silence in that tightly-packed room as she began, with a gentle earnestness which thrilled her hearers—

> "Home they brought her warrior dead."



"Oh, I say, Babs, old girl, is that true?"

So completely did the girl throw her heart into the song that for a moment she was, to the audience, no longer pretty Miss Katherine from the Hall, but one who had to tell of the devastation of war, of desolated home, and woman's broken heart.

Of course, she was encored in both her songs, those with which she responded being encored also; in fact, she could only have satisfied her audience by singing for them all the evening.

Just as she was about to retire for the last time a splendid bouquet of hot-house flowers was handed up to her. The girl's surprise was so great that in her unaffected girlish pleasure a little exclamation of delight escaped from her lips, re-echoed by some of the audience through sympathy, though their eyes were moist, and once more they filled the room with the thunder of applause.

There was a slight rain falling when the concert was over, and Basil Moore in his capacity of general manager found plenty of occupation in opening umbrellas and escorting people to their respective carriages and cabs; all the same, he found time to get round to the private entrance where the Brier Hall carriage was waiting and to thank Katharine in the warmest words at his command for her services.

"Good-bye, Miss Katherine," he said, with a handshake that was something more than friendly, and a look which filled

Barbara's motherly heart with vague uneasiness.

"Kitty," said Bobbie, suddenly, as they drove homewards, "that's a swagger-looking bouquet—who sent it? Some idiot with more money than brains, I expect."

"I haven't the faintest idea who sent it!—but look, Bob, isn't it a beauty? Look at the stephanotis and the lovely white roses," continued Kitty with enthusiasm.

"I wonder," remarked her sister gravely, "who can have sent it—it is so unlike anyone in these unenterprising parts. Do you think, Kitty, that Harry Hardman or one of the Jackson boys can have sent it?"

"I do not know who sent it," said Kitty, as she held its waxen petals caressingly against her cheeks; "but it's a darling, wherever it comes from."

That same evening, as Barbara was disrobing for the night, and turning over in her mind the various incidents connected with the concert, she heard a quick step and flutter of draperies along the corridor; the door flew open, and in burst Kitty, breathless and excited, with cheeks flushed a rich crimson, and her blue eyes darkly brilliant.

"Oh, Barbara, Barbara!" she exclaimed, "can you guess who sent the bouquet? I opened it out, thinking to keep the flowers longer, and there, in the centre, I found a man's card. Guess whose."

The elder girl paused; her face did not reflect her sister's joyous happiness, and there was a touch of disapproval in her voice as she said quietly:

"Was it Mr. Moore's?"

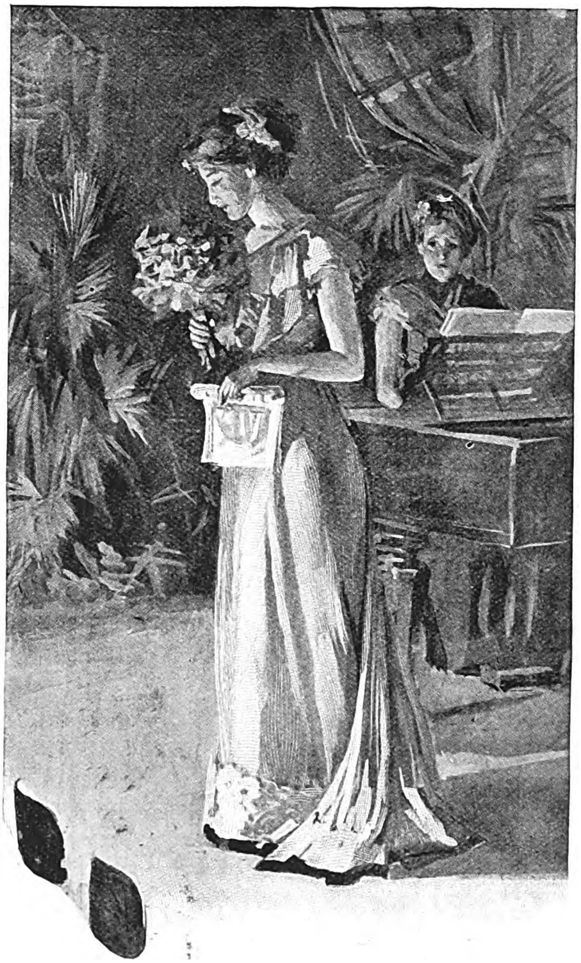
"Yes, Basil Moore's," replied Kitty softly. Isn't Basil a nice name, and doesn't it suit him exactly? But oh, Barbara, I have not told you all—I am lucky to-night! Look! there was something else beside the card"; and going a little closer to her sister, she exhibited with pride a gold bracelet with pendant heart attached.

"A bracelet!" cried Barbara in tones of consternation and reddening slightly.

"Yes," said Kitty, as she sat down, happy excitement beaming in her face, "I opened the bouquet, and there to my astonishment I found the card and this beautiful bracelet. Both were tucked snugly down in the centre—how can I ever thank him sufficiently?—and a bracelet was just what I wanted. Isn't the whole thing romantic? Just like a chapter out of a novel!"

Barbara stood silent for a moment—irresolute—her face a trifle pale. It is never an enviable task to turn another's cup of joy into one of bitterness.

"Kitty," she said at last, speaking now with earnestness and decision, "I do not like this business. I feel a little disappointed in Mr. Moore. I have no doubt he means to be kind and all that—but I do not think it is



A splendid bouquet of hot-house flowers was handed up to her.

quite gentlemanly of him to send a bouquet and a bracelet in this way when father and mother are away. You are young, you know, Kitty, and, after all, who is this Mr. Moore? I believe father knows very little about him, and have you not noticed that he never speaks of his own people?"

But love is ever blind, and Kitty only replied by playfully putting her arm round her sister's waist, and looking laughingly into her face as she said:

"You are a dear old croaker, Babs. Mr. Moore is a perfect gentleman, I'm sure, and wouldn't it be rather a monotonous world, dear, if no one ever did a thing on impulse? And to act on impulse is not always a mistake."

IV.

When Barbara arrived downstairs the following morning, she found an "early bird" in the shape of Bobbie, seated before the urn. He had just poured out his own cup of coffee and was earnestly perusing an open letter.

"It's all right, Babs," he said coolly—"it was addressed to you, but it's from Moore, so I opened it. He's gone home—been telegraphed for—an uncle dangerously ill—awfully sorry, hopes you'll excuse it, etcetera.

"How dare you open my letter?" demanded his sister sharply. "I know this, that Mr. Moore would be very angry if he knew. If it had been intended for you it would have been addressed for you."

"Well, I didn't exactly open it," said Bobbie sheepishly, "it wasn't really stuck properly, and then I saw it was Moore's handwriting and so—"

"Nonsense," interrupted his sister taking the letter from him and reading it herself with avidity.

"It was a short note, written in haste, the gist of it being what Bobbie had already told her. It came as a relief to her, to be rid of the tutor for a day or two; she had passed a restless night, for the thought of Basil Moore's strange and sudden action of the previous evening, coupled with the difficulty of deciding how to advise Kitty in the matter, had completely banished sleep. It was the gift of the bracelet with its pendant heart that had annoyed her the most—the bouquet she might have considered only as a graceful little tribute to Kitty's vocal powers, had it not been accompanied by the former.

Kitty, on the contrary, was deeply disappointed when she heard of the sudden absence of her brother's tutor, and the fact that the time of his return was uncertain, and that no one—not even the Harlands—knew his home address, filled her with dismay.

Three days passed away—days of grave doubts and dark misgivings for Barbara, but filled with happy anticipations and golden dreams for Kitty, in spite of her anxiety, for her trust remained unshaken. Then Basil Moore returned. He went straight up to the Hall immediately on his arrival and asked to see Miss Yorke.

The two sisters were in their own little sitting-room, which they dignified by the name of "boudoir," when his return was announced, and Barbara, leaving Katherine in a flutter of excitement, went down at once.

There was a cheerful fire burning in the library when Barbara entered, and she found Basil Moore gazing thoughtfully into the glowing embers. At the first glance she could see a change in the young man—he looked paler, thinner, she thought, or perhaps it was the black suit he was wearing that made him appear so.

"Good morning, Mr. Moore," said Barbara, gravely extending her hand, "I am glad you have been able to return. We were sorry to hear about your uncle's illness—I hope he is—"—"better" she was going to say, but glancing at his sombre attire she hesitated.

My uncle is dead," Mr. Moore replied quietly. "He died the same evening I reached home. May I have a little talk with you, Miss Yorke?"

"Certainly, Mr. Moore—sit down, please."

"My uncle's death has come as a great shock to me," the young man continued sadly, "for I did not even know that he was ill, and I am sorry to say the last time I saw him we did not part very good friends. The shock is the greater because ever since I was a small boy he has given me a home, education, everything—in short, adopted me—for both my parents died when I was very young. If you and your sister have ever honoured me with a thought, you must have considered me curiously reticent with regard to my connections?"

Thoughts of the bouquet and bracelet flashed through Barbara's mind, and she merely bowed somewhat stiffly for him to continue.

"Uncle and I were the best of friends," he continued, "until a severe attack of gout set in which seemed to completely change his whole nature; from being generous, genial, and open-hearted, he became penurious, irritable, and suspicious. In return for his many kindnesses to me, I endeavoured, however, to do all I could for him and up to the time of my leaving him I had acted as a sort of secretary in the management of his affairs. Every day I had to consult him with regard to various letters and matters of business, but these interviews at last became the trial of my life. It seemed to give him a kind of fiendish pleasure to hurl all manner of insults upon me, until at last I could stand it no longer, and one day, in a fit of temper, I left him, resolving for the future to earn my own living and have nothing more to do with him. And there I shall always blame myself," continued the young man remorsefully; "knowing that he was not his usual self through illness, I—for whom he had done so much—should have stayed with him and borne with his ill-temper. But my pride was hurt, and so I went. To cut a long story short, I saw your father's advertisement, applied for the post, in strict confidence told your father all, intending to keep my whereabouts a secret from my uncle, for fear he should send for me. I fear poor uncle missed me terribly from the first. Benson, his old butler, had a wearisome time of it trying to hunt me out, and how he succeeded in the end I do not know. I am afraid I played an ungrateful part, Miss Yorke, which I shall never cease to regret."

The young man paused for a moment, and gazed regretfully through the window, where a thin wintry fog veiled the landscape over with a cloud of dingy grey, and his face seemed to have borrowed something from the dismal scene as he said:

"I am afraid my stay with you here must soon come to an end now; it will be a grief to me to part from you all. I believe I have been happier during my sojourn here than ever before."

"Why must you leave us, Mr. Moore?" interrogated Barbara.

"How stupid I am!" exclaimed her companion; "I am forgetting that you do not know. Uncle has made me his sole heir, and as he was an extensive colliery owner in the north, it will take up the whole of my time to look after my own affairs now. I suppose most people would call me a fortunate fellow to come in for such a property, but I am afraid I hardly realise things yet. I can only regret that changes must take place."

"We shall be sorry to lose—" began Barbara, when the door opened quickly and Katherine entered.

Basil Moore's face brightened visibly as the latter approached.

"Good morning, Mr. Moore," she said gaily; "I am very glad to see you again. We began to think you had deserted us altogether, and I have so wanted to see you since the concert to thank you for the flowers and the lovely bracelet."

One of Katherine's chief charms lay in her total lack of self-consciousness, and the face she turned towards Basil Moore was full of the joy she felt. But he stood up before her on the hearthrug with only a stony, troubled stare of amazement in his dark grey eyes.

"Miss Katherine," he faltered, his voice betraying the embarrassment he felt, "it would have given me great pleasure, inexpressible pleasure, to have sent you a bouquet—had I dared—but I must acknowledge that it was not I who sent it. As for the bracelet! Miss Katherine—Miss Yorke!"—he turned from one to the other—"the bracelet of which you speak, I assure you I know nothing.

"But your—your card was there," stammered Kitty.

Basil Moore started. "Then, of course, I can only guess, but I begin to fear that Bobbie could give some explanation. I remember now, that he begged for one of my cards the day of the concert—the rascal!"

An awkward silence followed. Kitty moved away towards the window—the pretty rose-flush faded from her cheeks, leaving her pale with wounded pride and disappointment.

Barbara racked her brains for a suitable remark.

"Kitty," she said at length, "Mr. Moore will be obliged to leave us before long; he has just come in for some property, which will require all his time and attention."

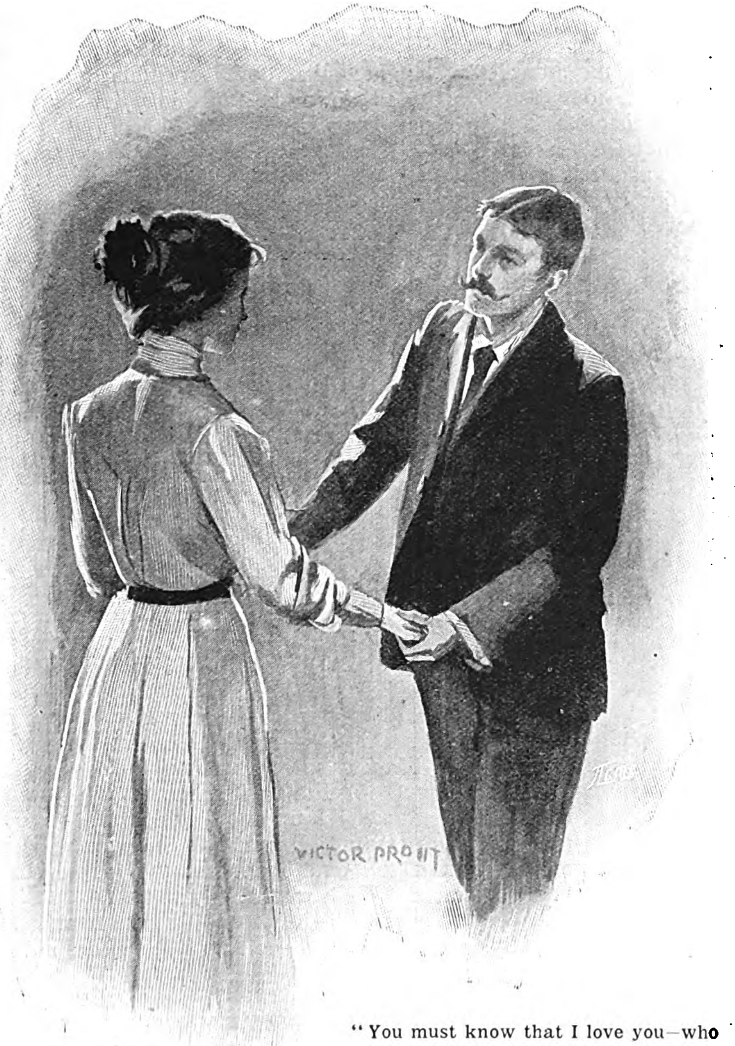
"I congratulate Mr. Moore," said Kitty coldly. "And I think," she added, with a scornful little movement of the chin, "that we are to be congratulated also, as Bobbie will, no doubt, be sent to school now—his education at home has been a failure and a mistake—Barbara and I always thought—"

"Oh, Kitty," expostulated Barbara, "it was before Mr. Moore came that we thought *that*. Don't be rude, dear," she added gently; "lately Bobbie has improved wonderfully, and I am sure he has made quite an idol of Mr. Moore."

"Anyhow, he has made a *fool* of *me*," said Kitty, speaking more in her usual manner; "but I am sorry if I was rude, Mr. Moore," she added with sudden penitence. There was a little tremor about the corners of her mouth and her eyes filled with tears. The sight of her sorrow was too much for the young man.

"Kitty, darling," he broke in impulsively, heedless of Barbara's presence, and all trace of "the tutor" disappearing before his passionate, almost boyish impetuosity, "you must know that I love you—who could help it, I wonder? Do not let the pranks of a foolish boy come between us—I would have sent dozens of bouquets and trinkets if I had only dared to hope——"

At this juncture it occurred to Barbara that this was a suitable time to absent herself and endeavour to find Bobbie, whom she strongly suspected, in common with Mr. Moore, of being the one most likely to hold the key to the mystery. She found the supposed delinquent in the stableyard deeply interested in watching Hobson, the groom, clipping Mr. Yorke's favourite mare.



"You must know that I love you—who could help it, I wonder?"

"Bobbie," cried his sister sternly, "come here at once."

"Wait a bit, I'm busy," he responded, without turning his head.

"Do as I tell you—come at once!"

The unusual severity of his sister's voice startled the boy, and he obeyed.

"You bad, bad boy," cried Barbara angrily, taking him by the arm as soon as they were out of earshot, and shaking him severely, "what do you mean by making all this mischief with your idiotic bouquet and bracelet? Don't you know it's *forgery* to send them in another person's name?"

"Oh, that's all rot," replied Bobbie with a grin, not by any means alarmed. "It's forgery if you sign another person's name—I only used his visiting card—and I say, Babs, didn't it go off splendidly? Kitty was quite taken in—girls are so easily gulled."

"Where did you get the bouquet, you perfect imp of mischief?" cried Barbara, giving him another shake.

"Holmes made up the bouquet out of our own greenhouse," said Bobbie proudly, "and wasn't it a stunner? I begged the stephanotis and white roses from the Jacksons, so that Kitty shouldn't recognise where it came from."

"But the bracelet—the gold bracelet!" exclaimed his sister. Where in the name of all that's wonderful did that come from?

That did not grow in our conservatory, or the Jackson's either."

"Oh, the bracelet!" laughed the boy. That's a long story. Just sit down, keep your hair on, and I'll tell you all about it."

They had reached the schoolroom by this time, and Barbara, astonished and dismayed beyond expression, almost unconsciously obeyed the dictates of her small companion by sinking into a chair, eager to hear the end of the story.

Bobbie seated himself opposite to his sister. "When I am a man," he commenced, "I shall certainly enter Parliament. Very few people can lay plans and carry them through as I can. Well, to begin. You know that little diamond pin Uncle Hastings gave me? I showed it to Moore one day. 'Very nice,' he said, 'but not suitable for a boy of twelve; put it away until you're a man.' Well, you know, I didn't seem to care for it after that. I didn't say anything to anybody, but next time I went into town I took it to a jeweller's and asked him to change it for a gold horseshoe affair just like the one Moore wears. Well, I got one just like his, exactly, and when the man said what would I have for the rest, I did not bother much—there was nothing I wanted for myself—so I got the bracelet for *your* birthday present. On my honour it was for you, for I knew if I gave you a thing like that you'd tip up pretty well when my turn came. It was worth three pounds, the man said, and he let me have it for the difference. Well, when I got home I changed my mind—it just happened at the time of the concert—and Moore had been telling me what asses some of the chaps at Oxford to make of themselves spending all their money on bouquets and things for actresses and singers—so I just hatched a little plot—a very successful little plot—in order to take Kitty down a peg."

"I never was so astonished in my life!" gasped Barbara at the end of the recital. "A boy of your age to make such wicked mischief, with your deep and cunning plots! I can scarcely believe it possible."

"No mischief at all, I assure you, Barbara. I've only been helping Moore a bit with his courtship—for it's my belief he's awfully spoony on Kitty; if you weren't as blind as a bat you'd have known that before. And now I've told you all I'm off to the stable again. Ta-ta!"

* * * *

When Mr. and Mrs. Yorke returned from Bournemouth the following week, they were at once informed of Bobbie's latest misdemeanour. Mr. Yorke was very wroth, and would have sent the culprit away to school without further delay, but Mrs. Yorke stood up for her boy.

"It would be too bad," she pleaded, "to send him away for what was nothing but a mischievous prank, and a boy with Bobbie's high spirit must occasionally carry a joke a little too far—it was only natural."

Strange to relate, the two chiefly concerned in the matter shared this view of the case with her.

Subsequent events proved that Bobbie's mischief has not been wholly irreparable.

An Artist in Smoke and Sand

By H. J. Holmes.

Illustrated with Photographs specially taken by C. Arthur Pearson Ltd.

Some few years ago, in one of the quiet, sleepy suburbs of Berlin, there dwelt a little girl who wanted to become an artist. Her parents, unhappily, were not in a position to do much for her in that direction. Still, she was persistent. A taste of this sort is not to be crushed by ordinary means. The little girl went to school every day, and there she was taught the rudiments of art. At home she pursued her studies very earnestly in those ways beloved of childhood. A pencil in the hand of a promising artist of tender years is a weapon to be dreaded by parents who object to see every scrap of available surface of a well-conducted and tidy home turned into speculative landscapes and portraits of celebrities. So it fell out that an edict went forth rendering the erratic use of the pencil on the family wall-paper, or even on the humble kitchen whitewash, an indictable offence under a parent act, punishable by the usual stern methods practised in every self-respecting German home.

But the youthful artist, while submitting to the wishes of her good mother, was not disposed to allow her dearest hopes to be thus snuffed out. Her pencil was banished, it is true. But what true artist would allow such a small difficulty to stand in his or her way? We know, from the pages of art history, what wonders have been done before now with the burnt end of a bit of firewood and a sheet of common canvas, not to speak of the astonishing effect produced from a few morsels of coloured chalk and a friendly paving-stone.

But not to those make-shifts did the little seeker after artistic honours turn. A piece of lighted candle held beneath the upper surface of the large dish that was usually requisitioned for service under the Sunday joint, produced a magical background from which sprung, at the bidding of her lissom finger, effects so original in black and white as to make the soulful young lady tremble with excitement and pleasure. No expensive materials—pencil, pen, and thick white card—were required; the lighted candle produced a beautiful black, her right forefinger did the

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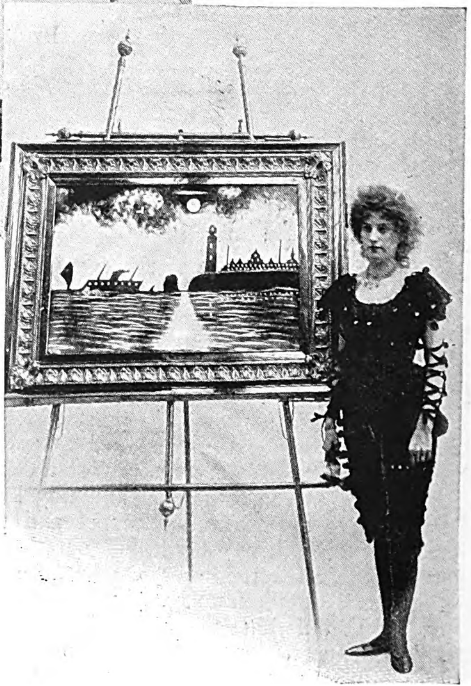
The first stage of a smoke picture — preparing the ground.

Second stage—outlining.



The finished sketch—a marvel of lightning art.

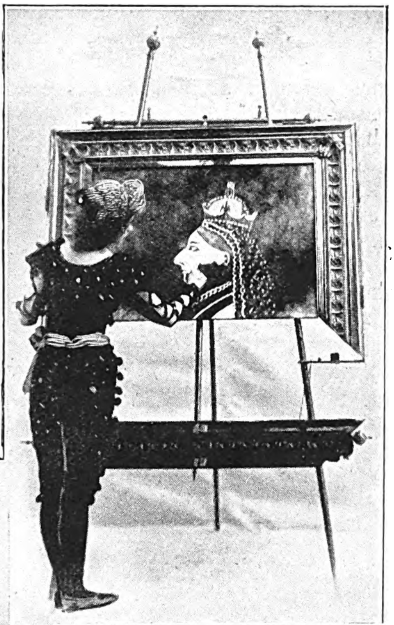
rest! Magnificent creations sprang into existence at every waggle of the little hand. The dexterous twist of her wrist brought forth delightful results—all, of course, glowing with the new impressionism before which the critics of our day grovel in the dust and groan in ecstasy! And when her radiant eyes were glutted with the sight of her work, all that remained was to sweep away the Whistlerean masterpiece with a damp tea towel, and, hey presto! a few applications of the flame of the humble candle once more provided her with the requisite material for another brainy "effect" in black and white. For months she persisted in this remarkable pursuit of her ideal. Then she sighed for other methods—and found one.

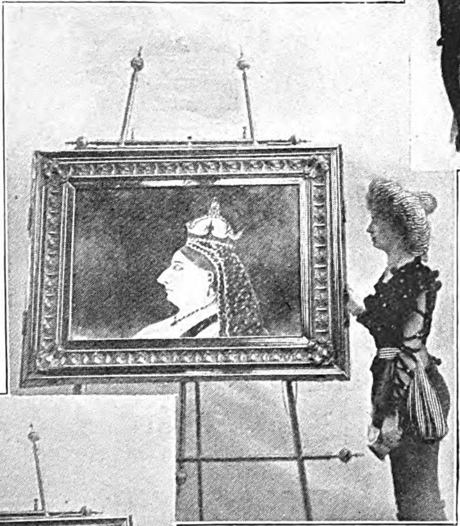
She persuaded a young companion who was engaged in an art-pottery and glass manufactory to procure for her a packet of the white sand used for engraving ornaments.

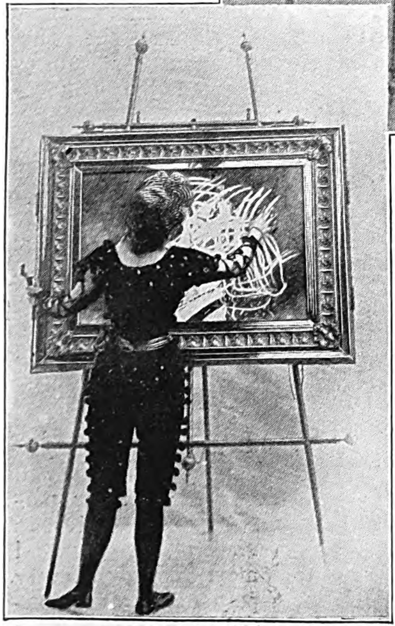
Again did that little girl enjoy all the ecstasy of a newly-found happiness. On her jet-black background she produced with the snowy sand once more the most striking effects in black and white. But not without infinite trouble and care was this accomplished. The tiny grains would jump on touching the hard surface of the dish, and leave their mark with unerring precision just where it was not wanted. But patience, helped by passionate desire for perfection, conquered, and her speedy fingers soon learnt to dribble the sand in lines that would not travel to positions where they were out of place. Soon curves and straight lines were produced, with commendable exactitude, at the will of the fair young fingers. Snow pictures were her particular fancy, and, with the vivid black for a background, they were distinctly pleasing to look at. For the most part she was content to be her own critic—in which, by the way, she was not original—but she often pleased her youthful companions by an inspection of her work, and, no doubt, owing to the fact that those who saw specimens of it knew little of what a picture should be, much praise was the portion of the happy little artist. In this she was much akin to older sisters and brothers in art who rejoice at the praise of ignoramuses, and weep before the well-meant, if unpleasant truths of the capable. Many an aspirant owns too large a circle of foolish friends ever to attempt to become an artist.

But praise did not spoil our little perseverant. At school she rapidly learnt all she was taught of the technical side of her precious art—that was not very much. At home she continued her studies with the only means at her disposal, and a heart and soul full of wild enthusiasm.

One thing sorrowed her beyond measure. She realised, of course, that her pictures in smoke could only end—well, in smoke; but it hurt her that her pictures in sand could never be raised at an angle for viewing purposes without causing the most disastrous results when the fine sand began to travel erratically over the hard surface. Whistler was not in it for weird effects when this happened!


La Belle Wilma drawing a smoke picture of the Queen.


The finished portrait.

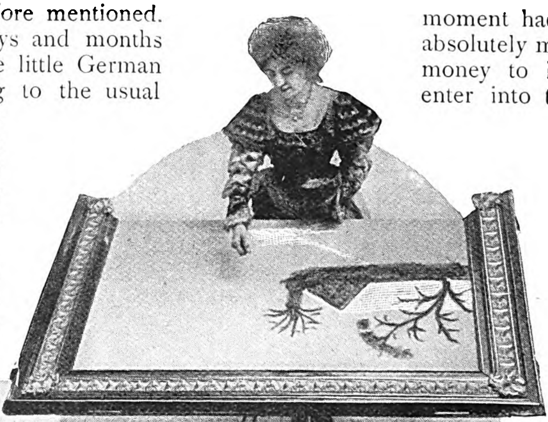

"Rubbing out" the sketch, to show that the ground-work was an ordinary smoked surface.

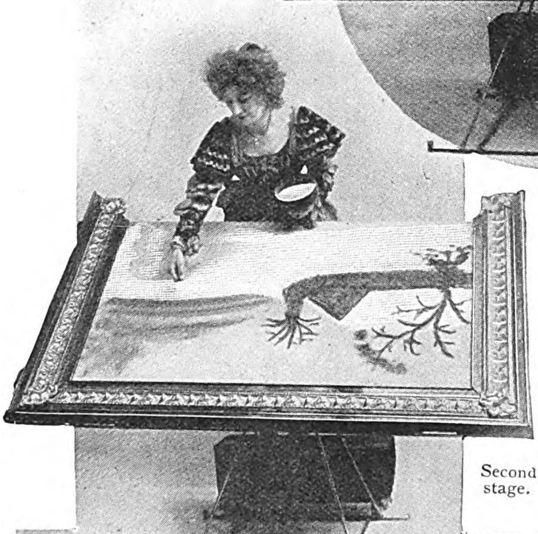
Then some inspiration suggested a background to which the sand would cling when the picture was raised to an angle of, say, sixty or even greater.

What material would suit this purpose? One day in a shop in Berlin her eye caught sight of a piece of soft plush. The very thing! She was not happy until she scraped together sufficient of her very small allowance of pocket money to purchase a square of the precious material. In the very shop which the little artist had entered to buy the necessary material, it flashed across her mind that with a lighter background and coloured sands she would be able to produce pictures of a more striking character than those in mere black and white. She postponed the purchase of the square of plush until she had made inquiries as to the procurability of coloured sands; but the next day she recollected that there was nothing to prevent her obtaining more white sand, and changing it with cheap dyes to the necessary colours.

This done, she invested in a square of light blue plush and began to experiment. Her early attempt at coloured work was, of course, exceedingly crude, but she was nevertheless delighted with it, as were her youthful critics before mentioned. In the meantime the days and months were rolling by. The little German girl grew up according to the usual habit. Circumstances altered her position in life. She was able to take lessons in drawing and painting, progressing satisfactorily.

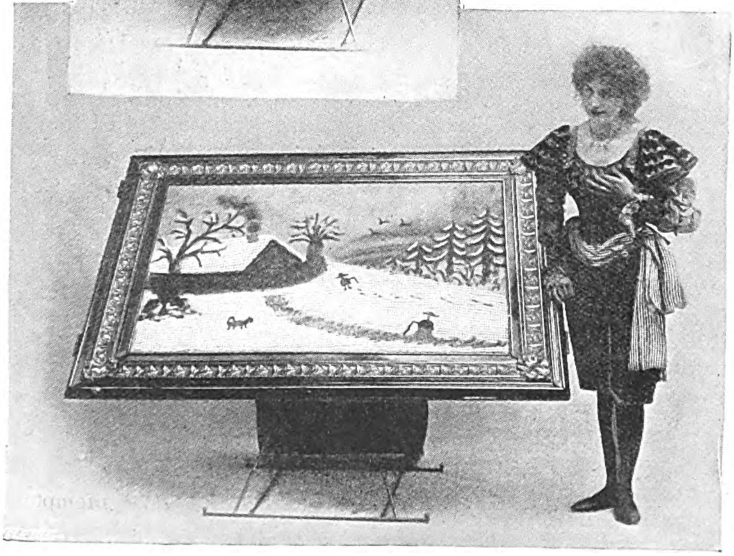
At the age of eighteen the enthusiastic German girl realised that the moment had come when she absolutely must earn sufficient money to live. I shall not enter into the circumstances resulting in this state of affairs—but they were romantic enough in all conscience.


First stage of a sand landscape.


Second stage.

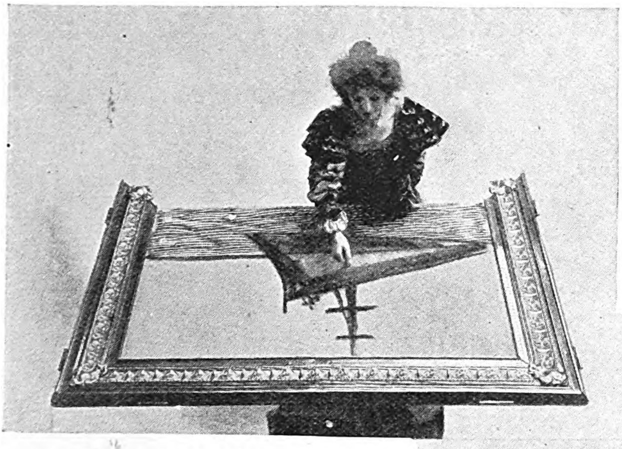
In Berlin it is far more difficult for a girl to earn a living than it is in London. The young artist very soon learnt that. She did not know what to turn to until a friend offered to procure her an introduction to the manager of a popular variety theatre. The girl had had no experience at singing or dancing. But just then the idea came into her head that she might find her childish hobby of sand and smoke sketches of value to her.

She saw the manager and suggested the new form of entertainment. It was a novelty, and novelties are very dear to a music-hall manager's heart. The young artist was engaged, and her "turn" became the talk of Berlin.


The finished sketch—a pretty winter scene.

It was at the end of September last, when La Belle Wilma, the famous artist in sand and smoke, reached London, after a most successful tour on the Continent. The patrons of the Empire Theatre, where she made her first appearance in England, expressed themselves, in the usual manner, extremely well pleased with her performance, which is graceful, artistic, and most refined in every particular. It is, indeed, a remarkable entertainment. It demands the greatest care, artistic knowledge, and rapidity of action on the part of the performer.

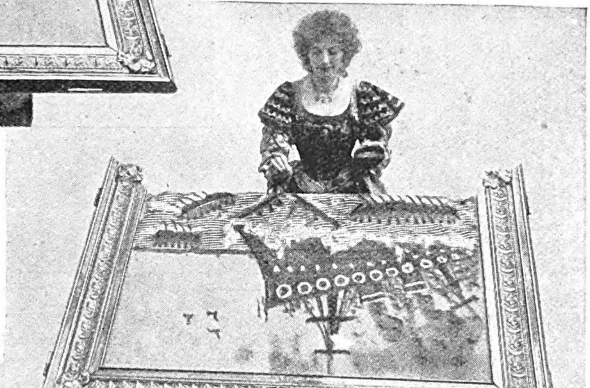
For the sand pictures, frames containing differently coloured backgrounds are used. The material for the latter is a sort of soft plush, to which the tiny grains of sand adhere even when the picture is placed in almost a horizontal position. An assistant carries a palette bearing small bowls of variously-coloured fine sand. La Belle Wilma, standing at the back of the picture, takes one of the bowls containing a certain coloured sand in her left hand, and proceeds to scatter it, with marvellous rapidity, in what appears a promiscuous manner upon the square of plush. She changes the bowls from time to time, and the form of the picture becomes gradually apparent, and in a very short space La Belle Wilma steps down from her position and, with a quick movement, turns the frame to face the audience. The sketch, seen from the front, is hardly recognisable from a water or oil colour, so faithfully is it produced.

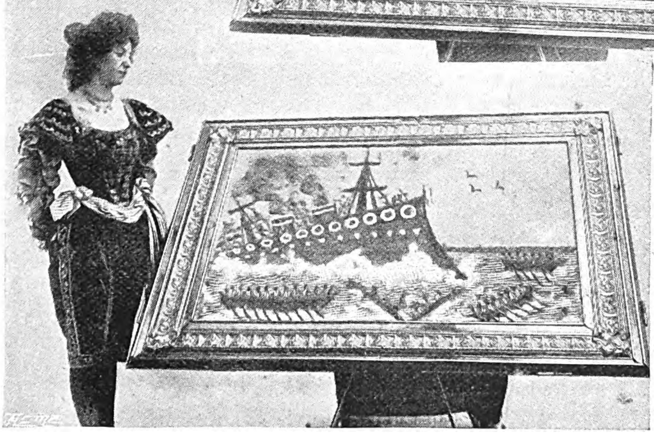

Commencing a sand sea-scape

The lines and smaller objects are formed with wonderful quickness, the artist passing her hand with unerring precision over the plush, allowing the sand to trickle from between her fingers in fine or heavy, soft or hard, lines, at her will. A mistake would be fatal, as the sand, once on the plush, could not be removed, and the whole effect of the picture would be completely spoilt were a colour dropped out of its proper place on the plush.

A few seconds suffice to complete each picture.

The frames in which La Belle Wilma produces the smoke pictures contain a great square of pure white porcelain. A blazing torch is held below the face of the porcelain until the smoke renders it completely black.


La Belle Wilma putting the finishing touches to one of her marvellous pictures.


The finished sea-scape — one of the most popular of the sand-pictures.

The frame is placed in position on the easel, when La Belle Wilma with the tip of her right forefinger, and the occasional use of a small brush, rapidly sketches out her subject, the lines touched showing out white.

PAINT, PAY AND PROMOTION

Photo by Stephen Cribb.

BY ARCHIBALD S. HURD.

Being the Sixth of a Series of Articles on "How the Navy is Run."

ONLY a sailor can understand the character of a sailor and the principles by which he steers his course from the cradle to the grave. Bluejackets, for instance, are as truthful and as honest as any class ashore, more so than most landsmen probably, yet in one sense Jack is often a liar and a thief, and is proud, as is his master, the executive officer, of his alertness in purloining things to which his legal right is problematical. But a naval lie and a naval theft are very different from the varieties which flourish ashore, and are not regarded as dishonourable. A man who wishes to rise above the rating of able-bodied seaman may be accused of some small mistake. He might, by an elaborate process, prove his innocence, but, as a warrant officer admitted in conversation the other day, "if he is wise, he salutes, says he is very sorry, and promises that it shall not occur again. He gets the credit of wishing to do right, and is in his officers' good books, whereas the contrary might be the case were he to give himself and his judge the trouble of testing the accusation." Another illustration may be furnished of the same character. A petty officer is in charge of a boat, and one man breaks an oar. His duty is to report it, in which case he will have to furnish explanations, which go before the captain, are entered in the log of the ship, eventually travel up to the Admiralty, and perhaps lead to correspondence which is troublesome to everyone concerned, and not least to the captain. It is much simpler to say nothing, and wait until the vessel is next at the dockyard, when the broken oar is handed in and a new one issued. Especially is this wise, because a smart man will thereby add to the equipment of the ship. As soon as he has authority to get the new oar he will manœuvre to obtain the discarded one, present it at another department, have it repaired, and thus, in the place of one, secure two efficient oars.

Englishmen are proud of their spick and

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span warships, and most landsmen imagine that all the paint and soap, polishing material, and gold leaf are paid for by the Admiralty. This is one of those errors which no amount of contradiction seems likely to kill, because none but a sailor can understand the colossal anomalies that survive in the Navy even in these democratic days. At one time warships were floating palaces, decorated and painted in a lavish style that we should characterise as mere vulgarity. These, however, belonged to the early days of last century, but there still survives the love of officers and men for a ship spotlessly clean and smart, with the deck so white that few would object to eat their food from it, with the paint-work flawless, and the brass-work, if not the guns themselves, burnished until they would serve as mirrors in an emergency. Officers who are over careful in these matters are often referred to as the "spit-and-polish school."

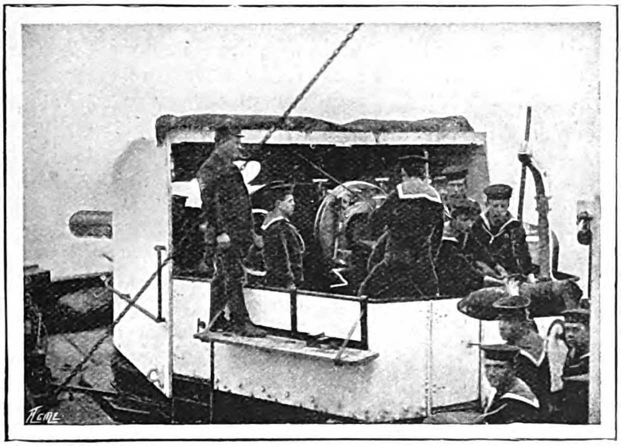


Photo by Stephen Cribb.

Feeding the guns. The men are seen raising one shell while another has just been placed in the breech of the gun.

Behind this slavish practice of the old maxim that "cleanliness is next to godliness" was a very simple explanation which a Service journal as late as two years ago summed up in these significant words. "At present clean, bright-work and spotless decks and paint-work counts more for promotion in a commissioned ship than straight shooting. Admirals' inspections generally take place in harbour, where cleanliness tells more than the capacity for sinking an enemy by ship's guns. The Admirals have no opportunity of judging the accuracy of the shooting from the ships under their command, other than by reading the forms on which the results of their target practice is registered." This writer further explained that bad reports would bring awkward questions; "hence most reports are passable." A naval officer, writing about the same time, remarked that in the Mediterranean Squadron "far more trouble and time is expended on filing the chase of a gun bright and burnishing it (which is absolutely contrary to regulations) than in seeing that the men are well-trained in the use of it."

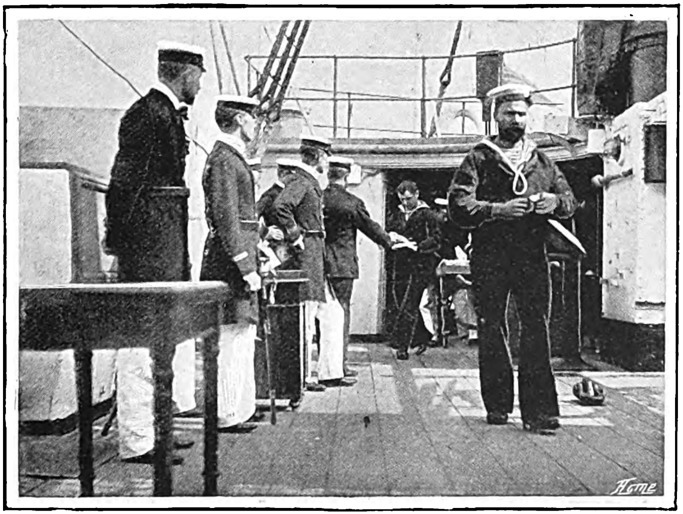


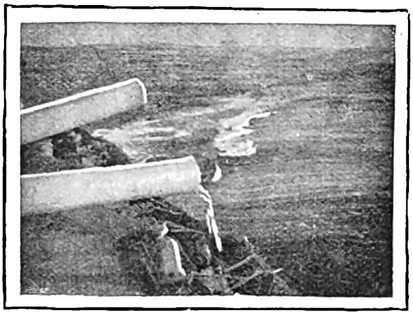
Photo by Stephen Cribb.

Pay-day. Jack receives his money upon his hat.

All these facts were notorious in the Navy, and led to most curious, though dangerous results. Many ships became mere "show" places, the "show" being made by the chief executive officers out of their own pockets, and often exhausting the whole of their pay.

The Admiralty allowance of paint for a

after fifteen years to 9*s.* 6*d.*, and if he is promoted to chief gunner his income is 10*s.* a day, and is increased after twelve years to 12*s.* Further than this he cannot go, for, unlike the army, the commissioned ranks are not open to the lower deck. This is the rule, but there are three exceptions, one being Gunner Sims, who was promoted to lieutenant for his splendid services at Ladysmith, and the other two lieutenants—Gunner R. A. Cathie and Chief Boatswain Webber—who are "Jubilee memorials," and won their commissions in Egypt in the eighties. Against these exceptions must be set the fact that four chief, and other, warrant officers have been recommended for commissions by their captains, but have not received them. Warrant officers have been styled by Lord Charles Beresford "the backbone of the service," and he has never concealed his desire to render it possible for the most deserving of this most important class to become lieutenants. Of course, the social difficulty is the excuse for the attitude of the authorities in this matter, but there are many "shore billets" which could be better filled than they are at present by warrant officers, and as they would not mess with other officers, no offence could be given. Every reform in the Army and Navy takes time to secure, and the warrant officers have so many friends to their cause in Parliament, as well as among the executive officers themselves, that, no doubt, a further step in the ladder will eventually be opened to them.



From a **Photo.**

Washing out a 67-ton gun. The hose is put in at the breach and the dirty water pours out at the muzzle.

That the change is so long in coming carries no reflection on the officers of the fleet. No one who has come in contact with

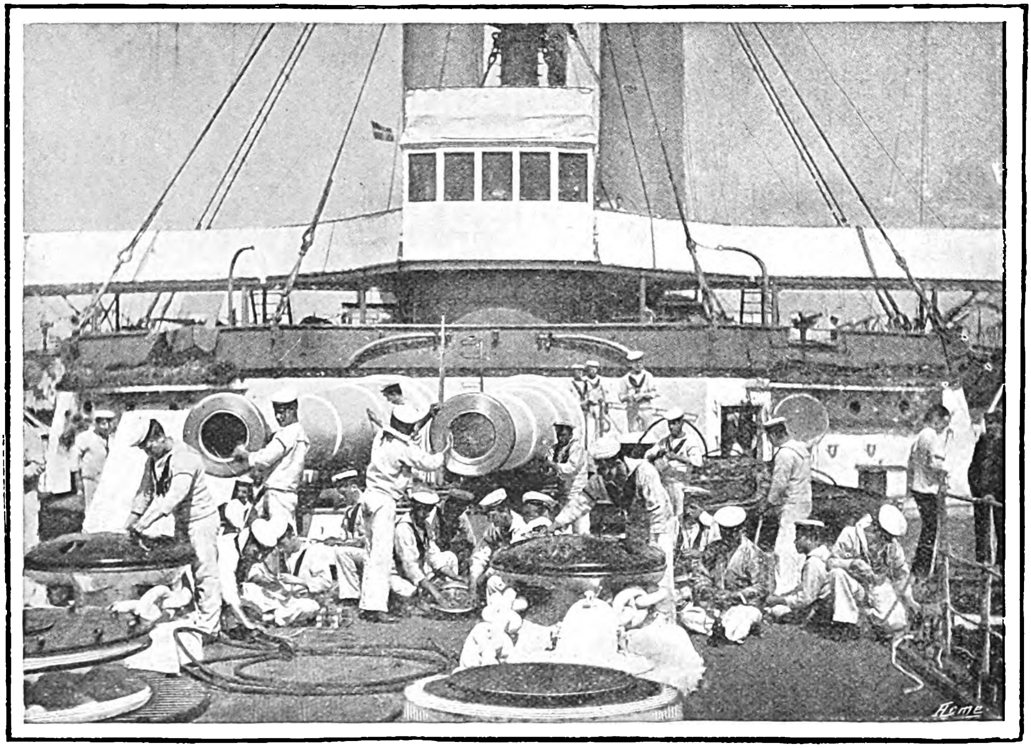


Photo by **Reinhold Thiele.**

Cleaning the big guns on the *Royal Sovereign*.

them would say a word in disparagement of them, of their devotion to the Queen's service, and to the best interests of the men under them.

The rawest army recruit may set his ambition on the position of quartermaster, with the honorary rank of lieutenant, and pay of from 9*s*. to 16*s*. 6*d*. a day, and he may even rise to dizzy heights, as have General Hector Macdonald and many other officers. A similar outlook for every seaman is surely not too great a boon to offer to the men who stand between us and annihilation.

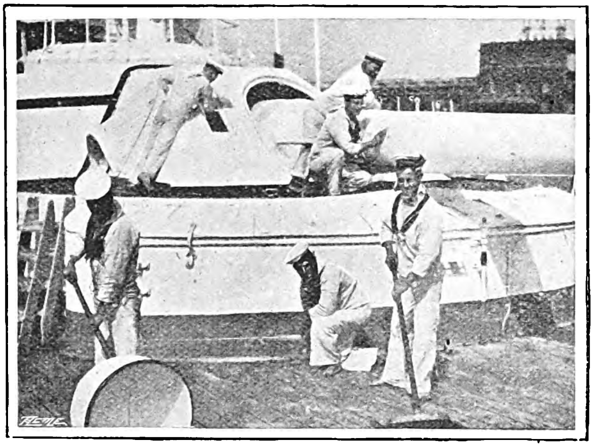


Photo by Stephen Cribb.

Cleaning guns and sweeping decks.

This is a diversion from the paint and polish traditions. The process by which soap, holy-stone, rags for cleaning brasswork, and other material for keeping a ship bright as the morning is obtained is as remarkable as it is amusing. The authorities provide quite insufficient quantities of these commodities, and consequently the supply is augmented from the profits of the "scran-bag"—a quaint and highly ingenious institution of the Navy. A ship must be tidy as the typical best parlour, and though men know this, they frequently leave their things about. They become consequently liable to punishment, but some officer, with a good business head on his shoulders, instituted the "scran-bag"—which exists in all Her Majesty's warships—so as to avoid dealing severely with the men. When one of the ship's police finds an article lying about — clothes, boots, towels, ditty-boxes, anything, in fact—where it should not be, he quietly appropriates it and conveys it to the "scran-bag." Every Thursday afternoon, "rope-yarn Sunday" the sailors call it, for it is the day devoted to clothes-making and mending, and other useful purposes, this wonderful and capacious bag is opened and men gather round in a crowd claiming their property. For every article they are fined one penny, which is supposed to be equivalent to an inch of soap. In this way the most careless and untidy men contribute most towards the cost of cleaning the ship, while those who fail within a month to secure their goods, be it serge jumper or duck trousers, have the joy of seeing their property used as rags for applying the soap and polish to paintwork and brass. There is a rude philosophy, it will be seen, underlying this custom.

Sometimes a special "scran-bag" is organised on a hint from the commander or first lieutenant to the master-at-arms that he intends to have a general clean up and will want plenty of soap. The men have a habit of putting their night clothing in some of the many corners near their mess, some even utilising the kettles, and other culinary utensils, in their desire to save themselves the trouble of dragging up their bags from the racks in the deck below. To a master-at-arms the hint that soap is needed leads to a search while the men are above at divisions, and by the time they are dismissed, he and the ship's corporals have quite a big selection of articles of various kinds, which the owners are allowed to redeem at once if they care to pay twopence—a double fine. As the spoil consists of clothes that they will need soon, men usually pay up cheerfully to avoid figuring in the report of the master-at-arms to the commander.

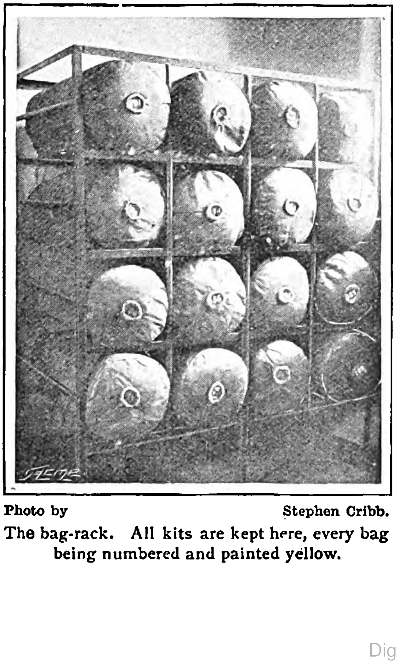
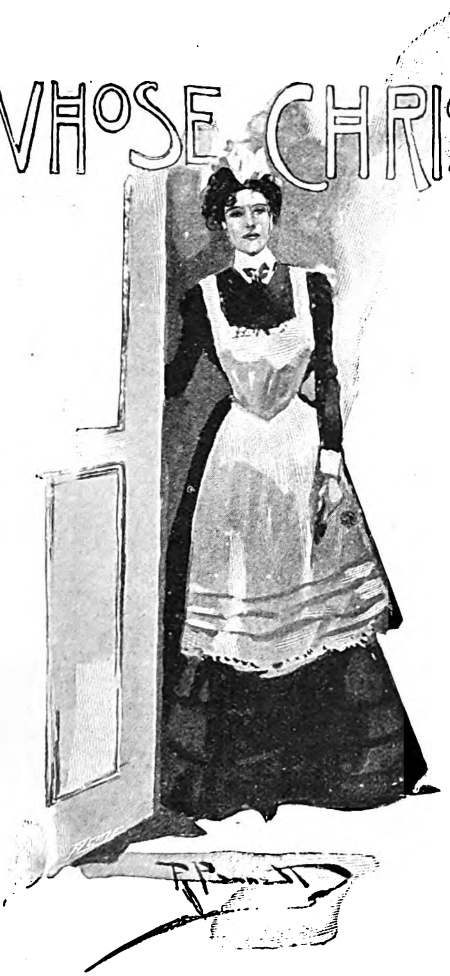


Photo by Stephen Cribb.

The bag-rack. All kits are kept here, every bag being numbered and painted yellow.

WHOSE CHRISTIAN NAME WAS JOHN



By Ellis Acland.

A SMART parlour-maid opened the door. It was my first visit since the Greville Russell's marriage, and they evidently knew how to do things in style.

"Mrs. Russell is not at home, but Miss Forsyth is in the drawing-room," and as she gave me this information, she held the door at quite an inviting angle and seemed to expect me to walk in.

It was aggravating that Mrs. Russell was out, and I racked my brains to try to remember what I had heard about Miss Forsyth. I had a hazy idea that Russell had mentioned that one of their bridesmaids, an American girl, was staying with them.

It was extremely hot on that doorstep. I took out my card case and commenced to say that I would call again.

The girl looked surprised, almost hurt, and held the door wide open. I got a glimpse of a lovely cool hall, a perfect bower of ferns and foliage.

That vision of Paradise on that August afternoon settled the job; it was impossible to argue on that scorching doorstep, so I walked in.

Once past the rubicon I was given no time for consideration. The maid tripped upstairs, and as it would have been absurd to stand in the hall and say I had never heard of Miss Forsyth, I followed her meekly.

She threw open a door, and instead of announcing me in the usual way, drew back suddenly and saying:

"Miss Forsyth is expecting you; she said you would be here about three," she bolted down a back staircase, and left me standing (a miserable picture of indecision) on the landing.

The constitutional dislike to exertion which has afflicted me from birth had led me into this ridiculous position. I was to walk in unannounced on a strange young lady and say:

"I hear you are expecting a fellow. I know I am not the right fellow, but I am acquainted with Greville Russell. Please, therefore, accept me in the right fellow's place."

I felt certain that Miss Forsyth would not see the logic of this, and that I should come to grief; however, I took my courage in both hands (which is not easy to do when you already have your hat in one) and walked into—an empty room!

It was a relief to my mind, and yet it was in a sense a disappointment.

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It was a pretty room, but the thing that struck me most was a portrait of a lovely girl hanging on a screen.

"If this were Miss Forsyth, she was well worth looking at," and with this thought I went closer to examine it.

In so doing I happened to glance behind the screen—and there lay the original of the portrait fast asleep.

As I have before stated it was a hot day, and she was no doubt tired of waiting for this lunatic (I am now referring to the other fellow), who was half-an-hour late.

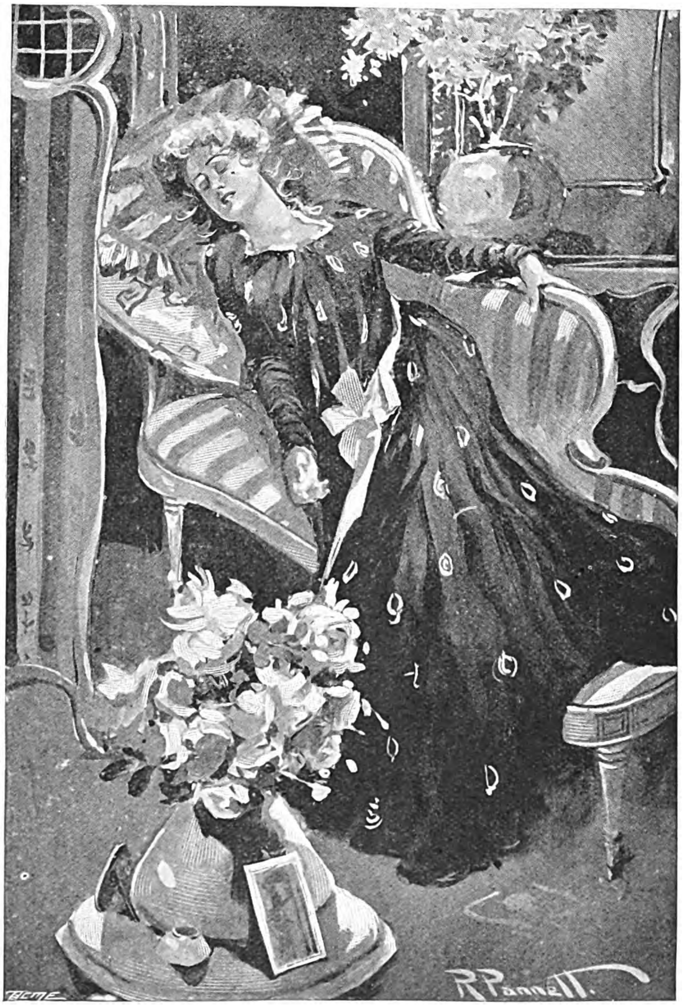
I do not know why I should call the fellow names for she was distractingly pretty and after all his loss was my gain.

Nevertheless I should never have dared to awaken her and should probably have departed on tip-toe, but for the fact that my professional eye detected something unusual in her position.

I looked more attentively at her; she might have fainted and fallen on the sofa, but it was inconceivable that any living woman should have placed herself in such an attitude for the purpose of sleeping.

I took hold of one of her hands, it was the left, and there was a flashing diamond ring on the third finger; it hung nerveless in mine—she was quite unconscious!

Here was a nice position for a bachelor doctor. I had intruded on a strange lady's privacy without a shadow of excuse, and just before my arrival she had fainted.



She might have fainted and fallen on the sofa.

Of course, I made matters worse by trying to bring her round, forgetting my awkward position and acting on impulse in my usual mad way.

I opened all the windows, and seizing a large feather fan, began to wave it about energetically.

The dear little golden curls on her forehead (have I said that she was fair as an angel?) waved in the breeze.

Was that a flicker of her long lashes, or was it only an effect of the light? She drew a long sigh, I retreated a step or two and began to feel how awkwardly I was placed.

The white eyelids opened slowly and disclosed large dark blue eyes, which rested on mine. They were so lovely that I should probably have lost my head altogether, but for their having a dazed look which appealed to my chivalrous instincts.

"Jack! Dear Jack!" she breathed softly, with a fluttering sigh.

So the fellow who ought to have arrived at three o'clock was christened John. Now as John is my name, I regarded the choice of his godfathers and god-mothers as a great impertinence and a personal insult!

I went up to my lovely patient just as her eyes were again closing, and took her hand.

"You have not been very well," I said in a soothing manner and with my professional air, "I trust you are feeling better."

I had hoped to rouse her to fuller consciousness. I succeeded beyond my most sanguine expectations.

She sprang to her feet.

"Who are you? How dare you?" she stammered incoherently, and then with a look of positive terror, "Where's my letter?"

Her blue eyes flashed such an indignant fire, that I verily believe I should have been scorched up, but for the chance that the letter (which I had not previously noticed owing to its being crumpled almost beyond recognition) was close at hand.

I gave it to her with a bow; and I made a mental note that the other fellow, whose Christian name was John, had written a disagreeable letter instead of coming.

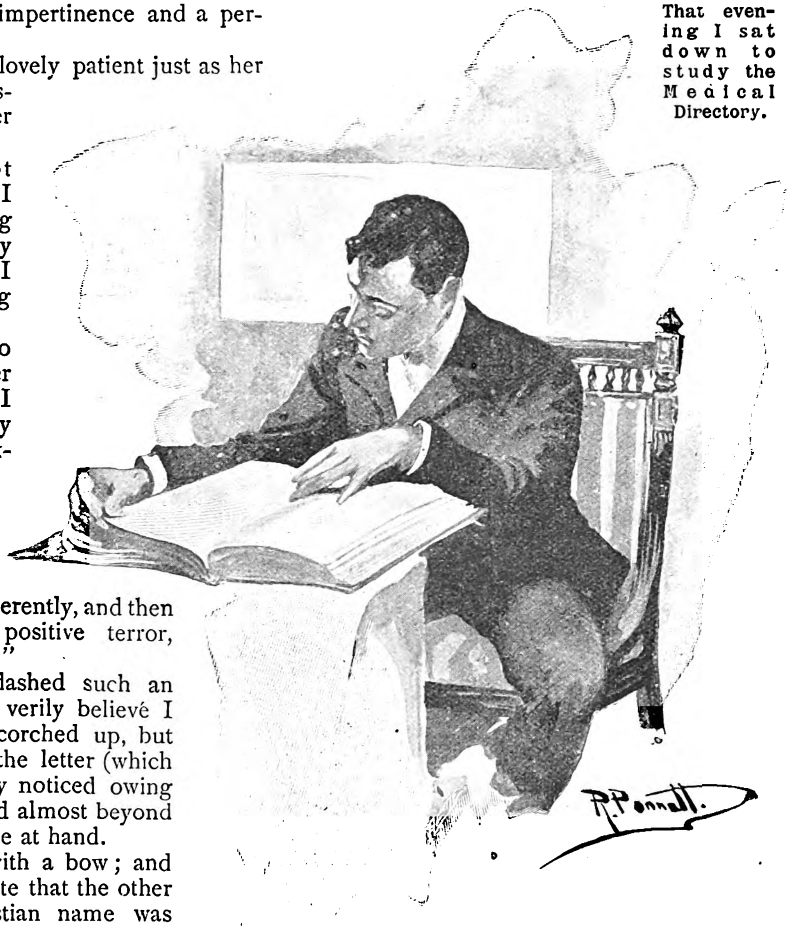
The moment her hand touched the letter she regained her self control and began to talk in an easy, conversational manner.

"It was foolish of Mabel to fetch a doctor! I should have been all right. Where is Mabel?"

I had already made such an ass of myself that I hardly dared to risk anything, but I supposed that Mabel was Russell's wife, whom I had never yet seen; so I hastened to explain that I had come to pay a first call on Mrs. Russell, and being shown upstairs had found a lady unconscious.

"How very foolish of Jane, to show you upstairs when she must have known that Mabel was out." Her manner was severe and betokened a lecture for the pretty parlour-maid later on.

I felt that if I explained more fully I might get turned out, and I was past considering Jane's feelings, however pretty she might be.



That evening I sat down to study the Medical Directory.

"I am a great friend of Greville Russell's," I said hypocritically, "you may have heard him mention me—Jack Fortescue."

I purposely accentuated the Christian name. She blushed scarlet. I felt a brute and relieved myself by swearing inwardly at my namesake.

"I have often heard of you," she replied; "my own name is Sybil Forsyth, and I am stopping with Mabel Russell; and now I should be so much obliged to you, Dr. Fortescue"—how charming my own name sounded in those silvery tones—"if you will not tell anyone of my fainting fit."

I hesitated what to say, and she went on in a coaxing tone that was irresistible:

"It looks so silly to faint—so missish and sentimental. I suppose it was the heat"—here the open window caught her eye, and she finished audaciously—"there was a great want of ventilation in this room. No doubt you noticed it!"

I hastened to agree with her. I was past having any will of my own and was approaching imbecility. I asserted that all my lady patients were always fainting everywhere. It was becoming an epidemic.

She opened her lovely eyes wider than ever, as if to complete my subjugation, and said with a strong American accent:

"How vurry trying!"

She had hardly uttered the words when a jolly voice floated up the staircase. She sprang to her feet with an alarmed look.

"That's Mabel and her husband," she said in a thrilling whisper, catching at my arm for support; "they are coming upstairs! How shall I tell them? What shall I do?"

I put my hand on the little one that rested so confidingly on my arm, although I was absolutely ignorant of what she meant. "Don't tell them anything," I said sturdily, "I'll stick by you! Leave it all to me!"

We started apart guiltily as Greville Russell burst in, followed by a stout pleasant-looking lady in a wonderful bonnet.

Russell seized me by both hands and worked my arms up and down like a pump handle.

"To think of its being you, my dear boy!" he gasped out spasmodically (still pumping for dear life). "I never, never was so pleased!"

"Yes, indeed, that's true," chimed in his wife, who seemed to have entirely forgotten that we had never been introduced. "I really thought he would have kissed Jane when he discovered the truth."

I began to feel confused and looked at Miss Forsyth to see if she could prompt me. Mrs. Russell's arm encircled her waist and as I looked at her she dropped her head on that lady's capacious breast and remained hidden from view.

I would have given a good round sum to know whether she was laughing or crying, or whether like myself she only wanted a few moments to collect herself.

"It's very kind of you and Mrs. Russell to receive me like this," said I, for I really was charmed with their cordiality, and after all it seemed a good safe thing to say.

"Receive you like this!" repeated Mrs. Russell shrilly. "Why we don't know how to make enough of you; to think that Sybil's lover, to whom she has been engaged so long, should turn out to be Greville's dearest friend!"

As this remarkable sentence fell on my astonished ears, Miss Forsyth raised her head and uttered a sharp exclamation. It was probably meant for a disclaimer, but no one but myself heard it, as directly Mrs. Russell finished a sentence, Greville took up his part in the duet.

"And you were so close about it, Jack, old boy," slapping me on the shoulder; "why I positively never knew that you had been to New York."

I gave a sickly grin and waited for the soprano to recommence, which she did at once.

"Sybil was naughty and mischievous, too," softly stroking the girl's sunny hair with a loving hand, "declining to tell us anything about her Jack?"

That was a comfort, and relieved my mind somewhat.

"It was quite a wonder though, Mabel," broke in Greville, "that we did not guess when Sybil let out that her lover was a doctor with a London practice!"

The mischief he was! I had been half mad with jealousy ever since the mention of her having been engaged "so long!"

What period of time does a woman call "so long?" What a pity it is that people will express themselves in this loose and indefinite manner!

Well! I had had about enough of it, and felt that every moment added to the danger of detection; the mention of my London practice (which is, in truth, not so very extensive) reminded me that a medical man has the pull over other professions, and can always get away if he likes, so I invented a lady patient who was ill, and took a hurried leave, promising to dine with them the next night.

Sybil came out of her retirement, rather flushed, and looked at me with a reproachful gleam in her eyes, which I thought unfair, as, although a man may be a good actor, and willing to say anything to oblige a lady, yet if the performance be unrehearsed and the lady declines to prompt—"Why! Ring down the curtain, say I!"

Now all my energies were bent on finding my "hated rival," as they used to say in the old melodramas, so that evening I sat down to study the Medical Directory.

It was an entrancing work. There were an appalling number of medical men in London whose Christian names were John! I had no idea that people were so conservative and showed so little originality in naming their children.

I shut the book up in despair just as Jane walked in. I was delighted to see her. Somehow I always felt that girl would help us.

She looked very solemn, and was the bearer of a dear little note from Sybil, which ran:

"Please give Jane something for her neuralgia, and meet me to-morrow at ten o'clock at the Round Pond in Kensington Gardens."

Not an unnecessary word, as the reader will observe.

I turned to Jane.

"Can you bring Miss Forsyth to Kensington Gardens to-morrow morning?"

"I am to do so, sir," she answered readily.

"Only if your neuralgia," I corrected severely, "which you have forgotten to mention, is better."

She blushed. I found a bottle and began to fill it.

"I am so sorry I made such an unfortunate mistake to-day, sir," she faltered.

"You made a serious and grave error, Jane," I replied severely.. "Miss Forsyth was certainly expecting a fellow, but I was not the right fellow."

She looked at me with respectful sympathy in every line of her face.

"So I have been told, sir."

Now it is always well to have a friend at Court, so I pushed the bottle and a sovereign towards her simultaneously, as I said:

"The other fellow made an appointment and failed to keep it, which is an unpardonable offence. When you have a sweetheart, Jane" (I saw in a moment that she had one), "you will know that sort of thing cannot be allowed."

She fired up in an instant.

"I wouldn't stand such a thing from my young man"—with such a toss of her head,—"He'd better try it on!"

"Of course you would not stand it," I agreed soothingly, "no girl with any spirit would; so Miss Forsyth and I have agreed to give him a lesson."

I dared not express myself more definitely, I was afraid of being led on to say more than was wise, so I stood up.

She at once moved towards the door and said in a most demure manner:

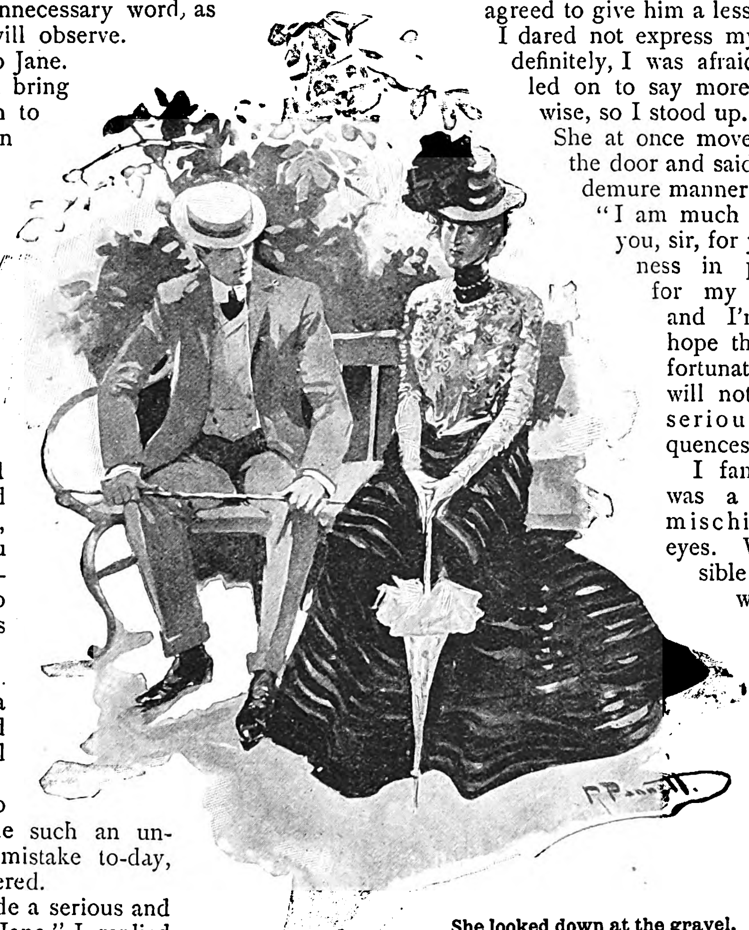
"I am much obliged to you, sir, for your kindness in prescribing for my neuralgia, and I'm sure I hope that my unfortunate mistake will not have any serious consequences."

I fancied there was a gleam of mischief in her eyes. Was it possible that the girl was making fun of me?

She turned about in the doorway and said, with greater demureness than ever.

"I don't think Miss Forsyth would break her heart if the other gentleman, Mr. Thornton I think she called him, never turned up at all!"

"Thornton! Great Scot! Thornton!" I sprang to my feet as the door closed on her. Sybil engaged to John Thornton! Short, podgy, middle-aged Thornton, who had the audacity to disagree with my treatment the only time we met in consultation! It was a desecration.



She looked down at the gravel, and began to poke holes in it with the tip of her sunshade.

I dreamt of John Thornton all night. He oppressed me like a nightmare, and Thornton is no light weight let me tell you. It passes my comprehension how he can lace up his own boots without giving himself a fit.

It was all very well for Jane (who no doubt wanted to make a return for the sovereign) to say that Sybil "would not break her heart," but I had the evidence of my own ears, and that "Jack, dear Jack," which applied to Thornton, seemed so absurdly inappropriate, rang in them most unpleasantly!

I was early at the Round Pond, but there was a soldier and a nursemaid with a mail-cart before me. They walked away down a leafy avenue, and I distinctly saw a red-coated arm steal round the girl's waist.

That is where those sort of people have the advantage over the upper classes, they can make love anywhere, and have no false shame about it.

Just as I was immersed in these reflections and envying the soldier, Sybil came, walking very fast, and with Jane (most discreet of chaperones) lagging behind and most interested in the growth of some water lilies.

We went up a leafy avenue (not the same one) and sat down on a seat, and she looked so charming that I had a good mind to imitate the soldier.

She thanked me for my kindness in meeting her, and said the situation was "awful," and what were we to do?

Encouraged by the "we," I replied boldly:

"Why do anything? It is too hot for exertion. Why not let things slide?"

She looked properly shocked, of course; she was bound to do so.

"That's what you did yesterday," she retorted most unfairly, as I think; "you were too lazy to contradict Mabel and her husband when they made that ridiculous mistake, and so we got into this mess!"

"I beg your pardon," I said angrily, for that word "ridiculous" was really too much. "I had no wish to contradict Greville or his wife. They credited me with being your lover, a position to which I hardly dared to aspire."

She looked down at the gravel, and began to poke holes in it with the tip of her sunshade. I went on calmly:

"It is only natural that you should object to such an unwarrantable assumption on their part, and of course *you* can undeceive them as soon as you like, but I really do not see why *I* should be expected to do so."

It was a long sentence and a bit involved, but I knew she understood, because the excavations continued, and were rapidly assuming a scale that threatened to bring a park keeper down on us before long.

"But we are bound to be found out some day," she said faintly.

"I don't see why we should be 'found out,' I asserted stoutly, "unless the other fellow" (somehow I shrank from mentioning Thornton's name), "with whom I presume you have had a tiff, should turn up."

The excavations ceased (just in time). She looked at me with a face dimpled over with smiles, perfectly bewitching.

"Oh! The other fellow, as you call him, won't turn up," she said with a most roguish expression, "he's married someone else!"

I used some strong language; in fact, I was so astonished that I don't know what I said.

She appeared to be complimented by the reality of my surprise; anything less like the accepted idea of a jilted damsel I never saw!

"I fainted with the relief of knowing I need not marry him," she confided with the first trace of shyness I had seen. "I had promised dad over in America (he made up the match you know) that I would do so, and then the horror of it got on my nerves."

"Why did your father—?" I commenced, but she interrupted—

"Oh! Dad thought that Mr. Thornton, being older, would steady me. It was great nonsense, and, anyway, he was not a very attractive man!"

"You expected him to call yesterday at three?" I asked.

"Yes, and Jane had orders to show the gentleman up and she mistook you for him, laughingly.

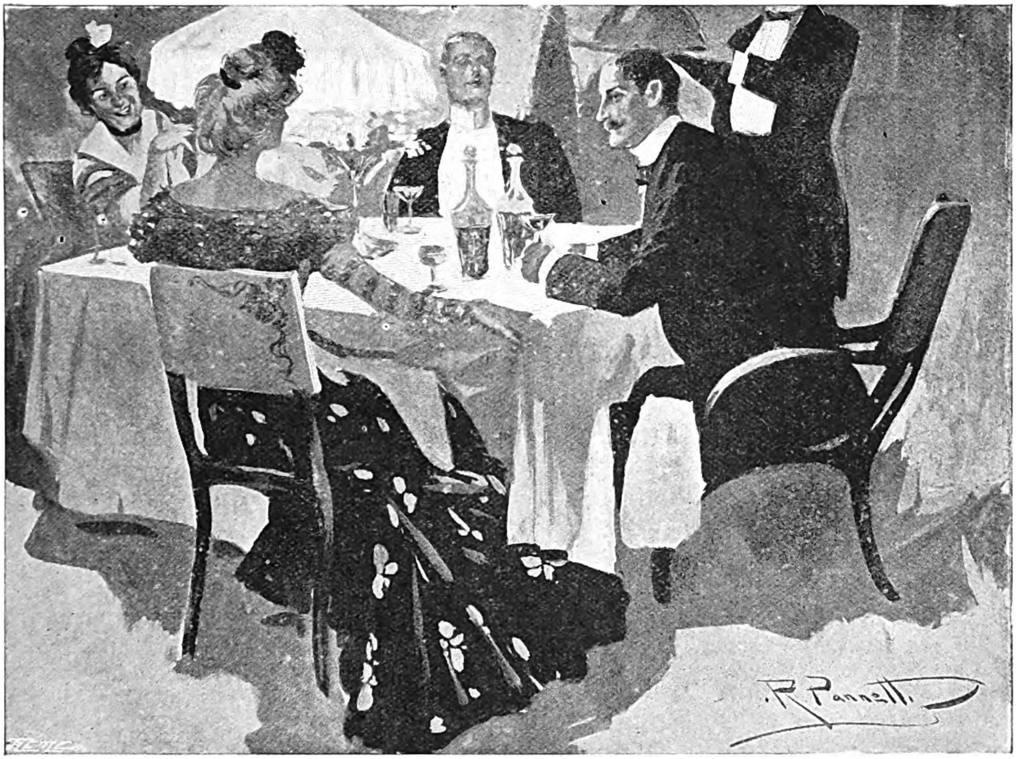
"And just before my arrival you had a letter from Thornton," I prompted.

"Saying he was afraid I was too young and inexperienced and that he had married a widow."

After this we had quite a long talk and I represented that as she could hardly like me worse than she had liked Thornton, and might like me a deal better; it was a pity not to give me a fair trial before cutting me adrift.

She seemed to be impressed by this line of reasoning, and we parted on the understanding that she would let things alone for the present.

I was to dine at Greville's house that day, she explained, and she did not wish me to go there without having had a previous rehearsal.



I dined in St. Peter's Square.

No sooner was I free from the glamour of her presence, than I remembered "Jack, dear Jack!"

Now that I had heard her explanation, it seemed pretty certain that whoever "dear Jack" might be, he was not Thornton!

Of course, a lovely girl like this might have heaps of lovers, but who the Satanic Majesty was "dear Jack"?

We had buried John Thornton with the epitaph—"He was not a very attractive man!" Was it possible that there was still another "hated rival" whose Christian name was John?

I dined in St. Peter's Square. Greville was tiresome and persisted in talking about Sybil's father and the journey to America which he supposed me to have made.

I laid low and said as little as possible while Sybil came to my rescue nobly, turning the conversation at awkward times and never once losing her self-possession.

We soon had another meeting in Kensington Gardens and concocted a letter to her father in which Sybil told him of Thornton's marriage and casually mentioned that a doctor friend of Greville's was paying her a good deal of attention.

On this occasion, I plucked up courage to tell her how I had overheard the exclamation "Jack, dear Jack," and asked her to tell me frankly to whom this referred?

She was awfully startled, and looked at me with such an indescribably reproachful air that I was more puzzled than ever.

To my great astonishment she absolutely declined to ease my mind about this other Jack, and did it with such decision that I felt I should never dare to refer to the matter again; and yet it must be cleared up.

We parted bad friends and by exerting all my strength of mind, I stayed away from Greville's house for three whole days. What endless days they were too.

When I did go, things were no better; Sybil did not come downstairs until Mrs. Russell joined me, and then was more stiff and shy than I had ever seen her.

Mabel Russell, who evidently noticed this and no doubt thought we had quarrelled, took up some yellow roses that were lying about and stuck some in Sybil's waist belt.

"Do they not look pretty?" she asked.

"Very charming," I answered, and then, turning to Sybil, I asked pointedly, "May I beg for one?"

"And spoil the effect!" she answered poutingly, at the same time detaching a rose and holding it out.

As I took it from her our fingers touched, and she drew hers away hurriedly. I was not discouraged at this, as I felt sure that she was quite clever enough to have avoided touching me had she wished to do so.

Mabel Russell, who is really the dearest little woman, still seemed to think she could set matters right.

"Put it in his coat yourself, Sybil," she said reproachfully. "I always did so for Greville when we were engaged."

Sybil turned on her without giving herself time to think.

"You managed your lover your own way, Mabel," she said impulsively—"kindly allow me to do the same with mine!"

She was much confused at this slip, and took her revenge by being most unamiable for the next hour. Even Greville, who is like most of us naturally unobservant, noticed how persistently she snubbed me. The result was that as we were smoking after dinner he suddenly remarked:

"If you marry Sybil, I suppose I ought rather to say, as, of course, she came over on purpose to be married, *when* you marry Sybil, you'll have your hands full."

I gave an inane grin and made no answer, being occupied in registering a vow that if Sybil came to England on purpose to be married she should not return a spinster.

Greville took my silence for assent, and went on:

"She had quite a breeze with Mabel this morning. We missed one of your photos. Mabel is not sure where she saw it last, but it seems to be gone, and we suggested, of course, in fun, that Jane, whose duty it is to dust the knick-knacks, had taken a fancy to you and boned it."

A thrill ran through me, and I began to see light.

"And Sybil was indignant at the suggestion?" I asked airily.

"Perfectly furious!" he responded laughing. "She's a charming girl, but an awful spitfire!"

I left earlier than usual that night; I had food for reflection. There was a roughly dressed man walking up and down outside. As I passed him he grinned quietly, but perceptibly.

I went to the end of the square, and came slowly back; he was still there. Was it a case of "My pretty Jane, my dearest Jane?" It looked like it.

I hummed a few bars of that immortal ditty as I passed him. He evidently recognised the tune, and grinned again.

I determined to risk addressing him.

"Are you expecting Jane to come out to-night?" I asked.

He looked embarrassed, and, taking off his cap, stood twirling it in his hands.

"She said as how she might come out," he muttered. "There's no harm in my waiting about on the chance," defiantly, "I'm keeping company with Jane."

"No harm at all," I assented heartily. "I am anxious to speak to Jane myself, if you have no objection. You may have heard her mention me, Dr. Fortescue."

"Lor! bless you, sir, I've seen you go in and out. I know all about you and the young lady. Rum go! I call it."

We both waited till our pretty Jane appeared, rather alarmed to find two swains where she expected one.

I went straight to the point.

"There has been a fuss about a photo, Jane," I said eagerly. "Where is it?"

"The one my mistress was asking about, sir?" she answered readily. "It's in Miss Sybil's room."

"How long has it been there?" I asked.

"Almost ever since she came to the Square, sir."

I considered this last reply, rather puzzled.

"Are you sure that the photograph was in Miss Sybil's room before the first time I called?" I asked eagerly.

"Lor' yes sir!" very emphatically, "that was how I made the mistake of sending you upstairs. I'd seen the photo, and when I set eyes on you, I said to myself, here's Miss Sybil's proper lover!"

So I had been jealous of my own shadow! Sybil had come to London, engaged to John Thornton and not caring for him a bit. Russell had talked to her about Jack Fortescue—she had seen my photo, and taken a girlish fancy to it.

When she opened her eyes after her fainting fit, and was only semi-conscious, she had addressed me as her "dear Jack." accepting me as part of a dream!

I need scarcely add that it did not take us long to settle our differences, and that "our Pretty Jane," who arranged things satisfactorily with her young man about the same time, had a handsome wedding present.

When an Army Encamps.

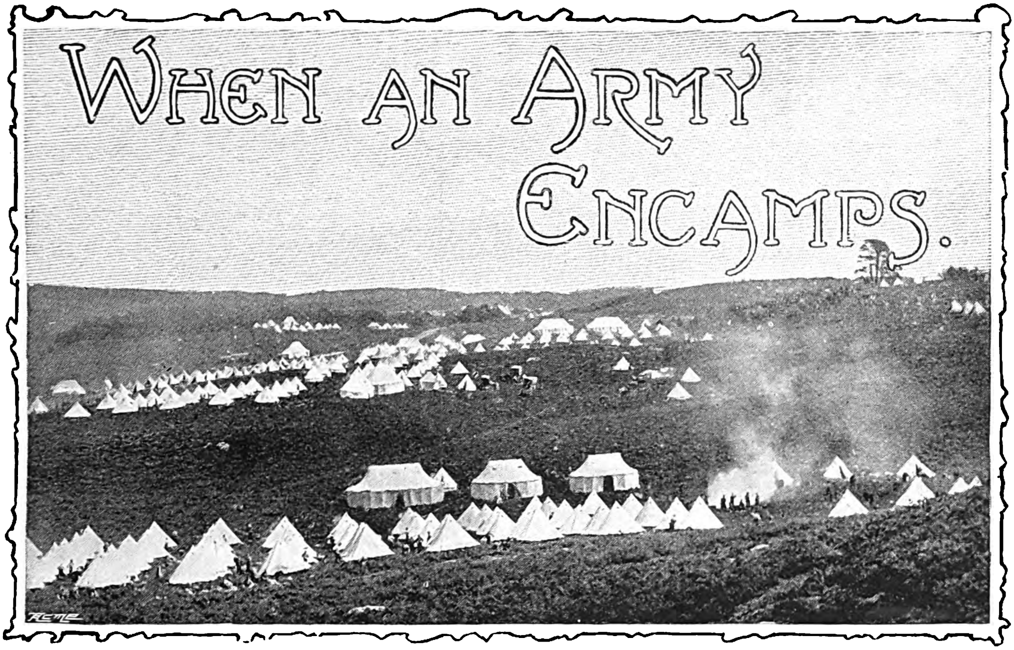


Photo by R. Thiele & Co.

By Hector Grainger.

The site for an army camp is generally chosen by the Royal Engineers, who are guided in their choice, mainly, and especially in the case of a cavalry camp, by the proximity of water. Then comes the laying out and pitching of tents, the digging of trenches, and labours innumerable, which are gone through with the swiftness and dexterity which only long practice can give. The pitching of the tents, especially, is a piece of work that an unpracticed hand would bungle hopelessly. And even a soldier when a high wind is blowing, finds it one of his most disagreeable duties. Lord Wolseley in one of his military works advises the officers to get their men, when nothing important is doing, to practice the art of pitching tents—to practice it every day, if possible. The operation is somewhat as follows. Six men are numbered off for the pitching of each tent, they stand at "order," and at the word of command, one of their number drives a peg to mark where the pole is to rest. The pegs for fixing the corners of the tent cloth are in the meantime distributed among the others; two men unpack the tent, stretch it flat on the ground, insert the pole, and upon the command, "raise tents!" get it into a vertical position; then the tent cloth is pegged down, the whole operation taking, under favourable circumstances, only one or two minutes to complete.

I have said above that the site for a camp most favoured by the Royal Engineers is one in the close neighbourhood of a river or a lake, water being the most vital necessity of an encamping host. Yet enough is as good as a feast, and an amusing calamity which befel a regiment at present engaged in South Africa proves that an immoderate supply of water entails discomforts almost as great as the want of it. Towards evening, after a day of intense heat, it began to rain in torrents, such as only those who have been in South Africa can imagine. The tents had been pitched in a slight hollow, and towards midnight the situation became alarming. The water penetrated the roofs of the tents, and swamped the men and their kits. Many of the tents had no less than six inches of water in them, and the unhappy occupants were compelled to turn out bare-legged, and with no other covering but their overcoats, to dig trenches and drain the water off. Everything was in a state of chaos, kitchens swamped and stores destroyed, so that the men fared very poorly the next day.

Of course the laying out of a cavalry camp is much more intricate than that of an

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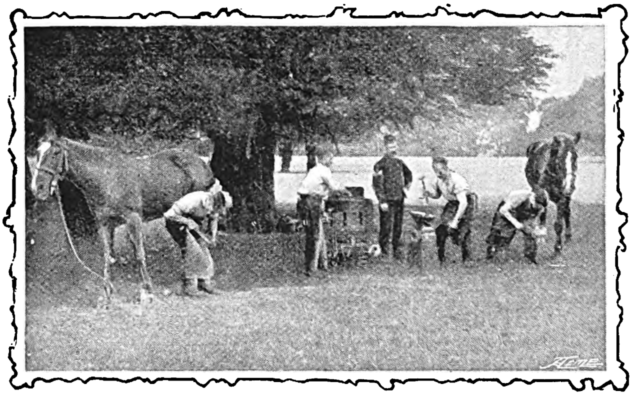


Photo by R. Thiele & Co.

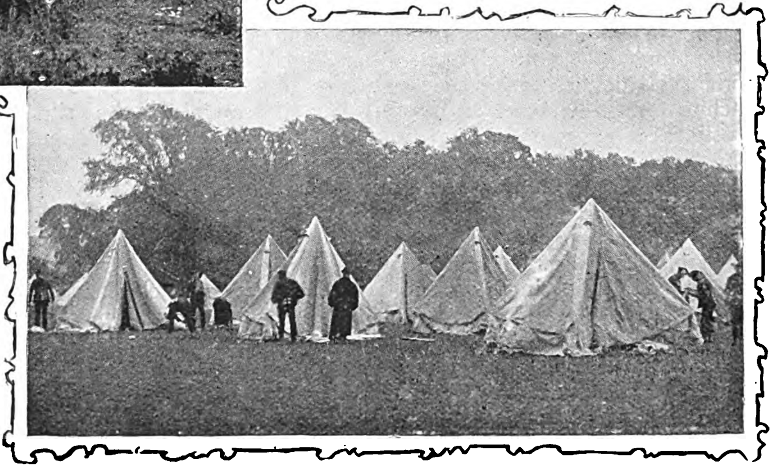
Shoeing horses.

infantry camp, for here the horse has to be considered, and its wants are legion. What with watering, shoeing, grooming, feeding, the cavalryman is by no means finished with his day's labour when entering the camp in the evening. During mere manœuvres these various duties are attended to with unvariable punctuality; but during warfare the horses must be looked after at all spare moments, and have, sometimes, poor beasts, as hard a time as the men. In such a war as that in South Africa the horses suffered severely, not merely from the climate, which is perhaps the most trying in the world for animals not born and bred in it, but also on account of the nature of the fighting, which consists so largely of sudden attacks, night marches, and surprises that it has been impossible to observe strict punctuality in looking after the horses. It is stated that they have on more than one occasion, scarcely tasted a drop of water during a whole day of hard fighting.

When a charge or a battle is over and the cavalry return into camp, the men, before looking after their own wants, carefully examine their horse's head, legs, and back, and see that their shoes are in order. Sprains are washed and bandaged, and wounds sewn up with the least possible delay. It is only when all this is done that the tired men move to their own quarters and attend to themselves. Every horse should be newly shod at least once a month. In an accompanying photograph a group of soldiers is shown engaged in shoeing two horses. The operation, always rather a ticklish one, is accomplished in the army with the skill and rapidity that only long practice can give. Few blacksmiths could rival Tommy Atkins in this branch of their own craft. The Commander-in-Chief has often expressed the opinion that not only the privates but also the officers of every cavalry

Photo by Sheaf.

Unpacking tents. This is one of the first duties of those who form a camp.



The tents are erected on the ground previously selected. This work is done by skilled hands, and occupies a remarkably short space of time.

Photo by R. Thiele & Co.

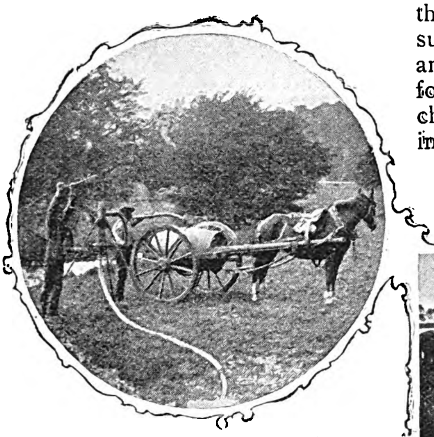


Photo by R. Thiele & Co.
Filling a field water-cart to convey water to a remote part of the camp.

Watering horses

Photos by Sheaf.

Serving out fodder.

Photo by R. Thiele & Co.
Picketing horses and cleaning harness.

regiment should be taught how to shoe a horse; he thinks it should form an item of the army examination.

The Army Service Corps, as most people are aware, is the body which attends to all the material wants of the soldier in war time and in manœuvres. The British Army, as recent events in South Africa have proved, is wanting in many qualities which go to make up a perfect military organisation such as Germany possessed at the time of the Franco-Prussian War; but nobody, not even the French military critic—always only too pleased to seize on, and to exaggerate anything to the discredit of our men—has any word to say against the Army Service Corps and the manner in which it performs its duty. And, mind you, it is no light thing to attend to the innumerable wants of thirty or forty thousand men, and all Englishmen to boot, who, one regrets to say, are certainly proner than other nations to grumble at any negligence that causes them material discomfort, especially where their "internal arrangements" are concerned.

In two of our photographs we give a view of kitchens, such as are in use when an army encamps. I am not aware how they have managed things in the Transvaal with regard to cooking and baking, but it seems to me that the kitchens here shown are more luxurious and elaborate than those which a campaigning army is usually accustomed to. The kitchens generally used are much simpler affairs, and consists as a rule of nothing more than a trench dug in the direction of the wind, and of such width that a kettle well placed on it rests about an inch on each side. Of course, if an army halts for any time things may be greatly improved, a mud chimney may be erected, and the draught trained and improved by the use of short pieces of hoop iron used as bars, which are stretched across the trench to make a place for each kettle, so that its position may be changed whenever necessary in order to prevent the contents of one being cooked before the other. Naturally, the wind is liable to change the next day, and then a new trench must be dug, though, of course, the same mud-chimney may be used whether the wind blows north, south, east or west.

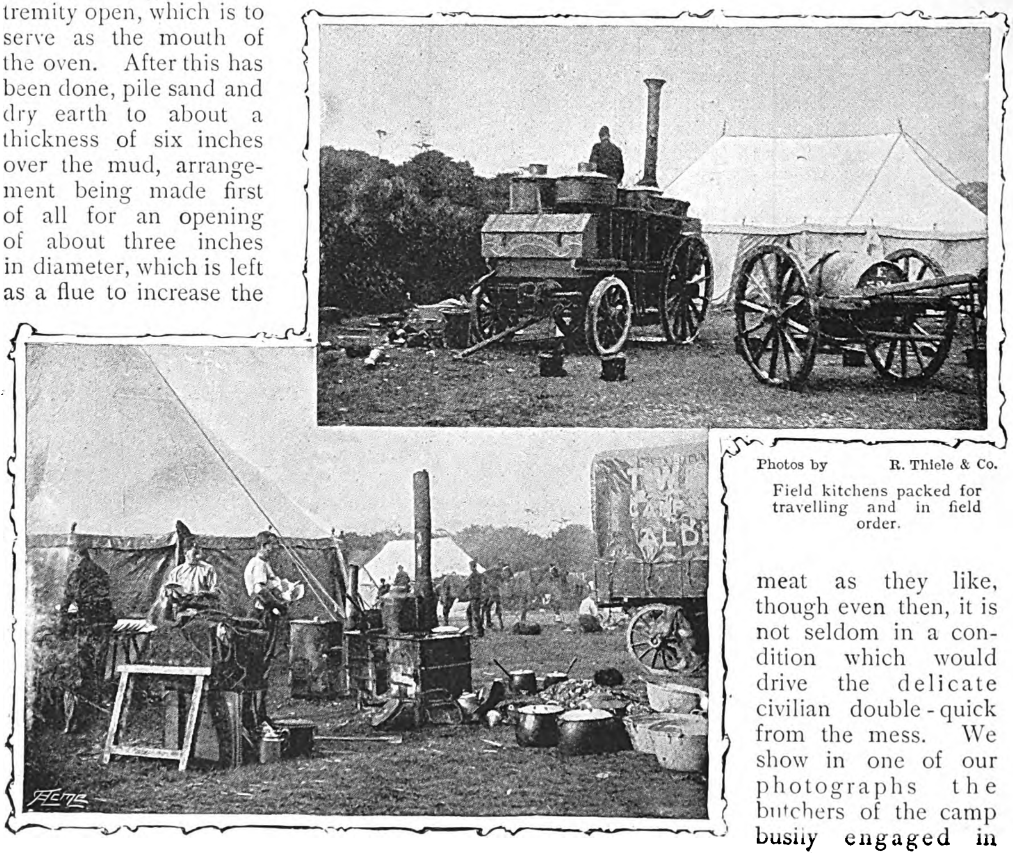
When bread is baked in camp, the first necessity is an oven, and the simplest, yet the

Photo by R. Thiele & Co.

Army butchers cutting up meat.

most ingenious, way of making this is as follows. Take a barrel, and one with as many iron hoops as possible, sink it in a shallow trench, and cover it all over with a coating of about six to ten inches of thick fine, mud, always leaving one extremity open, which is to serve as the mouth of the oven. After this has been done, pile sand and dry earth to about a thickness of six inches over the mud, arrangement being made first of all for an opening of about three inches in diameter, which is left as a flue to increase the draught. A fire must then be lit inside the barrel and kept burning until all the wooden coating is destroyed and the mud coating hard and dry. You have then as fine an oven as any baker could wish for, and one which really takes very little labour to construct.

The difficulty of procuring fresh meat is a standing one in the Army, and especially in the army engaged in actual warfare. In a campaign such as the present one in South Africa, where the weather suddenly veers from bitter cold to almost tropical heat, it is next to impossible to keep meat fresh longer than a few hours, and the difficulty of keeping live sheep and oxen always in the wake of an army is almost insuperable in so rough and mountainous a country, and a country, moreover, in which grass is among one of the hardest things to procure. Of course, in sham fighting at home, the men have as much meat as they like, though even then, it is not seldom in a condition which would drive the delicate civilian double-quick from the mess. We show in one of our photographs the butchers of the camp busily engaged in



Photos by R. Thiele & Co.

Field kitchens packed for travelling and in field order.

Photos by R. Thiele & Co.

Tommies at their toilet. There is nothing which the soldier enjoys more, if he can be so fortunate as to obtain it as his morning wash. Readers will have noticed in reports from the front that many of our troops in South Africa have had to forego this luxury—a particular hardship in a hot country like the seat of war.

Hair cutting and shaving is a great work in camp. The men usually perform the office of barber in turn for one another.

Photo by Sheaf.

The army baker going round the camp.

cutting up the meat rations for the day. I have on one occasion watched this operation myself, and I can assure all civilian butchers that their military colleagues have nothing whatever to learn from them in the gentle art of slicing up a sheep or an ox. As mentioned before, the Army Service Corps do their work with unusual proficiency, and are a credit to the force, but I should add that this does not by any means imply that the meals they prepare are such as would delight the palate of an epicure. Moreover, the Tommies are fond of playing pranks with the food of their comrades—practical jokes such as would give us nausea who grumble loudly when we discover a mere fly in our soup. A young man of my acquaintance—a Volunteer—told me with astonishing calmness that frequently on hot days during manœuvres the butter, in almost a liquid state, is served out to the men by pitching it inside the tent flap on to the straw sleeping mats. "The nuisance is," he went on to say, "that we have to pick it up again, and straw and butter do not naturally combine to make a savoury dish.

Having seen the soldiers of both France and Germany, I can safely affirm that on one point at least we are their absolute superiors, and that is in the matter of cleanliness. The German soldier, to put it mildly, is an excessively dirty person, and his personal appearance leaves much to be desired. Nor is his French rival much comelier in appearance. Englishmen of all classes have an inherent respect for cleanliness, but the soldier, whether naturally so inclined or not, is compelled by stringent rule to keep himself neat and presentable. Of course, in time of manœuvres, or during actual warfare, he not infrequently has to go without washing for days on end, and must often sleep in all his clothes, but whenever possible he takes to the water like a Newfoundland dog. A friend of mine, at present engaged in the Transvaal War, gave me some interesting details concerning the tribulations the men at the front have to endure with regard to their ablutions. With the fearful rays of the South African sun, which seem almost intenser than those of the Equator, beating down on them, it is impossible to wash in water like a Christian; it would mean nothing more nor less than causing the skin of the neck and face to rise in one vast blister. The men have to wash in grease—that is to say, smear themselves, shoulders, neck and face, with grease. Delightful! but there is no alternative. To give an idea of the intensity of the heat, my friend told me that he and his companions were washing their shirts one afternoon in the river. They were foolish enough to do so naked to the waist. Before a few hours had passed each of their backs was one vast blister!

LIVING MUMMIES.

I THINK that the European baby is on the whole best off as regards comfort. Whenever I see our young Britons in Hyde Park of a morning being gently wheeled about in those deliciously cosy-looking perambulators I invariably feel a pang of envy. Is it possible to imagine a pleasanter mode of travelling? In uncivilised lands the baby is not half so well off. Most of my readers have, doubtless, seen pictures showing how the African mother carries about her young. The poor little things, in most cases, have to sit on the woman's hip with their legs astride—an uncomfortable position, to say the least of it, especially as the African woman is in motion all day—working while her husband looks on and takes his ease. But more dolorous still is the fate of the unhappy papoose, and the wonder is that it ever grows into a healthy adult. Examine the accompanying unique photograph. The baby in its extraordinary case looks for all the world like a little Egyptian mummy. Not a limb can it move, nor turn the fraction of an inch from one side to the other: it must lie on its back without stirring, and often for hours on end. How the mother manages to get the child into position I have not the remotest idea.

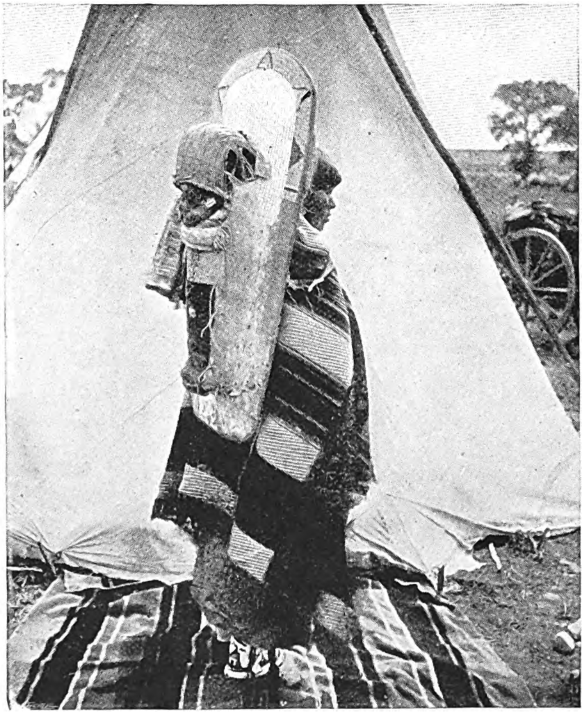
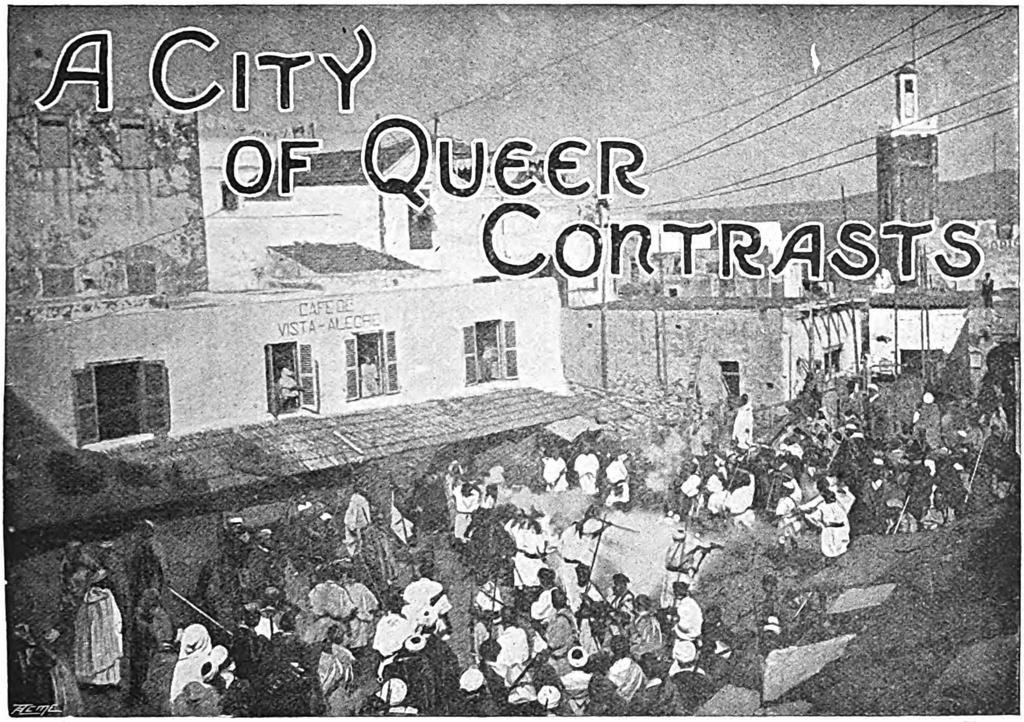


Photo by The Smith-Hassell Co.

An Indian Squaw and her Papoose.

A CITY OF QUEER CONTRASTS



From a Photo.

Powder-play within a stone's throw of the British Post Office.

By Geoffrey Rhodes.

I doubt if anywhere else in the wide world it is possible to find a city containing so many queer contrasts as the one I am about to describe; and what is perhaps even more remarkable—and this I know for a fact—quite a large number of tourists visit it each year, and come away unaware of many of its incongruities. Though but a short three hours' journey from Gibraltar and civilisation, to which it is linked by a couple of cables, Tangier is in a country where a native Sultan has full sway, where the Koran is the only law of the land, and where slaves are still bought and sold; it is the point where the barbaric Orient and the civilised West meet.

Though governed by a Moorish Basha, Tangier contains a British Post Office, before which, during the fast of Ramadan this year, a countryman was flogged nearly to death by Moorish soldiers, for eating a piece of bread.

Perhaps the most curious contrast that startles the visitor to Tangier, is the co-existence of slaves and a telephone system, but if he prolongs his stay, he will see many others equally strange.

The photographs that accompany this article illustrate some of the more striking contrasts to be found within the walls of this remarkable city, although it has not been possible to deal pictorially with one-half of those that exist there. For instance, to start with, the crowd that surges to and fro in the narrow thoroughfares of Tangier would alone give a list of contrasts as long as the proverbial bill of mine host.

Half-naked jet black water-carriers are jostling white men in silk hats and frock coats, English ladies in gay dresses are threading their way through throngs of swathed Moorish women, while a British sailor may be seen dodging a camel caravan that is passing through the city.

The photograph at the head of this article was taken during the feast day that closes Ramadan. The Moorish soldiers then indulge in what is termed "powder-play." In plain language, it consists in firing blank cartridges at random in the streets. Not far off a party of Britishers in white flannels were availing themselves of a tolerable piece of ground, and a cricket match was in progress. As national sports these two offer a rather interesting comparison.

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Although, as a concession to the feelings of the many Europeans resident in Tangier, there is no longer an open slave market there, slaves are very much an actuality, and so is the telephone system that has about one hundred subscribers—the wires, by the way, appear in two of the illustrations.

In a place where the Koran represents the whole of the literature available for those who wish to be considered within the law, one would almost think the Moors would object to the weekly publication of so dangerous a thing as an English newspaper. Perhaps, however, it is tolerated because very few of their countrymen could read it even if they dared to obtain possession of a copy.

Another case of toleration that is, perhaps, not less remarkable, is the existence of a Roman Catholic Church and a Mohammedan place of worship, within a stone's throw of each other.

Of religious contrasts in Tangier there are no end. A synagogue and a Wesleyan chapel represents fairly opposite poles, while the sight of a Moor reading the Koran seated on the step of a shop that sells bibles is decidedly quaint.

From churches to schools is not a very big leap, and here again we find some curious opposites. On the one hand we see a fine building with large class rooms, where Spanish boys are educated under certificated masters, while on the other, we may see numerous Arab schools. In one I inspected, the master sat on the floor with the elder pupils squatting round him—as is usual in Eastern countries—while the younger members of the class were on shelves around the room, the smallest on the topmost shelf!

The last two photographs are, perhaps, the most interesting of all. They represent a jumble of East and West that is absolutely unique. It must be borne in mind that in a city where there are no vehicles of any kind, and beasts of burden represent the only means of getting about, and where the streets are unspeakably filthy, a man, when he has donned a white tie, is only too glad to mount any animal that will enable him to reach his destination without getting covered from head to foot in mud. But the list of extremes is not yet exhausted.

In Tangier you can eat a dinner cooked by a well-known French *chef* at the best hotel,

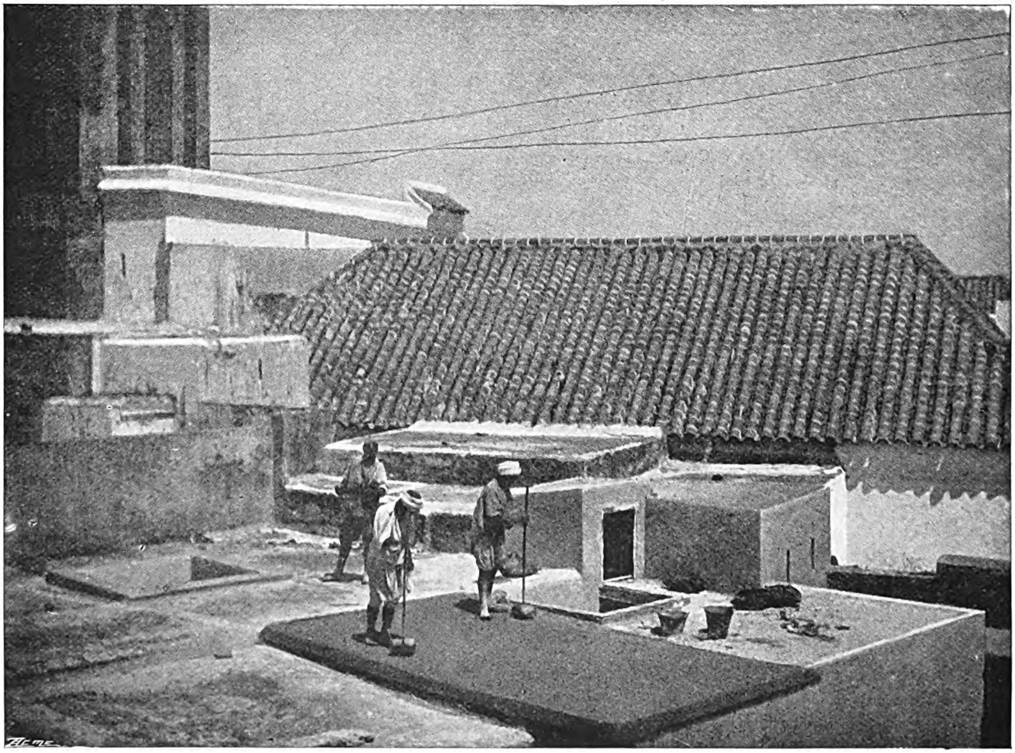
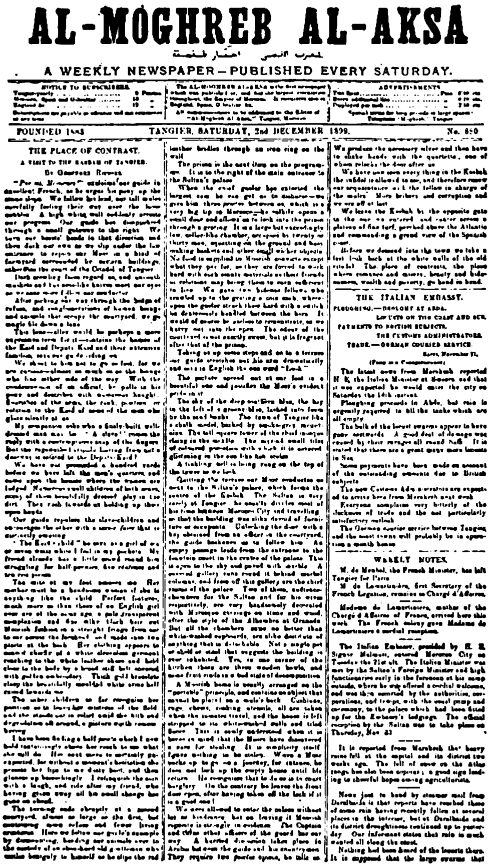


Photo by A. Cavilla.

A very queer contrast—barbarism and civilization. Slaves working on a roof with telephone wires overhead.



AL-MOGHREB AL-AKSA

المغرب الاقصى اخبار طنجة

A WEEKLY NEWSPAPER—PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

FOUNDED 1883 TANGIER, SATURDAY, 2nd DECEMBER 1899. No. 880

THE PLACE OF CONTRAST.

A VISIT TO THE KASBAH OF TANGIER.

THE ITALIAN EMBASSY.

WEEKLY NOTES.

An English newspaper published in a country where ——

—— it is punishable with death for a native to read anything but the Koran, of an Arabic copy of which the above is a photograph.

or you can suck a skewer dipped in chopped meat at a Moorish restaurant. You can insure your house against fire with a French or a Spanish company, or you can follow the Arab's example, and paint a red hand — Mohammed's hand—on the front door to keep away evil.

You can pay for things with the best made money in the world that has been stamped out at the British mint, or you can deal by means of Moorish coins, rough bits of metal.

As I have mentioned before, there is an English Post-office in Tangier (you can buy stamps there with Arabic money!).

The fact that there is British law for the Britishers and Mohammedan law for the Moors, often leads to public examples of modes of dealing with criminals that assist the "city of contrasts" to live up to its reputation. I remember, for instance, on one occasion seeing a party of deserters from a British man-o'-war under arrest in Tangier enjoying a table d'hôte dinner in an English hotel and washing it down with claret, while, not half a mile away, one or two hundred Moorish prisoners had hardly enough bread and water to keep the life in their manacled limbs.

By the way, if you are ill it is equally easy in Tangier to employ a doctor or a magician, and you can cure yourself by means of the latest patent medicine or an amulet, and so on *ad infinitum*.

The local authorities of seaside resorts require to offer something sufficiently attractive to catch visitors in these days of keen competition, but Tangier is miles ahead of any of them. What chance would your Townsville-on-Sea, with its golf links, stand against a place that, in addition to hotels with all modern improvements and bathing machines on the front, has a racecourse, and, to cap all—and this is surely the greatest of contrasts—pirate craft in the offing!

Needless to say, the crews of the Riff feluccas are on their best behaviour while in Tangier Bay.

In a previous number of the ROYAL we gave a short account of the formidable Moroccan navy, which, as our readers will remember, consists of one small vessel, and obsolete at that. It follows that in the event of a war—with France, for instance—Tangier, and the whole coast of Morocco, is pretty certain to fare rather badly. But the army is by no means to be despised, and is likely to give any foe a pretty hot time of it. Like most of the armies of semi-barbarous nations,

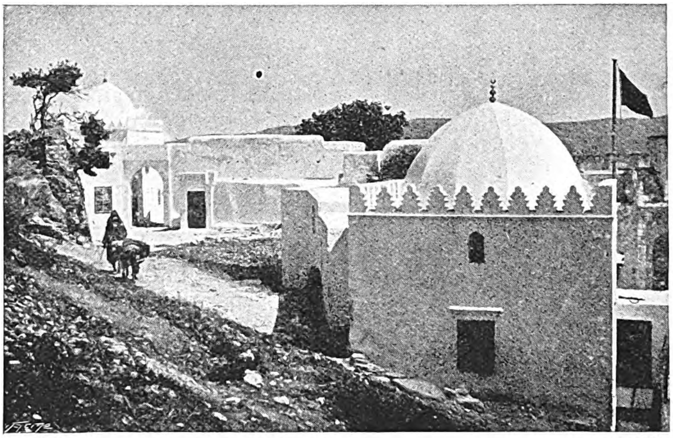
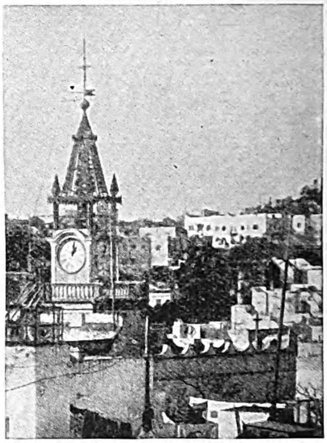


Photo by A. Cavilla.

The mosque and the Christian church are close together, forming a curious contrast.



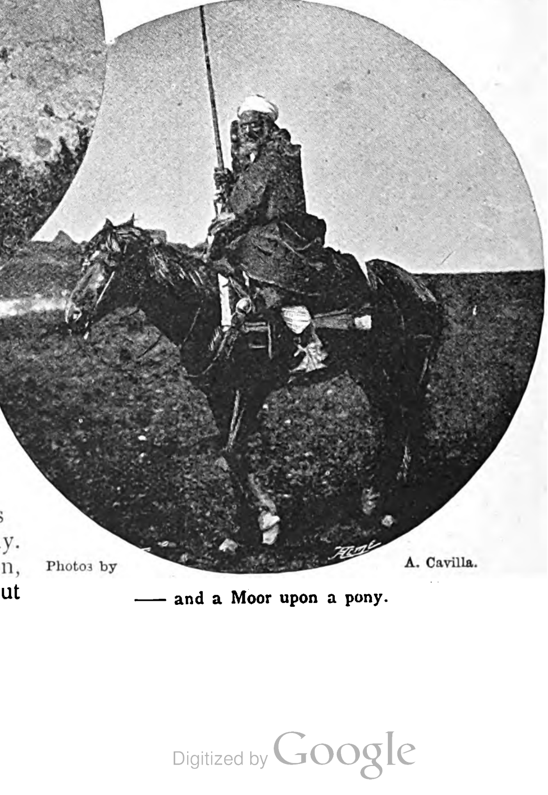
it is doubtless lacking in weight and solidity, but makes up for these defects by a marvellous rapidity of movements which recent events in another part of the Dark Continent have taught us to regard as one of the most important virtues an army should possess.

A European resident riding upon a camel —

Yes, decidedly the French will have n "walk over," if their covetous ambitio should tempt them to grasp at the Sultan of Morocco's realm.

And highly characteristic are the methods employed for drilling this Moroccan army. The military instructors are European, Frenchmen and Germans predominating, but all the drill orders are spoken *in English.* So that it comes about that you may pass a Moorish squad being drilled by a German, and hear the latter shout, "Right about turn!" and a little further on—behold another squad under a Frenchman, yelling to the top of his voice, "Queeck Mar-r-rch!"

Casting one's eye over the whole of the Empire of Morocco, one finds the same idea carried out. The country is a place of contrast, a place where romance and misery, beauty and hideousness, extravagance and poverty, go hand in hand.



Photos by A. Cavilla.

— and a Moor upon a pony.

AN AMERICAN ALLIANCE

BY ALFRED SLADE

ILLUSTRATIONS BY Popini

"SAY, young man!"

The young man in question did not wish to say anything just then; did not wish either to answer or be spoken to; he was scarcely in a sociable humour. Man is only an animal after all—an animal in the beginning, to become an animal quickly again in times of stress and sickness; and thus, with an animal's instinct, to hide away and be alone in his sorrow.

And Harold Atherton was very sorrowful, and his sorrow was neither sentimental nor at all interesting; he was only suffering from that greatest sorrow of all, the agony of hunger, the pangs of poverty.

Not the poverty of Park Lane, which really cannot afford another new horse this season; nor the poverty of Peckham, which is obliged to travel second class; nor even the poverty of Pentonville, which buys its eggs at tenpence the dozen. But the poverty of everything that makes life worth living, the poverty of all that makes life even possible; the absolute poverty of pennilessness. The hunger for bread, the hunger too for sympathy, for companionship, encouragement, success; the hunger, in short, for life, almost the hunger for death. And first and last, always the hunger, positive and ever-present, the hunger for something—anything—to eat.

A stranger in a strange city, without friends, without money, practically starving; such was Harold Atherton at this present moment.

He had come to Paris to be a painter; he had begged his mother to let him go. He was all the poor widow had on earth; he remembered that only too late. He wanted so to be an artist; there was no other way but Paris. She yielded, as so many other fond mothers before her; she broke her heart afresh, her heart still bleeding from the loss of his father, and let him go—and so he came to Paris and studied. For two years he studied, with no other thought but his art; and then his mother died—died before he could reach her. She would not let them send him word that she was ill—it would interrupt his work, the work he loved; she would soon get better again—there was no need to worry the boy with her ailments.

Harold came home, an hour too late, and there watching alone through the dull, heavy night, his young heart nearly broke. He had never known how much she was to him, this poor mother he had not seen these two years; he had never known how much he had been to her, how much the sorrow of his absence had wearied and weakened her. And beside her bier he knelt and wept in remorse and bitter agony; and the morning came and the morning sun, and he stood up alone in all the world.

They found that the widow had died penniless, absolutely penniless; how, even she had managed to support herself these two years was a wonder; she had sent all her money to Harold in Paris. They had never been well-off, as he had thought, as even, dear woman, she had led him to think; and now when the end was come, Harold found himself practically destitute.

But to an artist one thing only was possible—his art. So he went back to Paris, to study and, as he said, to succeed. To succeed! For six months he painted birthday cards and designed biscuit tins. Sometimes he had the luck to be commissioned for a poster; sometimes to be allowed to illustrate a tourist's hand-book. But there were so many other men seeking the same things, better men than he, and just as cheap; and all the time success, the success of a picture, did not come.

He struggled on, in the misery of privation; he had recourse to every make-shift a needy artist has to fly to—and his poverty conquered him, and he fell ill.

They took him to the hospital; but he did not die. He loved a woman; that was the passion that gave him courage to live on. And so, with regular meals, he soon recovered; and at length they discharged him

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cured, with many recommendations to look after himself, and to take plenty of nourishment. It speaks something for his sense of humour that he could smile at this last remark.

Then he went back to the Latin Quarter, and found the garret he called his studio was let to somebody else, and his effects all sold for rent. And now for a week he had lived in the streets and slept in the gardens, and had eaten—seldom.

Still, he did not die—he loved the woman. He took his life to her, and forgot his misery. He would go to her, early and late, and stand and drink in her beauty; and all else was of so little importance, so long as he could but see her. Yet she was but of marble, this woman, and was called the Venus of Milo, and was enthroned in the Louvre. She was all that stood between Harold Atherton and the Seine.

This morning, hopeless and weak with hunger, he was stumbling across the courtyard of the Palace, eager to meet his love, when he was stopped by the exclamation already set down, and turning round wearily, he saw a lady and gentleman at his side.

The gentleman was a slight, dapper little man, of a sharp, energetic appearance, with grizzled hair, in accredited tourist guise, at once repellent and amusing. The lady was much younger than he, slight too, but taller, smartly dressed, in that brave fashion that American girls carry so well, with a tightly-fitting tailor-made costume and a large felt hat that in Paris, at any rate, is called a buffalo. An American visitor and his daughter—that was what Harold found himself hoping.

The old gentleman addressed him again:

"Say, young man, we want showing around."

Harold still looked at them, with some show of perplexity; he caught the young lady's eyes searching him kindly.

"You are an English guide now, aren't you?"

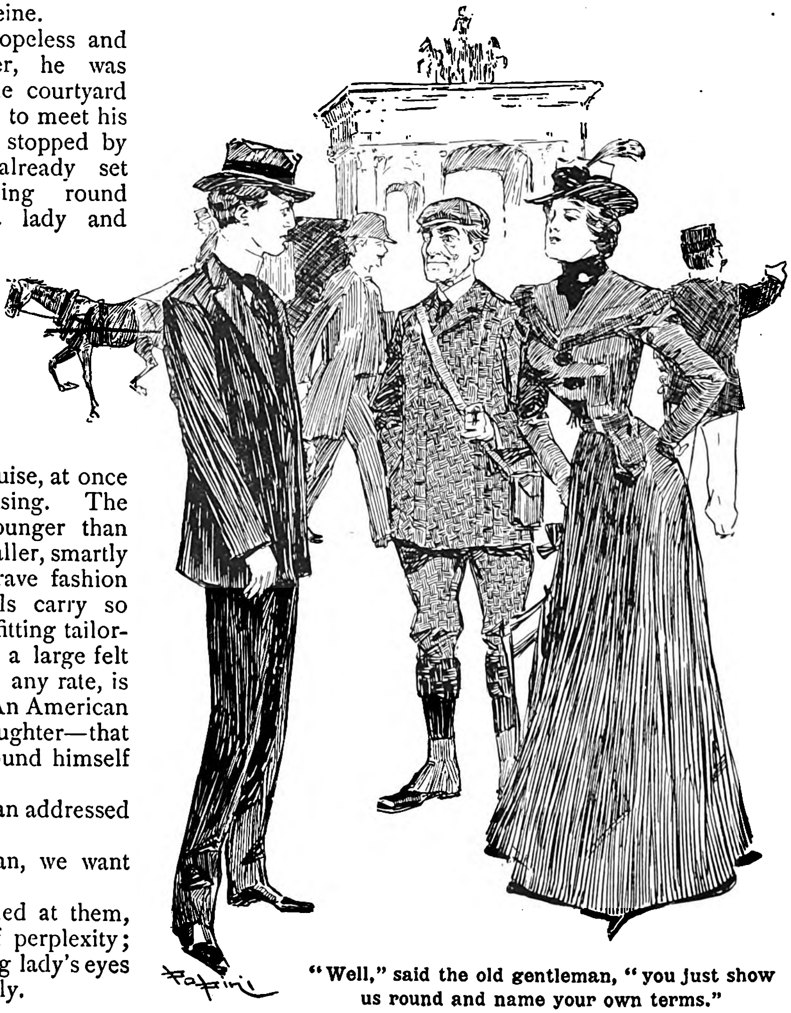
If her companion had asked him he would have assuredly spoken the truth; but he was looking into those kindly, steel-grey eyes of hers, and impulsively, irrationally, perhaps instinctively, he answered, "Of course!"

"Well!" said the old gentleman, "that's what we want. You just show us around and name your own terms. We look to do this tour regardless."

"Thank you, Mr. ——" Harold stammered, and stopped.

"Winstead, young man," was the reply. "John G. Winstead, of New York City; and this here's my daughter, Penelope."

Harold acknowledged the explanation with a bow, in which there was more of gratitude and relief than he was perhaps aware; he had



"Well," said the old gentleman, "you just show us round and name your own terms."

been fearing she might not be his daughter after all.

"My name's Atherton," he said in his turn. "Harold Atherton, at your service." It was the lady who bowed now; the scene was quite a ceremony of introduction.

"It's our first trip to Paris," she said with a smile, "and so you'll find us quite too ignorant, Mr. Atherton; and popper couldn't hit it at all with the guide at the hotel."

"Well," said Mr. Winstead, "why not commence where we are. Let's start ahead and do the Louvre."

"All right," replied Harold, "the principal entrance is across the quadrangle yonder. Will you follow me?"

They followed him, Penelope with her eyes as well, and she saw him pause and stagger, and almost faint, and she saw him save himself by an effort and stagger forward and still go on.

"Mr. Atherton," she cried, "what is this arch here?" pointing to the small Arch of Triumph on their way.

Harold turned; for that was all she wanted, Then she saw, too, the pallor of his face, his bloodless lips, his sunken cheek, his fiery, feverish eyes; and she thought, and she sought, and her woman's instinct found.

"Don't worry about that," cried her father; "never mind about side-shows—let's get on to the solid thing."

And they all pressed forward again. But when they had come to the entrance, and were preparing to mount the steps:

"Popper," cried Penelope, "I want some more to eat."

Harold stayed as he was, slightly in advance of the others. He dared not turn his head; he waited, and, with self-reproach, he hoped.

"Well, now, Pen," replied Mr. Winstead, "I call that real kind of you, I do. I wouldn't dare to bring up the topic myself, but I could peck a bit with pleasure. They don't give you enough to eat where we are, Pen, and that's a fact."

"Would you mind, Mr. Atherton," pleaded Penelope, "taking us to a little restaurant, and getting us something. I'm sure you can, and we are so helpless by ourselves, you see; aren't we, popper?"

"So, so, Pen, so, so—but my daughter's right. And if, sir, you could manage a little more breakfast yourself, it would make it a heap more pleasant and sociable."

"I am sure you are very good," answered Harold sincerely, "and if I may come with you as your guest, not as your guide, I shall only be too pleased to accept your invitation."

"Put it there, Mr. Atherton," said the old gentleman, addressing Harold for the first time by his name. "Put it right there"—and he offered his hand, as friend to friend, and Harold took it and shook it heartily.

"Now let's get on," he continued, and began to retrace his steps across the quadrangle. Harold would have followed him, but Miss Winstead had laid her hand upon his arm.

"Won't you shake hands with me too?" she said.

And so their hands met, and they were friends—perhaps more than friends already.

"And now won't you give me your arm?" she asked again, and did not wait for the answer. And so they were walking back again, side by side; and to Harold the quadrangle has never seemed so small, so easy to traverse before.

They soon reached Mr. Winstead.

"Come on, popper," cried his daughter. "You come this end. Now I'm in the middle, protected on both sides."

And they went out into the street. Harold looked up at the name of it, he was hoping it was in Dreamland and would be called la Rue de la Vie—life and for life, with *her*.

"Say," interrupted Penelope's protector on the other side, "are we pointing right for the restaurant."

"Straight ahead," said Harold, waking from his reverie, "two minutes more, and we're there."

He took them to a little creamery in the Rue St. Honoré; a place he knew, where he had once had his regular serviette-ring.

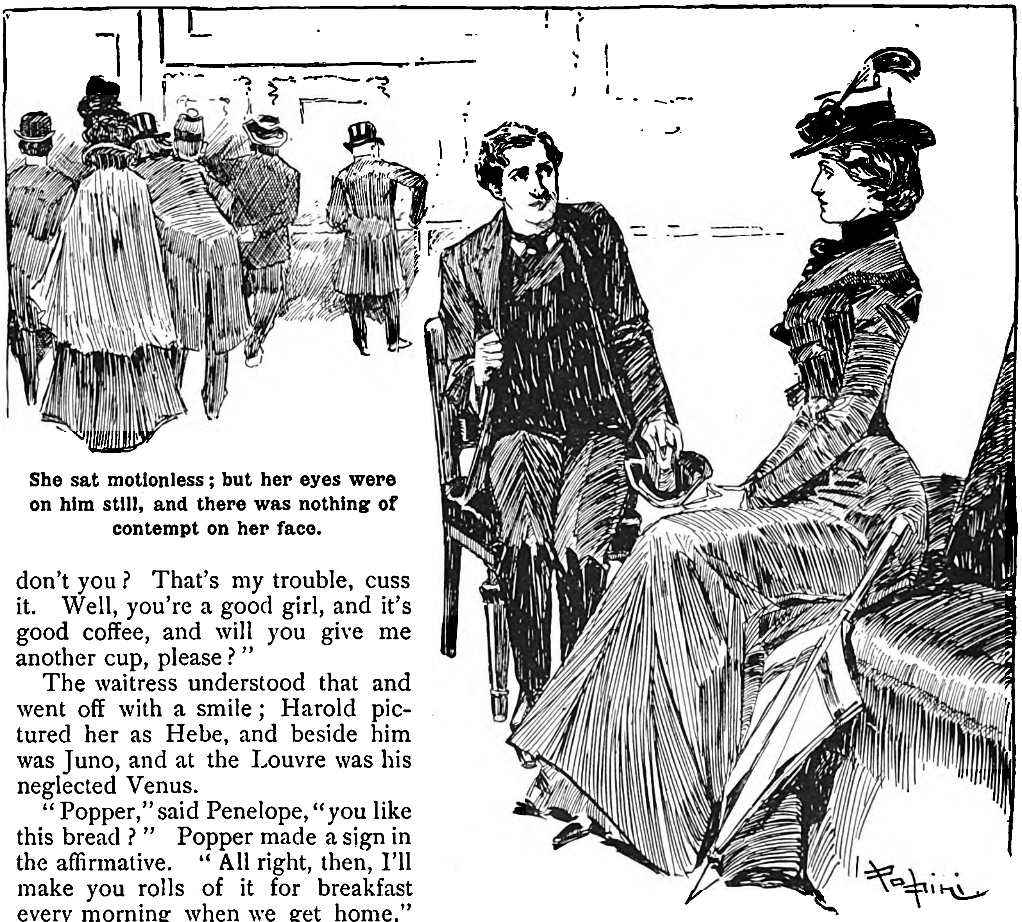
"How sweet!" cried Penelope. "It is just like a little toy-shop."

And she ordered there and then half-a-dozen eggs, "fresh from Normandy, Madame," and rolls and butter and coffee.

She made a great pretence of looking after her father, but the corner of her eye was always upon Harold; and somehow he felt no pride or awkwardness now, but fell to and made a meal that rejoiced Miss Winstead's heart.

And then, in the same corner of her eye, there stood a pearl-like tear—she was pitying him; but this Harold did not see.

"Pen," said her father, "this fills the bill; we'll come here every morning while we stop in Paris. You're a pretty girl," he went on, this time to the waitress, "and if you run this show yourself, some young fellow's got a good wife in store for him. Don't understand,



She sat motionless; but her eyes were on him still, and there was nothing of contempt on her face.

don't you? That's my trouble, cuss it. Well, you're a good girl, and it's good coffee, and will you give me another cup, please?"

The waitress understood that and went off with a smile; Harold pictured her as Hebe, and beside him was Juno, and at the Louvre was his neglected Venus.

"Popper," said Penelope, "you like this bread?" Popper made a sign in the affirmative. "All right, then, I'll make you rolls of it for breakfast every morning when we get home."

"And she will, too," said Popper, laughing at Harold.

She was laughing at him, too, but looking as well, and saw that he had finished his good breakfast.

"Popper," she said, "we mustn't waste Mr. Atherton's time, dear; we'd better make a move now."

"Was it already time to go? Harold had never found the time pass so quickly before; perhaps he had never before been so happy. Sorrow is dull, and sadness has leaden feet, but happiness is like love, and speeds on wings.

Now he found himself in the sunshine again, but surely never had the sun shone so gloriously as now. The springtime was very beautiful—how came he never to have seen that before? The world was very fair—life was a good thing after all. He had just eaten, and was walking by the side of the lady he was beginning to love, and yet he wondered why he was so glad.

"Sir," cried Mr. Winstead, "what is the Louvre, to start with, anyhow?"

"There are pictures in it," answered Atherton, "and a statue."

"Only one statue," cried the American, "well, we can top that in New York."

"There are statues and statues, heaps of them," said Harold—"but there is one."

"And what is that one, Mr. Atherton?" asked the girl.

"I cannot tell you," he answered abruptly.

"You're quite right. sir," said her father approvingly. "Penelope, don't you get asking questions that are not respectable to answer."

"I beg your pardon," said Harold to him, "you misunderstand me. And I beg your pardon, too, Miss Winstead," he went on. "I fear lest you misunderstood me also. I will show you my statue, if you like; will you come?"

"Thank you, Mr. Atherton," she answered, serious now, "but you must still lend me your arm. I have more need of it now, perhaps, than ever."

They spoke very little till they stood before the Venus of Milo. Harold had taken his hat off as if in worship, even the American was awed into silence. As for Miss Winstead her hand upon his arm trembled; there was in her eyes something of admiration, something of hate; then came the revelation that she was jealous, and of a marble block.

She drew away from him, and made as if to go.

"She is very beautiful," she said, "I think I understand *now*."

And she took her father's arm, and they went quickly down the gallery. Harold came after, and began to explain the objects exhibited, mostly all wrong, but it did not matter. Mr. Winstead was not frantically interested in art, Miss Winstead was more interested in something else, and so they came to the transverse corridor.

Here Mr. Winstead found a model of the Suez Canal.

"Kiddies," he said, "amuse yourselves any way you like for a spell, here's something wants studying. Like as not I can pick up a wrinkle or two for Nicaragua."

His daughter walked on, and Harold followed her.

"Miss Winstead," he pleaded, and she turned, and in her proud, grey eye there was a sparkle, not of pride, but of a woman's tear.

"Miss Winstead," he said, drawing nearer her, "I fear you misunderstand me worse than ever. May I speak?"

"Let us sit down," she only said, yet her consent was there.

He sat beside her, there was no one else near them, but his lips seemed sealed, he could not utter a word more.

"What do you wish to say then?" she asked in her turn. And he caught the glint of her eyes again, and that gave him courage to proceed.

"Only that I love you, love you dearly," came welling from his heart.

Then he was afraid, afraid of his presumption, not ashamed; and he waited for the torrent of reproach that he expected.

Not a word, she sat motionless; but her eyes were on him still, and there was nothing of contempt on her face.

"I am no guide," he went on, "only a painter, a wretched, starving, student painter. And when your father asked me—yes, you shall know all the truth—it was in the hope of a meal that I lied. Yet that is not quite all either; I know now it was, too, to be near you. I loved you from the first minute I saw you, unconsciously, because it was my fate. I loved you and I love you. Will you not speak to me?"

Her grey eyes were tender, but unquiet, too, and suspicious.

"And the statue-woman?" was all she said.

"Thank God, then, you are jealous," he cried. "Miss Winstead, I have loved my mother and still love her. I have loved the statue, and still love her, and I love you. The three loves of my life are these—the three loves that will last all through my life. And there is nothing of rivalry in them, but they hold my heart in unison; and one love does not lessen the other, but they all make me love *you* the more."

Her eyes were shining still; but not with tears. With what? He could not tell; he dared not hope; the depths of them were hidden, and they held his destiny.

She rose. "Popper," she said, "come here." Popper trotted up obedient.

"Popper," she began to explain, "Mr. Atherton is no guide."

"Well, do you know, sir," was his interruption, "it struck me that way, too. You are no guide, you know; but still we shall get on all right, I daresay."

Harold was desperate now. "I lied to you," he blurted out, "because I was starving."

"My boy, don't you fret about that," returned the American. "It's a white sort of lie, and hasn't done any of us any harm, anyway."

"I'm a painter," Harold continued, "an artist without an atelier, without a sou. Look at my clothes; you can see the pass I've come to. So kick me, and let me go!"

"Steady, young feller," said Mr. Winstead, "there's no call for hysterics of this sort. You'll do all right, if you bear up; only you can't rush success in any line. I expect Art's a good deal like getting your living; and that's mighty hard. Why, young man," he said, putting his arm on Harold's shoulder, "do you know what I was doing when I was your age. I was a conductor on the Elevated Railway at twenty dollars a month, and that's a sight lower down than art, you bet. *I'm* nothing, my boy, just because I've got a pile—nothing at all by the side of you. So just you buck up—d'you hear?—and lean on me a bit till you get your breath again."

It was he who had to get his breath again, but he went on, thoroughly roused now.

"An artist! That's God Almighty's nobility, young man. Any fool can make money like me, but he'd have to be an incurable idiot if he didn't feel modest before a man like you. I ain't got nothing to be proud of, only a lot to be thankful for; and you—seems to me—you've got heaps to be proud of, and all your luck to come."

And so they went on.

When they reached the open street, they saw that there was something evidently afoot. It is a wonderful city, this modern Paris, and a wonderful people who live there. At ten this morning the town was calm; now at midday the town was at the height of fever. The people were invading the street, forming into groups at the corners; the groups would now and then break off and march forward in procession. Other crowds would come up from distant faubourgs, with wild cries and frenzied salutation; a word of order would somehow be passed along from someone somewhere; men would spring as if from the gutter to take command with unquestioned authority, and the multitude would sway on with great resistless force.

There were no police to be seen; word went that they had been repulsed. "It is already a victory," said someone, and the speech was echoed all down the line. The shopkeepers had put up their shelters; the people on the upper stories had come out on to their balconies to see the spectacle; but they left the folding-doors open, so as to leave open a retreat.

Paris was in *émeute;* the cause was trivial, no doubt, and by now would be quite forgotten; the people had need of distraction, as a volcano that must sometimes burst.

They were talking now of petroleum and a barricade; only talking as yet; but there were women in the crowd, and they, as History has proved, can go to extremes.

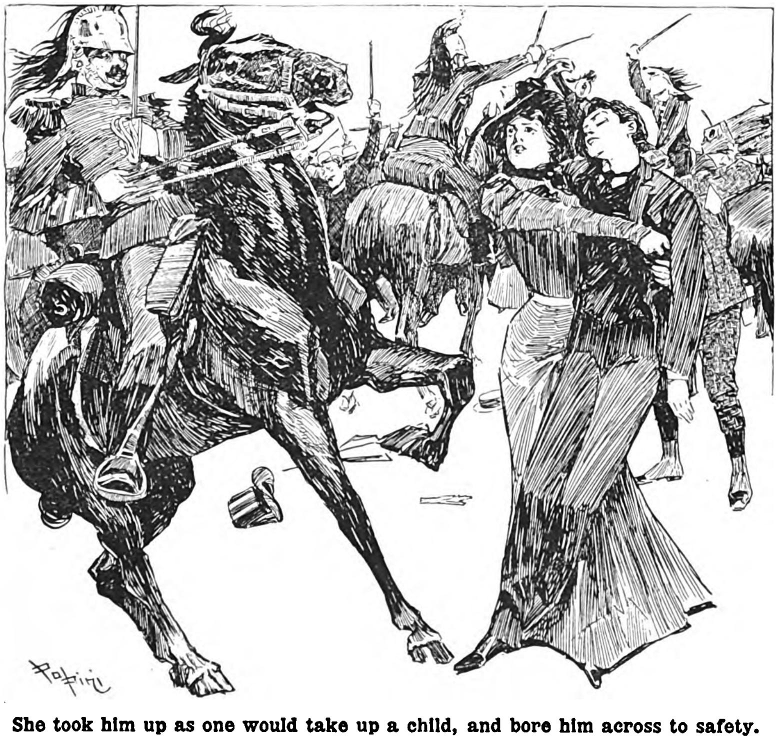
There came a cry, "the soldiery," and afar off could be heard the hoofs of a mounted squadron. Some of the people retreated, disappeared; some pressed forward, wedging themselves into a phalanx tightly, while there was yet time; some ensconced themselves in corners, with loose paving-stones handy, and waited.

Penelope's eyes were afire with excitement. "Ah, popper," she cried, "it is a revolution! Come right on, popper, and let's get in the thick of it."

"Pen," said Mr. Winstead, seeking to hold her back, "climb right down, and come in out of the wet. We've got no call to revolutionise; let these folk get through their own business themselves."

But it was too late; they were already in the vortex of the crowd. The crowd sucked them in and formed all round them; they could not move, save with the swaying of the mass, backwards, forwards, backwards, forwards.

Harold pressed nearer to the girl; his arm was round her now, and she allowed it; he kept his shoulders squared for the rush. For one brief moment he wished, with a



She took him up as one would take up a child, and bore him across to safety.

queer smile, that he had eaten more breakfast; but the next moment he felt as strong as Samson, for now the danger was coming.

There were confused cries up the street. Straining forward over the heads of the people, one could catch a glimpse of the horses' upreared heads, then the helmets of the dragoons, then the sheen of an uplifted sword; then one closed one's eyes, and one heard only the dull, sickening thud—happily they were only striking with the flat of their blades *as yet*.

The crowd reeled like a drunken man. It was feeling already the impetus of the charge, then stood firm again in sullen defiance. Pray God no one fire a pistol shot!—that would mean blood and massacre.

Clatter, clatter, clatter came the noise of the cavalry, their accoutrements jangling against one another and themselves; round and round went their horses, and forward again, prancing and rearing as in well-trained drill; and the people gave way, and the dragoons came nearer, nearer.

But in vain Harold tried to fight a way of escape through the dense throng. Try as he would, he could make no passage, they must wait till the passage should be made for them.

"Stand close to her," he said to Mr. Winstead, in a tone almost of command, and the old gentleman thrust forward his hand to grip the other's, and she, Penelope, was between them, and Harold's arm was always around her in sweet protection.

The passage yawned at last, but the mounted soldiery came swinging through it. The people ran this way and that, still the horses pressed forward each making a little alley for himself. Still the flat sabres descended, thud, thud, and the people fled or fell, and the charge went on.

The little party tried to retire on one side, but they got caught between two files of dragoons; a man in front of them was struck to the ground and a horse came over him.

Harold leaned up and met the horse's head with his disengaged arm. A blow on the nostrils, and the poor beast had swerved aside, and the rider had gone past and had not touched the treasure our hero was guarding. But the horse's hoof came down on Harold's foot, but he stood there, and did not cry or faint as yet.

There was a little space, a little opening of escape.

"Across," cried Harold, "to the side." And he tried to walk, but his ankle was as of jelly, and he fell helplessly to the ground.

"Never mind me," he cried again; "get to the side quickly—get to the side."

There was a new light in Miss Winstead's clear grey eyes. No fear had ever been there, nor cowardice; but now they shone with a warmer glow as Harold spoke thus.

And she leaned over him, and took him up as one would take a child; and so she bore him across to safety.

The soldiers saw it and paused to give her place in unaffected admiration. The people saw it too, and made way; and she had carried him to the pavement, and set him down behind the shelter of a pillar.

Her father came after, and rubbing his shoulder. "Pen," he said, "I would give all our dollars you don't want to have that soldier off his horse and in a corner." He had received the blow that was meant for Harold.

The charge went on. The people broke and fled in the opposite direction; and then, at the corner of the square, was a detachment of infantry drawn up, and they were fixing bayonets.

The people came back again like hunted rabbits; one by one they crept away through side streets and passages, the dragoons wheeled round, always at the gallop, to complete the rout; the *émeute* was finished for that day, at least.

The police came out with the ambulances, and took off the wounded; and the shopkeepers opened their shops again, and the omnibuses were running as if nothing had happened. And in half an hour there was not a sign that Paris had just escaped another Commune.

Harold was standing up now, his face pale with pain.

"Miss Winstead," he said, "how brave you are, how good! You saved my life."

"Mr. Atherton," she replied, "I guess you saved mine first."

And she would not say another word, but hailed a cab that was passing, and helped him to step in.

"Jump in, popper!" she cried, and she told the coachman to drive to their hotel.

"But——" began Harold.

"I beg your pardon," she explained. "It was the only address I knew."

Harold was silent, but he had no other address to give her.

Mr. Winstead spoke instead.

"Pen's quite right," he said, "she's always right. You've got to come with us and be fixed up."

So it fell out that presently Harold was installed upon a sofa with a doctor in attendance, who twisted the ankle back again into its place and bandaged it with a roll of linen which seemed everlasting; and prescribed a long rest for his patient, and plenty of nourishment, and chicken and champagne. He was the doctor of the hotel, you see.

So they had their chicken together, the three—Harold being wheeled up to the table, Miss Winstead sitting beside him.

"How good you are!" was all he could say—his wet eyes said all the rest. His hand went out towards her; she took it in hers. And then she bent and kissed him on the lips; and now he knew what the new light was in her eyes—it was the light of love.

"Popper," she said, turning to her astonished parent, "I have decided to marry Mr. Atherton."

"But, Penelope," he gasped——

"Popper," she went on, "marriage is a very serious and important affair. I think my wishes should be consulted. Also, popper, when I have decided on a thing, you ought to know by now that that thing's as good as done."

Mr. Winstead could only make a gesture of despair, but when she saw the shadow on his face, she had come across and nestled at his knee.

"Popper," she cried, "you dear old popper, don't you think I am right? For I wouldn't marry even my own love without your blessing."

What could he do? Only stoop and kiss her and raise her up, and lead her to this love, and join their hands together, and bless them as she wished, and that in all sincerity.

"I *was* hoping," he said, "as my gal'd catch a duke or a viscount; but I guess a *man's* a sight better after all. Put it there, son-in-law, put it there; you don't deserve her, but, then, there's no living man as does, or ever could; and if Pen's mind fixed about it, I guess that's good enough for *us*. Pen's right, you bet; Pen's always right."

Then they came to the champagne the doctor had ordered—and Penelope had filled the glasses.

"You'll do, son-in-law," continued Mr. Winstead, "as your late respected Lord Tennyson once observed:

> Real grit's worth stacks of coronets
> And backbone's more account than blood.

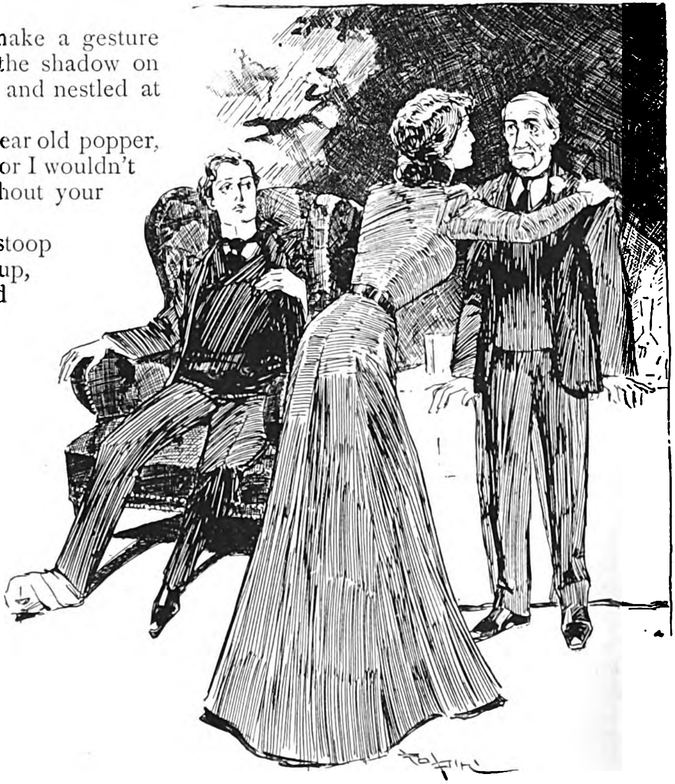
Pen, we tipples towards you."

"You dear old dad! Drink up quickly and put the glass down. I'm coming over to hug you."

But she came back again—to hug someone else.

Thus it fell out that they sent out for a cab for a cripple, which said cab was driven to the church and to the Embassy, and Penelope became madame. And passages were booked in the *Transatlantique* for Mr. John C. Winstead, of New York, with whom were Mr. and Mrs. Atherton, and Harold and his wife went on their honeymoon.

But they are coming back again—to Paris and the Louvre. Penelope understands all things now, and the Venus is a goddess though of stone, and Harold will be a great painter, and Penelope is his *wife*.



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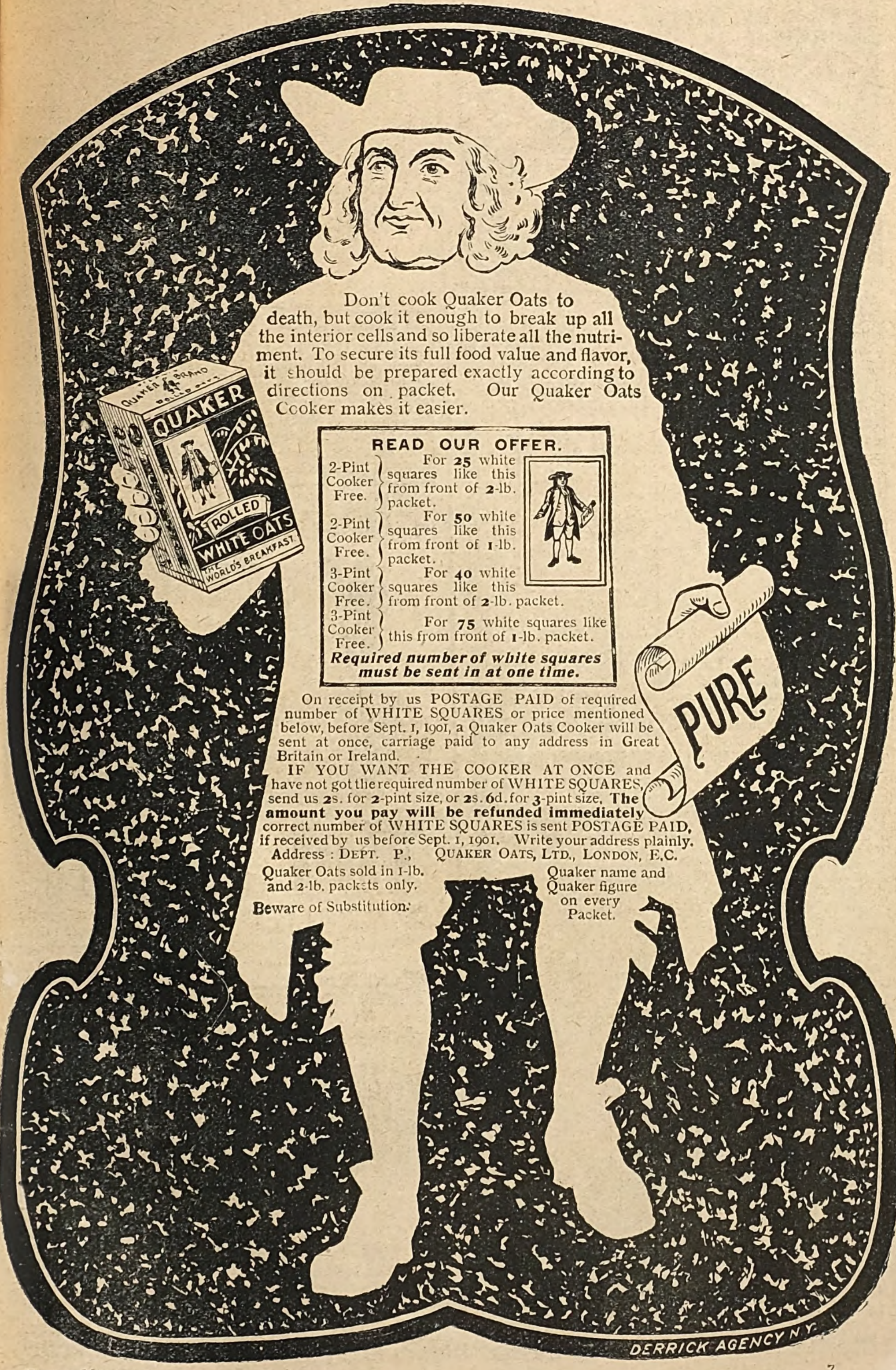

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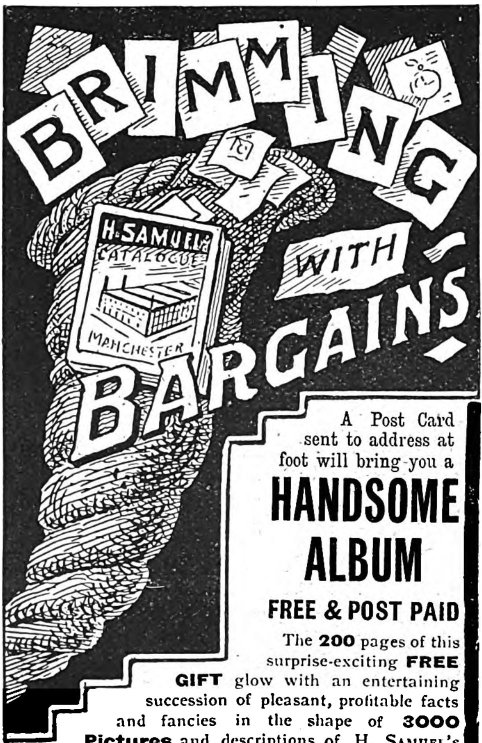

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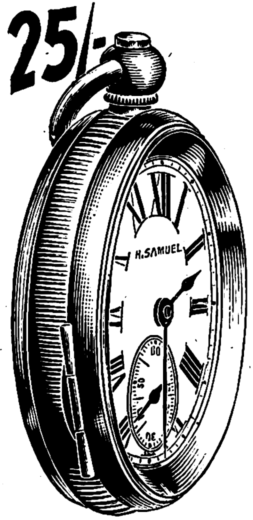

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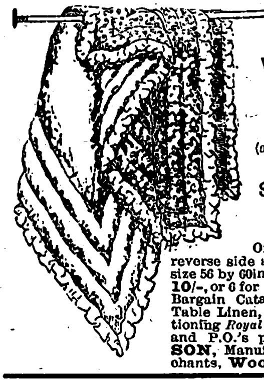

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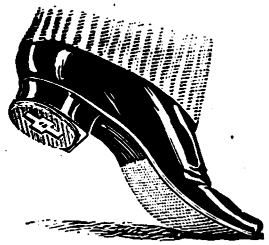

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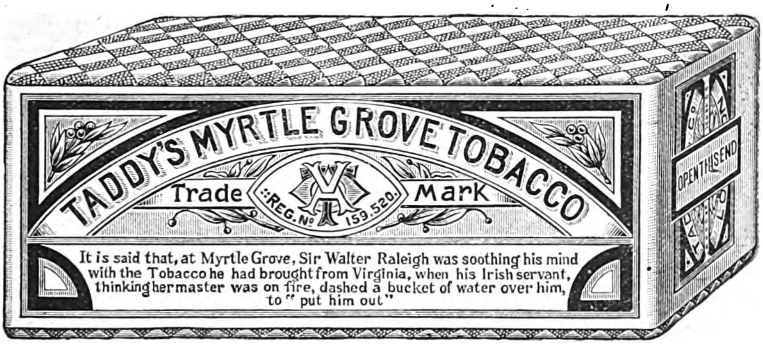
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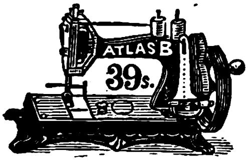

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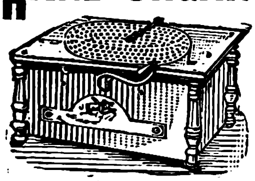

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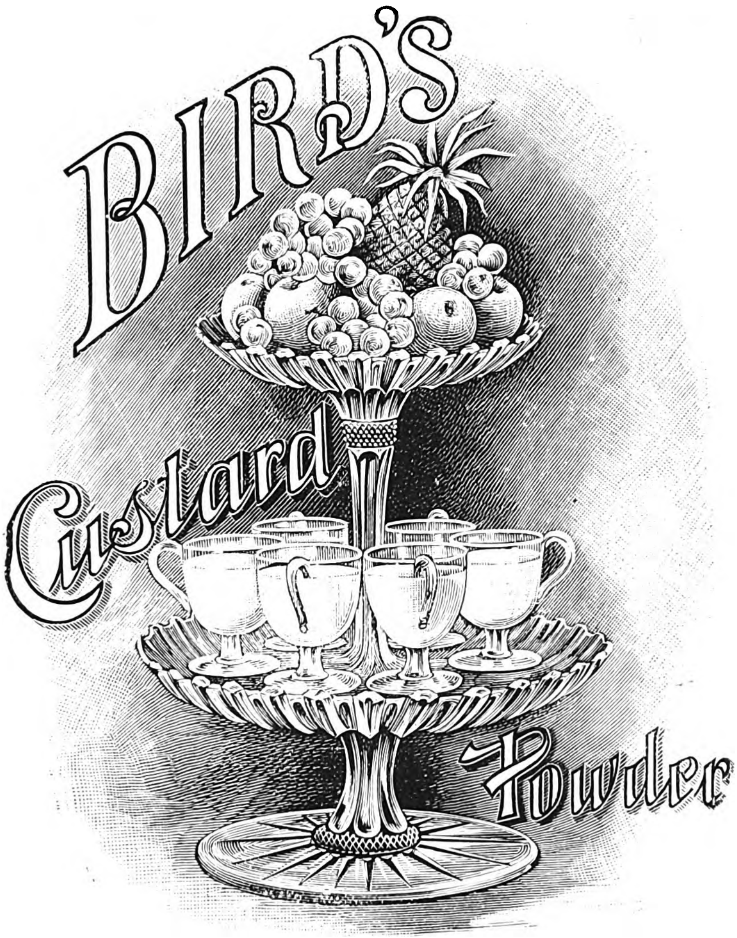

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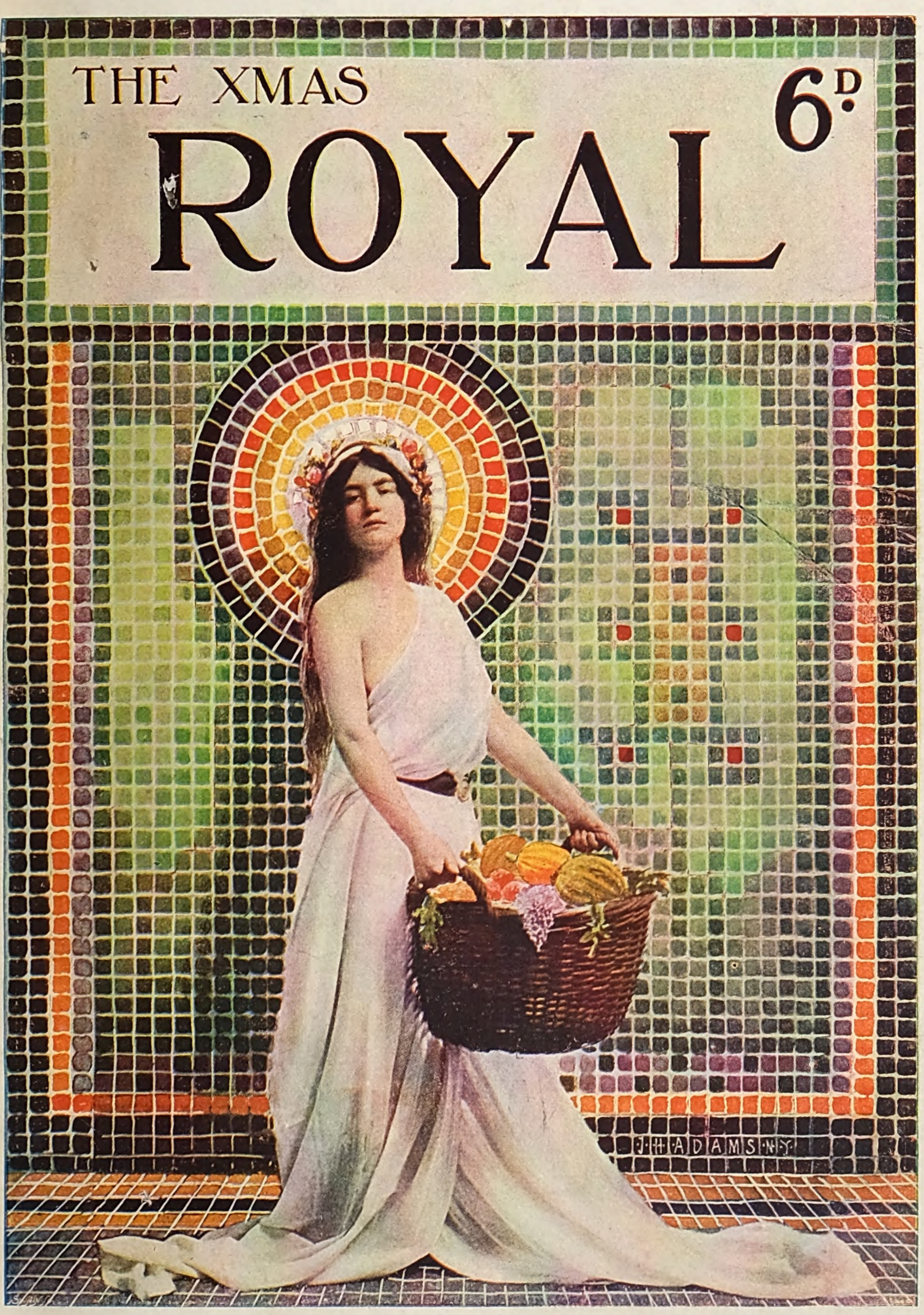

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No. 26. Vol. V.—December, 1900.

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But when it came to know me well
And love me, it would pass away.'

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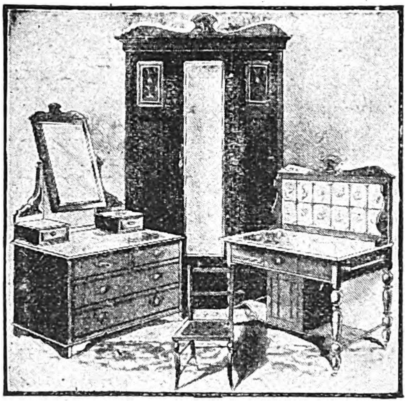

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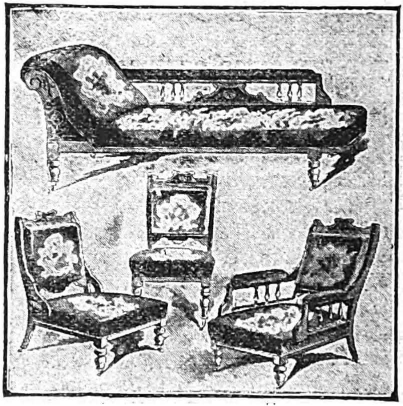

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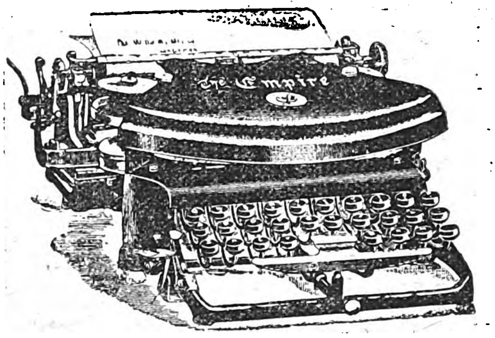

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Boots. By our method laces are dispensed with, the boot being simply fastened by a strap as shown in the illustration. This enables you to put them on as quickly as elastic sides, and the strap supports the ankle.

BOOTS

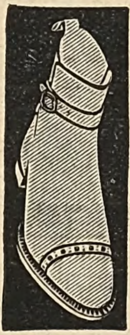
PRICES 12/6, 14/6, & upwards. Postage **6d.** extra British Isles: 2/- Europe; 3/6 Colonies.

London Address–35 Norfolk St. Strand, W.C.
Where Catalogues may be had, and measurements taken for Boots.

BOOTS MADE FROM CUSTOMERS OWN LASTS.

Write for Illustrated Catalogue (free) to

SOUTHALL & Co., Dept. 17
KIRKSTALL ROAD, LEEDS.



AN UNPRECEDENTED OFFER
Addressed to

EVERYBODY EVERYWHERE

A Handsome Volume of nearly 200 pages adorned with over 3000 beautiful engravings will be sent you **Absolutely Free of all Charge;** all you need to do is to send us a postcard and ask for

H. SAMUEL'S BARGAIN BOOK

the most wonderful work of its kind ever issued. It is as interesting as a novel and enables you to save nearly 50 per cent. It is crammed full of **SUGGESTIONS FOR CHRISTMAS GIFTS**, Handsome Gold and Silver Watches, Bewitching Diamonds, Charming Jewellery, Plate, Cutlery, &c., all at **Wholesale Prices.**

MIDDLEMEN'S PROFITS SAVED.

A Month's Free Trial Allowed
with all Goods. Don't omit to **Write To-Day!**

No. 1. **21/-** Lady's Solid Silver Watch, keyless action, jewelled, richly ornamented dial. Five years' warranty. 21/-

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

No. 14. **75/-** Gent's 14ct Gold Demi-Hunter, keyless, patent lever, jewelled in 10 actions. Seven yrs' warranty. 75/

No. 6—**8/6.** SOLID GOLD BROOCH, Government Stamped, **8/6.**

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H. SAMUEL'S BARGAIN BOOK
contains full particulars of the **Grand Distribution of Bonus Gifts to Purchasers.** Ten lists of Presents to select from are enclosed.

DON'T WASTE TIME! WRITE TO-DAY!
FOR THIS MARVELLOUS VOLUME.

H. SAMUEL (Dept. 39.)
95, 97, 99, 101, 33, 89, & 121, Market Street, **MANCHESTER.**

No. 4. **35/-** Lady's Real Gold Watch, jewelled movement, key winding, richly engraved case white or gilt dial, 35/-

A CHARMING AND ACCEPTABLE PRESENT.

NEW YEAR'S GIFTS.

No. 17. **25/-** H. Samuel's "Acme" Lever Watch, in solid Silver case, all latest improvements, fully jewelled, removable cap. Seven years' warranty. 25/-

UNDER THE ROYAL PATRONAGE OF

H.M. THE QUEEN OF GREECE.
H.R.H. PRINCESS MARIE OF GREECE.
H.R.H. THE DUKE OF SPARTA.
H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF SPARTA.
H.R.H. PRINCESS HOHENLOHE.
H.R.H. PRINCE GEORGE OF GREECE.
(High Commissioner of Crete), &c., &c.

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"HARLENE" FOR THE HAIR.

THE GREAT HAIR PRODUCER & RESTORER

The Finest Dressing Specially Prepared and Delicately Perfumed.

A Luxury and a Necessity to Every Modern Toilet.

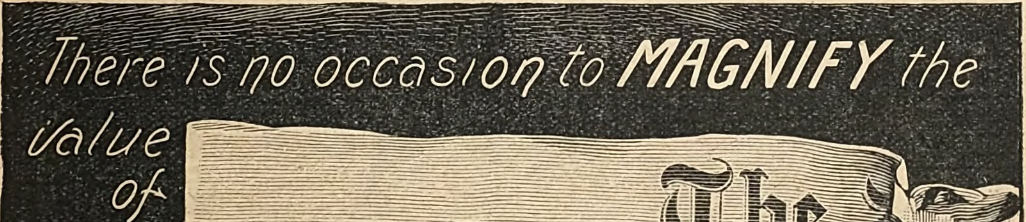
"HARLENE"

Produces Luxuriant Hair. Prevents its Falling Off or Turning Grey. Unequalled for Promoting the Growth of the Beard and Moustache. The Renowned Remedy for Baldness. For Preserving, Strengthening, and Rendering the Hair Beautifully Soft; for Removing Scurf, Dandruff, &c., also for restoring Grey Hair to its Original Colour.

Full Description and Directions for Use in 20 Languages supplied with every Bottle.

1s., 2s. 6d., and (3 times 2s. 6d. size) **4s. 6d.** per Bottle, from Chemists, Hairdressers, and Stores all over the World; or sent direct on receipt of P.O.

EDWARDS' "HARLENE" CO., *95 & 96, High Holborn, LONDON, W.C.*



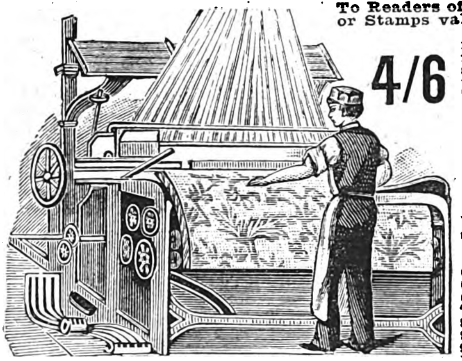
BIRD'S CUSTARD is pure, creamlike, nutritious, and easily digested, therefore is eminently suitable for invalids. It is a wholesome, delicious article of diet, for universal consumption. Eggs often disagree; BIRD'S Custard never.

Nutritious and Delicious.

1900 PROCLAMATION.

"OH, YES! REVENUES FROM ECONOMY ARE ENORMOUS."

THE RICHEST PROVISION in **KNOWLEDGE** made **ABSOLUTELY EASY** for the **ACCUMULATION** of this **INCOME.** Write to Messrs. F. HODGSON & SONS, Carpet Manufacturers, of the City of Leeds, who will provide you with full information, posting you free (if, when writing, you mention ROYAL MAGAZINE, Dec., 1900) a large, amazingly interesting, valuable, instructive, and detailed illustrated "Autumn" Reduction Catalogue, showing you what you can save, what to buy, and where to buy Carpets, Mats, and Hearthrugs of every manufacture, including Wilton, Plush, Brussels, Velvet, Antique, Foreign, and Furs, also **QUEEN'S ROYAL HOUSEHOLD, PRUDENTIAL, ECLIPSE,** and **ALARM CARPETS** and **HEARTHRUGS** (Regd.) Also Blankets, Curtains, Sheetings, Linoleums, Overmantels, &c., and a thousand other articles wanted in every household. (Copyright.)



DIRECT FROM THE LOOM.

4/6

To Readers of "Royal Magazine," Dec., 1900, on receipt of Postal Order or Stamps value 4/6 (Regd.), we will send you the **Largest Genuine Reversible Carpet in Brussels Finish, with Rug,** ever sold at the Price direct from the Looms to any address on receipt of amount. Suitable for drawing room, dining room, bedroom, &c., bordered and woven in Brussels Patterns, as an advertisement for our goods, thus saving any middle profit. Remember these are woven, and are made of a material almost equal to wool. **Thousands of these Carpets have been already sold at double these prices.**

SPECIAL OFFER.—2 CARPETS and 2 RUGS, 8s.

REAL BRUSSELETTE CARPETS

Admittedly the Marvel of the Age.

Woven and Reversible, rich Brussels and Turkey patterns and Colourings, superior quality, with handsome border to match. A Marvel of Excellence and Beauty. These Carpets are superb imitations of Real Brussels, and, except by the closest scrutiny, the difference cannot be detected.

6 ft. by 6 ft....	... 2/11 each	REDUCED SALE PRICES.	10½ft. by 12 ft.	... 11/6 each
6 ft. by 7½ft....	... 3/11 „		9 ft. by 15 ft.	... 12/6 „
6 ft. by 9 ft....	... 4/9 „		12 ft. by 12 ft.	... 12/9 „
7½ft. by 9 ft....	... 5/11 „		12 ft. by 13½ft.	... 14/6 „
9 ft. by 9 ft....	... 7/6 „		12 ft. by 15 ft.	... 15/9 „
9 ft. by 10½ft.	... 8/6 „		12 ft. by 18 ft.	... 19/6 „
9 ft. by 12 ft.	... 9/6 „		12 ft. by 21 ft.	... 22/6 „

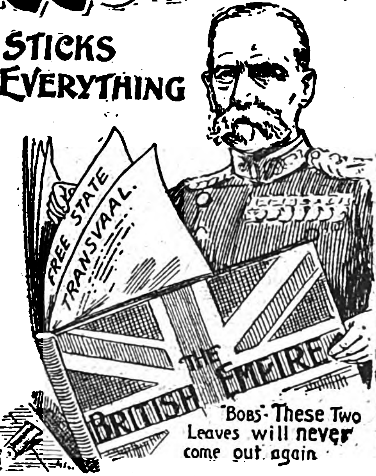
When ordering, please mention if for Bed, Dining, Drawing, or Sitting Room, and any particular colour preferred.

A Reversible "Brusselette" Hearthrug (Regd.) to match above-Carpets, sent for 1/6 extra, size 2yds. long and 1yd. wide. **SPECIAL OFFER.**—3 Hearthrugs for 4/3, or 6 for 8/-. Sterling Value. CHEQUES AND P.O.'s PAYABLE TO

F. HODGSON & SONS, Manufacturers, Importers, and Merchants, **WOODSLEY ROAD, LEEDS.**

SECCOTINE

STICKS EVERYTHING


FREE STATE
TRANSVAAL.
THE BRITISH EMPIRE
"BOBS"- These Two Leaves will never come out again

You can have a Sample free on application.

Sticks new or old ware. Invaluable to the Joiner, the Photographer, the Fret Worker, and the professional and amateur in all manufactures. Sticks even iron and textiles.

Tubes, 6d. each, everywhere.

M'CAW, STEVENSON & ORR, Ltd., BELFAST.

29, Cannon Street, LONDON.
12, Renfield Street, GLASGOW.
7, John Bright St., BIRMINGHAM.

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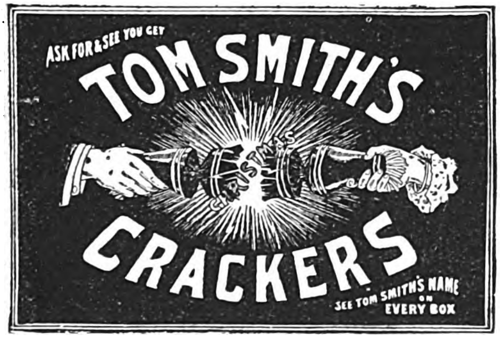

ASK FOR & SEE YOU GET
TOM SMITH'S
CRACKERS
SEE TOM SMITH'S NAME ON EVERY BOX

HIGHLAND WHISKY

WHETHER you are a novice or a connoisseur, you may send here for Scotch Whisky with a feeling of perfect safety, as no misrepresentation, no adulteration, and no substitution is tolerated. Those who are considered the best judges proclaim my blends to be super-excellent. Suppose you try and pass judgment on their judgment.

Buying Scotch Whisky direct from the Blender saves you all intermediate profits, and I sell large or small quantities of the finest Whiskies at prices the ordinary dealer would pay his wholesaler.

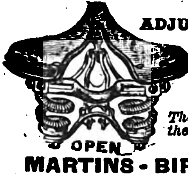
Your next order sent here will show you how much better my blends are than the ordinary.

All goods are sent carriage paid, and cash must accompany all orders. Booklet on "Whisky and Prices" post free. NO AGENTS.

	1 Bot.	6 Bots.	12 Bots.
Old Vatted Whisky	3/3	18/-	35/-
Old Vatted Highland Whisky ...	3/6	20/-	39/-
Old Liqueur Scotch Whisky ...	3/9	21/6	41/-
Extra Special Liqueur Whisky ...	4/3	25/-	48/-

ROBERT WILSON, Scotch Whisky Blender

(R. Dept.), LOCHEE, SCOTLAND.



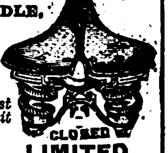
No. 055

ADJUSTABLE SADDLE,

15/- each.

OF ALL AGENTS OR DIRECT.

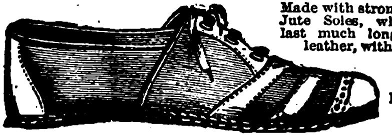
The rider may adjust the width of seat to suit himself.



MARTINS - BIRMINGHAM, LIMITED.

☛ THIS IS THE SHOE YOU WANT.

SEE TESTIMONIAL BELOW!!



Made with strong Plaited Jute Soles, which will last much longer than leather, with ordinary wear. Comfortable, healthful, noiseless.

MR. WILLIN, Central Station Restaurant, Manchester, writes (22/5/00): "Feet never seem to get tired in them. They are non-conductors of both heat and cold, and are most comfortable."

Enclose length walking shoe. Colour—White, Brown, or Black.	Prices post free. Chldrn's.	Ladies'.	Gnt's.
A. Plain Shoes (without strapping) ...	1/6	1/9	2/-
D. Superior Canvas (as per illustration)	—	2/6	2/9
E. Velvet Uppers (Black)	—	3/-	3/3
Felt Slippers, best quality (Black) ...	1/-	1/3	1/6
Leather-soled Shoes (Superior)	3/6	4/-	4/9
Rubber Shoes (White, Black, or Brown)	—	3/-	3/6
Red Rubber (Brown Canvas)	—	—	5/6

Off Three Pairs at one time we allow 2d. per pair.

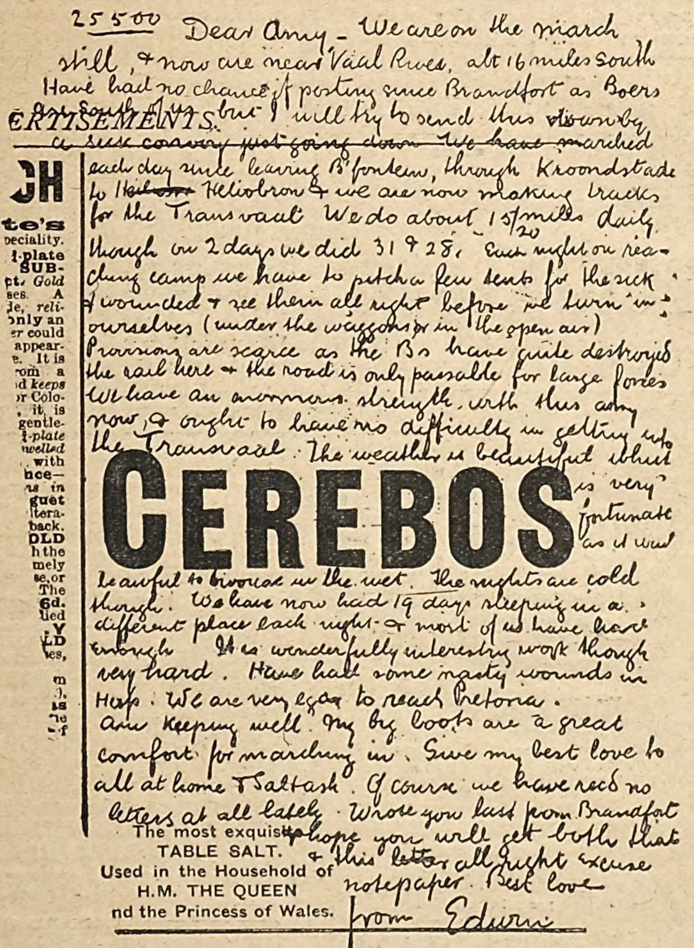
N.B.—Post free United Kingdom, abroad extra, single pairs or any quantity. Trade and shipping terms on application.

PATENT CANVAS SHOE CO., 95B, Bath-st., Glasgow.

A LETTER

FROM THE FRONT.

The ONLY notepaper available near VAAL RIVER being the **"CEREBOS SALT"** advertisement torn from the "Strand Magazine."



25500 Dear Amy - We are on the march still, & now are near Vaal River, abt 16 miles South Have had no chance of posting since Brandfort as Boers are South of us but I will try to send this down by a sick convoy just going down We have marched each day since leaving B'fontein, through Kroonstadt to ~~Heilbron~~ Heliobron & we are now making tracks for the Transvaal We do about 15/20 miles daily though on 2 days we did 31 & 28. Each night on reaching camp we have to pitch a few tents for the sick & wounded & see them all right before we turn "in" ourselves (under the waggons or in the open air) Provisions are scarce as the Bs have quite destroyed the rail here & the road is only passable for large forces We have an enormous strength with this army now, & ought to have no difficulty in getting into the Transvaal. The weather is beautiful which is very fortunate as it would be awful to bivouac in the wet. The nights are cold though. We have now had 19 days sleeping in a different place each night & most of us have had enough. It is wonderfully interesting work though very hard. Have had some nasty wounds in Hosp. We are very eager to reach Pretoria. Am keeping well. My big boots are a great comfort for marching in. Give my best love to all at home & Saltash. Of course we have recd no letters at all lately. Wrote you last from Brandfort & hope you will get both that & this letter all right excuse notepaper. Best love

from Edwin

ERTISEMENTS.

CEREBOS

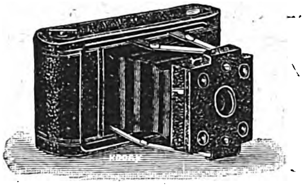
The most exquisite
TABLE SALT.
Used in the Household of
H.M. THE QUEEN
nd the Princess of Wales.

(REPRODUCED BY PHOTO-ZINCOGRAPHY.)

CEREBOS TABLE SALT

is always "at the front" in Good-class Houses.

AN ACCEPTABLE XMAS GIFT.



Price £2 10s.
NO DARK ROOM IS NEEDED FOR CHANGING THE FILMS.

The No. 1A
FOLDING POCKET
KODAK.

The New Kodak gives a picture 4¼in. × 2½in., yet is extremely light and compact. It opens and closes with one rapid simple movement. An eminently suitable camera for ladies, cyclists, and tourists. Write for fully illustrated leaflet, post free.

◆ ◆ ◆

Grand Prix, Paris Exhibition, 1900.

KODAKS FROM 5s. TO £7 7s. 0d.

Of all photographic dealers, or of . . .

KODAK Ltd., 43, Clerkenwell Road,
LONDON, E.C.

RETAIL BRANCHES:—60, Cheapside, E.C.; 115, Oxford Street, W.; 171-173, Regent Street, W.; 59, Brompton Road, W. Also at 96, Bold Street, Liverpool, and 72-74, Buchanan Street, Glasgow.

GIVEN AWAY
ABSOLUTELY FREE
HANDSOMELY MOUNTED SILVER (HALL-MARKED)
UMBRELLA
(Lady's or Gent's, at your option) to all purchasers, in order to better advertise our
"CHALLENGE" OVERCOATS.
To Measure. **21/-** Carriage Paid.

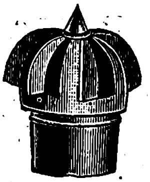
Send for Patterns and Self-Measurement Form **FREE.**
The Overcoats are made with or without Velvet Collars in Grey, Black, Blue, or Brown, and are Marvels of Value.

HENOCHSBERG & ELLIS,
The Gold Medal Tailors,
UNIVERSITY HOUSE, ISLINGTON,
LIVERPOOL.
(Please mention this Magazine.)

CHARACTER IS DESTINY.

Full particulars as to the Casting of Horoscopes may be had from the Editor of

"MODERN ASTROLOGY,"
Lyncroft Gardens, West Hampstead, N.W.



SMOKY CHIMNEYS CURED
BY USING THE WORLD-RENOWNED
"ACME" REVOLVING SMOKE-CURER.

An instant and Permanent Cure. The largest sale in the world. Over 90,000 in use. Delivered, carriage paid, to any address in the United Kingdom on receipt of Postal Order for 12/6. Printed directions sent with each. Any person can fix it. State inside diameter of chimney-pot. Particulars and Testimonials on application to Sole Maker—

John Cochrane, 44, Kirkgate, Leith, N.B.

A GOOD FIGURE can best be secured by wearing the
3/- 'VINCIT' CORSET
per pair, post free.

Every Lady seeking a really serviceable and comfortable Corset should wear the "Vincit." It is made on Health-giving principles, and yields a beautiful and graceful figure. Made in finest Black Satin-cloth, stitched silver, and in Fawn Satin-Cloth, fanned gold. In ordering, please state waist measure and colour required. Price, 3s. per pair, post free, direct from the proprietors only.

THE "SOVEREIGN" BEDDING PARCEL.

To replenish your Winter Bedding you should send for our "Sovereign" Parcel. It is astoundingly cheap, and will more than please the greatest bargain hunter. The parcel contains: 1 pair White Witney Blankets, 7lbs. weight, 2¼yds. long by 1¾yds. wide; 1 White Under-blanket, whipped both ends, 2¼yds. long by 1¾yds. wide; 1 Handsome Mosaic Design Quilt, fast colours, 2¾yds. long by 2yds. wide; 1 Pair Heavy Twill Sheets, 2¼yds. by 2yds. The whole Parcel for 20s., Carriage Paid.

FREE GIFT.—1 Long and 2 Short Frilled Pillow Cases presented to each customer.

20/- *THE BEST VALUE ON OFFER.*
Post Free.
THE 'VINCIT' CAPE.

FASHIONABLE and ELEGANT.

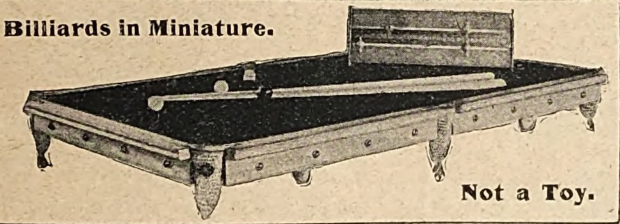
This handsome Cloth Cape is a splendid bargain; reversible; outside, Brown, Grey, Drab, Myrtle, or Navy; inside, Tartan, to correspond to outside. Send chest measurement (under arms).

FREE.—Hardman's Handbook, contains full particulars of new and unique system on "How to Dress Well at Small Cost," post free.

W. HARDMAN & SONS, *"The Dress" Warehouse,* **ROCHDALE, LANCASHIRE.**

Billiards at Home

Billiards in Miniature.

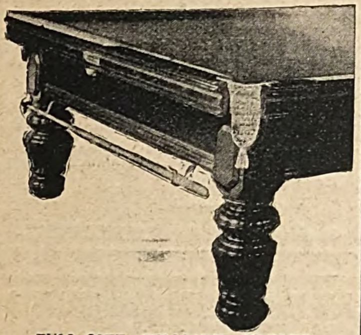


Not a Toy.

PRICES.

	£	s.	d.
3ft. 4in. by 1ft. 10in. For Room 11 feet or above.	3	10	0
4ft. 4in. by 2ft. 4in. For Room 12 feet or above.	4	10	0
5ft. 4in. by 2ft. 10in. For Room 13 feet or above.	5	10	0
6ft. 4in. by 3ft. 4in. For Room 14 feet or above.	6	15	0
7ft. 4in. by 3ft. 10in. For Room 15 feet long.	9	0	0

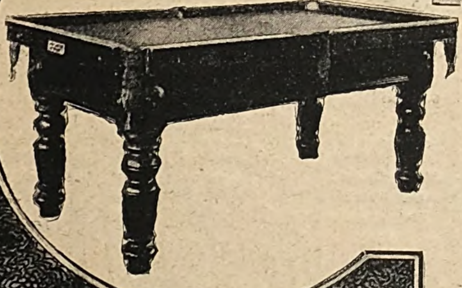
In OAK or WALNUT, **10%** *extra.*
CATALOGUE FREE.



FULL-SIZE BILLIARD TABLES, 50 to 250 Guineas.

THE LARGEST SHOW ROOMS OUT OF LONDON.

Old Tables converted to New Fast Low Frost Proof Cushions.



Solid Mahogany Legs and Cushions, Best Thick Bangor Slates, Fast Low Frost Proof Cushions, Bolted (not screwed), Superior Billiard Cloth, Handsome Marking Board, 6 Cues, Ivory Balls, Cue Rack, Dust Cover, Rest, Brush, Iron, &c. (Made to suit full size balls if required.)

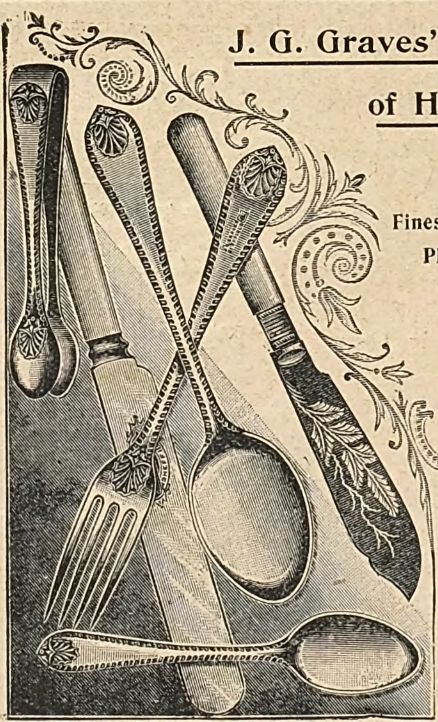
Complete Billiard Tables
FOR SMALL ROOMS.
PRICES.

6ft. 4in. by 3ft. 4in.	15 Guineas.
7ft. 4in. by 3ft. 10in.	18 ,,
8ft. 4in. by 4ft. 4in.	25 ,,
9ft. 4in. by 4ft. 10in.	32 ,,

8ft. and 9ft. sizes have six legs.

Estimates Free. **Prompt Repairs.**

E. J. RILEY, LIMITED, ACCRINGTON, (ENGLAND).



J. G. Graves' 'Registered Pattern' Parcel of Household Cutlery and Plate.

55 PIECES FOR 30s.

Finest Sheffield Cutlery and "Columbian" Silver Plate, Warranted to wear white throughout.

CONTENTS:—Half-dozen White Handle Table Knives, Half-dozen Dessert Knives to match, Half-dozen "Columbian" Silver Table Forks, Half-dozen Dessert Forks, Two Table Spoons, Half-dozen Dessert Spoons, Half-dozen Tea Spoons, Half-dozen Egg Spoons, One Pair of Sugar Tongs, One Moist Sugar Spoon, Two Salt Spoons, Two Mustard Spoons, One White Handle Butter Knife, Jam Spoon, Pickle Fork and Bread Fork.

With each parcel, as above, J. G. Graves will present a Handsome Bread Knife with Sterling Silver Mount.

You only send 3s. to start with, J. G. Graves will then forward this Splendid Parcel, and, if you are satisfied with it, you complete the purchase in nine more monthly payments of the same amount, making 30s. in all. If you are not satisfied with it, return the parcel, and your deposit is instantly refunded.

If you prefer to send the full amount of Cash with order, J. G. Graves will include in the Parcel a Fine Pair of Carvers to match knives.

Have you seen the New Catalogue of Watches, Jewellery, Clocks, Sheffield Cutlery and Plate, &c., &c.? Sent Free to your address on receipt of a postcard or letter.

WANTED.—Persons who can show our goods to their friends and influence orders. Good commission given. Write for terms and particulars.

J. G. GRAVES, Dept. 67, Division Street, SHEFFIELD.

BEST FOR THE

SKIN & COMPLEXION.

CALVERT'S CARBOLIC TOILET SOAP.

6d. Tablets. Sold everywhere.

ANTISEPTIC, EMOLLIENT, REFRESHING.

Illustrated List post free on application.

F. C. CALVERT & CO., P.O. Box 513, MANCHESTER.

ELECTRICITY offers the greatest opportunities for advancement to-day. We can teach anyone at home by mail to

Become an **ELECTRICAL ENGINEER**

or to learn Telephony, Electric Lighting, Electric Railways; also Mechanical Engineering, Mechanical Drawing.

Institute endorsed by Thos. A. Edison and others of U.S. and England.

Fit yourself to start in a new profession at a better salary. Write for our free, illustrated book, entitled **"Can I Become An Electrical Engineer?"**

The ELECTRICAL ENGINEER INSTITUTE OF CORRESPONDENCE INSTRUCTION,

Dept. 29, 240-242, West 23rd Street, New York, U.S.A.

FRILLED BUTTER MUSLIN.

FOR ARTISTIC HOME DECORATION. White, Cream, Ecru, and 12 Art Shades. CURTAINS, frilled 2 sides and bottom, 3 yards long, 56in. wide, 6s. 9d. per pair. *May also be had by the yard, 56 inches wide, frilled both sides, 11½d. yard.*

Sample Book of Plain and Fancy Muslins sent on approval. ROLLER BLINDS, edged with Lace or Fringe, from 4s. each. Samples of Materials on approval. Roman Carpets, *Tapestries*, Cretonnes, Art Silks, Art Linens, Plushettes, Art Serges, &c. Patterns on approval. Table Covers, Cushion Squares, and Mantel Borders. *Picture Book of Lace Curtains, Roller Blinds, Heavy Curtains, Blankets, Quilts, Carpets, Rugs, Mats, Stair Pads, Linoleum, Cork Carpet, &c. post free.*

H. GORRINGE & CO., 67a Dept., NOTTINGHAM.

IMPROVED

KNITTED CORSETS.

SUPPORT WITHOUT PRESSURE.

Good Unshrinkable Sanitary Cotton and Pure Woollen Underclothing. Write for Illustrated List free.

Also our UNBREAKABLE "HERCULES" CORSETS in Drab Coutil, 6/11.

Mention ROYAL MAGAZINE.

Knitted Corset & Clothing Co., 118, MANSFIELD ROAD, NOTTINGHAM.

Indoor Shooting Practice

HARMLESS PISTOLS AND RIFLES

with Patent Arrows which adhere to the target and indicate the score.

PISTOLS,
2/- 3/-, 5/-, and 8/6 the Set.
Postage and Packing, 6d. extra.
Separate Arrows, Targets, Belts, and Bandoliers supplied.

PATENT
HARMLESS PISTOLS
25
50
75
AND RIFLES

RIFLES,
5/-, 7/6, 10/6, and 15/- the Set.
Lee-Metford Models, 17/6 & 22/-.
Postage and Packing, 1/- extra.

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THE "BRITISH WEEKLY,"
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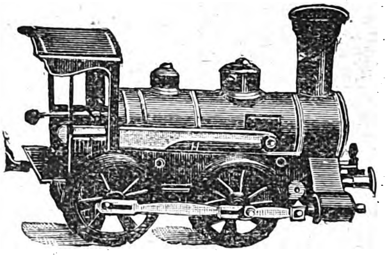

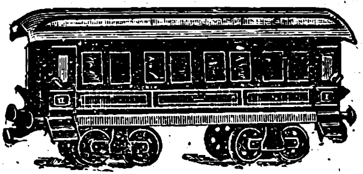

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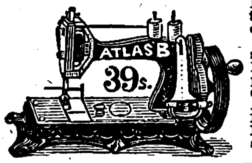

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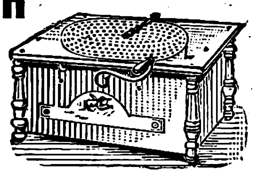

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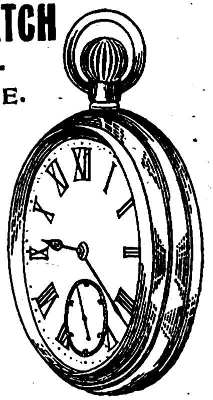

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Can be CURED by taking

TRILENE TABLETS

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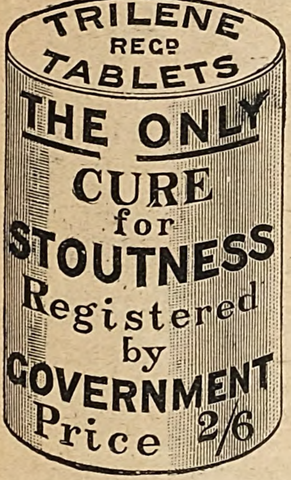

for a few weeks. They will safely REDUCE WEIGHT and CURE CORPULENCY PERMANENTLY, whether Abdominal or General. They are small, agreeable, harmless, sent privately, and never fail to improve both Health and Figure without change of Diet.

An ENGLISH COUNTESS writes:
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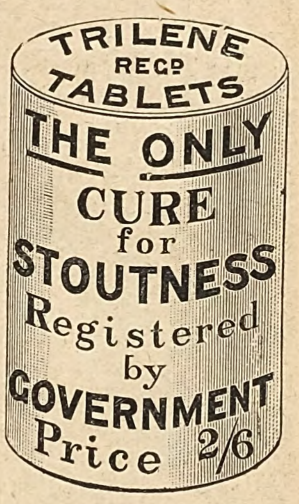

SAMPLES OF TESTIMONIALS.

Countess Seckendorff, of Berlin, writes: "I have taken Tablets with success, and am recommending them to friends."

Mrs. Drew, of 1, Bellevue Gardens, The Nursery, Devizes, writes: "I took Tablets some years ago; they soon reduced me, and I have not got stout since. Send a box for my mother."

Miss Northledge, The Laurels, Riseholme Road, Lincoln, says: "The Tablets reduced me 1st., so that I am cured."

Colour-Sergeant Whittle, of East Lancashire Regiment, Burnley, Lancs., says: "A man in our regiment in 1891 lost several stone from taking your Tablets."

Mrs. Darnley Smith, of Landscove Vicarage, Ashburton, writes: "Trilene Tablets have reduced my weight very much. I am so much lighter in every way, and better in health."

"87, Alexandra Road, Norwich, 19th Oct, 1896.

"GENTLEMEN,—In reference to Trilene Tablets, I may say that my wife found the greatest possible benefit from the use of them, and their action was rapid, as my wife was for many years growing too stout, but the Tablets soon reduced the same completely. You have our united thanks, and if I can do anything to promote your interests, I will freely use my utmost endeavours to do so.

"Yours faithfully, **J. R. Canham.**"

Princess Liechtenstein of Landsberg, Austria, writes: "Pray send me your Tablets directly."

Lady Constance Conrad writes from Wiesbaden: "I am highly pleased with your Tablets."

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Extract from "The Lady," 3rd Sept., 1896: "Many stout persons have suffered untold agonies in unavailing efforts to reduce their bulk, either by means of severe dieting or by taking more or less deleterious drugs; but all these pains would have been saved if they had only invested in a case of the wonderful Trilene Tablets, which are guaranteed absolutely harmless, containing neither mercury, arsenic, nor any other mineral poison, and which are an unfailing Cure for Obesity."

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Mr. William Usher says: "A sister of mine, who was 17st., was greatly reduced by your Tablets to 15st."

"77, Hindhill Street, Heywood, 5th February, 1898.

"GENTLEMEN,—Your Tablets work wonderfully in curing obesity. I have not quite finished the box, and am 21lb. lighter. The change is so great that several friends have begun the treatment, which not only reduces fat, but strengthens rheumatic joints—at least, such has been the case with me. "(Signed) **M. A. Heywood (Miss).**"

Mrs. Weaver, of Greenpits Villa, Station Road, Ross, Hereford, says: "I wish to say I have been reduced from 13st. 8lb. to 11st. by your Tablets, and can recommend them highly. You can use this publicly if you wish."

G. A. Gale, Esq., of Bothenhampton, Bridport, says: "Tablets most beneficial, and greatly reduced my weight. I feel better generally."

Father T. M. Byrne, of Holy Cross Abbey, Sligo, writes: "When I began your Tablets I was 12st. 5lb.; I now scale at 10st. 11lb.—my case, too, is hereditary."

Mrs. Alexander, of 102, Dixon Street, New Swindon, says: "They have reduced me 2st.; in fact I am quite cured."

Mrs. Mary Williams, of Old Yard, near Bedol, Bagillt, Wales, writes: "I have lost 28lb., and will do my best to make them known."

Miss Patient, of Woodberry, Theydon Bois: "Feel great benefit from Tablets. I have lost 2st., and am sufficiently reduced."

Mrs. James Smith, of Cowell Terrace, Soham, says: "Your 2s. 6d. box of Tablets reduced my weight 12lb."

Mrs. Crossley, of Rose Hill, Torver, near Coniston, says: "There is a very decided diminution of fat. I am delighted. I cannot praise Tablets too highly. My heart is better, and I can breathe so much easier. You may refer to me as often as you like."

Mrs. C. Alexander, 102, Dixon Street, New Swindon, Wilts, writes: "Tablets have reduced me quite 28lbs."

Mrs. W. A. Radford, High Street, New Brinsley, Eastwood, says: "Before taking your Tablets, I was 46in. round waist. I am now 32in., and can get about in comfort, and hope soon to be 24in. You may use this as you please."

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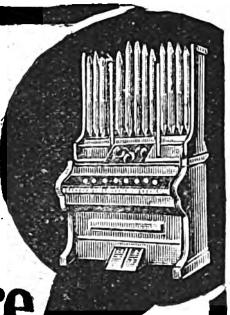

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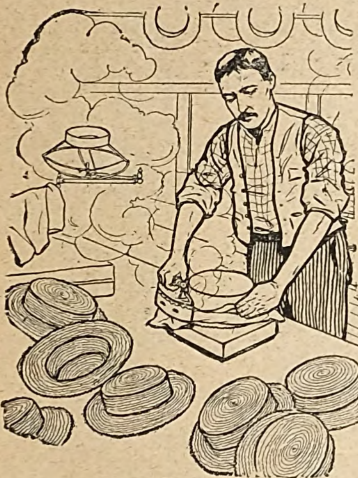

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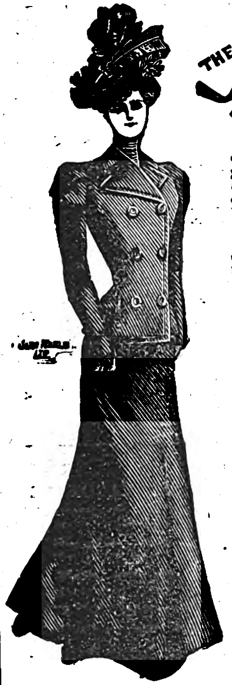

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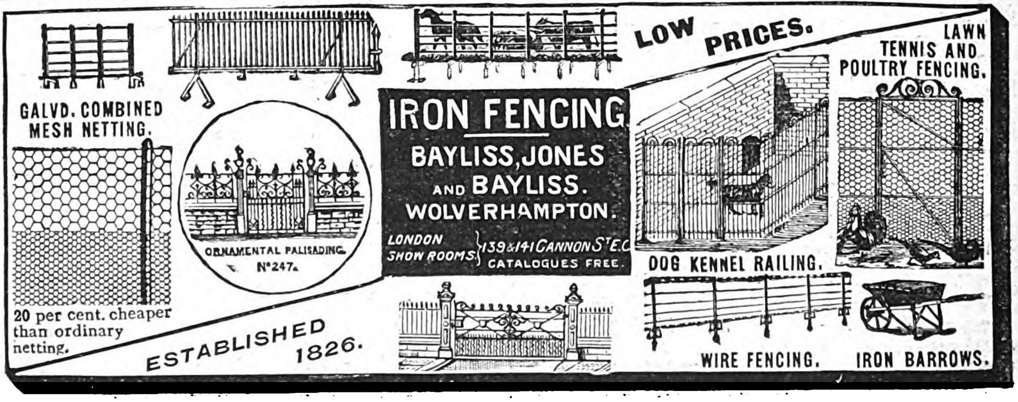
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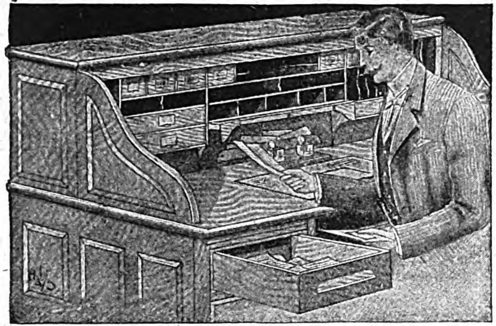

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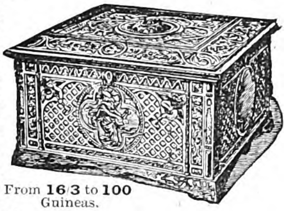

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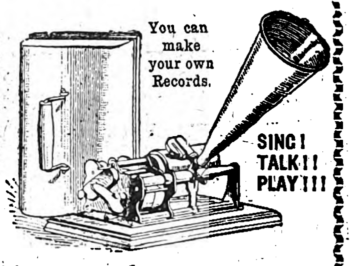
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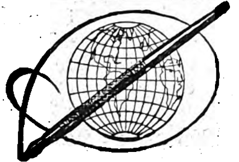

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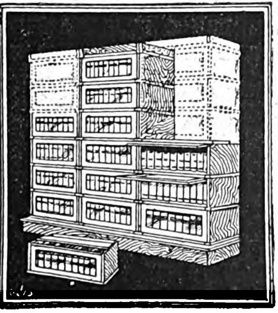

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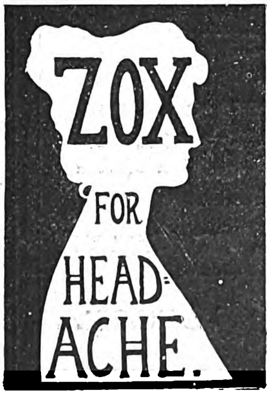

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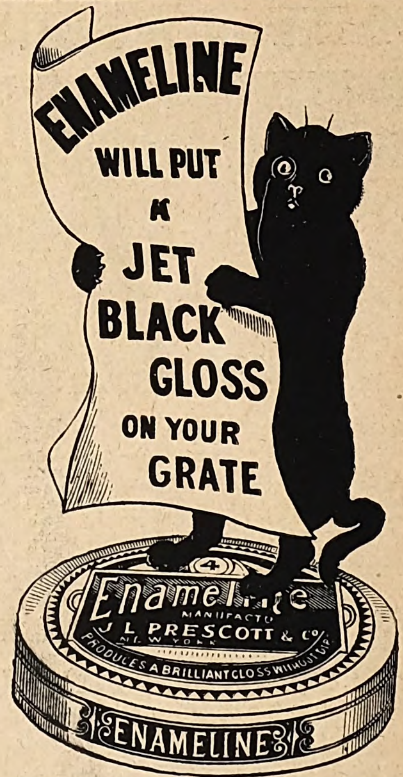
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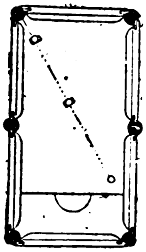

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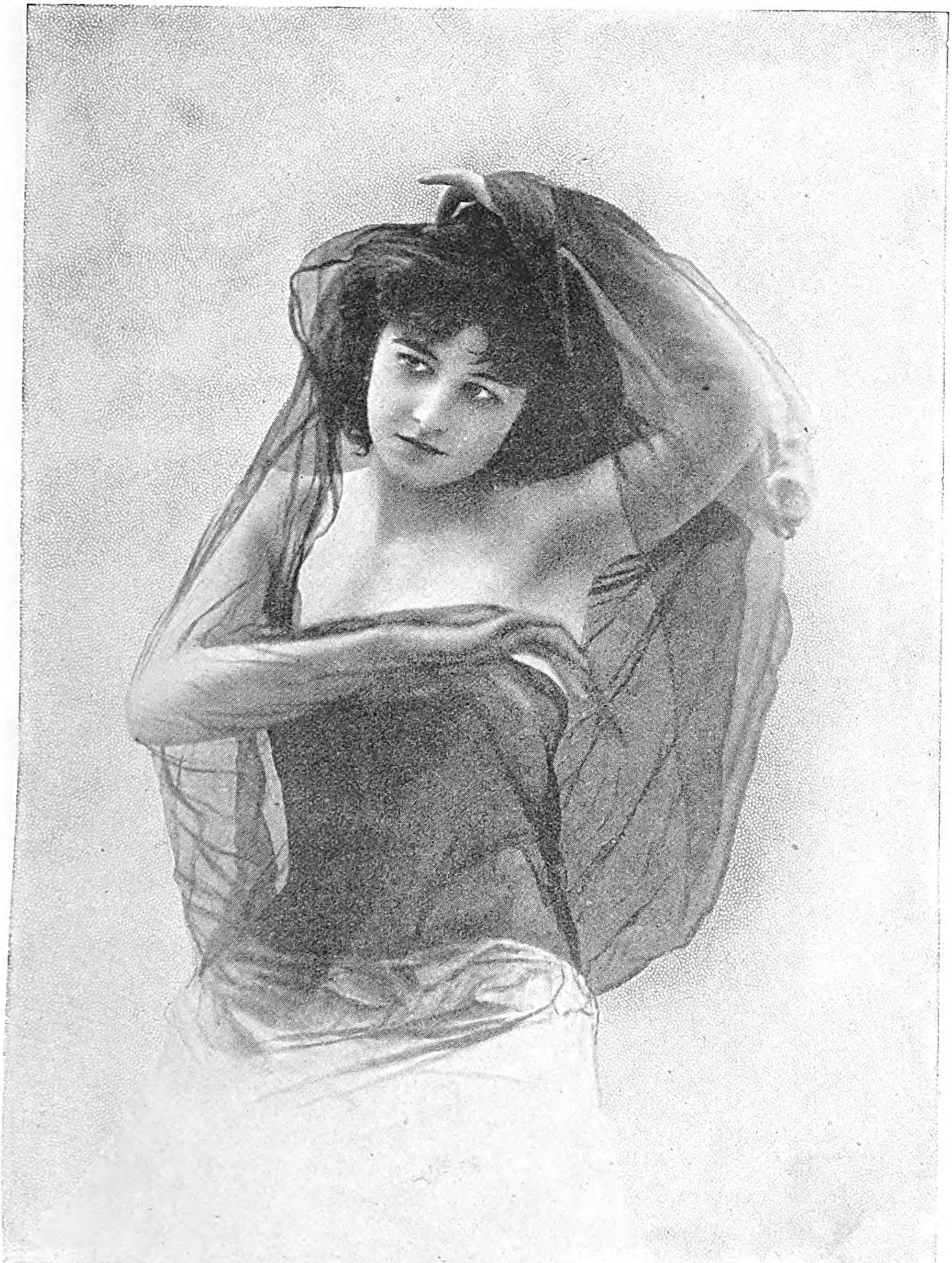

Photo by Madame Lallie Charles.

" Her beauty hangs upon the cheek of night
Like a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear."—*Shakespeare.*

Vol. V.—December, 1900.—No. 26.

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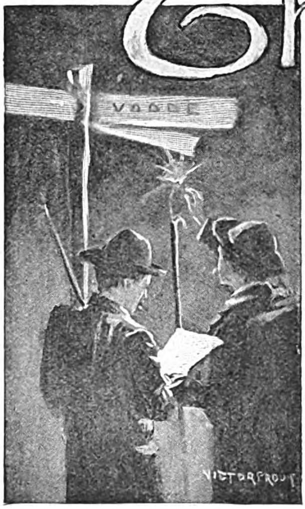
"The longed-for day has come at last
When he and I shall meet again!"—*Arnold Greenwood.*



The Twisted Sign-post.

By J. H. Shaye.

The traveller threw down his evening paper with a look of intense disgust upon his face.

"The people who do that sort of thing ought to be given a week on the treadmill!" he exclaimed.

One or two of us turned round in our chairs, and the journalist, being seriously overworked, said petulantly:

"Now who's been doing what to whom?"

The traveller took up the paper again and read the paragraph out to us. It told of some person who had lost his way on Dartmoor and had been found the next morning almost frozen to death. A sign-post on the outskirts of the moor had been twisted round so that it gave entirely wrong directions to the different places. The path which was pointed out as going to the village in reality took the pedestrian to the moorland. As a thick mist was over the country side the misdirection proved both dangerous and uncomfortable.

"And the paper heads that 'A Practical Joke,'" said the traveller.

"What else would you call it?" said someone. "It was foolish, of course, but I don't suppose the person who turned the sign-post did so maliciously, or with any other thought than a somewhat crude sense of humour."

The traveller looked at the speaker pityingly and then grunted.

"Did I ever tell you——?" he began.

"No," said we all in unison. "But we're quite ready to hear." The traveller smiled, and then drawing his chair nearer to us, told us the following incident.

* * * * *

No one would concede more readily than I that Norway is a country whose beautiful scenery it would be indeed difficult to surpass or equal. Tourists who go there in June or early July return delighted with the country and its inhabitants. But for myself—and I have visited Norway in all seasons—there is no time of the year so delightful as the last week or two of April when the mountains present their glorious snow and glaciers to the climber. About twelve years ago Deston and I took our holiday together, and spent it in Norway. Deston, you may remember, had a Government appointment as a scientific analyst, and had to fit in his time of absence with the holidays of his superiors. Both of us were fair mountaineers, and we had planned out for ourselves an enjoyable little tour, comprising the ascent of one or two peaks of more than average difficulty.

Suffice it to say, then, that our tour was in every way a success. We crossed over from Hamburg to Christiania, and then by coasting steamer and stolkjaere made our way from place to place. We got a little shooting, some fishing, and as much mountain climbing as the most ardent member of the Alpine Club could desire. It was not, however, until two days before we proposed to commence our return journey that the incident which you have asked me to relate occurred.

Accompanied by a guide, we had made that day the ascent of the Kirke Mountain, so called from its church-like shape. The whole day had been taken up in the climb and the descent, and as it had included two or three stretches of "chimney" work, by the time we reached the valley again darkness was on the land, and we were thoroughly tired. The guide

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directed us on our way to Vodde, the village we were bound for, and after we had paid him his couple of kroner, he left us.

Tramping along the road, our ice-axes and ropes on our shoulders, Deston and I talked over the day's work.

"Quite the best climb we have had so far," said Deston; "and our guide was much more reliable than the Norse generally are."

"Did you think so?" I answered, somewhat surprised. "For myself I was not very favourably taken with the man. Indeed, up one of the 'chimneys' he gave such a jerk at the rope from above that if I had not got a firm hold of a piece of rock with my hand the two of us would have been down. A more silent and morose creature I have never met."

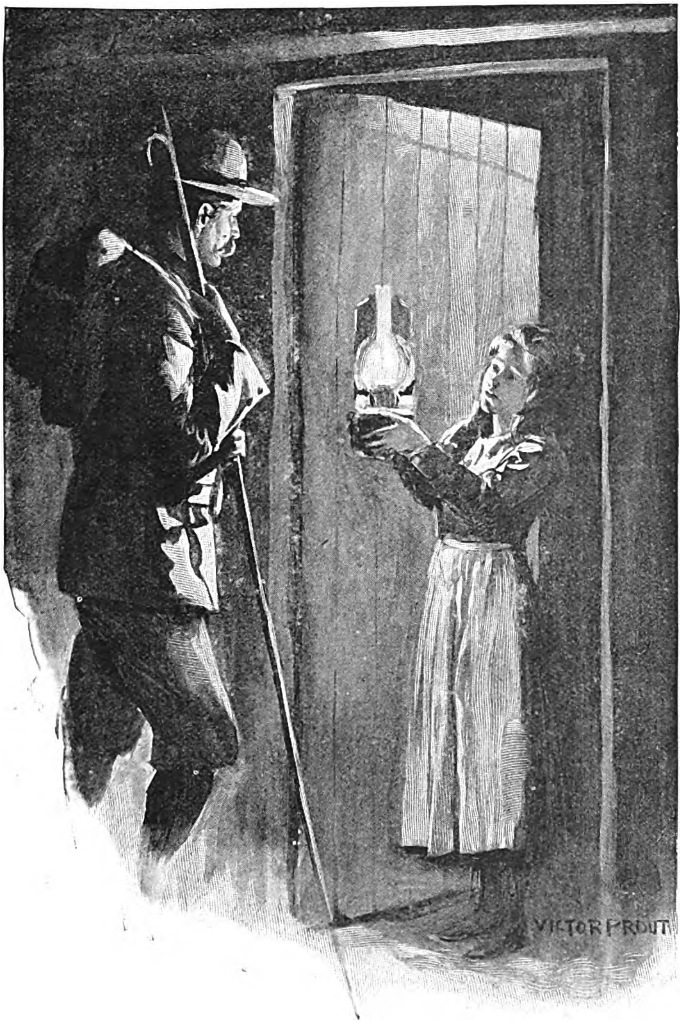
Deston laughed.

"That always annoys you," replied he. "You get no opportunity of airing your small stock of the Norse language, and so of scoring off me."

After ten minutes' walk we came to the dividing of the road, one path going due east, the other inclining to the north. We stopped to consider which to take, and consulted our maps for that purpose, striking matches meanwhile to study them by. Unfortunately they lent us but slight assistance, as only one path was marked. I held to the opinion that the path to be taken was the one leading east. Deston, on the other hand, decided very strongly for the northern road. As though to solve our difficulty, I noticed a moment later a three-handed sign-post, which, being in the shade of a tree, had escaped our attention. Going up to it I read the names on the arms, and then gave a satisfied chuckle.

"Just as I told you, Deston!" I exclaimed in a tone of mock superiority. "As usual, I am right."

Deston smiled, and went up to the sign-post.



The girl, who held a small lamp in her hand, looked at me curiously for a moment or two.

"Yes, it corroborates your opinion," he said, after examining it, "but for all that—for all that—Vodde should be due north of this, and my compass makes that finger point due east. I still hold to my opinion."

"Of all obstinate, red-tape-bound officials," I declared, "you're the worst? It's a case of compass v. sign-board, and I back the latter."

"And I the former," said my companion. We laughed heartily over our discussion.

"There's only one way to decide it, then," I said. "You take your road and I'll take mine. Vodde is only a mile further on, so that in either case the one who is wrong can easily join the other by striking across country. Are you agreeable?"

"Certainly," replied Deston, "I've the courage of my convictions."

Closing our argument in this manner therefore, and with a little lively chaff we separated and walked sturdily along the respective paths we had chosen. The moon came out from behind the clouds at that moment and lighted up the surrounding country. All about me was a stretch of wild moorland, plenteously covered with gorse, heather and shrub. In the distance I saw the sparkling waters of a small tarn, and to my delight after ten minutes walking I espied in the distance lights glimmering faintly but steadily ahead.

"Ah!" I thought to myself, "I shall soon have Mr. Deston retracing his steps."

When I came up to the lights, however, I found they proceeded from the merest hamlet of a place. At the most there were a couple of houses, one of which looked more like an outhouse than a dwelling-place. Knowing, however, that it requires the fewest of cottages to make a Norwegian village and that they often straggle over half a mile of ground, I walked up to the more imposing looking building and knocked at the door. My knock was quickly answered by a young girl. Thereupon I brought my knowledge of the Norse language into play.

"Is this Vodde?" I asked.

The girl, who held a small lamp in her hand, looked at me curiously for a moment or two, and then went back into the passage and called for her mother. A minute later the latter appeared, and I repeated my question.

"Oh, yes, surely," she replied hurriedly. "This is Vodde. Did you want lodgings for the night?"

On my replying that I did she ushered me into the house and closed the door.

I glanced round the place as I entered and was pleased with it. It was of course built entirely of wood, but was as scrupulously clean as the most particular traveller could desire. A lamp lighted up the room into which I was shown and threw a soft, pleasant light over the quaint lithographs which adorned the walls. Over the table was thrown a white cloth, and on this the woman busied herself in preparing for me a solid and substantial meal. I told her to lay a place for a friend of mine whom I expected shortly, thinking to myself delightedly of the mistake Deston had made and of the song of triumph which, on his return, I should be able to sing over him.

Deston, however, did not come for some time, and being more than hungry I had my supper served alone. In every way it was admirable. The reindeer was cooked to a turn, the curious jelly pudding was excellent, and they brought me up from the cellars a bottle of by no means mediocre Hocheimer—a luxury I was quite unprepared for.

While I was eating the woman talked. She spoke, as it seemed to me, in a nervous and constrained voice, and so quickly that it was difficult to understand a half of what she said. I gathered, however, that she was telling me about the country and the different mountains which might attract a mountaineer. Finally, just when I was beginning to be anxious about Deston, and was beginning to wonder, too, if there were no men-folk about the house, I heard a step on the path outside and almost instantaneously a knock at the door. The woman left me to answer the door, and I prepared a sarcastic speech with which to greet Deston.

On the door being opened, however, I soon discovered that it was not my friend. Whoever it was exchanged a few words with the woman, and I heard him say: "Well, are they both here?"

The reply was inaudible but the next moment the two of them entered the room. Imagine my surprise when I found myself confronted by the guide whom I had left but an hour ago at the foot of the mountain.

He greeted me pleasantly and I returned his greeting, adding that I thought he had told me he lived in the neighbouring village from which we had started our climb.

"No, no," he said. "This is my wife and I live here. When I parted from you a short time since, it was merely to get some provisions."

I nodded without feeling quite satisfied with his explanation. It was of the smallest importance, however, so I turned from the subject and began to tell him about Deston and the mistake he had made in the road to Vodde. As I spoke the guide listened attentively, leaning his head on his hands and looking earnestly across the table at me.

"Yes, it is a curious mistake," he said, "and I hardly think he will return here to-night. The way across the moors is difficult to find and far longer than you think."

"But where then is the poor fellow to sleep?" I exclaimed. The man shrugged his shoulders.

"Oh, as for that, he will find a bed easily enough. There is a farm along the road he has taken and they will take him in. Do not disturb yourself about that." He smiled curiously, and gave a glance at his wife who was busy stirring up the logs of wood on the hearth.

For the next hour I sat and smoked, waiting in vain for Deston to make his appearance. To be candid, I was beginning to regret that we had not both taken the same path, even though that were the wrong one. I did not like the idea of his possibly being out on the moors looking for me — and then I began to have a vague doubt as to this house in reality being a part of Vodde.

After an hour, however, I rose from my seat and decided to go to my bed. No doubt Deston was comfortably ensconced in his, and, in any case, I could do nothing till the morning. The guide, who had been seated gazing stolidly into the fire, rose when I did and prepared to show me to my room.

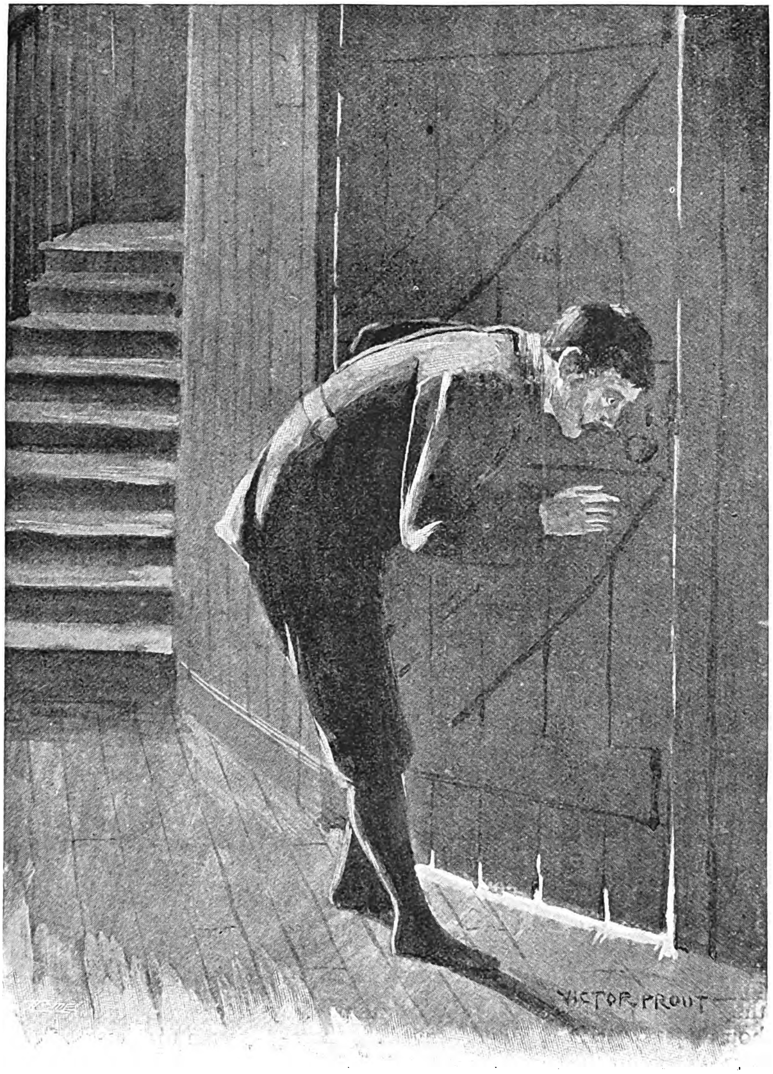
"Bring the gentleman his candle," he said to his wife. The woman went to the cupboard, brought one out, and putting it in the holder, gave it to her husband. He looked at it narrowly and then gave an exclamation.

"This is not the one," he said with a frown. "Bring the proper candle. You women have no sense!"

I hastened to protest that one candle was as good as another to me, but he waived my objection aside. One was tallow, the other wax, he said, and he knew gentlemen always preferred the latter.

Somewhat mystified by these proceedings, I followed the man up the stairs, noticing that he carried the candle unlighted, and in his other hand a lamp. The room into which he showed me was small but comfortable looking, and the bed was of the old-fashioned type, which always seems to promise repose and a peaceful night. Lighting my candle, therefore, I bid the man good-night, and prepared for rest.

Hardly had my host gone down the flight of stairs than I was disturbed by a gentle



Putting my ear, therefore, to the crack, I listened attentively.

knock at the door. Somewhat annoyed, I went to open it, and to my great astonishment found standing in the passage the little girl who had first met me. She was a child of little more than ten or eleven years, and her face bore such a pitiful and anxious expression that I felt inexpressibly sorry for her.

"Well, little one," I said, "what is it you want?"

"I came to tell you," she stammered out nervously, her voice raised hardly above a whisper, "I came to tell you, sir, to be careful. You may be in danger."

Before I had time to answer she had hurried away, and I heard her little feet pattering down the landing to her room. For a moment I thought of following her, but decided not to, and turned again to my room.

A mountaineer is the last person to indulge in an attack of nerves, and I am no more liable to that complaint than others of my kind, but I confess that I began to be from that moment more than suspicious of the place to which I had come, and the people with whom I was associating. In Heaven's name, what was the meaning of the warning the child had just given me? Of whom was I to be careful? Of the man downstairs? True, I did not like his manner, but so far he had done nothing to make me fear him. I heard him and his wife chatting to each other below, and it came into my mind to so far forget my good breeding as to eavesdrop upon them.

Accordingly, a minute later I slipped downstairs in my stocking soles and stationed myself at the door of the room. Except for the sound of the conversation within, the house was quiet. Putting my ear, therefore, to the crack, I listened attentively.

For some time the voices were so low and the speech so quick that I could distinguish nothing that was said. The man, indeed, seemed to be arguing with the woman, and to be insisting on something, but on what it was impossible for me to tell. In a little while they rose from their seats, and I caught the concluding sentence of two of their remarks.

"I tell you, it is perfectly safe," he said. "He suspects nothing."

"Ah, but his friend?" replied the woman.

"His friend will not be here before morning, and by that time the man will be lying safely out on the moor. Go to bed. I will see to it all."

They came towards the door, and as they did so I retreated noiselessly but quickly to my room above, and closed the door behind me.

I was honestly disturbed now. There could be no doubt that the last sentences referred to me. Their meaning, too, was equally clear. I was to be disposed of—in what manner I could not conceive—before Deston returned. I determined that I would show my worthy guide that at any rate to be forewarned was to be forearmed.

In the first place, I decided that I would not for that night divest myself of my clothes. Secondly, I took from my pocket my revolver, and laid it on the small table by the bedside. Lastly, I dragged across the door a heavy chest of drawers which luckily stood only a yard or two away. Having inserted the point of my ice-axe firmly into the cleft between the wall and the door, I felt fairly certain that the room, at least, was safe from an attack from without.

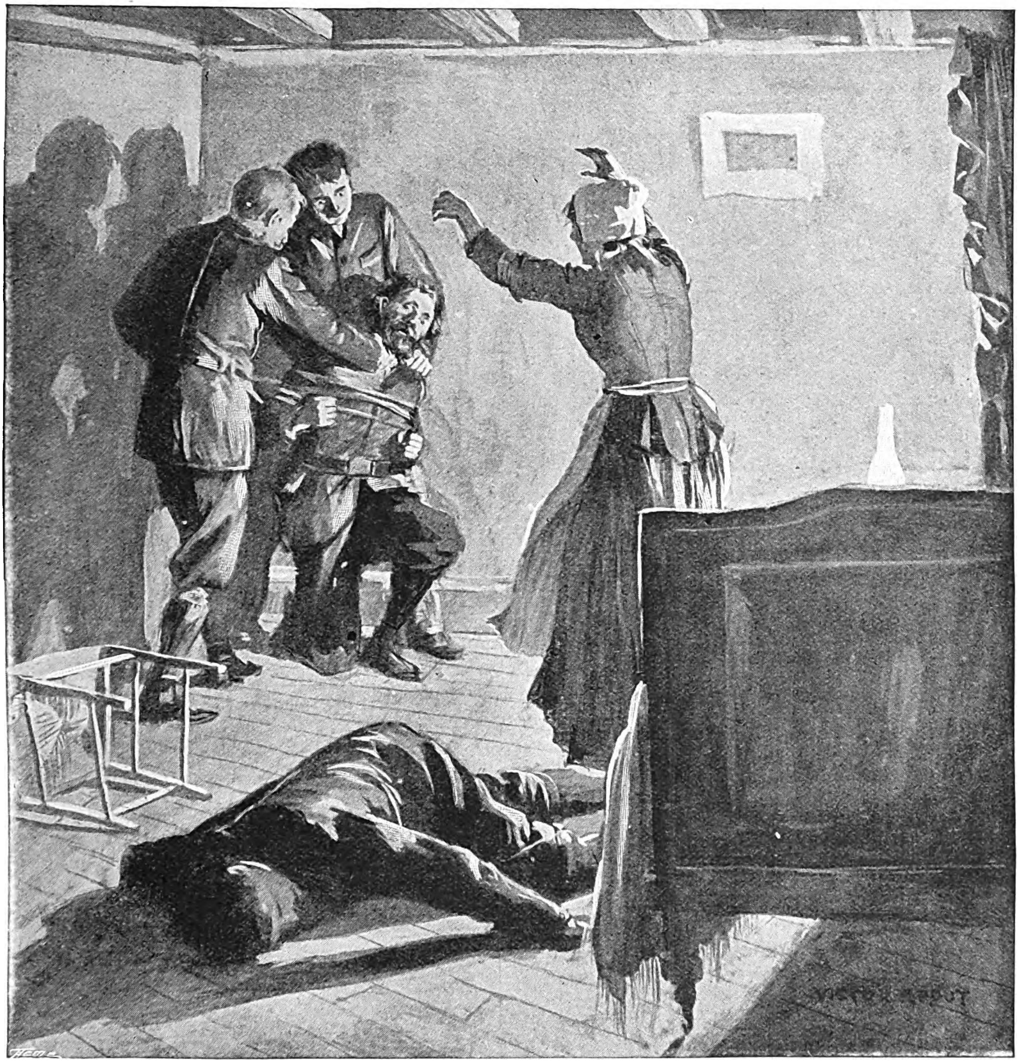
Meantime, while I was taking these precautions I was surprised to find myself unaccountably growing every moment more and more sleepy. Indeed, when I had finished, it was as much as I could do to keep my eyes open. It was difficult to explain this. The long day's climb no doubt had tired me, but it was hardly possible to imagine that it should so suddenly have taken effect. I began to wonder if the bottle of Hochheimer had been drugged, but at once put aside the idea. It was two hours since I had drunk it, and it was far too light a wine to hide successfully any foreign matter.

Then I looked round the room again. The small window was closed, and on the table stood the candle, burning with, as I thought, a curious flickering light. I went up to it, began to trim the flame, and as I did so my sense of sleep increased tenfold. Every breath I took made my respiration more difficult. I felt an uncanny sense of rage against the candle and imagined I saw huge clouds of vapour rising from it.

The next moment I felt my legs gradually giving way beneath me, and as I sank on to the floor I have a vague recollection of striking angrily at the candle, of seeing it flicker out, and finally, as I became unconscious, of hearing the holder clatter noisily on to the boards.

* * * * *

It was to a different scene that I awakened three or four hours later. The sun was shining bright into the hut in which I was placed. In front of me stood two persons, one of whom,



"It was the work of a few moments to disarm him and pinion him with your mountain rope."

as consciousness very slowly but surely returned to me, I recognised as Deston. The other was a small, well-dressed man, with a pleasant and attractive face. The two of them were engaged in wafting cloths over my brow which soothed and refreshed me.

When my eyes opened I heard Deston give an exclamation of thankfulness, and in another hour I was so far myself again as to be able, with the support of their arms, to walk about in the open air. I asked Deston for an explanation of my present situation and of his appearance. He gave a little laugh and turned to his companion.

"Shall we let him talk, Doctor?" he said.

The little man, who was evidently a Norwegian, answered in rather broken English:

"Yes, I think he may," he said in a kindly voice.

"Then tell us your part of the story," Deston said to me. "Mine comes afterwards."

In as few words as possible, for I was still feeling weak and tired, I recounted everything that had happened since Deston and I had parted. The two men listened interestedly, and from time to time looked across at each other as though my tale was confirming their suspicions.

When I had finished Deston took up the relation.

"It is much as I expected," he began, "and it may annoy you to learn that I was right about the road to Vodde and the sign-post was wrong."

I looked surprised.

"I am afraid," Deston continued, "that our friend the guide—who, by-the-by, is safely bound and locked in the room in which you slept—had turned the sign-post round so as to entice us to his comfortable dwelling here. Anyhow, I got to Vodde a short time after leaving you and at once made my way to the inn.

"For an hour I waited patiently for you, and it was at the end of that time that my friend the Doctor entered the inn. He knows these parts well, and hearing from me that you had taken the moorland path, he at once scented danger, and proposed that we should go and look for you.

"Yes?" I said, getting interested.

"We got up to this house only in the nick of time," continued Deston. "Hearing a noise upstairs, and the sound of voices, we made so bold as to enter unannounced. The door was very fortunately open, and when we rushed up it was to find that the guide was in your room—he had burst the door—and had your body, dead, as he no doubt thought, in his arms.

"It was the work of a few minutes to disarm him of his burden, and to pinion him with your mountain rope. His wife stood shrieking by his side, and had to undergo the same treatment as the man."

"But my falling to the ground!" I exclaimed. "What on earth made me do that?"

Deston smiled.

"The doctor has his little theory regarding that," he said. "Did you notice anything peculiar about the candle the man gave you?"

"Great Heavens, yes!" I replied, beginning to have a faint inkling of the truth. "I knocked it over just before I became unconscious."

"And probably saved your life by doing so. There was a pellet of opium and myces in it large enough to kill half a dozen people. The doctor lighted the candle again and recognised the smell of the vapours at once. Myces, apparently, is a waxy sort of poison found in a plant that grows on these moors, and the heat of the flame was sufficient to volatilize the pellet and send into your lungs at every breath a fair quantity of the vapours."

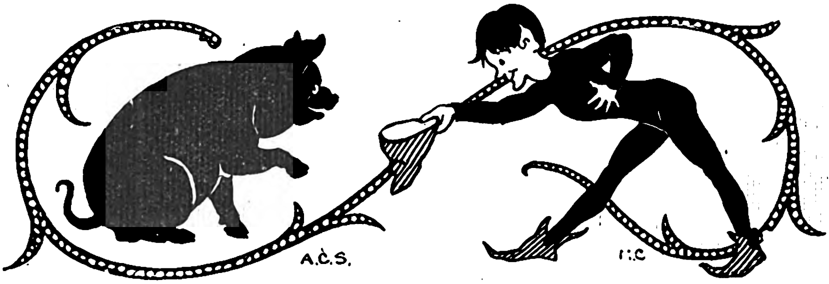
"What an infernally ingenious device!" I exclaimed.

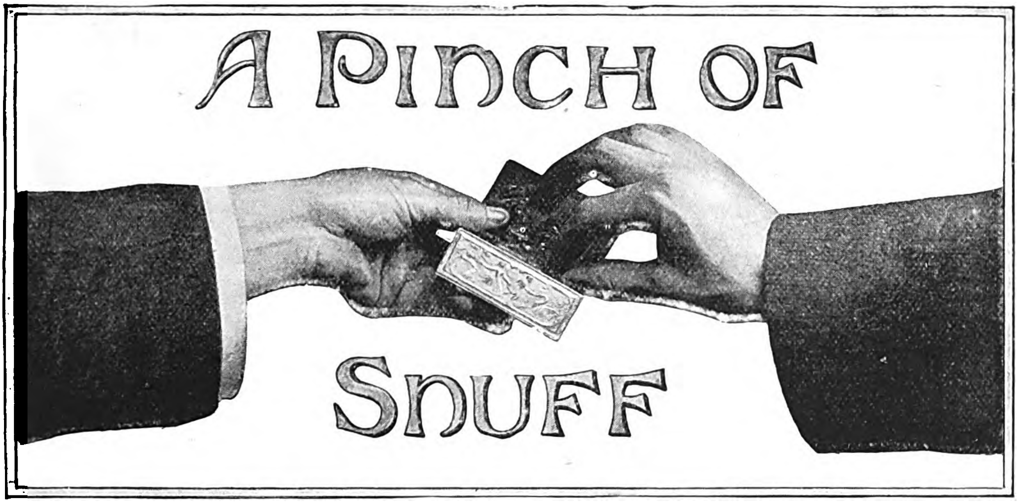
"I am inclined to think," said the little doctor, "that this is not the first time the man has used the same means. There have been two cases of a similar kind. His process, I imagine, has been to carry the dead body out of the house on to the moors. Then it is found in the morning by some shepherd, who concludes that the traveller has lost his way the night before, and has been chilled to death by the exposure. You remember we found you in the act of being carried out by him."

I nodded, and we went inside the house. In half an hour the guide and his wife, both bound securely, were lying in their own cart, and were being driven away to Vodde. The woman was inclined to be noisy, but the man maintained a sullen and non-committing silence.

Little more need be added. Our evidence was given by written statement at the trial, for we had to return immediately to England. The guide, however, I heard afterwards, got his deserts, and is now serving a long sentence of imprisonment.

On our return back from Vodde it occurred to me to get down from the cart on which I was driving and turn the sign-post which had so dangerously led me astray.



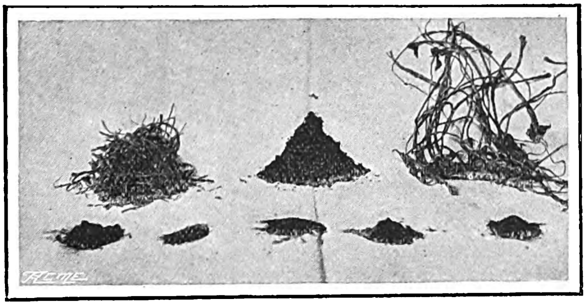


A PINCH OF SNUFF

By C. O'Kane Donegan.

Illustrated with Photographs taken specially for this article.

The history of snuff-taking is one of the most interesting studies of the habits of civilised people Since Catherine de Medicis made *L'Herbe de la Reine* as it was called, till the present day, no other habit has received such an extraordinary amount of favour. Royalty, until the end of the Georgian era, made snuff-taking amongst both sexes a fashionable craze; and the gallants of the seventeenth, eighteenth, and first half of the present century elevated it into a fine art. Poet and preacher, philosopher and historian, king and courtier, Cavalier and Puritan, all took kindly to the fashion of inhaling tobacco-powder. Even ladies so universally indulged in the habit that a snuff-box was always one of the first presents lovers made to beauty.



Various kinds of tobacco stalks, with five varieties of snuff made therefrom.

It is often stated that snuff-taking went out with the Georges. This may be true of the world of fashion, but a visit to the snuff mill of Mr. Alexander Lambert at Hackbridge in Surrey, will convince anyone that this habit is still very general. The manufacture of snuff has been in Mr. Lambert's family since 1730; and his mill, prettily situated on the River Wandle, is now one of the largest, if not the largest, in the United Kingdom. It is quite a usual occurrence for as much as five tons of snuff to be sent out by Mr. Lambert in a week.

There is a widespread, but quite erroneous, impression that all sorts and conditions of things are ground up with tobacco into snuff; and if you were to ask that modern eminent authority, the man in the street, to give an instance, he would be sure to mention the well-known extensive demand for the discarded ends of cigars and cigarettes. Whatever the destination of these collected ends may be, it is certainly not the snuff mill. There they are expressly forbidden by law; and the prohibition is enforced by the Excise authorities, under whose supervision, powerfully strengthened as it is by the Government Laboratory, the manufacture is carried on with a strictness that springs from a motive

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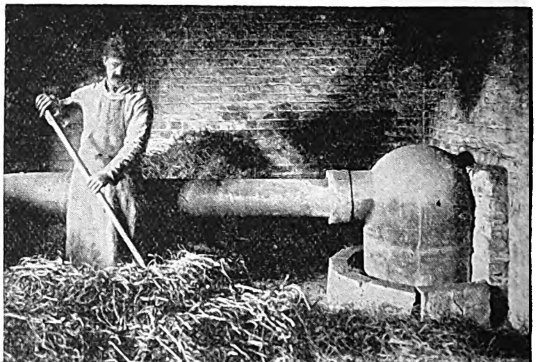
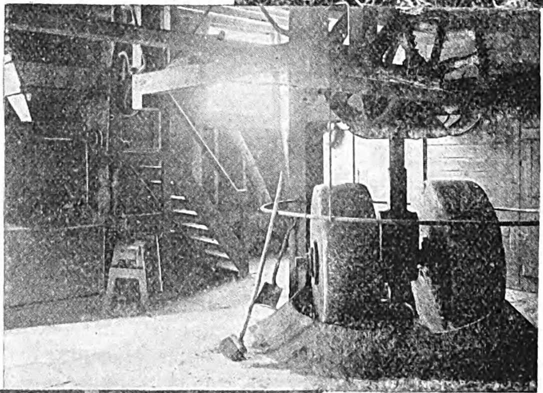
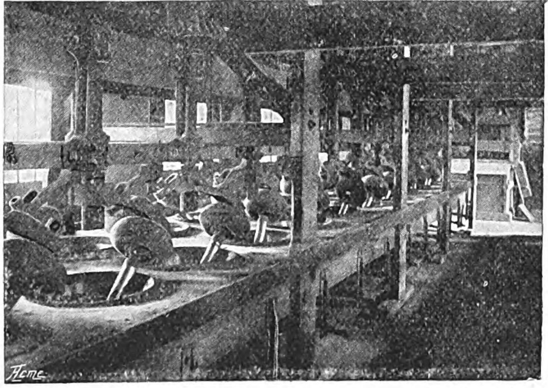
stronger than any solicitude for the delicacy of the snuffer's palate, and that is the interest of the public revenue. But this serves to protect the snuff-taker too; and besides prohibiting the employment of the ends of cigars and cigarettes, the Excise authorities are responsible for seeing that no materials or ingredient prohibited by law—and all deleterious ingredients are so prohibited—shall be allowed to enter into the composition of snuff.



Turning the tobacco stalks in the drying kiln.



The grindstones at work.

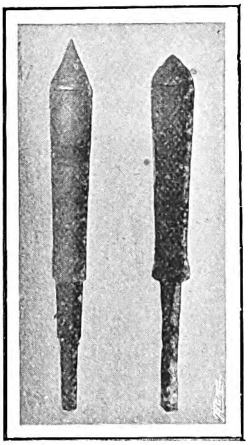


The mull room where the pestles, rolling round the mortars, grind the snuff to the required degree of fineness.

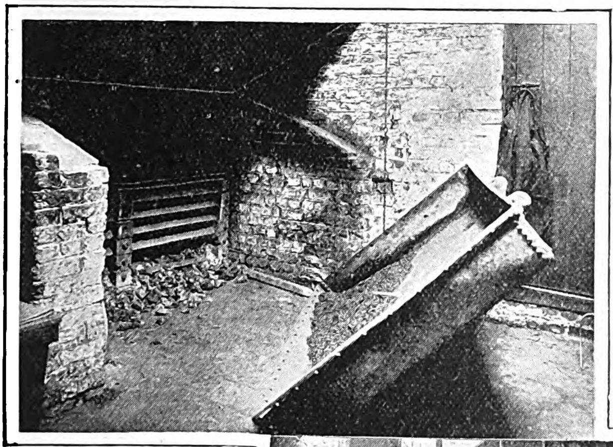
There is one kind of adulteration, however, which neither the law nor the manufacturer takes into consideration, but which is, nevertheless, appreciable, especially to the snuff-taker. One of our illustrations shows what happens to the pestles after one year's wear in the mortars. One of these pestles is new, while the other has been in use a twelvemonth. Although these, like the mortars, are made of cast iron, the amount is quite noticeable that has been ground off the pestle which has been used a year. Now as there are over fifty of such mortars and pestles in Mr. Lambert's mill, the amount of cast-iron snuff, which ultimately, but quite unavoidably, finds its way into the nasal organs of snuff epicures, must be appreciable. And not only is there cast-iron snuff, but there is also granite snuff. Another illustration shows some of the grindstones of the mill. Beneath these grindstones was formerly a level stone of granite. This is now worn away to the depth of from three to four inches.

The tobacco best suited for snuff-making is the thick fleshy leaf of a dark colour, the finest qualities of snuff being made from dark Virginia leaf and the Amersfoort leaf of Holland. But, of course, very little snuff is made from these costly kinds of tobacco leaf. All the tobacco received and duty-paid by tobacco manufacturers cannot be manufactured into cigars, cigarettes, or smoking tobacco. There is a very large quantity of stalks from which the leaf has been stripped for manufacture. These, with the chips and breakages from the leaves in the course of manufacture, are sent to the snuff mill to be ground into snuff. Our first illustration shows the stalks, "shorts," and leaf, from which snuff is usually made, and, in the foreground, five different kinds of snuff resulting therefrom.

Except what is intended to be ground wet—such as the material for "black rappee," which, unlike what is prepared for other kinds of snuff, is ground undried so as to preserve the flavour—the stalks, &c., are put on the kiln, where they remain from twelve to fifteen hours. Then the stalks are cut up by a chopper, preparatory to being ground in the stone room or in the mull room, where they are ground to the required fineness and colour. This takes from twelve to eighteen hours, the colour being lighter in proportion to the dryness of the stalks, and the amount of grinding they undergo.



Two pestles—the one new and the other after a year's wear.

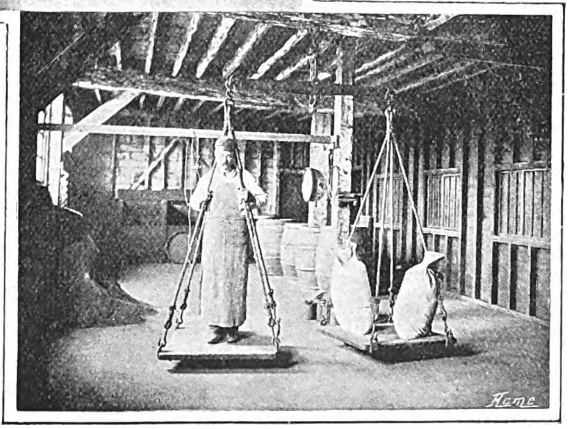


The high toast process.

Another method of flavouring the snuff is shown in our illustration of the toasting process. Snuff so made is largely used for sprinkling on the leaf of tobacco before being "liquored" in the course of manufacture, so as to impart the toasted flavour to the tobacco; but it is also used for snuff-taking, and is known as "high toast."

After forty years—a snuff-and-sneeze-proof man.

It would, however, be a mistake to suppose that all snuff manufactured is used for snuff-taking, or for flavouring tobacco in the course of manufacture. In fact only a small portion of the total quantity manufactured is so used, the rest being sent to the Customs warehouse, where, after analysis and deductions of certain percentages for moisture and inorganic matter, the duty paid on the tobacco on its importation into England is allowed as drawback. What then becomes of all this snuff on which the tobacco duty is thus refunded? Quite a large industry has been created by this unsnuffed snuff in the extensive demand for it when converted into sheep-wash, hog powder, and numerous other medicinal compounds. Whatever the cause, all civilised peoples seem to have certain sections of society more given to snuff-taking than others. The one great exception is the Jews, who, as a race, do not take snuff, in spite of what a Scotchman has called their "wunderfu' accommodation."



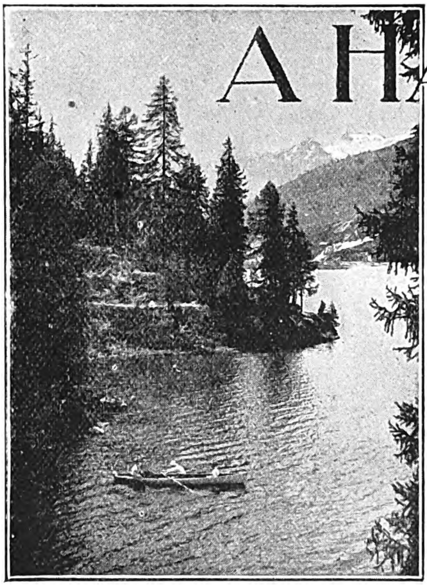
The weight of a man in snuff.

A HARVEST OF ICE

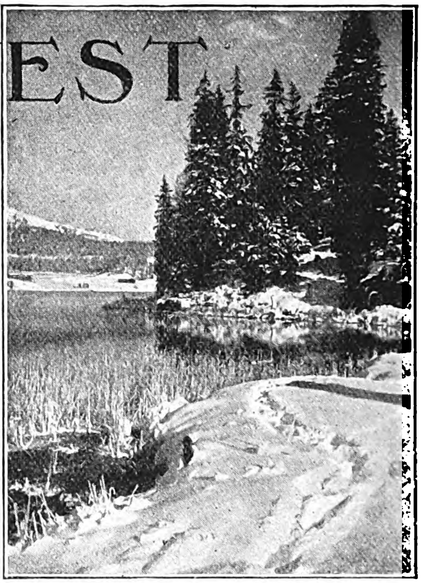
By

G. R. Ballance.

Illustrated with Photographs.



Davos Lake in summer, as seen from the wood.



Davos Lake in winter, covered with a good surface of ice for skating.

I TAKE it for granted that all my readers have heard or read about Davos, the little Swiss town which of late years has come so much to the front as a winter health-resort for consumptive patients, and also as a centre for winter sports, such as tobogganning, skating, and curling.

It is at Davos that the international skating races are held, and detailed accounts of these generally find their way into the London and Continental papers. But the ice harvest on the lake, surely one of the strangest and most interesting features of the place, is seldom, if ever, mentioned, and it is about the ice harvest I wish to speak in the present article.

Now, thoroughly to understand the accompanying photographs, one must first know a few facts about the extraordinary climate of Davos, for to those who have never visited the Alps in winter it must seem rather incredible that such scenes of ice and snow are to be found within thirty-one hours' railway journey from London. If the present photographs were views of Norway, say, or of Canada, they could be more easily understood. It is the situation of Davos that accounts for its extreme cold. Lying among the Eastern Alps of Switzerland, at an altitude of considerably more than 5,000ft. above the level of the sea, the place is snow and frost bound for fully seven months of the year, and in December and January the cold is so extreme, that the thermometer registers at night many degrees below zero for weeks together. During the day, however, the sun is peculiarly hot, the absolute clearness of the atmosphere and its freedom of moisture, together with the radiation from the snow, allowing the full benefit of the sunshine to be felt.

Davos is reached by the highest adhesion railway in Europe. Each train consists of two or three little carriages which are drawn along by a curious "Puffing Billy" sort of engine, all cylinders and cranks, and with a huge snow-plough over its front wheels. The first view of the Davos Valley, for the town lies between two or three lofty peaks, is obtained across a wide, white expanse of snow, which anyone might easily mistake for snow-covered meadows, there being absolutely nothing to denote that water, to the depth of 2,000ft. and over, lies beneath this innocent white covering. This is the lake, an expanse of two miles long, about half a mile broad, and deep, as is the case with most mountain lakes, beyond all proportion to its length and breadth.

Precipitous mountain-crests rise 3,000ft. or 4,000ft. from the very edge of the lake, and away on its further side may be seen the churches, châlets, and hotels of the famous Alpine resort. The surface of the lake usually freezes towards the end of November, and much excellent skating can then be obtained, to which, however, the slightest

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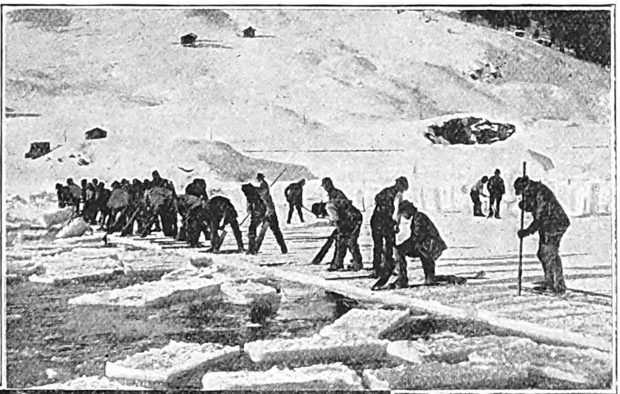
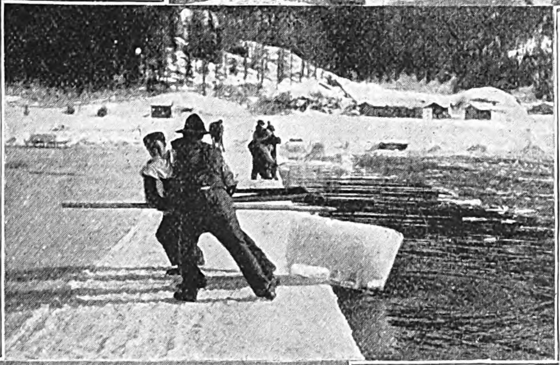
fall of snow puts a stop, unless enthusiasts are inclined to spend several hours cleaning the ice—a rather waste labour at best, for when once the snow begins to fall it generally continues for several days. Each frosty night adds an inch or so to the depth of the ice, until, by the middle or the end of January, there is a thickness of two or three, sometimes even of four feet.

Then the great ice harvest commences; gangs of workmen, mostly Italian and Swiss, make their appearance on the scene, and start clearing away the surface snow from a space of ice several acres square. When heavy snowfalls occur early in the winter, the snow is generally cleared without the least delay, in order that the cold may penetrate the ice and thicken it more easily. Constant and heavy snowfalls will often delay the ice harvest for some weeks.

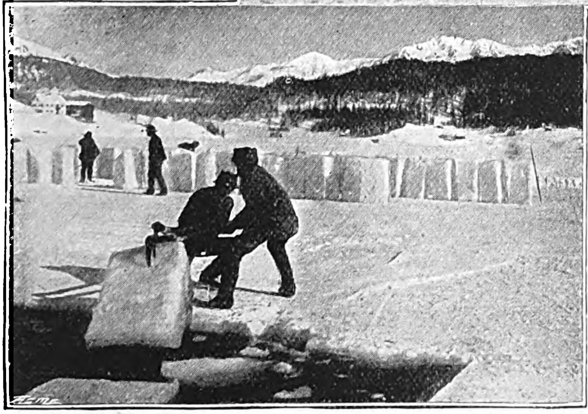
As soon as the surface has been prepared, it is marked out in long lines about 2ft. apart; men with ice saws follow these lines, cutting the ice into great blocks, which measure 2ft. by 3ft., vary in thickness according to the frost of the season, and weigh many hundredweights apiece. When separated from the main surface, the ice blocks float in the open water, until new bands of workmen—armed with those ice-picks which we have all seen manipulated outside fish shops in London—haul them on to the surface. The accompanying photographs will, I think, give some idea of the strength and floating capacities of the ice. Workers can be seen standing with one foot on the very block which they are sawing off, and yet I have never heard of any accident happening to these ice men. When hauled out of the water, the blocks are placed together in long rows, then the snow-ice or frozen slush, a thick coating of which generally covers the lake, is cut off, leaving only the pure, hard, green ice, ready to be piled on the sleighs. For the frozen surface is strong enough to bear the weight of any number of horses and sleighs—these, indeed, going right out into the centre of the lake to fetch the ice blocks.



Sawing the ice into blocks.

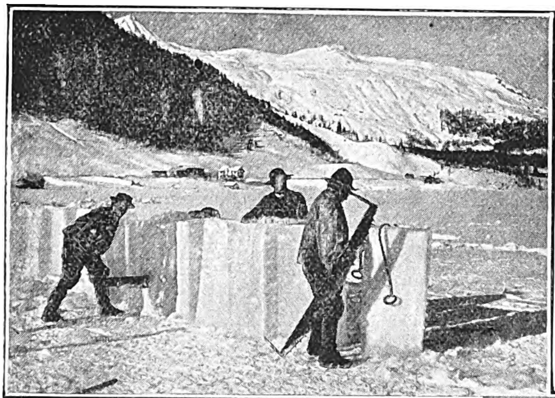


Hauling the blocks of ice out of the lake.



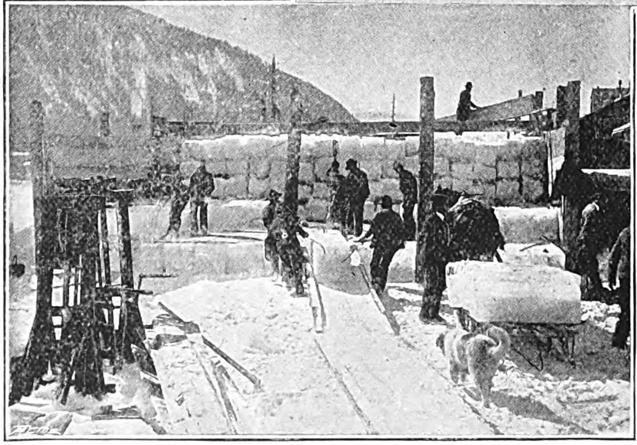
The ice-blocks being stacked ready for removal to the "lager."

In the old times, before the advent of the railway, the Diligence from Landquart to Davos crossed the lake daily in winter with its freight of passengers and luggage, and now-a-days a regular track



Cutting off frozen snow from the surface of the ice-blocks.

Loading up a sleigh with ice.



Filling the ice "lager," or store.

always extends across the whole length of the ice, and is used as a short cut for all manner of sleighs instead of following the winding road along the shores. To a nervous individual and one possessing a vivid imagination, the idea of careering over a surface under which lies a depth of over 2,000ft. of water, is not over comforting and cheerful.

During the ice harvest many hundreds of men are employed, and when they are all busily at work, the lake, viewed from a distance, presents a very curious spectacle. Against the blinding white of the snow are black specks of figures moving here, there, and everywhere, and long lines of sleighs, that look like black serpents, gliding across the lake from morning to night. Much of the ice, of course, goes to the local hotels, much, also, is stored in the adjacent ice "lagers," great wooden erections, fifty yards long by twenty yards broad. Here the blocks are piled up, tier above tier, until the whole "lager" is full, when a thick covering of sawdust and tarpaulin is thrown on the top of the "stack" to keep out the summer heat.

By far the greater part of the ice, however, is sent down by train to the Lowlands, and finds its way to all corners of Switzerland, to the towns and hotels, frequented in summer time by thousands of holiday makers and tourists from all parts of the world.

I often think it a pity that some people do not break away from the round of custom and take their annual holiday for one year, at least, in mid-winter. Of course, in that case, they would have to bear the not over-pleasant summer heat of town; but it seems to me that if a person does not mind the cold, and enjoys skating, tobogganing, and other winter sports, he will be amply rewarded. And what an ideal place Davos would be for a winter holiday! And if Davos is too far off and too expensive, there are plenty of other places, both in Switzerland and Germany, where a splendid winter holiday could be passed. I mean to try it some year or other, and I think my readers would do well to follow my example.

THE GOLDEN HEART

A Play for Children; a Story for Grown-Ups.

By C. Olynthus Gregory.

CHARACTERS.

The characters, with one exception, should be dressed in those costumes that are suitable, and generally used in fairy pictures. The Doctor should have on a modern costume—e.g. frock-coat, tall hat, etc.

Prince Lovelorn.	
Doctor Jack-of-All-trades	The Prince's Factotum.
King of Sunnyland	The Prince's Neighbour.
Queen of Sunnyland	
Princess Heartless	Their Daughter, loved by the Prince.
Fairy.	

Officers of the Court, Ladies, Attendants, etc., *ad lib.*

Scene.—*Sunnyland's Royal Garden.*

(*Necessary properties—a lawn, two thrones, a few rustic seats, a tree on the stage. Luxurious palace in the background, paths, flowers, shrubs.*)

(*Enter Prince and Doctor.*)

Prince. Thank goodness we've arrived and reached our journey's end.
What say you? Aren't you glad, my good and trusty friend?

Doctor. Glad enough to sing and shout—I'm off my head with joy.
Though getting somewhat old, I feel exactly like a boy.
The motor that conveyed us is not quite up-to-date—
My heart was in my mouth; I thought we'd be too late.
I think we'll have to start a modern chartered band
To start a railway service twixt this country and our land.
I'll gain the King's attention and convert him to my plan;
It should be easy, for 'tis said he's a progressive man.

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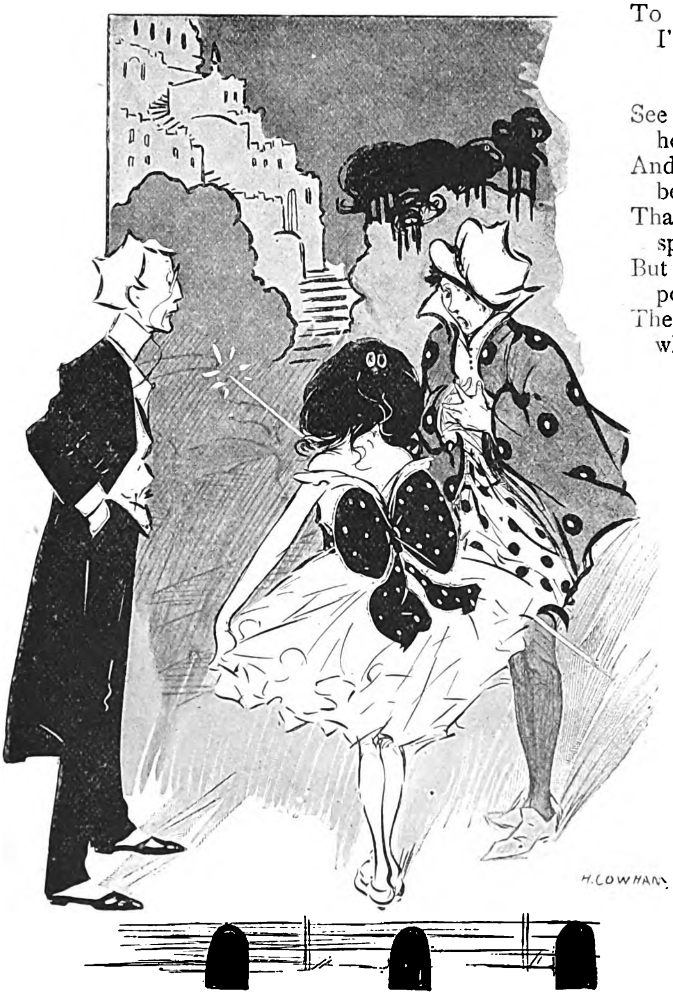
Prince. We'll think about that later. For the present help me gain
The Princess, whom I love.
Doctor (*aside*). He's really quite insane.
Poor chap, he's got it bad; he's head and ears in love.
Love must be blind—he calls the girl an angel from above.
He thinks and talks of nothing but the girl whom he adores,
And men who do that sort of thing are nuisances and bores.

(*Prince has been looking about him expectantly*)

Prince. Where is good Mistress Fairy? She is late for her appointment.



"Alas, the Princess is not good. She lives without a heart."

Doctor. I hope she will not fail to come—'twill cause a disappointment.
Remember she's a woman, Prince, and therefore must be late;
Unpunctuality was, is, and will be woman's fate.
And since we have to wait, and I can spy an empty seat,
I'll rest myself in comfort 'stead of standing on my feet.

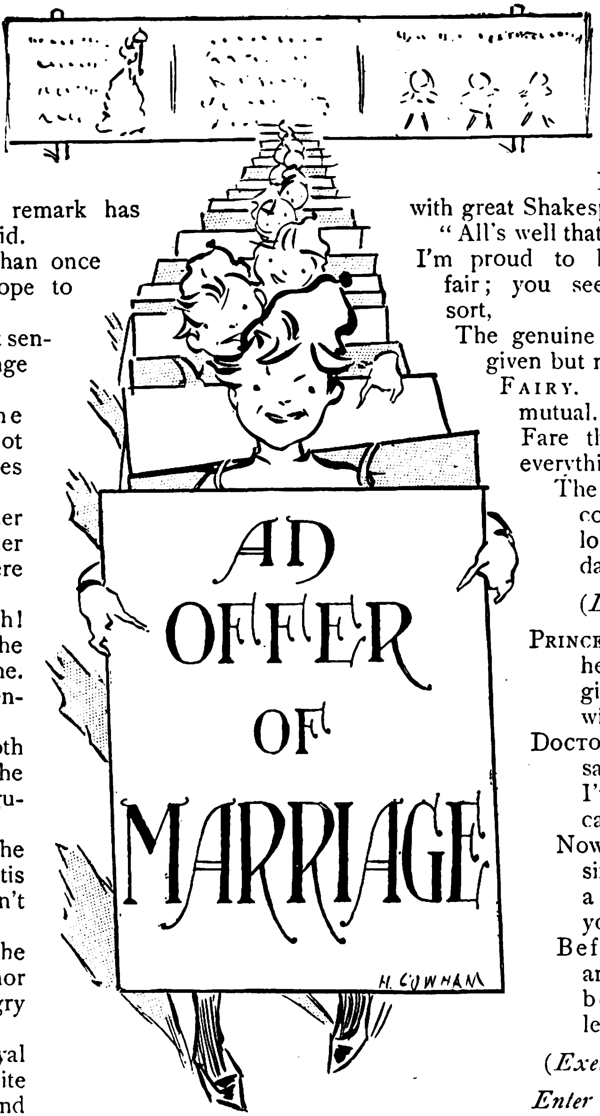
(*sits on the King's throne.*)

Prince. That is the King's—get up! his throne you must not use,
'Tis quite against court manners royal kindness to abuse.
Doctor. I beg his regal pardon—hem! I would if he were near;
To tell the plain unvarnished truth, I'm glad he is not here.

(*Enter Fairy.*)

See! here's our friend at last. I hope she'll learn to silent be,
And not tell tales, and mischief make between the King and me.
That is another fault that somewhat spoils the charming sex,
But goes to make "regina" just as powerful as "rex":—
They cannot hold their tongues, which wag and wag and never tire,
Like heads of porcelain Chinamen that wobble on a wire.
Prince. A truce to all this folly! Gentle Fairy, pray you speak.
Doctor. I cannot help remarking I have had a narrow squeak.
Prince. Nay, Doctor, I beseech thee—and command thee—hold thy peace.
Thy chatter's somewhat irksome; for the present let it cease.
Fairy. The King will hold his court to-day, the King of Sunnyland,
A monarch of a gentle heart, a man of generous hand.
He has a daughter fair to see—you know that, Prince, I ween?
Doctor. He cast his optic on her, and since then in love has been.

Prince. 'Tis so, I've never loved before; none other will I wed.
Doctor (*aside*). Since Adam's time that same remark has very oft been said.
I've said it more than once myself, and hope to feel again
Love's bitter-sweet sensation, and strange ecstatic pain.
Fairy. Alas! The Princess is not good; she lives without a heart.
Prince. I'll give her mine to make her love and feel, ere I depart.
Doctor. Pooh! pooh! what next? She must have one. Sir William Jenner shows
That blood both from and to the heart quite regularly flows.
Fairy. Well, if she has a heart, 'tis dead. She isn't kind and good.
She doesn't help the ragged poor, nor give the hungry food.
And so His Royal Majesty has quite made up his mind
To give the girl to any man who'll teach her to be kind.
Prince. Mine be that task! For surely one so beautiful to see
Should not so cold and heartless live, but sweet and gentle be.
Fairy. To help you I've come hither, for I fear without my aid
You never could succeed.
Doctor. On the shelf you would be laid.
Fairy. So take this precious heart and key; they're made of purest gold.
(Such goods in market overt are, believe me, never sold.)



"It's been well advertised, by posters bold and sandwich men."

Give them to her; the talisman will surely work the spell.
Doctor. And with great Shakespeare we will say "All's well that endeth well."
I'm proud to know you, lady fair; you seem a real good sort,
The genuine golden article is given but never bought.
Fairy. The pleasure's mutual. (*to the Prince*) Fare thee well! Heed everything I say;
The Princess may become thy good and loving wife some day.

(*Exit Fairy.*)

Prince. With her kind help and with this gift I'm bound to win the race.
Doctor (*aside*). Insanity is his disease, I've diagnosed the case.
Now, good my Lord, since you have got a trump card up your sleeve,
Before the King arrives I think we'd better take our leave.

(*Exeunt arm in arm. Enter King, Queen, Princess, and Court. Outward show* ad nauseam. *Their Majesties seat themselves on the thrones. The Princess takes a rustic seat. The Court arranges itself gracefully.*)

King. Welcome, gladly welcome, my noble people all!
Welcome, gladly welcome to my ancestral hall!
(*Aside*). Methinks our rhyming author has made a slight mistake;
We are not in a hall at all—he fairly takes the cake.
(*To the Court*). My proclamation ye have heard; it's been well advertised

By posters bold and sandwichmen and other means devised.
Our daughter, Princess Heartless, little satisfaction gives;
Without a tender heart an idle wasted life she lives.
And so my gracious Queen and I have made a royal decree—
QUEEN. To give the girl to any man who teaches her to be
Sweet-natured, truly good and kind, devoid of haughty airs—
KING. Full mindful of the grateful love that's due to our grey hairs.

(*A trumpet sounds. The Court thrills.*)

Whom have we here? Go look and see whose trumpet sounds so bold (*to a herald*),
It isn't meet that any guest be left out in the cold.

(*Herald goes and returns.*)

HERALD. Prince Lovelorn greets you courteously and says, so please you, sire,
With your permission he would like to come a little nigher.
KING. He has a hearty welcome to our hospitable home.

(*Enter Prince and Doctor.*)

I'm mighty pleased to see you and rejoice that you have come.

(*Mutual bowing and scraping.*)

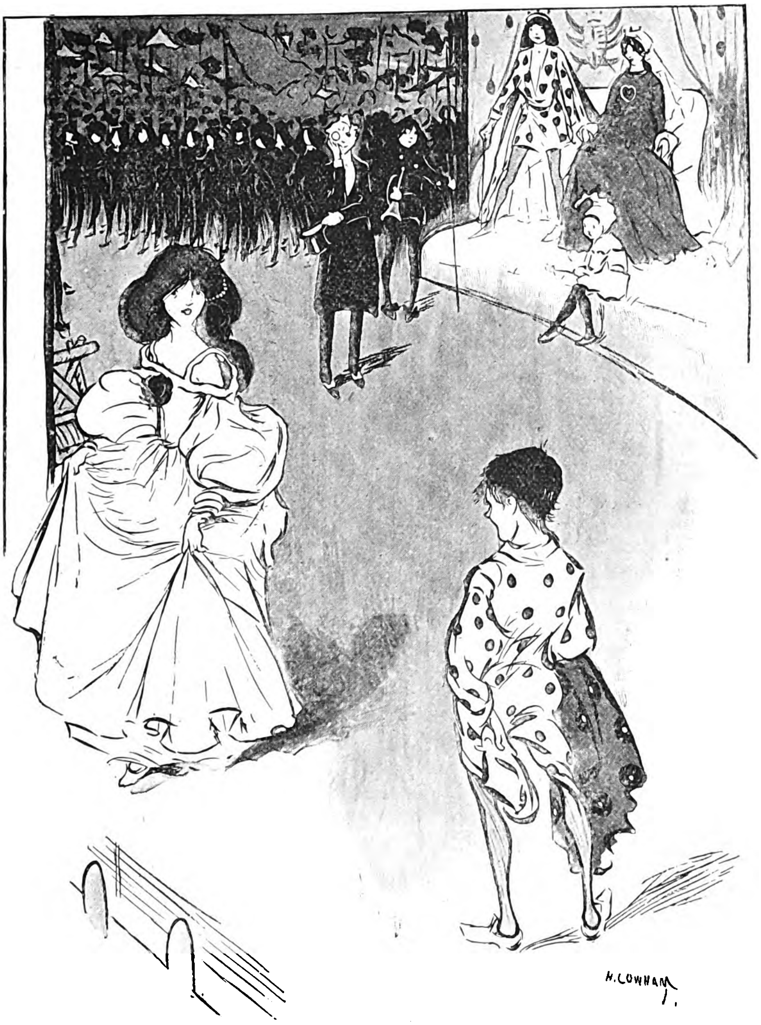
QUEEN. Good morrow, noble Prince, we're glad indeed to see you here;
You can travel through our land, you know, without the slightest fear.
KING. Since monarchs have agreed outfitting battleships to cease,
The world is bright and happy with an universal peace.

(*The Prince gazes at the Princess. The Doctor looks at her.*).

PRINCE (*aside, holding his heart*). My heart beats with emotion.
DOCTOR (*aside*). Of the court she is the belle.
PRINCESS (*aside*). He is a handsome prince, and takes my dainty fancy well.
DOCTOR. My Prince, your shy embarrassment will all your chances mar.
(*Aside.*) He trembles like a timid swain—"he dunno where he are."
KING. Pray be you seated, sirs, you're in the nick of time—but hold!
(*To Doctor.*) To wear such strange apparel you must indeed be bold.
DOCTOR. 'Tis quite the latest fashion, sire. In fact 'tis all the rage,
Worn by the rich and poor it is, by dude and learned sage.
This coat and hat are foreign goods.
KING. Don't say they're German made!
DOCTOR. They don't dress well in Germany; you needn't be afraid.
These clothes were built in England, and were sent from London straight;
They caused me many an anxious pang for fear they'd come too late.
KING. They greatly please our eye, forsooth!—My Lords, in future we
Must likewise fashionable men of ultra-fashion be.
QUEEN. And now we'd like to know, young man, both who and what you are.
Are you attendant on the Prince? Are you his guiding star?
DOCTOR (*suppresses laughter and nudges the Prince*). D'you hear that, Prince? Your guiding star!—I couldn't help but laugh.
Old birds are not to be entrapped by such outrageous chaff.
(*To all.*) I am the princely retinue of this my noble Lord.
I have to chuckle when he laughs, amuse him when he's bored.
I am his army, navy too, his only magistrate,
His Board of Agriculture, and his Secret'ry of State;
His doctor and solicitor, his treasurer—yet his friend;
My pay is somewhat limited, my duties have no end.
Quite lately I've learnt shorthand; oh! typewriting too I know—

(*He gets out of breath, the Queen quickly intervenes.*)

QUEEN. Enough! let's get to business now!
PRINCESS (*yawning*). Oh, dear! this is so slow.
KING. My Lord Chief Justice, what say you about my daughter, sir?
To her upbringing, seems to me, you grumblingly demur.
CHIEF JUSTICE. Your Majesty will pardon me—your measures are too mild.
You've made the old mistake; you've spared the rod and spoilt the child.
PRINCESS. Your legal wit is very dry. Perhaps you think that's funny.
LORD OF EXCHEQUER. If I were in your father's place, I'd stop your pocket money.
KING. My Lord of the Exchequer, pray remember silver's cheap.



"He is a handsome prince, and takes my fancy well.

Lord Treasurer. Then close the Mint, your Majesty, a fair exchange to keep.

Doctor. Since India holds my property, I loudly say "hear! hear!"
The rupee's fallen value makes me shed a bitter tear.

King. And what say you, my pessimistic Secret'ry of State?

Sec. of State. The cure has been postponed so long that now it is too late.

Princess. Copy-books have always said it's ne'er too late to mend.

Doctor. But if a horse don't want to drink, his neck you cannot bend.

(*Enter Fairy, disguised as a poor woman. She goes towards and addresses the Princess.*)

Fairy. Good lady, I entreat your aid. I'm sorely pressed for food;
I feel quite sure that one so fair must be both kind and good.

Princess. You make a flagrant error. I have naught that I can spare;
All beggars must be taught their pains and woes to grin and bear.

Fairy. Oh! give me but a penny, and I'll buy myself some bread;
The rich have often clothed the poor, the hungry they have fed.

Princess. I wish you wouldn't worry me. Pray get you gone this minute!
My purse has not been filled for you—in fact, there's little in it.

Queen. Can no one tell us what to do? I'm blinded by my tears,
My heart is breaking with my grief and wracked with hopeless fears.

(*While the Ladies of the Court attend the Queen, the Fairy approaches the Prince.*)

Fairy. Now is your chance. Make a request to speak unto the maid,
A girl is never won by man faint-hearted and afraid.

Prince. Your Majesties, I crave a boon—five minutes with your daughter.

Doctor. That he may teach her heart to feel the pity that it ought to.

King. We grant your boon. It is indeed a trifle that you ask.
My Lords, we will retire—Fortune speed him in his task!

(*Exeunt. Doctor hides behind the tree. Prince and Princess left alone.*)

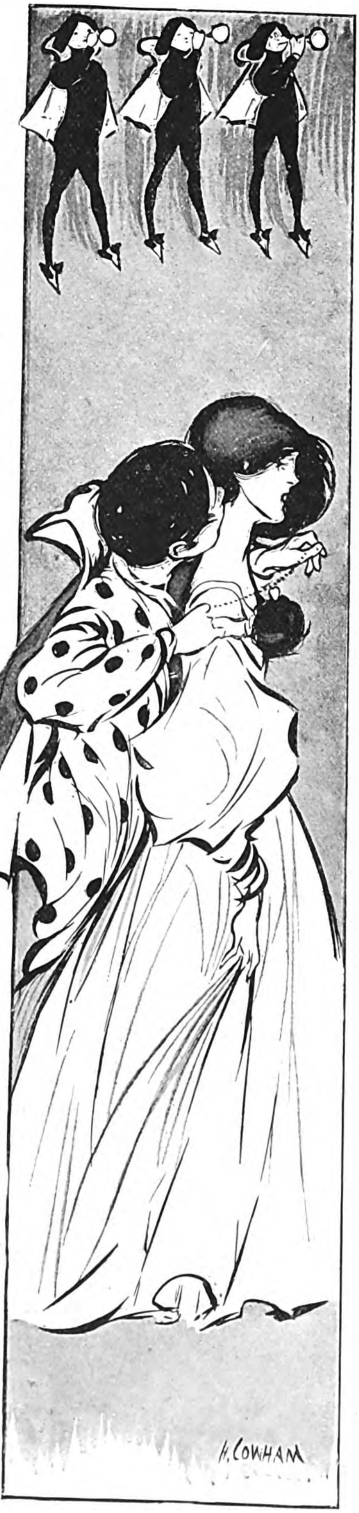
Doctor (*aside*). Now comes the tug-of-war. May all good spirits take the side
Of my young lord, and help to stem misfortune's rolling tide.

Princess. You seem a little shy, fair Sir. 'Twas but a moment since
You asked to be alone with me.

Doctor (*aside*). I would I were the Prince!

Prince. Dear Lady, when the heart is full, words do not smoothly flow,
The tongue refuses oft to tell the tale that all must know.
The eyes are full of truth and love; they speak, and cannot hide
The tender adoration, hopes that in the heart abide.
I pray thee, therefore, let mine eyes look for a while in thine,
That all the warmth and light of love may on thy presence shine,
That in their inmost depths thou mayest gaze, and then awake
To give thy heart to me in love, my love in answer take.

Princess (*aside*). His mien is truly noble, and I love to hear his tale.
His words have struck a hidden chord.



"First let me place around thy neck this little heart of gold."

Doctor (*aside*). Hurrah! he cannot fail.

Princess. Please tell me more of this strange thing, and please—to hold my hand.

Doctor (*aside*). He's getting on. I'll play the trombone in the bridal band.
When maiden asks a love-sick youth to tell a love-sick tale,
'Tis proof the maiden's heart is not encased in love-proof mail.

Prince. First let me place around thy neck this little heart of gold.
So—now my tale of boundless love I willingly unfold.
When first I saw thee, dearest Love, my heart beat with delight;
Mine eyes had never chanced upon so fair and sweet a sight.
I looked into thine eyes, and unblushingly I say
I knew that I had never lived until that glorious day.
I look again, and in their light, I see my joy reflected.
My very soul cries out with bliss, no longer I'm dejected.
Again I look, again I see the trust that cannot die;
The trust that binds my heart to thine, the surest, strongest tie.
Once more I look, and know that thou art gentle, good, and kind,
That from thine eyes have dropped the scales that falsely made thee blind.

(*Enter all. The Doctor comes forward.*)

Your Majesties, I claim my prize, the hand of your fair daughter.

King. First you must tell us, noble Prince, the lesson you have taught her.
Give us some certain sign that your devoir you've bravely done,
Recount to us the means by which you say the prize was won.

Doctor. The same old tale, the same old words, the same old blissful joys,
The same old faith, the same old hope, the love that never cloys;
The same old kiss, the same old fate, the same old wondrous theme—
(*Aside*). That nineteen out of twenty times is but an idle dream.

(*Enter Fairy, disguised as before. She hobbles up to the Princess.*)

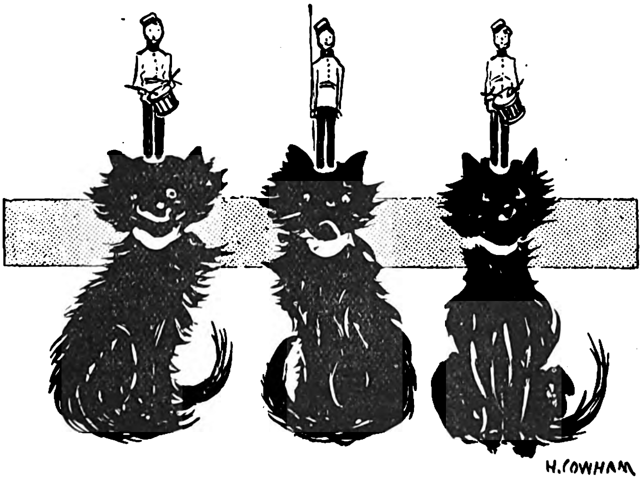
Princess (*goes up to the Fairy, and gently takes her hand*). I want to beg your pardon, dame, in future I'll be kinder,
And think that riches to the rich should act as a reminder
That there is many a lonely one who has a joyless fate,
And looks with eager, hungry eyes at our superior state.
Go to our kitchen; rest thee well, and have a hearty meal,
For those in pain and trouble I have learnt at length to feel.

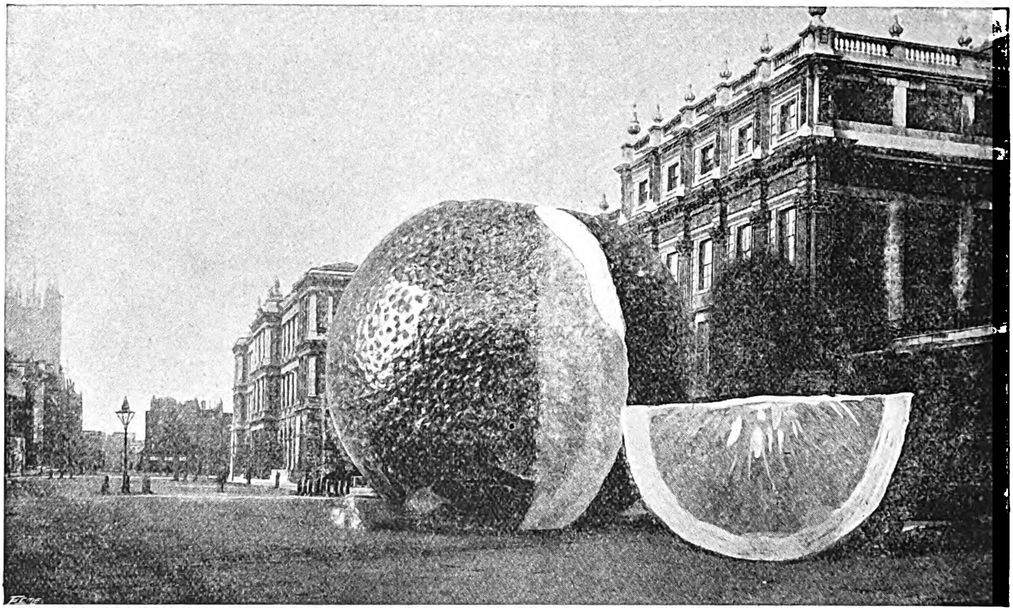
Fairy (*throws off disguise—at which there is universal astonishment—takes the Princess back to the Prince, and joins their hands*).
Who asks for further proof that love has changed the maiden's heart?
Who would decree that these who love should live their lives apart?
You're sure to lead contented lives. May both of you be blest!
It grieves me that I cannot stay to be a wedding guest.
But I have other work to do, and other ills to mend;
I've been successful here—peace be with you to the end!

(*Exit Fairy.*)

King. Next week will be a holiday for endless mirth and fun,
Next week the Prince, who's won the prize, we'll welcome as our son;
For when he came our eyes were wet, our hearts were full of pain,
Nor dared we hope that anyone would Princess Heartless gain;
But he has driven pain away and taught our child to love—
May their united lives be blest by spirits from above!

Doctor. And I propose Princess Heartless change her untrue name,
For Heartfull is she now, and may she always be the same!





If all the oranges which John Bull puts away on Christmas Day were rolled into one, a vast orange fifty feet high would be the amazing result.

JOHN BULL'S CHRISTMAS DINNER.

By Stephen P. Bunn.

On Christmas Day, at a modest computation, fifty per cent. more food is eaten in this country than on any other day in the year. There are very few, even of the poorest of the poor, who do not manage, somehow or other, to get at least one square meal on this great festal day; whilst in all classes of society the Christmas table has a specially loud groan all to itself over the extra delicacies and the more than usually generous supply of the necessities of life with which it is laden.

Plum pudding is undoubtedly recognised as our national Yuletide dainty, and increases in popularity year by year. No Christmas dinner-table is complete without its plum pudding, and not one person in twenty will spend Christmas Day without accounting for his or her share of the national dish. I have calculated that on Christmas Day alone there will be eaten in the United Kingdom a stupendous cube of this rather indigestible luxury, measuring 50ft. each way—in height, length, and breadth. Fortunately, I have been able to obtain a unique photograph which will at once convey to the mind of the reader an idea of the vast bulk of this mass of pudding.

Each separate ingredient of this pudding—currants, raisins, flour, eggs, &c.—would by itself occupy as much space as a decent-sized house.

The gigantic raisin required is represented pictorially. The two or three cows reclining gracefully around its foundations, and the solitary animal at rest on top, show off its proportions splendidly, though possibly if it had not already been stated that this queer-looking object was really a raisin (enlarged photographically) the reader would have been tempted to describe it as a balloon in a state of semi-collapse.

Mince-pies are particularly popular at this season of the year, and on the great day itself, allowing one ordinary-sized mince-pie to every fifth person—a very low estimate—the total consumption will be equivalent to one vast circular mince pie 16ft. high and 80ft. across. It would even make the fountains in Trafalgar Square look small!

The turkeys and geese cooked for Christmas Day would form an army, marching ten abreast, which would reach from London to Brighton; or, if they walked in single file, the head of the procession would have passed

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through Edinburgh before the last bird had left Brighton on its long journey north.

The annual slaughter of oxen for the Christmas beef disposes of a herd which could only be fed together on Salisbury Plain.

Almost 10,000 tons-weight of coal is required to cook all the Christmas dinners that are eaten every year, and allowing half-an-hour for cooking each dinner, it would take the kitchen of the Hotel Cecil over three years to accomplish this gigantic task.

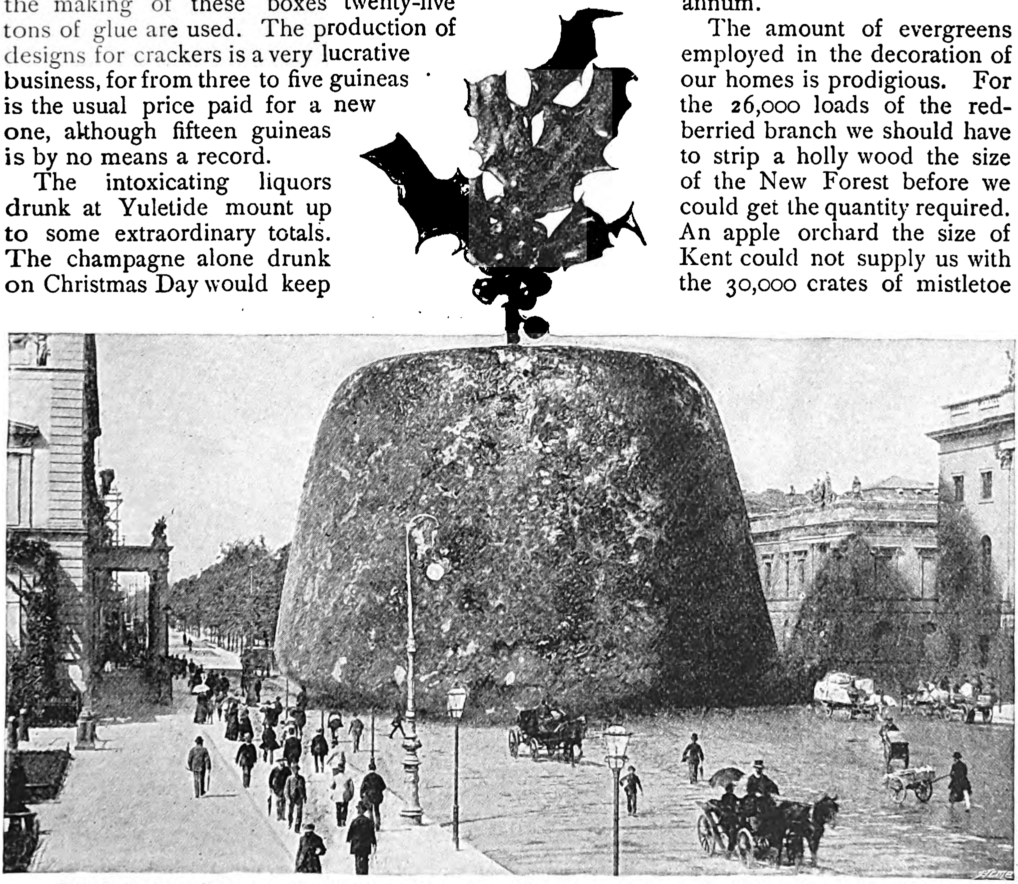
Of the child-alarming cracker 10,000,000 are exploded across our Christmas dinner tables every year. These, if put end to end, would form a miniature cable that would almost reach from London to New York. The manufacture of these gaily decorated rolls gives employment to 1,200 people all the year round; seven tons of cardboard are used in making the small explosive strips inside the crackers, whilst 125 tons of a stouter material change into the boxes in which the pretty bon-bons are packed. In the making of these boxes twenty-five tons of glue are used. The production of designs for crackers is a very lucrative business, for from three to five guineas is the usual price paid for a new one, although fifteen guineas is by no means a record.

The intoxicating liquors drunk at Yuletide mount up to some extraordinary totals. The champagne alone drunk on Christmas Day would keep the fountains in Trafalgar Square working incessantly five days, and that with the wine passing through the pipes only once.

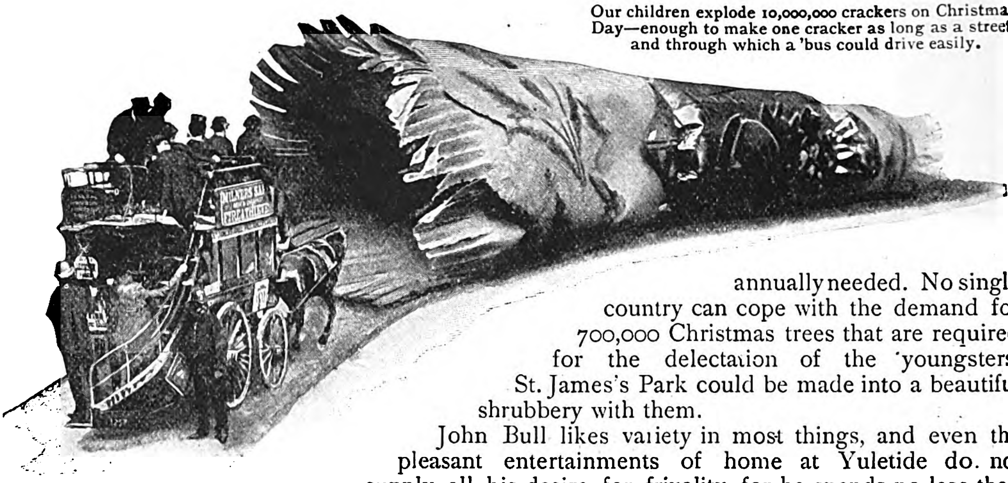
The orange, too, constitutes a large item in our Christmas fare, as enough of this delightful fruit is eaten for dessert to make one vast orange fifty feet high.

Our Christmas greetings are represented in the magnificent total of 30,000,000 cards, which are sold in the United Kingdom every year. If these pretty card-board souvenirs were packed side by side, in one solid pile, they would form a column that would compare with Nelson's Monument. In the manufacture of boxes for their reception £5,000 is expended, which means the consumption of tons and tons of cardboard. Sometimes three-quarters of a million of one design are disposed of, and in such cases it is a great profit for the manufacturer. For a good design £3 to £5 is generally paid, although a clever designer can make a steady income of £500 to £900 per annum.

The amount of evergreens employed in the decoration of our homes is prodigious. For the 26,000 loads of the red-berried branch we should have to strip a holly wood the size of the New Forest before we could get the quantity required. An apple orchard the size of Kent could not supply us with the 30,000 crates of mistletoe



John Bull's Plum Pudding. On Christmas Day alone there will be eaten in the United Kingdom a pudding fifty feet in height, length, and breadth.



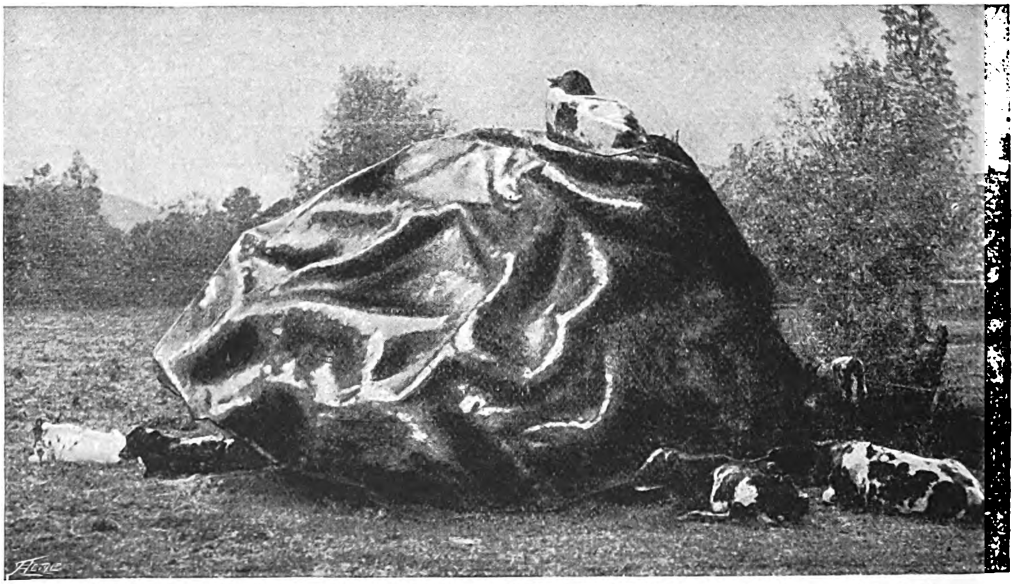
Our children explode 10,000,000 crackers on Christmas Day—enough to make one cracker as long as a street, and through which a 'bus could drive easily.

annually needed. No single country can cope with the demand for 700,000 Christmas trees that are required for the delectation of the 'youngsters. St. James's Park could be made into a beautiful shrubbery with them.

John Bull likes variety in most things, and even the pleasant entertainments of home at Yuletide do not supply all his desire for frivolity, for he spends no less than £30,000 in witnessing pantomime performances on Boxing Night alone. Out of 300 theatres, exclusive of music halls, in the United Kingdom over 200 play pantomime; and as the holding capacity of each theatre averages 1,500, the total audience for this popular Christmas amusement on the 26th reaches the figure of 300,000. The average takings on Boxing Night give us the respectable total of £40,000.

In order to seat this large gathering in one theatre it would have to be fifteen times larger than the Albert Hall; and to accommodate 12,000 performers a stage thirty times the size of that of Drury Lane would be necessary. The Victoria Embankment between Westminster and Blackfriars Bridges would just meet our requirements for the waiting crowd if they were to line up in forty-two files of 7,000 apiece. But, considering that 300,000 pantomime-goers when laughing at Dan Leno would cause a shock equal to an earthquake, and when they stamp would bring down the house in the truest sense of the word, perhaps it is as well that such a multitude cannot get into one building.

Although medicine is not needed until the carousal is over, it forms such an important



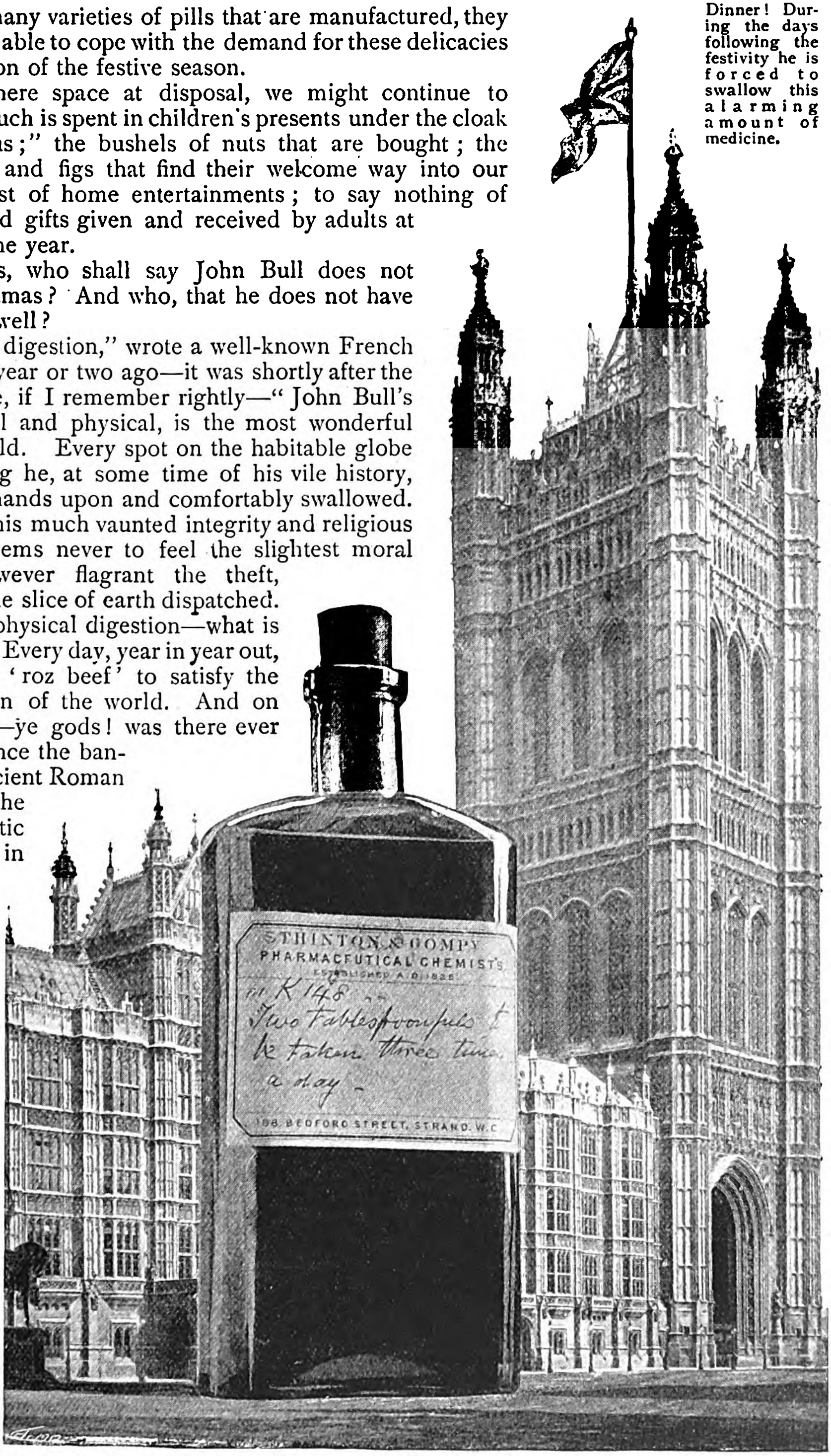
This is not a balloon in a state of semi-collapse, but the raisin (enlarged photographically) which John Bull manages to digest each Christmas Day.

adjunct to our Yuletide that it should therefore have a place in this article. If all the chemists in London were to stock their shops with the many varieties of pills that are manufactured, they would hardly be able to cope with the demand for these delicacies at the termination of the festive season.

And, were there space at disposal, we might continue to calculate how much is spent in children's presents under the cloak of "Santa Claus;" the bushels of nuts that are bought; the boxes of dates and figs that find their welcome way into our houses; the cost of home entertainments; to say nothing of the highly-priced gifts given and received by adults at this season of the year.

So, after this, who shall say John Bull does not enjoy his Christmas? And who, that he does not have to pay for it as well?

"John Bull's digestion," wrote a well-known French Anglophobe, a year or two ago—it was shortly after the Fashoda trouble, if I remember rightly—"John Bull's digestion, moral and physical, is the most wonderful thing in the world. Every spot on the habitable globe worth possessing he, at some time of his vile history, has laid violent hands upon and comfortably swallowed. And in spite of his much vaunted integrity and religious sentiment, he seems never to feel the slightest moral indigestion, however flagrant the theft, however large the slice of earth dispatched. And as for his physical digestion—what is to be said of it? Every day, year in year out, he eats enough 'roz beef' to satisfy the entire population of the world. And on Christmas Day—ye gods! was there ever such gluttony since the banquets of the ancient Roman Patricians!" So the Gaul—and frantic jealousy speaks in every line of his tirade. Could he manage it he would rival us in the dispatching of plum pudding. But his digestion is weak. Ours, on the other hand, is strong as an ostrich's. May it so continue. A strong digestion, a strong nation.


S. HINTON & COMPY
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Two Tablespoonfuls to be taken three times a day
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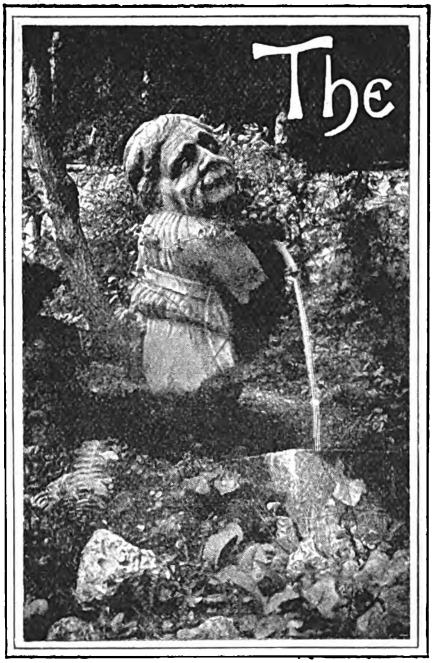
The Nemesis of John Bull's Christmas Dinner! During the days following the festivity he is forced to swallow this alarming amount of medicine.

The Dwarfs of the Prince-Bishops



The most perfect dwarf of the Prince-Bishops.

By Herbert Vivian.

Illustrated with Photographs.

Salzburg has been proclaimed by a high authority to be one of the three most beautiful cities in Europe, Constantinople and Naples being the other two. Having only seen it in cloudy weather, I am not convinced, but I am fully sensible to the many old-world charms of the city, which was so long ruled by Prince-Bishops and has retained such vivid impressions of their dominion and an atmosphere so very mediæval and ecclesiastical.

That which perhaps carried me back most irresistibly to the old times was the sight of a collection of curious statues, which have now been relegated to a forlorn but still beautiful corner of a beer-garden. They represent a whole dynasty of dwarfs, who were employed, according to ancient usage, as court jesters to a long and prosperous succession of Prince-Bishops.

At all times it has been deemed part of the fun to dress up a court dwarf in some grotesque or incongruous costume in order thereby to heighten his absurdity. The most elementary idea was to dress him up as a clown or pantaloon, a simple form of humour which might appeal even to the dullest understanding. Only one of our Prince-Bishops' dwarfs has been thus attired, and we may safely conclude that he was the first of the series which has been perpetuated. He is, however, by no means the least funny, and his clothes certainly suit him very well. He has the face and figure of a very fat baby, and at the same time an exceedingly shrewd, grown-up expression. The turn of his nose is supremely impertinent, while his mouth, goggle eyes, and cherubic cheeks afford the ideal material for grimacing. He is depicted in the attitude of a clumsy dance, shuffling his big feet and lifting his ill-proportioned arms according to the cadence of a tune.

We can imagine him tumbling, capering and turning somersaults after supper amid the uproarious laughter of the Prince-Bishop's guests when the wine had begun to flow in good earnest. And when this grew monotonous, he would doubtless wander off among the tables and pay off an old score by some practical prank, spilling a beaker over my Monsignor This's trunk-hose or making off with Baron That's viands while they were on their way to expectant lips.

A more subtle sort of wit presently suggested seeking out the most unsuitable costume imaginable, for, after all, in order to be effective, humour must find out the extreme of incongruity. In a martial age this was obviously a grand military garb for the puny fellow, whose only weapon was his tongue.

Here is a funny little hunchback, who might almost be taken for a caricature of one of Cromwell's Ironsides with his seventeenth century top-boots, his broad iron helmet, and the jaunty, swashbuckler attitude, which seems to suggest that he is about to receive an onslaught of pikemen. His amiable, weak face, with its foolish grin, affords a ludicrous contrast to his military get up, and it is easy to picture the uproarious horse-play which must have greeted his appearance with all his accoutrements amid a merry gathering of officers and 'squires. Unlike most hunchbacks, he wears a cheery

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of the man who has posed in our photograph to convey an idea of the size of the dwarfs. He is clenching his little fists, rolling his eyes and rounding his mouth in a comically exaggerated travesty of indignation. We may be sure that he was not one to mince his words and that his rude humour was very much to the taste of his masters.

It would be difficult to conceive a greater contrast than that between him and his successor, a fellow whose refined features at first sight appear to be marked with melancholy. His cap is somewhat ecclesiastical in cut, his clothes are spruce and he betrays an ambition to hide his infirmities. Yet his outline bears a faint reflection of that of Mr. Punch, and there are traces of quiet sarcasm about his eyes and mouth. He must have been an excellent mimic, but by no means the rollicking favourite like the majority of his compeers.

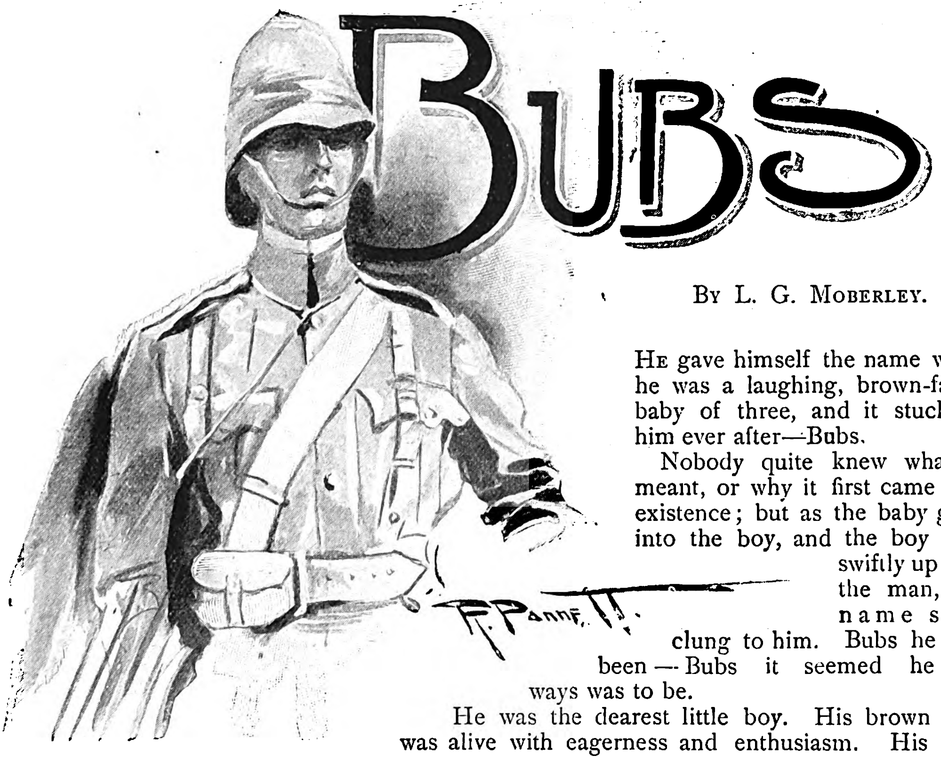
The melancholy Jacques.

Finally, we have the regular low comedian, whose comical physiognomy has only to appear in order to set all men in a roar. Like Sidney Smith, if he only asked you to pass the salt you were bound to guffaw. His figure is his fortune and compels mirth quite irresistibly. He is engaged, apparently, in a commonplace gardening operation, but his ludicrous manner invests it with an eloquence of wit, which no mere words oculd enhance. Of all these laughable figures—each a masterpiece in its own line—I think this is far and away the most perfect.

Here is a hunchback swashbuckler preparing to receive an onslaught of pikemen.

The clown-dwarf dancing after supper.

The good people of Salzburg seem to regard the dwarfs still with a peculiar affection, partly perhaps in memory of the heyday of their prosperity and independence, partly, too, no doubt, for the jovial and engaging air of the little men, who, in their vesture of stone, even now contribute to the city's gaiety, and chase away care with their cheery antics and grimaces. They serve at any rate to remind us that men made merry long before the establishment of music halls and comic papers. If we may judge from the records which have survived, the wit of a court dwarf was often somewhat forced and thin according to modern notions, but it is at any rate significant that an iron age should have called the profession of jester into being. We are too prone to look upon past ages as morose, whereas in truth the people enjoyed far larger leisure for innocent gaiety, and, as we see, even the great ones of the earth, absorbed in warfare and statecraft, took pains to secure a free flow of wit at their private hearth and board.



BUBS

By L. G. Moberley.

He gave himself the name when he was a laughing, brown-faced baby of three, and it stuck to him ever after—Bubs.

Nobody quite knew what it meant, or why it first came into existence; but as the baby grew into the boy, and the boy shot swiftly up into the man, the name still clung to him. Bubs he had been — Bubs it seemed he always was to be.

He was the dearest little boy. His brown face was alive with eagerness and enthusiasm. His eyes were bright with keenness and excitement over the world that unfolded daily before them. They were beautiful eyes, too—neither grey nor green, and yet a striking mingling of both, and smeared in with just a hint of a smutty finger—and their long, upturned lashes many a woman might have envied.

He was a loving little soul in those days, brimful of tenderness for his mother, loving adoration for his father, ready friendliness to everybody who showed him kindness. He boiled over with enthusiasm over everything that interested him, and his interests were innumerable. He was the same all through his school days; his eyes had a way of dilating when he was excited, and out of sheer eagerness he stuttered when talking of anything that especially interested him.

And then,—well then Bubs was put into a smart cavalry regiment, and came out at the other end of the mill, so to speak, a very different being from the one who went in. It was a very smart regiment, and, according to its traditions, its officers must hide their enthusiasms under bushels, or, better still, have no enthusiasms at all; and must present to the world the *blasé* and wearied countenances of those who have tasted of every experience that life could give, and who found that there was nothing new or true, and —no matter!

Bubs succeeded—after a time—in reducing his brown and cheerful visage to a sufficiently dead level of indifference and boredom, and learnt to prattle of the fatigue of living; of the centuries of experience he had contrived to squeeze into his own youthful existence. He was not nearly so nice a Bubs as the frank-faced boy who had looked eagerly out upon the world before entering it; but I think he would have outgrown this youthful stage of *blasé*-dom if it had not been for his unfortunate discovery that he was an exceedingly attractive person to the other sex.

Alas! Bubs began to find out that those beautiful eyes of his had a wonderful effect upon women-folk, if used judiciously. It was a great pity he did find this out, but it was a still greater pity that the women he came across suffered themselves to be so easily

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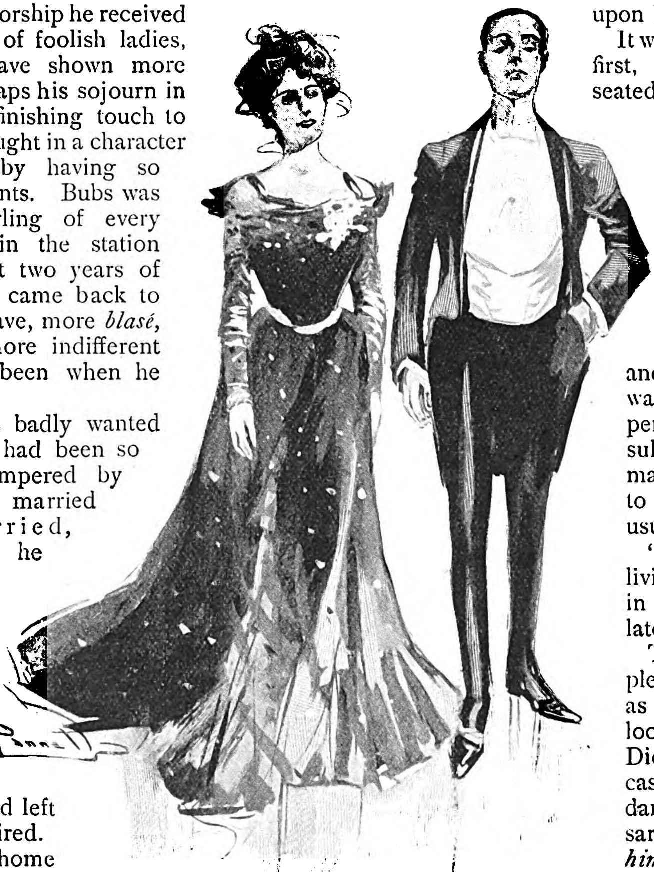
bewitched by a pair of grey-green eyes with sweeping black lashes; and that they forthwith took delight in adoring and spoiling Bubs to the very great detriment of that young gentleman's character.

His mother had died before he reached man's estate, otherwise her common-sense would have stood between Bubs and folly. As things were he was not improved by the worship he received from a variety of foolish ladies, who should have shown more wisdom. Perhaps his sojourn in India put the finishing touch to the change wrought in a character which began by having so many good points. Bubs was the spoilt darling of every drawing-room in the station where he spent two years of his life, and he came back to England on leave, more *blasé*, more bored, more indifferent than he had been when he went away.

His manners badly wanted mending. He had been so petted and pampered by all the ladies, married and unmarried, amongst whom he had lived in India, that he had acquired a way of behaving that was quite the reverse of courteous, and left much to be desired.

He had been home about a month when he was invited to spend a fortnight with some old friends at their very charming place in Surrey. Bubs arrived late. It was the tradition of his regiment always to be late for every function, this being part of their swagger. He only came into the drawing-room just as the guests were beginning to file into the dining-room.

"Will you take Miss Henderson down, Mr. Landon?" said his hostess, presenting him to a tall girl in black, and hurrying on her way.



He walked into the dining-room without uttering a syllable to his companion.

This disposing of his august person to a mere girl upset Bub's equanimity to begin with. He was mortally offended. To be asked to take a girl—and evidently a very young girl—in to dinner, instead of a married woman, was a very bitter pill, and he walked into the dining-room without uttering a syllable to his companion, and without even bestowing a glance upon her.

It was she who spoke first, after they were seated at the table.

"You only arrived just before dinner, I think, Mr. Landon?" she said.

Bubs' answer was something between a groan and a grunt. Bubs was in a bad temper — Bubs was sulky, and Bubs' manners left more to be desired than usual.

"You have been living a good deal in savage countries lately, I gather?"

The voice was as pleasant and smooth as before, but Bubs looked up sharply. Did he detect sarcasm? Was the girl daring to fire off sarcastic remarks at *him*?

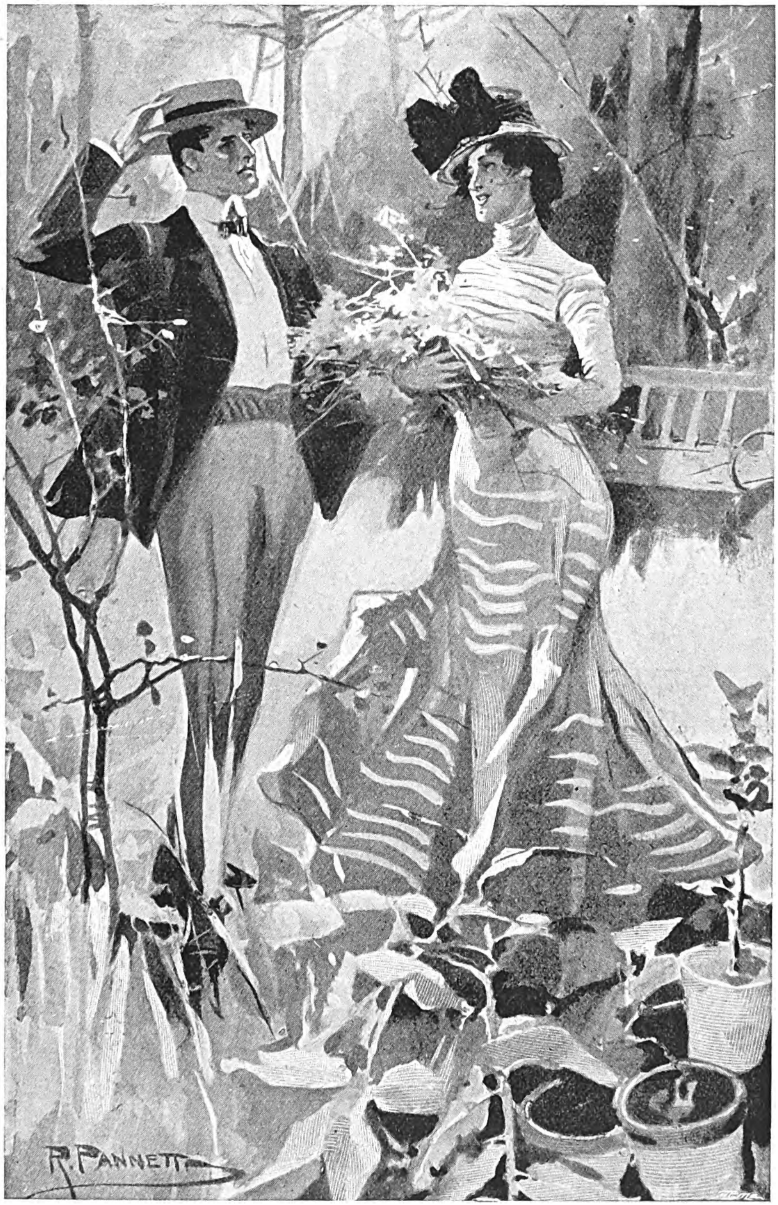
His eyes met a pair of well-opened grey eyes. If there was a twinkle in them, there was no sign of a smile about the well-cut lips. Bubs concluded that her remark was made in innocence. He sat back in his chair and crumbled his bread sulkily. He was determined not to talk to Miss Henderson—his hostess must have a lesson. He—Bubs of the 19oth—was not to be treated thus.

Daphne Henderson turned a little in her chair and looked full into his cross face with eyes that were now undoubtedly full of laughter.

"I believe the dwellers in savage lands prefer to eat their meals in silence and undisturbed. I won't worry you any more."

And with the words, she deliberately turned her back upon the petrified Bubs, and began to talk to her neighbour on the other side.

If a bomb had descended at the young man's feet he could not have been more astonished. He sat bolt upright and glared at what he could see of Miss Henderson. It was chiefly a view of a very straight back, which somehow possessed a good deal of character—a coil of soft hair and the nape of a very pretty neck. The face was turned away; and it remained turned away during the whole of dinner. To say that Bubs was surprised is to use mild language. He was at first furious; then annoyed and fidgetty; finally astonished—and astonishment was the predominant sensation when, dinner ended, Miss Henderson moved from her place without even a glance in his direction. In all the years of his life, Bubs never remembered before having been snubbed by a woman, much less by a young girl.



Her hands were full of sprays of briar rose and honeysuckle.

He felt a certain curiosity to see her again, and looked round the drawing-room for her on returning there. She was standing by the conservatory door, her tall, young figure outlined against the big palms within. She was talking to a boy—the oldest son of the house—and Bubs could see from her eager gestures that she was keenly interested in the subject of conversation. Presently she laughed, and her laugh was good to hear. Once her eyes met Bubs' intent gaze, but she showed no more sign of having seen him than if he had been a fly.

Bubs—the much-sought-after Bubs—felt more than ever affronted. Indifference chafed him more than active dislike would have done. He felt an insane desire to ask this girl what she meant by treating him like the dirt under her feet; only—well, the thing was that during the evening she did not exactly "treat" him in any way at all! She simply went on her own serene way as though he had not been there.

The next morning Bubs, sauntering in the garden, met Miss Henderson. Her hands were full of sprays of briar rose and honeysuckle. She had evidently been into the lanes, and she looked the very embodiment of health and vigour. She would have passed the young man with a slight inclination of her head, but Bubs stepped up to her.

"Am I to be sent to Coventry entirely?" he said shortly.

"Don't you think you rather deserve to go there?" she said. The shadow of a smile hovered round her mouth.

"I—am not at all accustomed"—Bubs began, and stopped.

"And *I* am not at all accustomed to talk to people who evidently prefer not to talk to me," she answered. "You weren't a very amusing companion at dinner last night, were you?"

Her grey eyes, full of laughter, met his frankly.

Bubs felt angry. It was absurd that a girl in her teens should laugh at him—should presume to call him to account!

His face suddenly assumed an expression of sulky boredom, combined with haughty astonishment, and the girl beside him, watching him, laughed!

"Oh," she exclaimed, "you know it isn't a bit of good trying to make me think you are all sorts of things you are not. I've got six brothers, and I know most things there are to be known about—boys!"

Boys! Bubs stared at her in speechless wrath.

"I know just the stage you are in," this amazingly outspoken young lady went on. "You're at the *blasé* stage, aren't you?" She put her head a little on one side, and eyed him scrutinisingly. "It has to be gone through like the measles or any other infantile complaint. You'll feel ever so much better when it's over!"

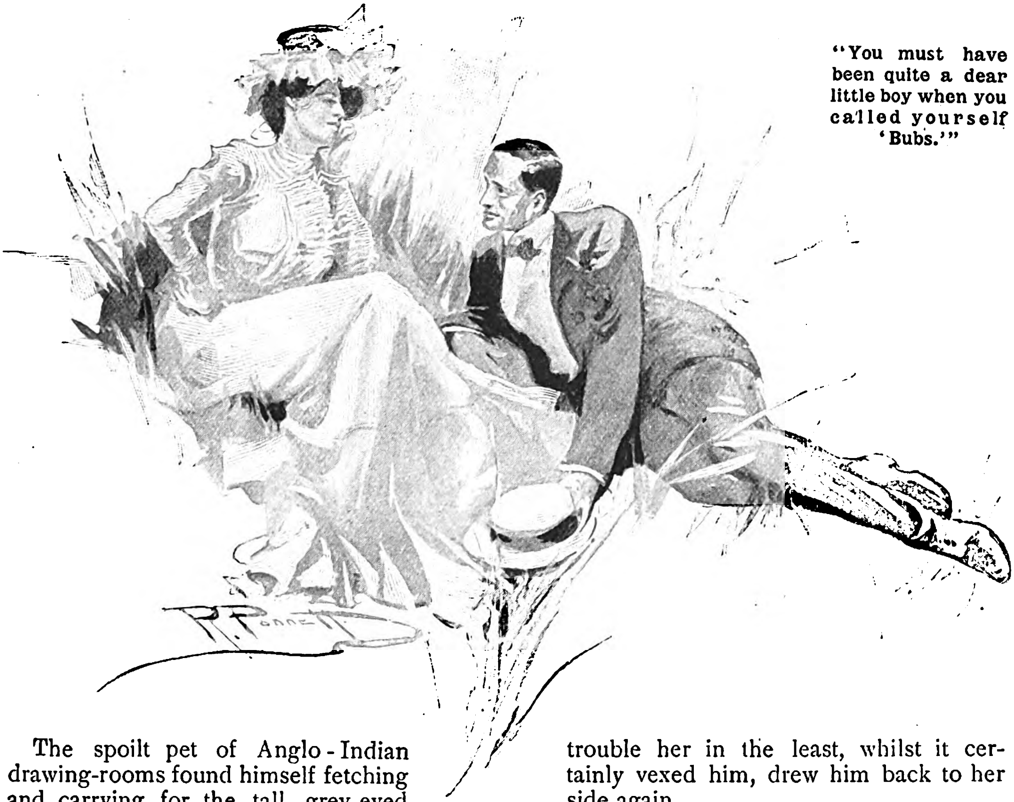
Bubs gasped. *Blasé*—of course he was *blasé*. Had he not told adoring and credulous friends of the other sex over and over again all about the farce called life: how he had drunk the cup of disillusionment to the very dregs; how there was nothing in all the gamut of human experience which he had not known; nothing under the sun that he had not seen, and he had found that all was vanity. Why, he had said all this scores of times to women no longer young, who had believed and sympathised with him. And now a slip of a girl whose face was as fresh as one of the roses she carried, whose eyes looked frankly out upon life with no signs of fatigue or boredom, had the audacity to tell him he was going through an infantile complaint.

"Oh," she went on, before he had time to recover from his surprise, surveying him as she spoke with cool, critical eyes, "you will get over it. It doesn't generally last long. I always laugh at my brothers all through their *blasè* stage. They are not bearable until they are out of it. Nobody is!"

And before Bubs had sufficiently collected his wits to reply, she had passed him swiftly and gone into the house.

Now it was a curious fact that angry as Bubs was, he could not forget Daphne Henderson's words; moreover, her frank face and grey eyes haunted him in the most irritating fashion. Though he told himself a dozen times an hour that he detested girls, especially these modern outspoken ones, he, nevertheless, had in his mind a tolerably clear vision of an upright, girlish figure, her arms full of roses and honeysuckle, her eyes shining with laughter, her lips curved into a smile. And the laughter had not been unkind! She had treated him with a sort of camaraderie which she might have bestowed upon one of those six brothers; and for the first time in his life it crossed Bubs' mind to wish that he had had a sister.

Bubs' anger began to melt. He resolved that he would yet impress this critical damsel and teach her to look upon him with respect, perhaps, even with admiration. But, alas! at his most world-weary speeches she merely laughed, and told him he would learn sense as he grew older. His lofty swagger as one of the 19oth she treated with scorn, and the strangest part of the whole thing was that she did not seem to look upon Bubs as anything more than the most ordinary young man. To Bubs it was an entirely new experience that any woman should be impervious to his charms, and the more cool and indifferent this irritating girl was, the more anxious did Bubs become to break down her indifference.



"You must have been quite a dear little boy when you called yourself 'Bubs.'"

The spoilt pet of Anglo-Indian drawing-rooms found himself fetching and carrying for the tall, grey-eyed girl in a most surprising way; and the aggravation of it was that it never seemed to strike her as anything unusual.

"You seem accustomed always to have things done for you," he said to her, almost pettishly one day, when he had brought her a chair, a parasol, and a book. She looked up with amused eyes.

"Why, so I am," she said. "Didn't I tell you I had six brothers?"

"Well, I thought sisters generally waited on their brothers. I should have thought you would have done things for them." His voice was nearly sulky.

She sat bolt upright all at once.

"Good gracious, should you?" she exclaimed. "Why, my brothers would never dream of letting me do things for myself, and I shouldn't think it would be very good for them if they did. And as for letting me fetch and carry for them—well, you evidently don't know much about the proper way to treat a girl. You are more difficult to train than all my brothers put together."

Bubs was so offended after this episode that he hardly spoke to her for two days. But the painful reflection that this did not trouble her in the least, whilst it certainly vexed him, drew him back to her side again.

"There is something quite nice about you somewhere," she said one morning, looking at him thoughtfully, as he lay at her feet on the grass, "only you have crusted it over with such a dreadful lot of nonsense. You must have been quite a dear little boy when you called yourself 'Bubs.'" She spoke gravely, something in her eyes made him all at once spring to his feet.

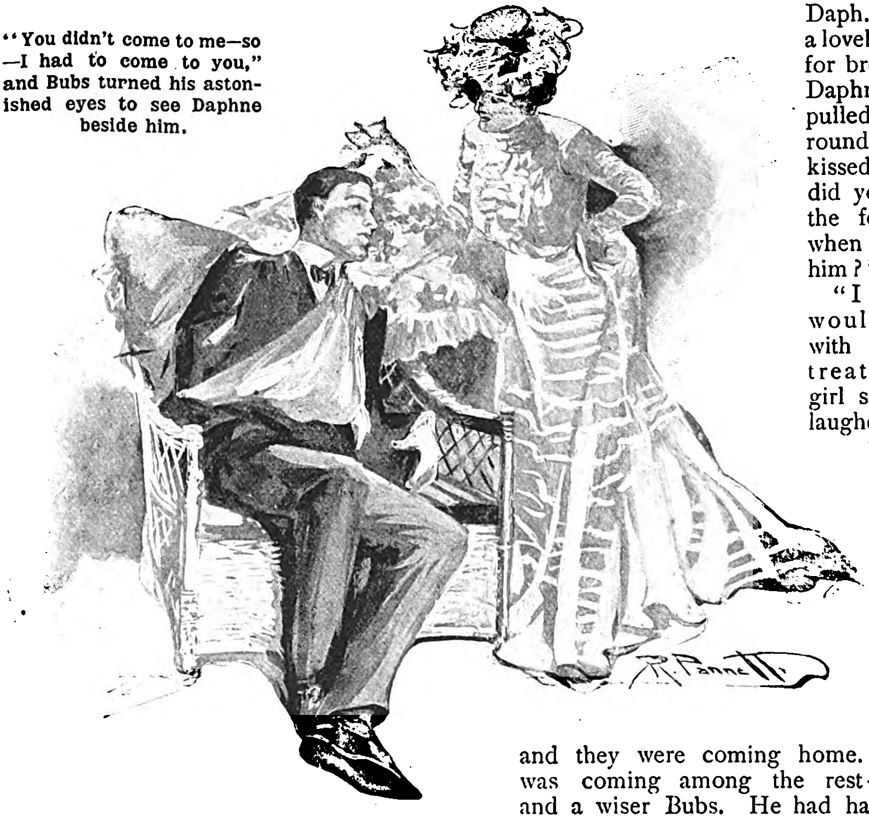
"You are always down on me," he said quickly.

"I am not," she answered, "only—only—it seems such a dreadful pity that you should bury all the good in you. If you were my brother——"

"I don't want to be your brother," he interrupted her eagerly, more eagerly than she had ever heard him speak. "I suppose I'm a fool—but would you marry me, Daphne?"

The colour flashed into her face.

"Oh, no," she said hastily. "Oh, no. I couldn't marry a man who is bored with everything, and *blasé*, and all that sort of thing. The man I marry must be—well, must be a *man*. I don't even know whether you are *capable* of doing anything



"You didn't come to me—so —I had to come to you," and Bubs turned his astonished eyes to see Daphne beside him.

but loaf through life, looking sick of it all."

"Don't you?" A sudden doggedness came about his mouth, a new look dawned in his eyes. "But if—if I proved to you that I can——"

She rose and stood by his side, her eyes met his.

"If," she said softly, "if you did prove it to me, perhaps——" she broke off suddenly, and the colour flashed over her face again as she turned away.

* * * * *

"I say, Daphne, you know that fellow Landon, the one they call Bubs? That rather sickening ass? Well, he's chucked his leave and volunteered for the front. Queer, isn't it?"

"Very queer." Daphne turned away from her brother, her voice shook oddly, but that obtuse young gentleman did not notice it.

"Just the last sort of thing I should have imagined such a soft, silly sort of chap would have done," he went on. "Do him a lot of good to rough it, though. His silly swagger made me sick. Pity you weren't his sister, Daph. You are a lovely bearleader for brothers," and Daphne's brother pulled her face round to his and kissed it. "What did you think of the fellow Daph, when you met him?"

"I thought he would improve with time — and treatment," the girl said, and she laughed softly.

* *

The little hard fought war was over. The grinding hardships that the troops had gone through were ended, and they were coming home. And Bubs was coming among the rest — a sadder and a wiser Bubs. He had had a terribly hard time; and the worst of it was that he had been wounded, badly wounded, and the surgeon had shaken his head gravely and said that he doubted whether Bubs would ever be fit for active service again. What availed it then, thought Bubs, that his wound had been gained in an act of "conspicuous bravery," that a fellow soldier owed his life to him. What mattered anything, but that he was probably maimed for life, and that Daphne would never now believe that he could be a man?

Bubs was in the depths of despair when he landed at Southampton. He had dreamed of going to Daphne full of triumph, and crowned with glory at the end of the campaign; but now he shook his head mournfully at the reflection of his own lean brown face in the glass, and he did not even write to tell the girl of his return.

And that, perhaps, was the greatest act of bravery in Bubs's career, for he longed for Daphne as he had never longed for anything in all his life; but he had made up his mind doggedly that he had no business now to try and work upon her feelings.

"I'm not going to play the wounded hero, or anything of that sort," he said. "I'll worry through somehow."

He never quite knew how the first weary days dragged by, as he tried in vain to pick up strength in his father's house, and tried, still more in vain, not to long quite so intolerably for Daphne.

But one afternoon as he sat listlessly in a big armchair, looking out into the garden, his father came in with an air of suppressed excitement.

"I'm just bringing an old friend in to see you, my boy," he said hurriedly; and before Bubs could remonstrate, he had vanished again, and Bubs' eyes turned drearily back to the contemplation of the tree-tops.

The door opened and shut; there was a little rustle of skirts, a soft voice close to him said:—

"You didn't come to me—so—I had—to come to you," and Bubs turned his astonished eyes to see Daphne beside him—Daphne—in her white frock as he had always pictured her; Daphne with a smile on her lips, but with a look in her grey eyes which he had never seen there before.

"Come—to you?" he stammered, trying unsuccessfully to get up, but his legs trembled so absurdly that he had to sit down again, and hold on tightly to the arm of the chair. "How could I come to you? Didn't they tell you that I was pretty badly smashed up—not killed, unluckily, but a sort of wreck."

"Oh, I knew that was why you didn't come," she said, and she knelt down beside him, a proud light on her face. "I know the queer turns of—of—boy's minds so well," she flashed a mischievous look at him, "and so I made Dad bring me here, because I knew wild horses would not have dragged you to me."

"Well, they wouldn't," he said defiantly. "I may have been an ass—I was, of course. I did make a fool of myself, but I wasn't going to be a knave as well. You didn't suppose I was going to try and tie you to a wreck?"

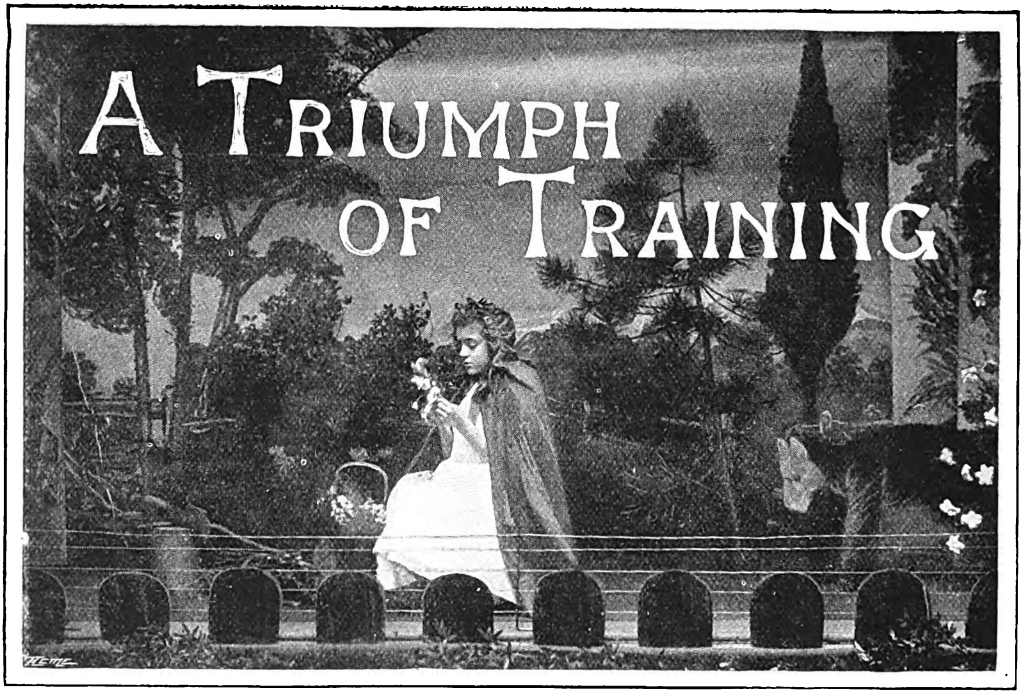
"No," she said, "I knew you wouldn't; but—I am going to tie myself"—and all at once she took one of his thin, wasted hands in hers. "I don't know about a wreck—whether you are a wreck or not, you're still Bubs, you know: and—and it's Bubs—that I want!"

THE WARRIOR'S REVERIE.

When the day has donned night's mantle,
And the hour of rest is nigh;
When the starry lights of heaven,
Shine their brightest in the sky;
When the camp-fire's burning brightly,
And the day's hard fight is o'er,
I shall see, in starlit visions,
Faces on my native shore.
Loving memories will cheer me,
Drifting from across the foam,
Coming from the lovelit bye-gones,
Sweet forget-me-nots of home.
Like twin roses in the summer,
We were brought up side by side.
It was May amongst the blossoms,
And love's boat was on the tide.
Tell my Mother when you see her,
God is with us in the fight,
And her last good-bye shall cheer me,
Through war's dark and troubled night.
If I fall, console her gently,
And in accents soft and low,
Say I died for Queen and Country,
With my face towards the foe.
Love shall set our thoughts to music,
And when shadows eastward cast,
Then our life and love for ever
Shall be blended with the past.
When the war-clouds have passed over,
When, my love, we meet again,
It will be like April blossoms,
Kissed by sunshine after rain.
Should I fall amidst the battle
For the old Red, White and Blue,
When I reach that distant haven,
I will watch and wait for you.
I will wait to meet you, darling,
Far beyond life's moaning tide,
Heaven itself would not be heaven,
If you were not by my side.

Smedley Norton.

A TRIUMPH OF TRAINING



The Marvellous Performance of Blind and Deaf-mute Children, Illustrated with Photographs taken specially for the ROYAL MAGAZINE.

By A. J. Story.

When one speaks of a stage performance given by deaf children, the uninitiated naturally imagine a play in which the dialogue is rendered by pantomimic gesture, a method of communication in which the deaf are extraordinarily expert. In reality, however, there is nowadays no necessary connection between deaf performers and a dumb show. In a previous article we have referred to the oral method of teaching the deaf to speak—for, as everyone knows, the deaf, that is to say those who have been born deaf, are also dumb. It is by the oral method, therefore, that the deaf are taught to speak the dialogue of these plays.

Perhaps the most wonderful performance of this kind was that produced last Christmas at the North Stafford Blind and Deaf School, Stoke-on-Trent. In this venture the actors consisted of children either totally blind or totally deaf. Every scene and every song went off without a hitch. There is something very strange and pathetic in the thought of children assisting in a play which they cannot hear, and in the formation of scenes which they cannot see. And yet, the actors not missing what they never possessed, appeared to be perfectly happy in the fact that they were amusing others, and their beaming faces clearly indicated that they were extracting as much enjoyment from the performance as those who watched them play.

The old tale of Red Riding Hood was the first of the two plays produced in one evening. The opening scene revealed the children playing on the village green, dances and country games, rendered with perfect accuracy of time and movement, alternating with a dumb-bell exercise which involved some pretty dancing steps. This was followed by an Indian club solo, performed by a little fellow of seven or eight years of age. The performer audibly counted his exercises as he performed them in perfect unison with the music which accompanied his display. Of course, the musical accompaniment is of no assistance to these deaf children; it is introduced solely for the additional pleasure it causes to the audience.

The excited entry of Red Riding Hood's grandmother brings to an abrupt ending the festivities on the green, and the heroine of the piece departs on her errand of mercy.

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The well-known incidents of the famous nursery story are proceeded with in the following scene, which illustrates very clearly the proficiency of the actors' lip-reading.

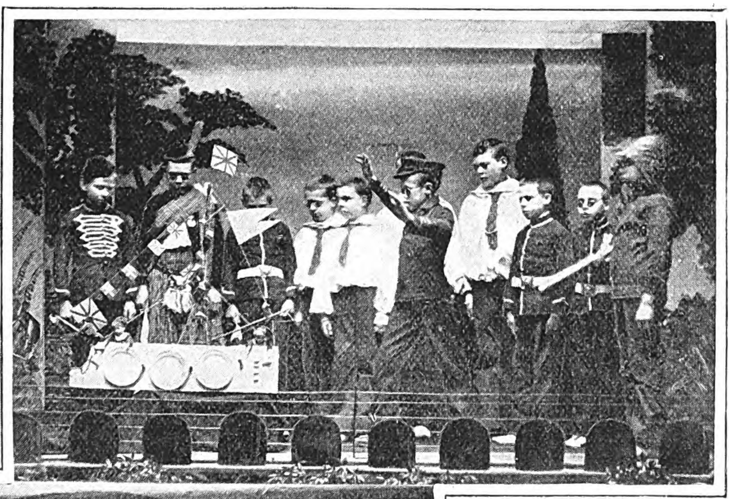
Then comes the scene in the woods, and a really charming picture this presents. Natural trees and bushes are utilised, and here and there logs of wood show that the woodman has been at work of late. The inevitable wolf is introduced with the usual dialogue, and the woodman enters and commences his work. He attacks a tree when he is suddenly interrupted by a band of rustics, who are personated by blind children, one of whom falls on his knees and renders with feeling and passion the old and well-known song, "Woodman, Spare that Tree." This is perhaps the prettiest incident in the whole performance, the rustic beseeching the woodman in tones which the latter cannot hear, to spare a tree which he himself cannot see.

The final scene represents the grandmother's cottage in which the dreadful devouring incident takes place. The woodman enters just in time to save Red Riding Hood, and the rustics rush in at this juncture and join in the general chorus of song. Then the play concludes with these words:—

> We are going to mention his conduct
> In quarters exalted, you know,
> He shall get his reward
> From the slap of a sword,
> Rise a belted knight all at one blow.
> And when we've reported his conduct
> You'll see in the next honours' list
> He's got his reward,
> A knight, duke, or lord—
> Were telling state secrets, so—hist!

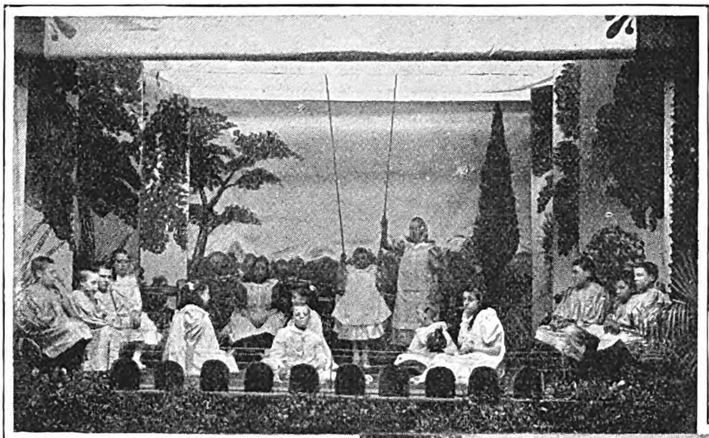
In this portion of the entertainment the whole of the speaking parts are taken by deaf children, the blind providing the songs.

After the conclusion of this play follows a sketch, entitled "Her Majesty's Forces"—a combination of patriotism and humour, given entirely by blind boys. The cast includes several representatives of the army and the navy, and a person called Ned Yarner, a longshoreman, and one addicted to yarning, as his name betrays. Of course, the performance contains frequent references to the South African War and these are very greatly relished by the audience. Ned Yarner's query, "Which lady has beaten



The launch of Kruger's "mighty cruiser."

The musical drill of the deaf-mutes.



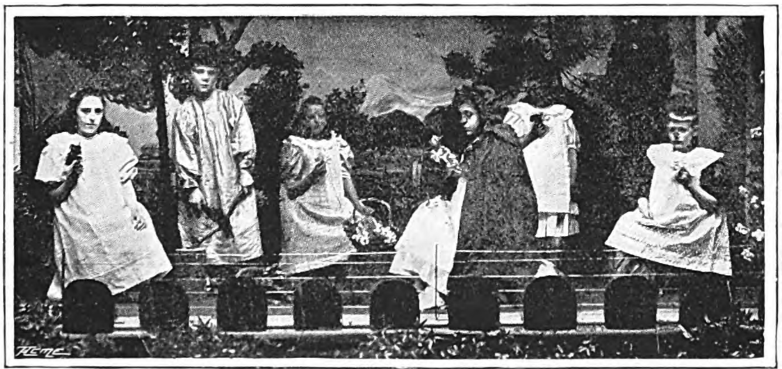
The sports of childhood.

Her Majesty's Forces.

Joubert?" and his reply—"Ladysmith"—evoked loud cheering.

But perhaps the most amusing incident in this sketch is the despatch of President Kruger's cruiser armed with six-inch plates, "all made in the potteries," to assist in the self-imposed task of the subjugation of Britain. The oration is delivered by the captain. "Go forth, mighty vessel," he says, "thou product of human skill. Thy name 'The Jolly Potter,' betokens the place of thine origin. Thou engine of destruction, uphold the honour of thy birthplace! Farewell! If thy plates are smashed send to the potteries for more." And amid the strains of "Anchor's Weighed," the mighty vessel moves off.

Piper Findlater, of the Gordon Highlanders, introduces a specially written song, "Fighting at Dargai," which describes the part taken by Scotchmen in that battle. His peculiar Scottish accent leads to much funny banter from his *confrères* in the service of the Queen. Songs such as "Tommy Atkins," and "Soldiers of the Queen," were received by the audience with tumultuous applause, which had the effect of causing the blind boys to throw themselves more heartily than ever into the performance. Finally, amid the strains of "Rule Britannia," the curtain fell, rising again on a grand tableau composed of all the performers, and "God save the Queen" was sung, and brought to an end this unique school performance.



Red Riding Hood in the woods.

Photo by Bailey & Sons.

The drawing-room of the Japanese Legation.

LONDON'S LEGATIONS FROM THE FAR EAST.

BY ROBERT MACHRAY.

By the "Far East" is generally meant China, Korea and Japan, but as Korea has no Minister or Envoy at the Court of St. James's, "London's Legations from the Far East" includes the representatives of the other two empires only. Even in the case of China and Japan the keeping of permanent Legations in this country is of very recent date, lying well within the last forty years.

The enormous value of our vast commerce with China, the rising political and military power of Japan, and the prominence of both countries in contemporary history, make everything connected with them of special interest to us. At the same time, the British Empire, from its virtual headship of the world, has always, since the beginning of diplomatic relations with them, had sent to its capital as Plenipotentiaries men of mark—people notable on their own account.

Certainly the present Ministers of China and Japan, Sir Chihchen Lofêngluh, K.C.V.O., and Baron Hayashi, may deservedly be regarded as remarkable men. Both are familiar with England and English literature, both speak our language with the utmost fluency, and both are thoroughly conversant with the political, civil, religious, economic, and religious aspects of current Western life and thought.

Curiously enough the two Ministers are almost exactly of the same age—fifty-one. Sir Chihchen is the taller of the two, being a stout, well set up man of five feet eight or nine, whereas Baron Hayashi, like most of his countrymen, is below what we consider middle height, being about five feet four or so. The Chinese Minister never abandons native dress, wearing in summer light garments of lilac or pale blue silk, whose delicate texture would fill

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Photo by Elliot & Fry.

any woman with envy and admiration, and in winter heavily wadded clothes of dark blue or black. He always wears Chinese boots, which are made of satin with paper soles, and are extremely easy, noiseless, and comfortable.

Baron Hayashi, on the other hand, discards the characteristic Japanese dress and appears in the conventional European costume. When he goes to Court or any great function he wears the uniform of his rank as baron, each grade of the Japanese nobility having its special dress.

Baron Hayashi

Thus, while the Chinese Minister is ever a striking and picturesque figure on account of his attire, at State Drawing Rooms and other great affairs, the Japanese is hardly to be distinguished from the other uniformed members of the Diplomatic Circle. In addition to the national pigtail, Sir Chihchen is never seen without his round silk cap on his head, with, of course, the proper "button" of his rank on top.

Photo by Elliot & Fry.
The Baroness Hayashi as she appears in London Society.

Both men have very pleasant, courteous manners, and are not at all inaccessible to those who have introductions, or business with them.

Baron Hayashi lives in the Legation-house, 4, Grosvenor Gardens, S.W.—a view of the exterior of which, and also of its drawing-room, are presented with this article. Sir Chihchen is only to be found during certain hours at the Chinese Legation in Portland Place, his private residence being on the other side of Regent's Park. Left a widower some eighteen months ago, he married again in July last. By his first marriage he has two sons, who are being educated in England. Lady Chihchen has so far appeared very little in public, nor was the late Lady Lo, as she was called, seen much about.

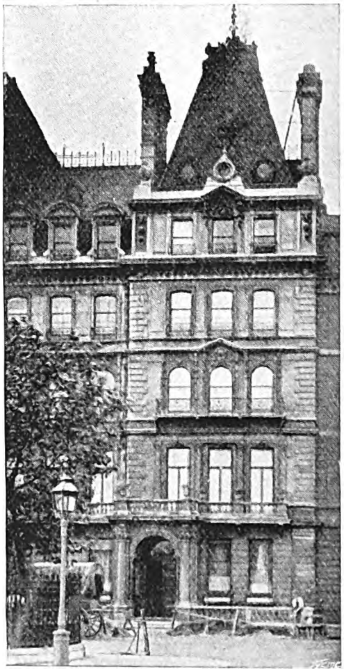


Photo by Parker
The Japanese Legation, 4, Grosvenor Gardens, S.W.

Baroness Hayashi, who speaks French, but not English, goes into Society. She has a granddaughter of eight years of age, but no one would suppose from the Baroness's appearance that she was old enough to be a grandmother, for she looks very youthful. The young lady, Miss Sono Fukuzawa, a child of their Excellencies' only daughter, who is married to the editor of Japan's leading newspaper, the *Ji-Ji Shimpo*, of Tokyo, lives with them, and is being brought up like any English little girl. She knows very little English, but

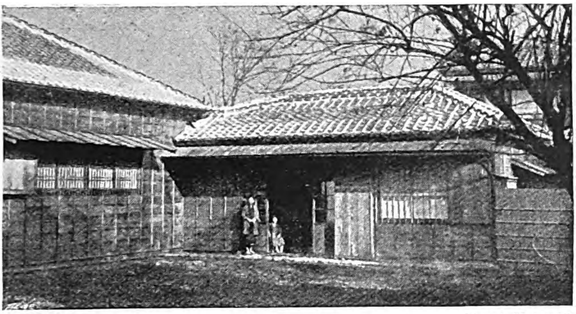


Photo by Baron Hayashi.
The front view of Baron Hayashi's house at Tokyo.

loves to be taken to the theatre, following with the keenest interest and delight the various tableaux made by the players, though she does not understand what they say.

Sir Chihchen Lofêngluh is a great scholar, and is the author of several books. He is a keen and enthusiastic student of Shakespeare, many of whose plays he has translated into Chinese. On his return to China he intends to present a library to his native town, and amongst the volumes will be found his Excellency's translation of Shakespeare.

He is at the present time, when the anxieties of the situation give him any opportunity, engaged in translating, in eight volumes, an English work called "Lives of the World's Hundred Greatest Men," which, when completed, is to be sent to the Emperor of China. A printing press is being erected in the Legation, and the volumes are to be printed there. A couple of pages of the Minister's Chinese MS. are given on page 148.

Sir Chihchen is a Confucianist, but he may be seen almost every Sunday morning at the meetings of the Ethical Society, which are held in Steinway Hall under Dr. Washington Sullivan. His Excellency is well acquainted with the literature of the Bible, and he has a high appreciation of its morality and beauty. At the same time, it must be admitted that he has not hesitated to say that missionaries are at the bottom of most of the troubles in China.

Photo by Baron Hayashi.
In a Japanese garden. The central figure is that of Miss Sono Fukuzawa, their Japanese Excellencies' granddaughter.

Baron Hayashi told me that when he was younger, and with more leisure at his disposal than he has now, he used to be a tremendous reader of English novels. He thus knows the works of Scott, Bulwer Lytton, Dickens, and Thackeray. "I could spend all my days in reading novels," he once said to me, "but of course I have other and more important occupations which prevent me from doing just what I should like." Yet every man, be he diplomatist or anything else, has a hobby, and the Baron is no exception, his particular weakness, if it be a weakness, being photography. He takes the greatest interest in the development and fixing of his pictures, which have

Photo by Baron Hayashi.
The Baroness Hayashi's drawing-room in Tokyo.

Photo by Baron Hayashi.
Miss Sono Fukuzawa, Baroness Hayashi's granddaughter.

little of the amateur about them, and he prides himself extremely on his skill.

Having thus given you a brief character-sketch of these two distinguished Orientals, I now proceed to tell you something of their histories and public careers, particulars of which have been kindly furnished me by themselves.

The Chinese Minister entered the service of the Chinese Government by the hard and thorny road of the examinations which are so striking a feature of life in China. After he had taken the necessary degrees, he was attached to the Yamen of the Viceroy of the province of Chih-Li, becoming in course of time First Secretary for Foreign Affairs. In 1877 he came to England as a member of the first mission China sent to the English Court, and whilst residing in London attended various lectures at King's College. He had previously acquired a fair knowledge of English, and he now set to work to perfect himself in it.

Photo by Elliot and Fry.

Baroness Hayashi

From a Photo.
Baroness Hayashi, her daughter, and granddaughter, in Japanese costume.

On his return to China, he and Wu Ting Fang, who, by the way, is an English barrister, the present Minister at Washington, were appointed joint secretaries to Li Hung Chang, so often spoken of as the "Grand Old Man of China." And, under Li Hung Chang, his Excellency was on the staff of the special Embassy, sent by the Emperor of China to all the world, which visited England in 1896, generally acting as interpreter for the Plenipotentiary. A year or two later he was made Minister to England, at the suggestion of his friend and patron, Li, to whom he is greatly attached, and of whom he has nothing but good to say.

In 1899, Sir Chihchen made a tour over

England for the purpose of examining personally some of our great industrial undertakings, and of seeing for himself various mechanical processes used in manufacturing all kinds of weapons, implements, cotton goods, etc. He kept a diary of all that he saw, and from it made extracts upon which he based the writing of a book in Chinese, which he sent to his Emperor, who, he says, is a great student, with an insatiable thirst for knowledge.

His Excellency is fond of reading philosophical works. He likes to go to the theatre now and again, and may often be seen at first-night performances. He is on terms of close intimacy with many of our most distinguished men, and is altogether an interesting personality.

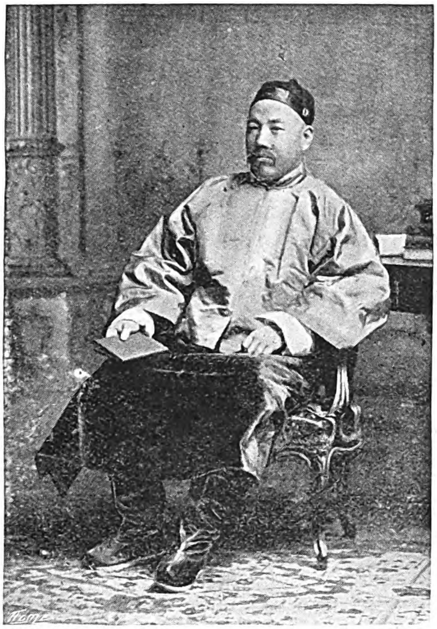


Photo by Lafayette.
His Excellency Sir Chihchen Lofengluh.

Baron Hayashi's career is in a way an epitome of much that has taken place in Japan during the last forty years—since what is generally called the Revolution in Japan, though his Excellency tells me that we have rather an exaggerated notion here in England of the suddenness with which the change was brought about. He declares that the transformation of Japan really began almost two hundred years ago, when a certain Jesuit appeared at the Court of the Tycoon (who then usurped the power of the Mikado) on a mission from the Pope. This priest so impressed the chief Minister of the Japanese

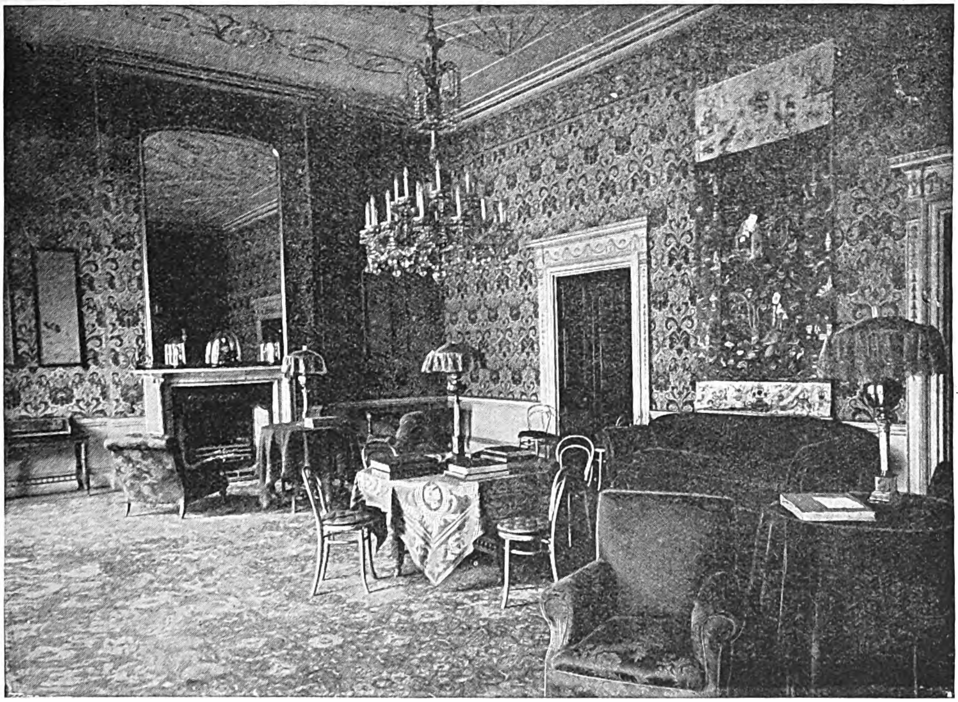


Photo by Parker.
The drawing-room of the Chinese Legation, showing a precious embroidered silk panel on the wall.

Photo by Parker.

The Chinese Legation, 49, Portland Place. Sir Chihchen's carriage is waiting at the door.

monarch that he was invited to make his home in Japan, and to become a member of the Government, but only on condition that he would abjure Christianity. This, however, he refused to do, but he remained long enough in the country to influence the higher classes very profoundly in the direction of western learning and culture. Still, a certain great revolution did take place in Japan some thirty or forty years ago, and it had a good deal to do with the Minister's early life.

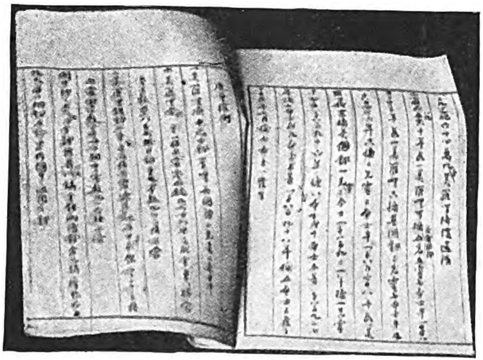


Photo by Parker.

Two pages of MS. written by Sir Chihchen Lofengluh. This is part of a translation made by His Excellency for the Emperor of China, of "The Lives of the World's Hundred Greatest Men."

M. Hayashi—his title of baron was granted him five years ago—when a boy, was sent to England by the Government of the Tycoon, or Shogun as he should be called, to be educated as fully as possible in our language and literature. He had already been taught a little English by an American missionary, but he made rapid progress at University College School, and was becoming highly proficient, when the war broke out between the Mikado and the Tycoon, and Japan was convulsed from end to end.

M. Hayashi returned to Japan, and fought on the side of the Tycoon, as did most of the feudal nobles, to whom he by birth belonged. The Tycoon was beaten. Though the Tycoons had usurped the royal authority for hundreds of years, yet the people all the time knew that the Mikado was the real divine sovereign, and when the Mikado made good his claim to the sole power, he was soon accepted, even by those who had fought against him. Moreover, he conciliated them by taking many of them into his service, and amongst them the young Hayashi, who became an attaché in the Foreign Office at Tokyo.

In 1872 he again visited England, on this occasion on the staff of M. Iwakura, at that time Japanese

Photo by Parker.

Sir Chihchen's study at Portland Place.

Minister to England. The Mikado asked him to select distinguished engineers to take professorial chairs in a new College of Engineering he was about to found, and having chosen suitable men he went back with them to Japan. The College was established, and has proved a great success. Ten years later M. Hayashi was again in England for a short time on a mission, in the suite of Prince Arisugawa, a member of the Imperial family.

Advancing gradually from one post to another, he was made Vice-Minister for Foreign Affairs at Tokyo in 1892, and held that important office till the conclusion of the war between Japan and China. For his services at that time he was raised to the Japanese House of Peers, which is modelled a little like the English House of Lords. In 1895 he was made Minister to China, and to him fell the conduct of the various negotiations which succeeded the war, such as the retrocession of the Liaotung Peninsula to China, at the instance of Russia, France, and Germany, in exchange for an increased indemnity, which Japan consented to, though sorely against her will. He also successfully accomplished the negotiation of a commercial treaty with China. He now made the acquaintance of the leading statesmen of China—the very men, in fact, about whom we have recently heard so much. As might be anticipated, Baron Hayashi is a great authority on all the knotty questions of the Far East.

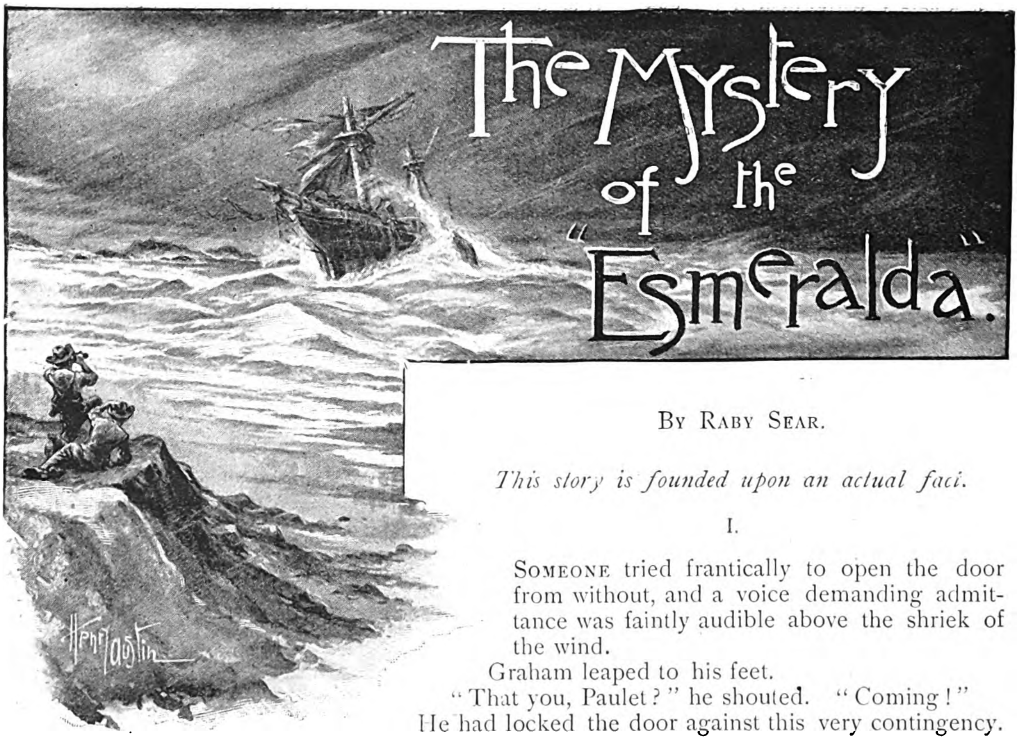
Photo by Russell and Sons.

Yours sincerely
T. Hayashi

In 1897 he was transferred from Pekin to St. Petersburg, a diplomatic post only second—if second—to that he now holds. While Minister to Russia, he attended, in 1899, the Peace Conference at the Hague as Special Envoy. Shortly afterwards he returned home to give the Mikado his impressions of that famous Congress. Meanwhile he had been decorated by the Tsar with the Order of the White Eagle; his own Emperor now conferred on him the First Class of the Order of the Rising Sun, the highest decoration anyone not of the blood royal can obtain in Japan.

In 1900 his diplomatic career reached its acme by his appointment as Minister to England. It will thus be seen that his Excellency is a man of the ripest experience in International politics.

Japan looks to England far more than to any other country for guidance, and it may be that the two Empires may find it to their mutual advantage in Asia to be associated in a political alliance. Japan can scarcely regard Russia with very friendly eyes, and here we touch common ground. In other matters we have a community of interests and sympathies. The two leading statesmen of Japan, the Marquis Ito and Count Okuma, who are close personal friends, though political opponents, are both desirous of doing everything to cultivate better relations with Great Britain. Baron Hayashi is very intimate with these leaders of Japanese opinion, and shares their views. Baron Hayashi tells me that he thinks most of the troubles of the world arise from ignorance. He says that is at the root of the Chinese Question. The Chinese simply don't know. When at the Peace Conference he was asked by Mr. Stead what, in his opinion, was most likely to make for the permanent peace of nations, he replied: "That nations should know one another better."



The Mystery of the "Esmeralda."

By Raby Sear.

This story is founded upon an actual fact.

I.

Someone tried frantically to open the door from without, and a voice demanding admittance was faintly audible above the shriek of the wind.

Graham leaped to his feet.

"That you, Paulet?" he shouted. "Coming!"

He had locked the door against this very contingency. Anyone opening it suddenly would, in all probability, have admitted a blast strong enough to have shifted everything in the room, or carried away the little house altogether. In such matters it behoves one to be careful when a great hurricane sweeps over the Indian Ocean and breaks on the coast of Zululand.

Graham pushed back the bolt, and putting his shoulder against the door, lifted the latch.

"Look out!" he yelled, though he might just as well have been silent. A voice possessed of the shouting calibre of many waters would never have reached the ears of the man outside.

"Don't touch the door! Squeeze through the crack."

The wind rushed exulting into the room, tore a chromo-lithograph of the Prince of Wales off the wall, overturned a chair, and swept the table clear of a bottle half full of whiskey and a couple of glasses. Graham swore under his breath, and putting on the drag, so to speak, let the crack gradually widen, to the wild terror of the lighter furniture that began to skip about the room as though alive and demented.

The outsider who, during the slow process of admittance, had kept well on one side in the evident fear of being precipitated against the opening door, now attempted a cautious entrance. But the wind, in sudden fury, redoubling all previous efforts, caught him and hurled him against the door; over went the unfortunate Graham; the door swung violently inwards, and Paulet, with a cry, fell flat on his face along the floor.

"You confounded ass!" roared Graham scrambling to his feet and pushing back the door with might and main. "Give me a hand!" and the allies did gallant battle with the enemy and all his big guns, repulsed him, and shut him out.

Graham was bruised and wrathful; he squared up to his friend and said things. Paulet laughed.

"There's a very devil in the wind to-night—never knew anything like it," he said. "I say, Graham, have you got a rocket and line stowed away anywhere?"

"A rocket and line? No. Why?"

"That's just it. Harris—I left the poor beggar on the beach lying on his stomach, and in a dead funk of being blown away—Harris sighted a small brig about an hour ago. She's half a mile off, and in a bad way. The crew seem to have lost their heads, and are letting

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her drift on to the rocks. Don't see what we're to do, however, without rockets. Beastly bad management on your part."

"Bosh! you might as well swear at me for not keeping a lifeboat on the premises."

"Well, what's to be done? It's hideous to see those poor wretches driving to their death. In three hours at the outside they'll smash up."

Graham started pacing up and down the room, his forehead crumpled in a heavy frown. He was an energetic man, a man of no little courage, of wide experience, and full of resource. After a few moments' silent striding he stopped short in front of Paulet, and the latter beheld a clear brow and a set face.

"Three hours?"

"Quite that," returned Paulet, "unless she smashes in mere water. The nearest rocks are at least five miles to the north of her. She's drawing closer to the coast, and might possibly break on the beach before reaching the rocks—doubt it though."

"Very well. Now I happen to know that Hamblin of Salisbury Farm—you know—the old chap whose son was killed at Elandslaagte the other day—has, or had, rockets and apparatus——"

"You don't mean to say——"

"I do. A horse can be made to get there in an hour and a half. The same applies to the return. I'll borrow a cart of Hamblin's and a couple of his beasts to carry the apparatus."

"It's impossible! Why, man, the place is five miles down the coast, and not a horse could stand the wind on the hills. You'll never do it."

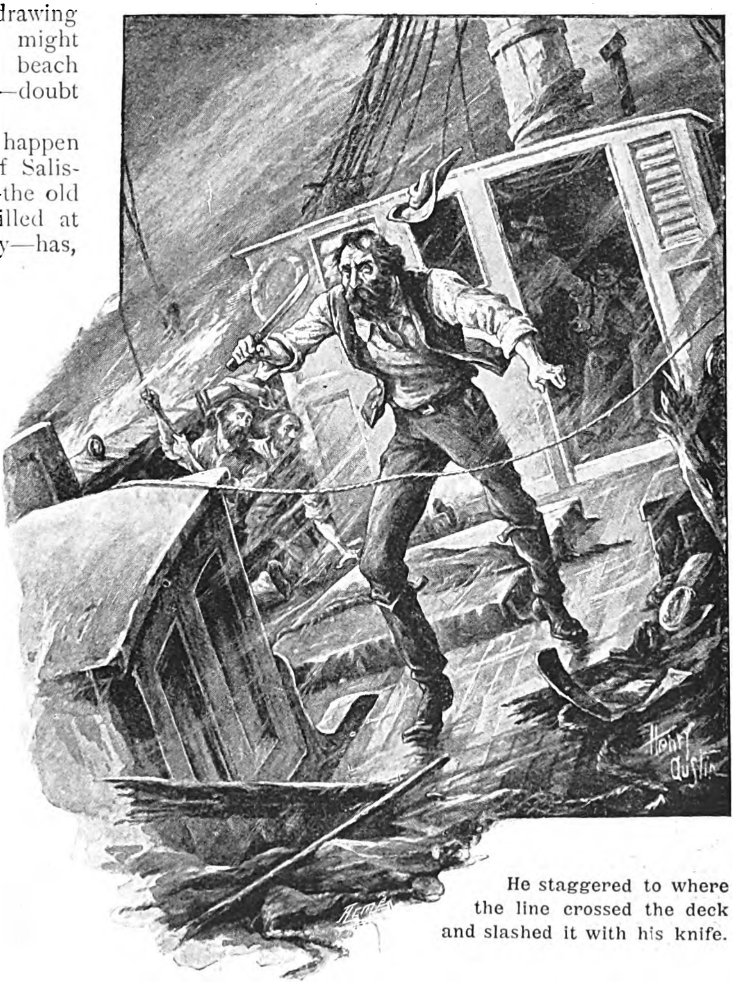
"Well, I'll try," retorted Graham, preparing himself to do battle with the storm. "I'll take your mare, if you don't mind; she's steadiest on her pins."

"All right. But look here; we don't even know how to use a rocket if we have it."

"I'll try that, too," returned the other, making for the door.

They performed a cautious exit, and outside the house parted company, Graham striding off to the improvised stable behind the building, Paulet to rejoin his friend Harris on the beach.

All three were Natal farmers. At the commencement of the South African struggle they had offered their services to the Government; had been accepted with gratitude, and despatched, to their vast disappointment, as coast scouts to a little house some half a dozen miles north of the Tugela. Nothing happened from day to day except the intermittent receipt of news from the seat of war—news that set the three men writhing with chagrin at the thought of all



He staggered to where the line crossed the deck and slashed it with his knife.

the fun they were losing. While one took turn at keeping guard at home, two scoured the neighbourhood, and this had been going on for over three months, without one thrill to break the dead monotony.

Twenty minutes' walk with the wind full in his face brought Paulet to the coast, a broad gradual declivity of shingle. It was some three hours after noon, and the low sky, rushing westwards with incredible swiftness, was almost uniform in colour with the sea that stretched its furious pallor to the verge of the near horizon. A few stunted tamerisks above the shingle line lay flat against the sandy soil, and the wind was full of thunder and heavy with biting foam torn from the crests of the waves.

Partially sheltered in the rise of a slight undulation of the coast lay Harris, his face towards the sea. Paulet dropped down beside him and shouted the result of his mission.

"Useless," was Harris's comment in the same tone. "Why, look at her! She'll go to pieces long before she reaches the rocks."

Sheltering his eyes as best he might, Paulet looked seaward through his field-glasses. Seemingly quite close to the shore, in reality over half-a-mile away, a small, dismasted vessel, rolled in the fury of those pale seas. At the moment her broadside was parallel with the coast, and every now and again she disappeared as a wave broke over her, to re-emerge once more after a horrid interval—a dark blotch in the welter of white foam.

"I see three men on her," muttered Paulet; "two of 'em tied to the mast stumps—dead, I should say. No, good Lord! one's moving—wiping the water from his eyes—poor devil!"

"Her name's *Esmeralda*—Portuguese by her shape," Harris shouted in the other's ear. "A lot of fellows cooped up inside of her. Saw one of 'em cut out and try to loosen the chap at the mast—no go—swept overboard. Queer thing," he went on, "they wouldn't take any notice of my signals—waved my arms, my hat—no good. They saw right enough—wouldn't answer, though. Rum chaps."

"My God! she's done for!" Paulet let fall the field glasses and clutched at his forehead. A huge wave, terrible with smoking crests, had just dropped its whole volume on the tortured vessel, and a long interval ensued of boiling surge.

"Amen!" gasped Harris.

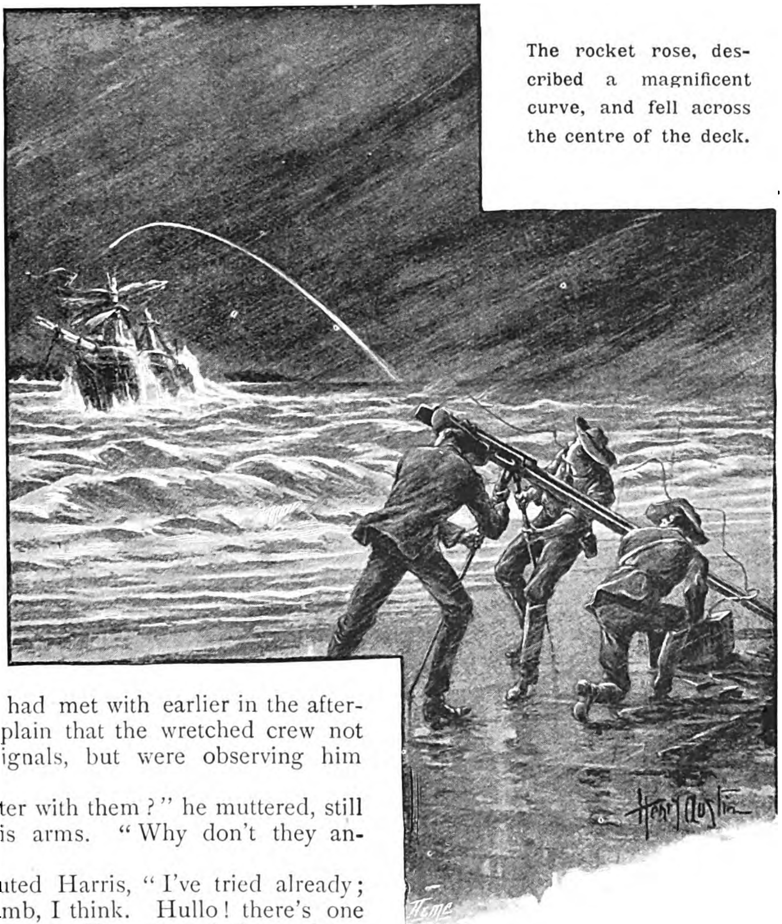
But the next instant she re-emerged; then disappeared again—re-emerged, drawing ever closer to the coast, and ever closer to the rocks that protruded from the sea a few miles to the north, like a set of black and broken teeth. Paulet and Harris lost all count of time and consciousness of discomfort in the horribly absorbing fascination of the spectacle before them. The day shadowed rapidly towards evening, but with no abatement to the hurricane—indeed, it seemed rather to gather intensity as the light receded, and shouted words fell silently blown away by the wind, and drowned in the scream of dancing pebbles and the bull-mouthed thunder of breaking seas.

Down the coast the men followed the doomed vessel. Of the two dreadful alternatives, beach or rock—the former with its slender chance of rescue for the crew, the latter with its certain destruction—Fate seemed to have chosen the rocks. Though drawing closer to the beach with every moment, the vessel must inevitably reach the most northerly of those hungry fangs beforehand. Both men recognised this in silence and set their teeth and watched.

Then Harris, happening to glance over his shoulder, gave a dumb shout, nudged Paulet in the ribs, and set off inland at a break-neck speed, with the wind and Paulet following. It was Graham's advent that occasioned this sudden move. He had arrived with two horses and a waggon generally used for carting timber about; and when Harris caught sight of him he was scarcely two hundred yards away, busily unloading his conveyance of rockets, apparatus, and a heavy coil of rope.

"Only three left," he shouted laconically, indicating the rockets. Harris nodded, and all three set to work dragging the heavy rocket-gun seaward. Not a word was asked or given as to how Graham had managed his difficult ride along the stormy coast with such marvellous rapidity. All three were Englishmen, men of few words; but each was tacitly determined to make the most of those three rockets. It was evident that Graham understood the art of rocket firing; he was a Sussex man, and full of unexpected accomplishments.

The doomed vessel was now less than three hundred yards away from the beach, and about five hundred from the rocks; but she drove nearly parallel with the former and almost directly on the latter. The dusk had come on in great strides, but the men on deck were still plainly observable, some tied to various portions of the vessel, others



The rocket rose, described a magnificent curve, and fell across the centre of the deck.

crouching in corners sheltered from the inrush of the great waves. With infinite difficulty the apparatus was dragged into position to await the moment when the vessel should arrive at a favourable angle for the discharge of a rocket. It was a desperate job to keep the thing standing in that mad wind, and while Paulet and Harris clung sternly to its legs, Graham made every conceivable signal to the imperilled men.

He met, however, with no more response than Harris had met with earlier in the afternoon, though it was plain that the wretched crew not only marked his signals, but were observing him closely.

"What's the matter with them?" he muttered, still frantically waving his arms. "Why don't they answer?"

"No good," shouted Harris, "I've tried already; they're blind and dumb, I think. Hullo! there's one of them pointing at us. Why doesn't he make a sign?"

So far from making a sign the man alluded to crept cautiously to another part of the vessel out of sight of those on shore.

"Well, by all that's wonderful!" said Graham, staring. "Steady now, I'm going to fire."

He took careful aim, the others keeping a vicious grip on the legs of the apparatus—a flash, a report, a long shriek of torn air, a cheer. The line had fallen clean across the centre of the doomed vessel.

Then an extraordinary thing happened.

A man suddenly darted out of the chart-house, a long knife in his hand; with infinite personal peril he staggered to where the line crossed the deck, and slashed it with his knife, carefully avoiding to touch it or to approach any nearer than was needful to give accuracy to his strokes.

Graham shrieked and waved frantic hands.

"What's the idiot up to?" he yelled vainly to wind and wave. "Hi, there, stop that! Collar hold of it!"

"My God! he's cut it through!" Harris shouted, pointing wildly to the rolling hulk.

The three Englishmen stared seaward with pale faces, then at each other in blank amazement.

The man, after having severed the line, darted back into the chart-house like a rabbit into its warren.

"A maniac on board," cried Paulet. "What fools!"

"Steady now! Hold on for your lives!" roared Graham, who had prepared his second missile and was taking aim. . . . . Simultaneously with the report, a terrible wave dashed over the vessel, snatching at the sky with wild, white fingers.

"Missed!" from Paulet.

But Graham hurrahed like a madman.

"Not a bit—got her again—just over the bows! Where are the fools hiding? Ah—two of 'em—"

Harris leaped to his feet.

"Look!" he screamed, white to the lips. "They've got their knives."

Paralysed with amazement, the three men stared seaward. From the bowels of the ship two of the weird mariners had crawled forth, one holding a knife between his teeth, the other in his left hand. Arriving at the bows, they attacked the rocket line with frantic caution, slashing at it, and staggering backwards after each blow, as though they feared it might retaliate. After severing it they turned to retrace their steps. The white seas, sweeping the vessel, hid them, and when the deck once again emerged they were no longer visible. . . . . Graham and his friends stood watching in appalled silence. The awful sight they had just witnessed struck them dumb with horror and astonishment. Graham was the first to come to himself. Without a word he turned and got ready his last rocket, the others clinging mechanically to the legs of the apparatus. The vessel was now only a couple of hundred yards from the rocks, and even under the most favourable circumstances, there was but little chance of rescuing a single man of the crew—little chance had they been the smartest of sailors, and no chance whatever with a shipload of lunatics.

The rocket rose, described a magnificent curve, fell across the centre of the deck—and this time half a dozen men crawled out with knives and hatchets and attacked the line as though it were some wild and ferocious animal. Beside himself with horror, Graham sprang to the very brink of the sea, screaming fierce oaths and entreaties, and Paulet and Harris, abandoning the apparatus, watched with white faces the final catastrophe. The line once severed, the madmen on board retired again into sheltered positions, and the wretched vessel rolled to its doom. It was a sight to unnerve the strongest heart, and Graham, unstrung with all that had gone before, collapsed half paralysed on the beach, and hid his face in his hands.

"God have mercy on them! God have mercy on them!" he muttered, his whole body shaking as though in the throes of some mortal agony.

And the end came. A rock, half submerged, must suddenly have driven its secret fang into the vessel's side, for all at once she plunged forward, her bows deep in water; a wave hid her, and subsiding, left the sea barren of all but foam and plunging crests.

II.

At daybreak on the following morning the storm had subsided. It had been one of those typical hurricanes which periodically sweep over the Indian Ocean like a fury, destroying everything in their path, and leaving wrecked ships and spar-bestrewn shore to indicate their passage.

Paulet and Harris stood watching the angry sea, for, although the wind had fallen and the air was clearer, the water rolled and lashed tempestuously. It would be some time before the sea resumed its usual calm.

"Not a sign to be seen anywhere of the brig," said Paulet, scanning the horizon, and then gazing up and down the beach.

"She must have gone to the bottom with all those poor wretches on board," said Harris in a low voice, adding, after a moment's silence, "I say, what *can* have possessed 'em?"

"How should I know?" returned Paulet gloomily. "I suppose we'll never solve the mystery unless something is washed up from the wreck to give an explanation."

"No, worse luck. Anyway, let us take a stroll on the shingle towards North Point. Day's fairly breaking now, and we may find something. It's no use waiting for Graham. He's dead tired after his exertions, and we had far better let him rest a bit. He said he was going to the house to lie down for an hour or two. His drive to Hamblin's fairly fagged him."

The two men set off at a steady pace. Conversation flagged more or less, for the strange events of the night had had a disquieting effect upon both. Each seemed preoccupied. Each was racking his brain for some possible and plausible explanation of the extraordinary behaviour of the wrecked men. Why had they cut every life-line that fell across their deck? Why had they deliberately destroyed their only chance of escape?

Up towards the rocks near North Point the coast took a bend. The beach beyond was hidden from view by a small grass-covered kopje which intervened. The two men, after about half an hour's walk, turned the point.

"Hullo!" shouted Harris. "What's that?"

"What's what?"

"Why that!" replied Harris, stopping short and pointing ahead. "That black thing up there on the beach."

Paulet looked in the direction indicated. He could just make out a small dark heap lying upon the shingle. It was about a mile away, and could scarcely be discerned in the, as yet, uncertain light of early morning.

"Seems to be nothing more than a big bunch of seaweed," he replied testily. The hardships of the night, the buffeting of the storm, the overwrought tension of his nerves, had had a deleterious effect upon his temper. He was annoyed at Harris for having momentarily excited him. "Any fool can see its seaweed," he repeated.

"I am not so sure," returned Harris; "I believe it's a man."

"Bosh!"

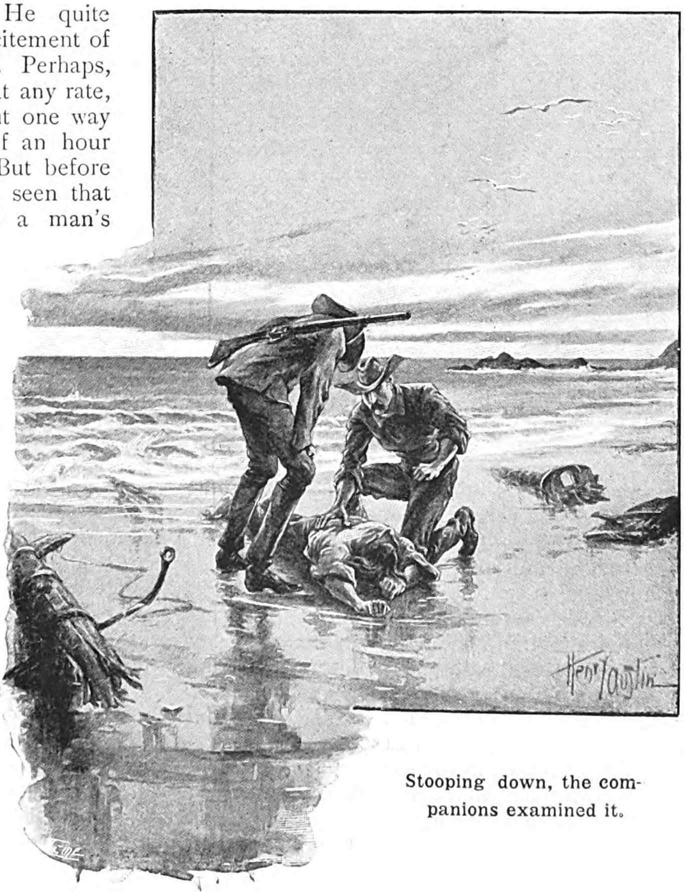
The other raised his hand above his eyes, and peered intently forward. "Yes, by Jove! I can see his hand. He is one of the men from the brig. Come on! I wonder if he is alive or dead."

Harris set off running. He quite forgot his weariness in the excitement of the moment. Paulet followed. Perhaps, after all, Harris was right. At any rate, it was worth while finding out one way or the other. A quarter of an hour brought them to the spot. But before reaching it they had already seen that the black mass was indeed a man's body. Stooping down, the companions examined it. The back was turned towards the sky. They felt the face and hands, but the flesh was as cold as death itself. Everything, in fact. indicated that the flame of life had long been extinguished. But Paulet and Harris were not men to take anything for granted. They turned the body over, unloosed the wet clothes, and commenced rubbing the cold flesh for all they were worth. The wet, stiff arms were moved backwards and forwards; the legs, too, were worked, and the little flask of brandy which Paulet carried was repeatedly placed to the lips of the man He was young, probably not more than seventeen or eighteen years of age. His hair, dank and wet, was dead black, and his features indicated a most decided foreign origin — that of Southern Europe, Spain or Portugal, probably.

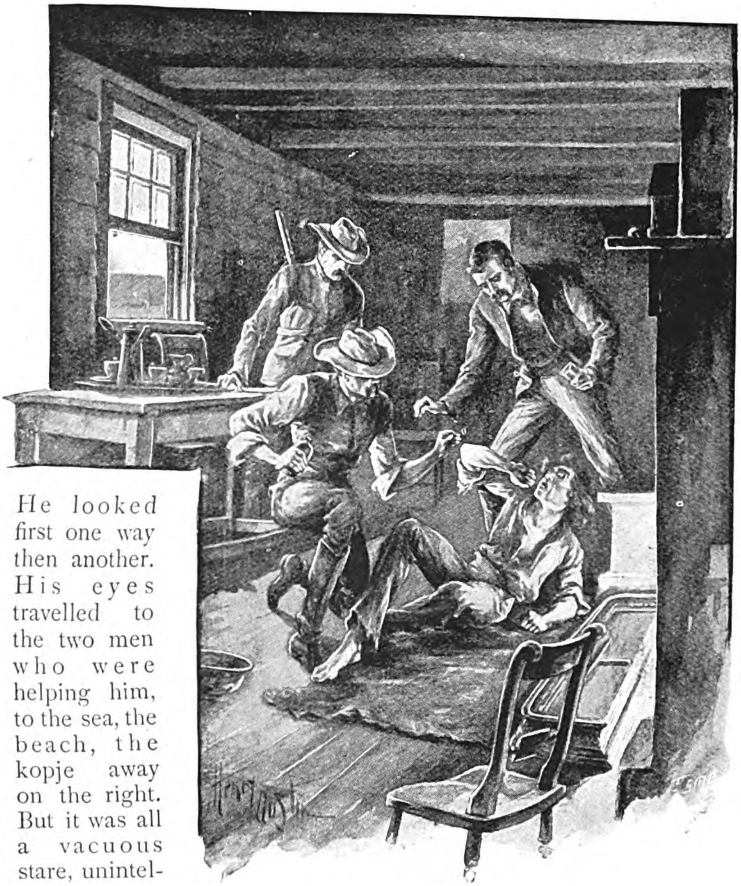
For more than a quarter of an hour the companions kept at their work. They slapped the poor fellow with the palms of their hands, they rubbed him with their knuckles, they pinched his cold flesh, and did everything they could possibly think of to restore respiration. It all seemed useless, when, at last, just as the coastguards were beginning to think the task a hopeless one, there seemed to be a faint indication of breathing. Paulet looked at Harris.

"By Jove!" he cried, "I believe he's alive after all. Keep it up, old chap."

At last a sigh, faint but distinct, escaped the lad. His lips twitched, and, after a moment or two, his eyes opened. He was evidently dazed. The eyes had a vacant stare which clearly showed that he had no consciousness of his position or whereabouts.



Stooping down, the companions examined it.



"Misericordia!" he gasped, and raised his arm above his head as though to ward off a blow.

He looked first one way then another. His eyes travelled to the two men who were helping him, to the sea, the beach, the kopje away on the right. But it was all a vacuous stare, unintelligent, unconscious. Then a shiver passed over his body, and he again closed his eyelids. He had relapsed into a state of apparent lifelessness. There were still, however, indications of a faint breathing to be discerned when the friends looked and listened intentively.

"It's no use keeping the poor wretch here," said Harris; "we must get him to the house and lay him in front of a fire."

"Yes, but how are we going to move him a couple of miles without a stretcher?"

"Isn't there some timber or something of that kind lying about that will do service? I saw something a minute ago."

Harris pointed to a broken hatchway-cover, which lay upon the shingle not forty yards away. They placed the unconscious youth tenderly upon it, and then, one taking the head, the other the feet, proceeded towards the house. As they approached they were glad to see smoke issuing from the chimney.

"Hurrah!" cried Paulet. "Graham's up and has lit the fire."

"That's good. Perhaps he's preparing breakfast. I can do with a cup of hot coffee, and I daresay you feel the same way."

Graham heard his companions approaching and came out on the stoep.

"Come on, you fellows!" he cried. "I've got some coffee ready. Hullo! what's that?"

"One of the men washed up from the wreck," said Harris.

"Alive?"

"Yes. At least, we think so. He opened his eyes for a moment just now down on the beach, but has closed them ever since."

"I can see he is still breathing," said Paulet. "Look! his chest is heaving." And, sure enough, at this moment the man gave another deep sigh. Graham was all energy at once.

"Come on," he cried; "get him in by the fire. That, with some hot brandy and water, will soon bring him to."

They carried their burden inside, and laid him upon a sheepskin by the comforting flames. Then Paulet and Harris forced his mouth open, while Graham poured the cordial down his throat. The warmth within and without had its effect. The lad opened his eyes and looked around, this time with intelligence. But a strange expression immediately came over his face. Instead of exhibiting joy at the knowledge that he had been saved and was in the hands of friends, he seemed consumed with terror. He glanced in turn at the three men, the abject fear and agony of his face increasing each moment. Then, his body quivering as with an ague, he screamed hoarsely, "*Diablo! Ingles!*" and swooned away.

The three friends looked at one another in astonishment.

"Why, what's up with the fellow?" cried Harris. "He don't seem particularly happy at being rescued. Anyone would think he expected to be eaten."

"He certainly looked as though he took us for cannibals," answered Graham.

"Well, I'll give the whole business up!" exclaimed Paulet, throwing himself down on a chair. "Here we've been slaving like maniacs since last night to save all or any of these wretched fools, and all through they've done their level best to commit suicide. Yes—I give it up. What do you say, Harris?"

But Harris and Graham were more practical. They were down on the floor at the lad's side trying hard to restore consciousness.

"What's the lingo, anyway," asked Paulet, when he found Harris did not reply to his previous question.

"Portuguese," answered Graham—"he evidently comes from up Delagoa Bay way."

"Then he ought to know we're not exactly barbarians," added Paulet.

A sigh from the lad cut short further conversation for the time being. It was a more healthy kind of sigh than any that had preceded it, and there was no doubt that the unconscious man's strength was returning slowly. The others propped him up in a sitting posture. At last he opened his eyes again. They fell upon Graham. Then a look of awful terror came over his features once more, and he crouched down upon the floor like a whipped dog expecting more of the lash.

"We shan't hurt you, you fool," said Graham, with a view of putting the youth at his ease. But the very sound of the Englishman's voice seemed only to add to the terror of the prostrate creature, who trembled in every limb, while his teeth chattered audibly.

"*Misericordia!*" he gasped, and raised his arm above his head as though to ward off a blow.

"Mercy, you fool? What's the matter, man? We shan't hurt you," cried Graham, speaking this time in as good Portuguese as he could muster.

For a moment the youth seemed in doubt what to do. Then the look of terror gave place to one of perplexity. Slowly he lowered his hand, and then wonderingly asked Graham, whom he regarded as the chief of the party—

"Are not you going to kill me?"

"Kill you? No, you idiot. Haven't we spent no end of time trying to bring you back to life?"

"But they said you would shoot us all . . ."

"Who said so?"

"The Boers."

"The Boers?" queried Graham, his own face this time wearing a perplexed look. "What Boers?"

The conversation was carried on in Portuguese, of which language the others were ignorant, so that they could not join in or understand what was passing.

"The Boers on board the brig," answered the Portuguese.

"Why, how came there to be any Boers on board the brig?" asked Graham, his amazement increasing every moment. "We thought she was a trader bound for Mauritius."

The lad had by this time regained his confidence, and he carried on the conversation with evident eagerness. The answer to Graham's last question made that worthy sit up almost as though he had been shot. Before the stranger had finished speaking, the coastguard asked another question, and then what he heard caused him to start up from his seat, knocking over the chair in his excitement.

"Good Lord!" he cried in English.

"What's the matter?" asked Harris and Paulet in alarm.

"Why, the ghastliest blunder on record." Then, after a pause—"I say, it's too awful to think of!"

"What are you talking about?" asked Paulet impatiently. "For Heaven's sake, tell us the story."

Graham needed no urging.

"Why, those chaps on the brig were Boer prisoners, who had escaped from Natal *viâ* Lorenzo Marques. They stole the brig from the harbour, and compelled this chap to show them how to navigate it. Then, when she became a wreck off the coast here, they thought if we captured them we should either shoot or string them all up. So they tried hard to keep the old tub afloat."

"But that doesn't explain the mystery of the life-lines being cut," said Paulet.

Graham took no notice of the interruption.

"It appears our signals and gestures of encouragement they took for threats of vengeance, and when at last we got the rocket apparatus to work, the wretched fools thought we were——."

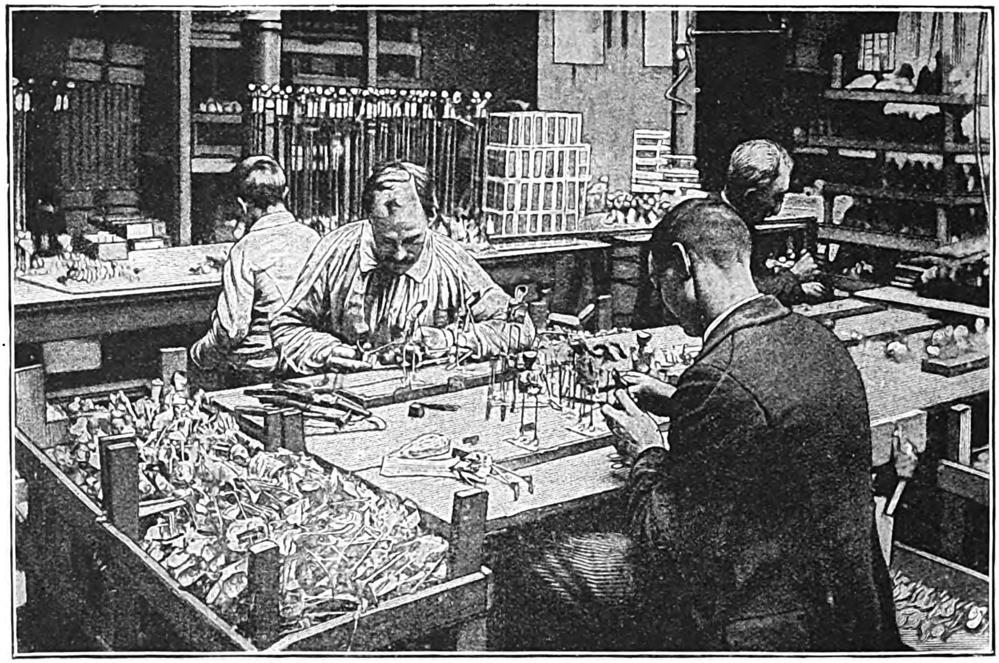
"Firing at them with a gun!" gasped Paulet and Harris together.

"That's it," answered Graham,—"and they took the rope for some new form of death-dealing missile."

"Poor devils!" said Paulet.

"God help them!" added Harris.

Graham was silent.



These men are carefully regulating the little clockwork toys sold in the shops for a few pence each.

THE WONDERS AND WORKERS OF TOYLAND.

By Mary Fermor.

Illustrated throughout with special Photographs.

"What shall we buy for the children? There's a gun for Harry, and this doll is the very thing for baby!" Such phrases are quite familiar to all who set out to do the Christmas and birthday shopping for the little ones in the nursery, and whether we have much or little to spend it is a delightful task. We picture the joyful surprise in store for our favourites when those mysterious packages, which are so stealthily smuggled out of sight till the children are safe in bed and asleep, shall unfold their contents to the waiting eyes and wondering minds.

The choice is varied enough for the most fastidious now-a-days, and the poorest are not debarred from it, for the penny marvel can bring as much joy to the childish heart as the costliest plaything money can buy. The spoilt darling in the millionaire's mansion is no happier with her exquisitely dressed French doll or his expensive mechanical steamboats than the slum child who hugs her battered, legless, wooden treasure, wrapped in an old shawl, or spins his penny top on the grimy street pavement.

But when we look round the gaily decked walls and well-stocked shelves of the toy shop or fancy bazaar, how often do we think of the many busy, skilful hands that have been used to call into being these ingenious trifles that mean so much to the opening minds of our boys and girls, and which often serve to give us a forecast of the men and women they will be in the future? The soldier, the sailor, the artist and the mechanic may show their earliest promise in the way they handle their toys. The loving mother or patient nurse may be foreshadowed in the putting of the dolls to bed and the binding up of broken wax limbs.

We in England are indebted to foreign countries for most of our smaller toys. Rocking-horses and such large luxuries are home-made, but France and Germany supply us with the bulk of our playthings. It may safely be said that the daintiest and

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most costly of them come from France, where some 500 employers of labour have 25,000 men and women earning their living in the manufacture of toys.

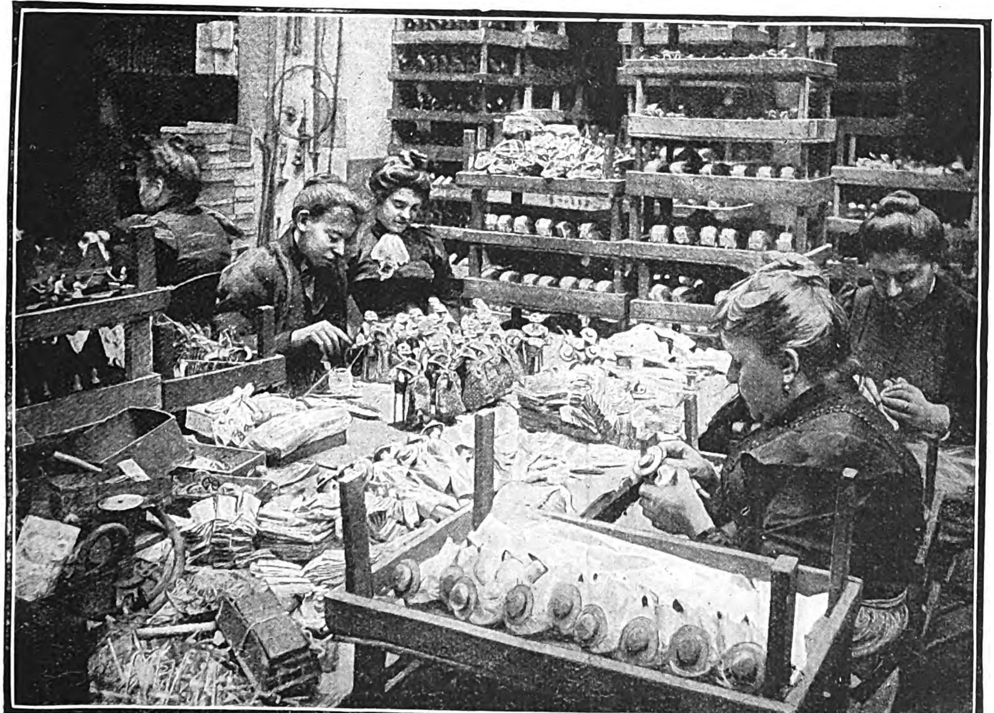
The arsenal of mimic weapons and metal soldiers is in the Rue Charlot where M. Chauvin, president of the toy department in the Exhibition, has established his factory in the ancient Hôtel de Berry. Let us take a look round. On the ground floor we find the workmen bending over benches, engaged in soldering trumpets, cutting out thongs for horses' bridles, polishing sabres, and collecting the handles and sheaths of swords.

One room is piled with shapeless pieces of wood which will be cut and planed and rounded into gun-stocks, upon which a nail or two will fix barrel, trigger and hammer to complete the mimic fire-arm which English Jack and French Pierre will shoulder with equal martial pride and possibly use to terrorise the cats of the neighbourhood.

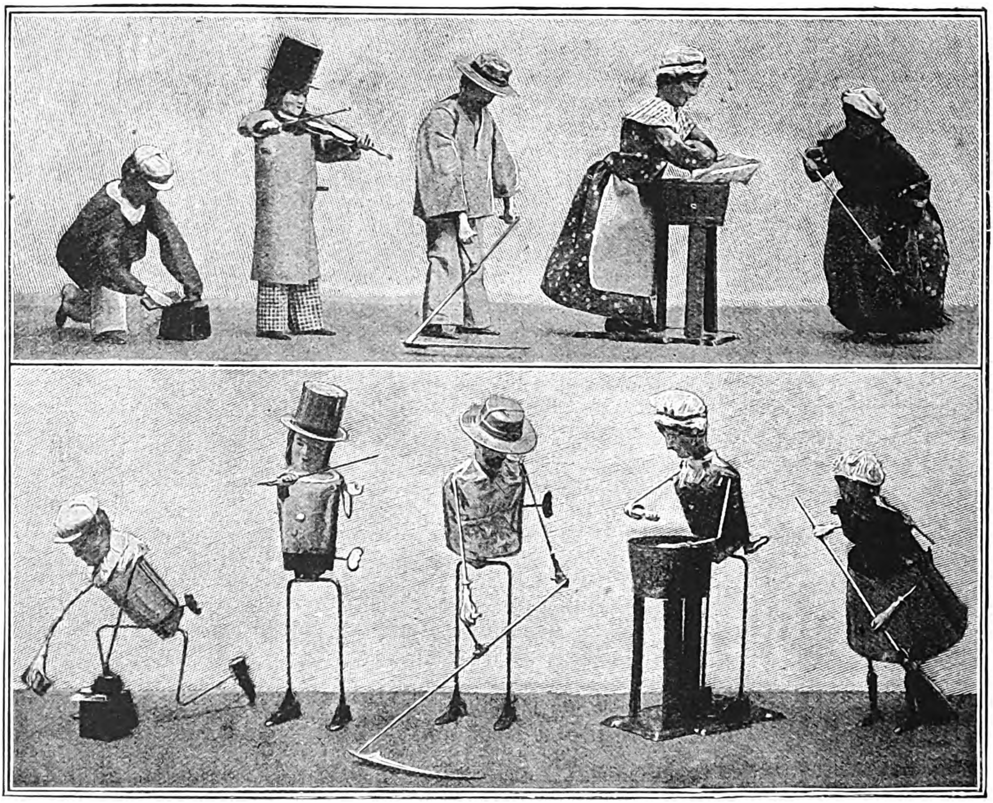
In one place you will see heaps of round wooden boxes that have been used for preserved fruits and are now thrown aside like rubbish, but they have a future before them. They will reappear as the smart, taut, gaily-finished drum, alike the crowning joy of the child and the instrument of torture to the nervous parent. These do not come to England. We get our toy drums from Germany.

When you have seen something of the boys' department you must go to the doll factory, where the members of the children's "make-believe" family first see the light of day. To make even a tiny doll a large well-fitted workshop and many hands are indispensable. The dainty plaything originates in unsavoury surroundings, and few would guess that the pink and white darling originally emerged from a large trough into which the men stir shreds of old kid gloves and odd bits of cardboard saturated in tragacanth, an adhesive gum made from the goat's thorn.

The machinery creaks and groans, one man, stripped to the waist, shovels sawdust into a pan of boiling water, another throws spadefuls of paste into the mixing-trough whose fans are worked by a horizontal shaft. The pulp thus formed is carried away in dirty, sticky hods to the weighing tables, where it is parcelled out, moulded and compressed till it assumes the forms of busts, arms and legs. As many as 200,000 pieces are thus turned out per day, or, in other words, the fittings



Dressing dolls. Each workwoman devotes herself to a particular part of the costume, and the rapidity with which the dressing is done is amazing.



Popular mechanical toys familiar to all of us. **The figures are made of pasteboard, zinc, and iron wire, and the lower row shows their appearance before their outer garments are donned.**

for 40,000 dolls. It is a far cry from this damp, dirty, dimly-lighted workshop pervaded with a sickly odour to the bright, cheerful nursery where the doll will be cherished by her future possessor.

These separate, greenish-coloured busts and limbs are heaped up in baskets as fast as they are turned out, and where they look like the relics of some hideous Liliputian massacre. Then they are handed over to the painter who transforms them with his brush to their familiar, delicate, rose-tinted hue. From the artist they go to the collector who is provided by another department with thousands of copper wire hooks by means of which the arms and legs are secured to the trunk. Dolly is now on her feet, but she is still without a head. This crowning point of doll creation passes through numerous hands in its evolution.

The original model is the work of an artist who has copied types of beauty in the galleries and museums. It is reproduced in the purest porcelain clay reduced to a liquid form and poured into the mould assigned for it. The cutters-out make the almond-shaped apertures for the eyes while the substance is yet soft, the painter tints the face, special artists supply the carmine to the cheeks and trace the eyebrows and lashes. The painted heads are then placed upon round trays called "gazettes," and put into the oven to bake, after which, if they emerge safe and sound, they only require the adjustment of the eyes, the cranium, and the wig.

The eyes are made by women glass workers in dark shops only lighted by the jets of the blow-pipes. At the end of the short glass tube is a little globe which they paint a milky-white to represent the ball of the eye, and then add the pupil in whatever colour desired, blue, black, or hazel. Hundreds of these eyes are taken away in baskets, supplying another suggestion of wholesale cruelty in doll-land.

According to price the doll's eyes are fixed or movable. The latter process being effected by cleverly arranged levers which give an almost natural action to the expressionless orbs. Cheap dolls merely have the eyes fixed in with wax and a layer of plaster inside the head. A practised woman can fix 1,500 of these eyes a day, thereby earning her 4frs. 50cents. The cranium is nothing but a rounded cork inserted into the hole left in the head, and secured by tiny nails.

Next comes the wig, and for a cheap doll this is an easy matter. The chosen tress of wool is tied together by a cord and then opened and divided into four, after which it has only to be stuck on to the head with a little paste-board cap. Locks of soft, silky Thibetian wool, combed, curled, and waved, make the more coquettish coiffures. Clever workwomen can turn out 120 dozen such wigs a day.

Now the mimic creature is made, but is still only wearing its birthday suit, and to provide a smart doll with a trousseau is almost as much trouble as to dress a society beauty. Dolls' shoe-making is a distinct industry, and hats, frocks, and *lingerie* all come from separate sources. Doll manufacture in France is run entirely by a company, whose members share the dividends among themselves, known as the "*Société du Bébé Francais*," which at the present time employs no less than 2,000 persons.

Closely connected with the toy industry is that of *carton*, or paste-board, out of which are made the highly-glazed, daintily finished cards and boxes which serve as mounts to the pretty wares. What would the dolls' trinkets, the tiny toilet accessories, the miniature cutlery, the very regiments of soldiers themselves, be were they offered for sale thrown pell-mell into box or basket, instead of being displayed to the very best advantage as they are by the deft-fingered Parisians of *la Maison Perret*, where the tastefully cushioned boxes for soap and perfume, the cards and frames for tiny toys, and a thousand fascinating frivolities are produced, bearing some such legend as *Nouveautés de Paris?*

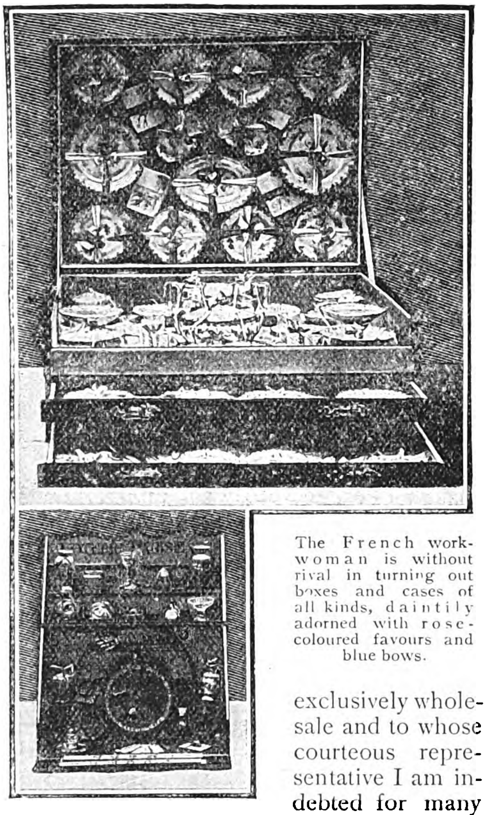
Let us pass, however, from the stores of the west-end toy shop to the humbler wares of the pavement merchant, who displays his wonders amid the rush of traffic and claims the attention of the hurrying passers-by with the latest mechanical or topical trifle. They, too, are mostly made in Paris. The black poodle and more recent "Galloping Boer," both worked by a pneumatic tube, the dancing ladies and fiddling gentlemen, the rickshaws, walking ostriches, and bagpipes, are but items among the hundreds of Paris made toys hawked by the gutter vendors of our great cities.

With regard to the painted rubber inflatable toys it is interesting to note that the sheet rubber is procured by the French firms from Manchester, where a certain amount is used for the production of home-made toys, but without any attempt to compete with their French customers. The natural inference is that it pays better to sell the sheet rubber than to convert it into playthings.

In former days most of the very cheap toys were made by the poor for the poor in the bare attics they called home. French men and women worked deftly and untiringly with a little matchwood, a few yards of brass wire, a pot of paint or some gaily-coloured paper, as their stock-in-trade. Now all that is changed. In the matter of mechanical toys the day of small concerns is over, and the individual worker for the market is swamped in big commercial enterprises.

The soft, furry dogs, rabbits and lambs on green boards, dimly suggestive of grassy meadows, are still made by the members of a family living at the very top of a house in a Paris side street. Such home workers as still exist spend the first five days of the week in turning out their wares, Friday and Saturday being devoted to the disposal of them to the commission merchants. The firm of Whyte, Ridsdale and Co. — whose business is

A miniature armoury. Here all kinds of weapons and martial toys are brought into being.



The French workwoman is without rival in turning out boxes and cases of all kinds, daintily adorned with rose-coloured favours and blue bows.

exclusively wholesale and to whose courteous representative I am indebted for many valuable facts—does not deal through these French middlemen, but employs its own agent.

The penny toy of to-day hails from the well-appointed workshops of such firms as "*L'Usine Roussel*" at Montreuil, or "*L'Usine Martin*" near Père-la-Chaise, where hundreds of hands are constantly employed. The French makers have largely availed themselves of Britain's discovery of the traction wheel. This invention was not thought of sufficient importance by its English originator to be patented, with the result that it has practically revolutionised the toy trade of other nations.

M. Martin, an energetic man, possessed of an inexhaustible fund of imagination, is the inventor of all these little tin toys moved by clockwork. His latest production is the khaki-clad "Tommy Atkins" who waggles his rifle and struts on the pavement in our midst.

M. Martin takes an active part in the construction of these toys, and is in turn engineer, mechanician, designer, and psychologist. In one of his shops there are men cutting the squares of zinc, farther on is a powerful machine stamping the halves of the figures which are then soldered together. Articles made of lead have to be melted, moulded, and turned, the edges must be neatly pared and the wires adjusted inside. Many of these little people have marvels of clockwork concealed within them which have to be fixed by clockmakers who adjust the mechanism with all the exactitude of their craft.

Now what proportion of these various toys comes to England?

The only French dolls that obtain favour with us are the china-faced, jointed dolls and a few of the most expensively dressed darlings. The composition dolls all come from Germany, where, by carefully studying the French fashions and improving upon their methods, the manufacturers have succeeded in producing better and cheaper articles, and thus driving their teachers from the field. London only makes rag dolls, now-a-days.

Toy guns of the best class, cornets, trombones, breastplates and other childish martial equipments all come from France, as do all the toy watches and many of the dainty trinkets and trifles mounted on cardboard. All the indiarubber dolls and animals that squeak and can be taken into the bath by their fond owners are also of French make.

Nine-tenths of the shuttlecocks used by the little ones for their simple game, and by their elders for the more complicated Badminton, are of French make, while the battledores are produced in England. All bone dominoes are made in a little village near Paris which enjoys the monopoly of their manufacture, and part of the material employed for the cheaper sort comes from the East end of London, where the pieces of bone have been discarded by tooth-brush handle makers. Bone dominoes are turned out at any price from sixpence to two guineas a set. Cheap chessmen are largely made by the inhabitants of the Jura district in Eastern France. French skittles, ranging from one inch to one foot in height, are painted many colours and are tied up in bundles. Germany exports her skittles in boxes.

By far the largest trade with France is done in tin toys, mechanical and otherwise. M. Rossignol's new factory heads the list of manufacturers in this line. The costly mechanical figures, human and animal, costing from one to ten guineas must be obtained from France, and are largely exported to India, where they find an appreciative market among the native princes, whether for their own or their children's amusement is not quite clear.

To take an instance of one large concern as a guide to the relative distribution of the toy trade, the English firm before-mentioned do upon an average one-third of their trade with France, one-half with Germany, and the remaining sixth with the home markets.

But wherever these bagatelles come from, and no matter whether they be stamped "Made in Germany," or with the Paris *cachet*, none but those who have seen them in process of making realise the number and variety of hands and implements requisite for the perfecting of that which Tommy or Mollie destroys, unrebuked, five minutes after it has been bought, and which is tossed aside in a mangled condition, with the careless words: "Oh, what can you expect? It only cost a penny!"

But it cost more, far more. It cost thought and skill and labour; it called into play the brain of the inventor, the ingenuity of the mechanic, the dexterity of the handicraftsman. Let us take an instance. The toy gun that Jack carries so proudly cost but a few pence. The bandolier is attached to the stock by a hook, and to make that hook there must be a machine powerful enough to work a kind of guillotine or drill capable of cutting a sheet of zinc 39ins. long into thin strips in the space of one minute.

The pieces which fall from under it are converted into the hooks aforesaid. From this one item we may gather some idea of the machinery and implements necessary for the up-to-date manufacture of the cheapest toys. It is indeed a long list, comprising engines of all kinds, scales, turning lathes, machines for drilling, hollowing-out, filing and drawing wire; grindstones, ovens, moulds and melting pots, without counting the enormous number of hand tools required for each special branch of the industry.

Then look again at the vast variety of materials employed! Gold, silver, iron, brass, tin, pewter, zinc, copper, lead, nickel, and aluminium; mother-of-pearl, ivory, wood of all kinds, and india-rubber in different forms; silk, satin, velvet, cloth and cotton; kid, leather, and skins of every description, rags and paste-board in abundance—these are but some of the chief commodities; a complete inventory would be impossible.

Every trade and handicraft is also represented; we find, painters, mechanics, clockmakers, armourers, scabbard-makers, coachbuilders, carpenters, jewellers and gem-

ET OMBRELLES POUR ENFANTS
FORTS

The elaborate toy department of a great store. This particular photograph was taken in the famous *Bon Marché* of Paris.

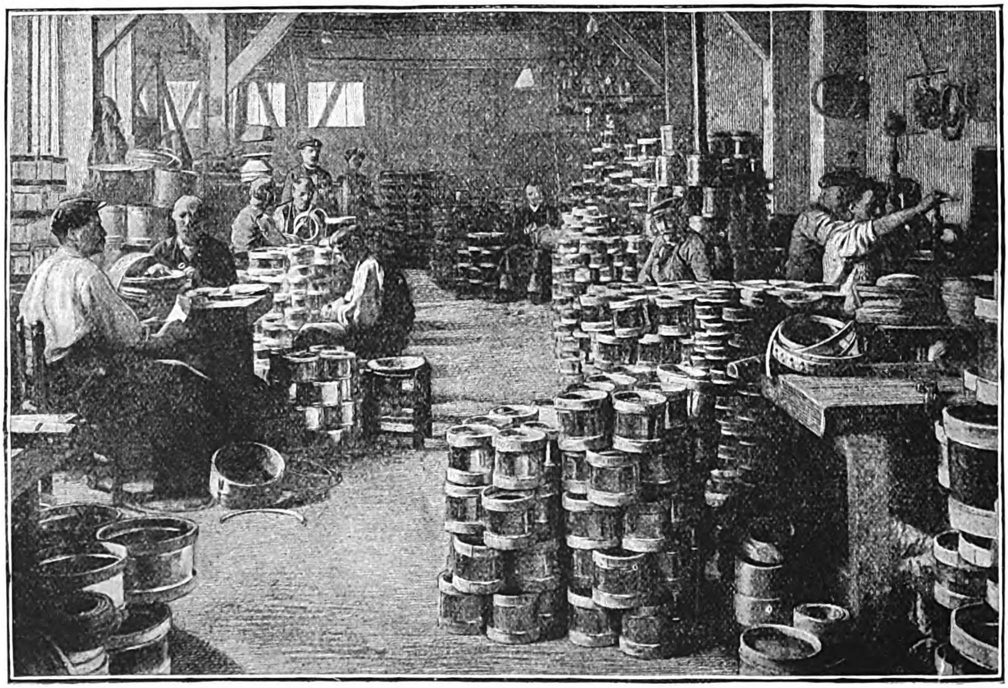
setters, moulders, smelters, tailors, dressmakers, milliners, shoe-makers, hairdressers, and all sorts of odd men and women engaged in stocking the nursery toy cupboard.

The men earn on an average 5frs. 50cents., and the women 3frs. They are paid either by the day or the piece, and who shall say that their share in the world's work is an unimportant one?

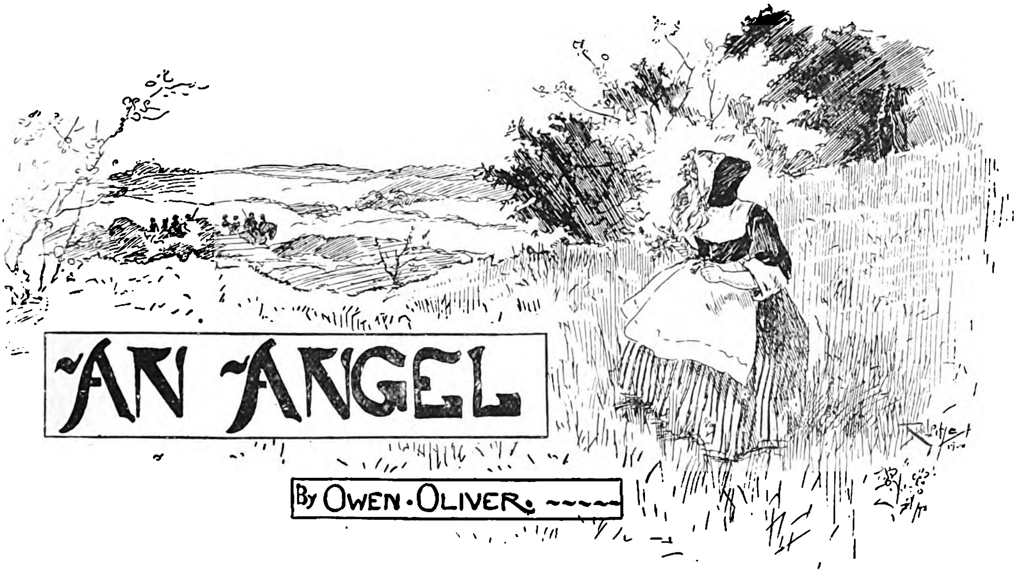
It is not only for the good of the children themselves that they should be happily amused, that they should have toys to call forth the exercise of their budding faculties and quicken their powers of observation; but it works well for the relief of the often over-taxed mother that the little ones should have inducements to play alone while she snatches a few moment's rest in the burden and heat of the day. And does it not sometimes happen that a certain barrier of shy reserve grows up unconsciously between little Dick and his father who is so much away from home as to seem a sort of stranger to his youthful mind? But this barrier may be for ever swept away by "Daddy's" skill in mending the broken gun or engine with which Mother had wrestled in vain.

Let us give our children toys by all means —not too lavishly as a premium on the bump of destruction so often fatally developed in the small boy—but generously and wisely, so as to promote their happiness, not jade their childish appetites; and when we hear our little ones crowing and shouting with delight over our purchases, let us spare a grateful thought for the cunning of the brain that devised, and the deftness of the hands that fashioned them.

The French inventor requires to have eyes all over the world, and to keep in mental touch with his purchasers on both sides of the Channel. We may trust the pushful German to do the same. A toy may teach better than schoolbooks. The child of to-day may learn to remember events that are now making history, and inventions that are revolutionising social conditions, from the toys that are now its treasured playthings. They will be connected with facts learned later on, and will materially assist in impressing those facts upon the memory. The toys keep pace with the times, and may serve as object lessons to those who will learn. Who knows but that they may eventually throw light on the long-forgotten period of the nineteenth century should the archæologists of ages to come be as fortunate in their finds as the Egyptian excavators of the present?



The drums and tambourines are constructed out of old sweetmeat boxes.



AN ANGEL

By OWEN·OLIVER

It was in the time of yellow corn, and news came to Red Hastings that the men of Dell had gone to the reaping at Farside, except the miller and his five stout sons, who were busy at home. So he put on his sword and armour, and mounted his tall grey mare, and rode over the hills with his forty men.

"We owe the miller a call," he said with an evil smile. The miller and his sons had led the country folk who drove these men across the mountains three years before.

Those men riding behind Red Hastings laughed at his wit, and added their jests.

"He has too much corn to grind," said one. "It is charity to relieve him of a few sacks."

"He can spare us a team to carry the sacks home," said another.

"His cellars are overcrowded with old ale," said a third.

A fourth lifted his voice and sang as they rode down the steep, green lanes to the fountain where the river begins. The rest joined hoarsely in the chorus. The frightened birds darted out of the hedges and flew away as they passed by. This was the song:—

THE RED HARVESTERS.

The ploughman ploughs and the sower sows—
Steady, my gallants, all!
The sunshine shines, and the good grain grows—
Ho, for the riders tall!
The good grain grows while we wake or sleep,
The reapers come, and the reapers reap—
Steady, my gallants, all!

They bind the grain in the golden sheaves—
Steady, my gallants, all!
The gleaner gleans what the reaper leaves—
Ho, for the riders tall!
The carters toil when the reaping's o'er,
To bear the grain to the miller's store—
Steady, my gallants, all!

The miller wakes in the early morn—
Steady, my gallants, all!
He fans the husks from the mellow corn—
Ho, for the riders tall!
The miller works till the midnight hour,
To grind the corn into sweet, white flour—
Steady, my gallants, all!

Good ploughman, sower, rain, and sun,
Good reaper, carter, and miller, well done!
Ho, for the riders tall!
Good slaves of ours to labour thus,
Your flour is bread for us—for us!
Steady, my gallants, all!

The last shout was dying away, when a little five-year girl jumped out of the hedge and danced gleefully in front of the raiders. Her cheeks were like the blush-roses that died the month before; her hair was yellower than the wheat, and her eyes were bluer than the pale cornflower.

"Pretty mans," she cried, clapping her hands with delight, "Oh, pretty mans!"

The grey mare's hoofs almost touched the child, when Red Hastings pulled her sharply aside, and caught the little maid up on his saddle.

"Who are *you*?" he asked in his big, deep voice.

"Father's little angel," said the child.

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"Who is your father?"

"Daddy, of course. Didn't you know?" The robber's features contorted into the semblance of a smile.

"Where does he live?" he asked.

"At the mill. Where *I* live." She laughed at herself in Red Hasting's shining armour. "Look!" she exclaimed. "Oh, look!"

"The miller's brat!" cried one of the outlaws, with a coarse laugh. "He has so many sons that he can spare a daughter."

Red Hastings said nothing. The child was pulling his beard to make him look down at her reflection in his breastplate.

"See yourself, too," she said, "pretty man." He made the facial contortion again.

"Am I a pretty man, Angel?" he enquired. She nodded emphatically.

"More pretty mans,'' she added, pointing to the villainous following.

"There's no need to hurt the child," said Black Wildish, the ruffian who was second in command.

"Better put her down, captain," growled a tall man with a scar across his face, from the sword of the miller's second son.

"Shall I put you down, Angel?" asked Red Hastings. One might have thought his tone kind, if such a suspicion had been possible. As it was not, his following suspected him of something unusually diabolical.

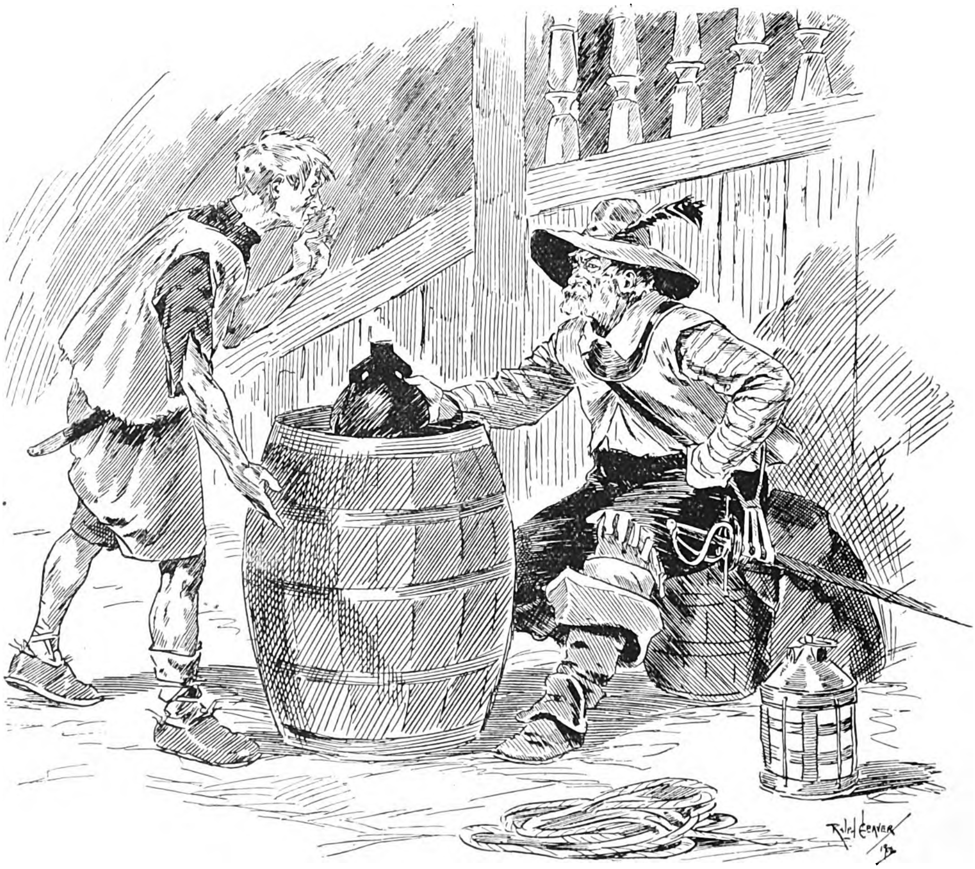
"No," said the child; "I want to ride."

"Then you must ride, of course."

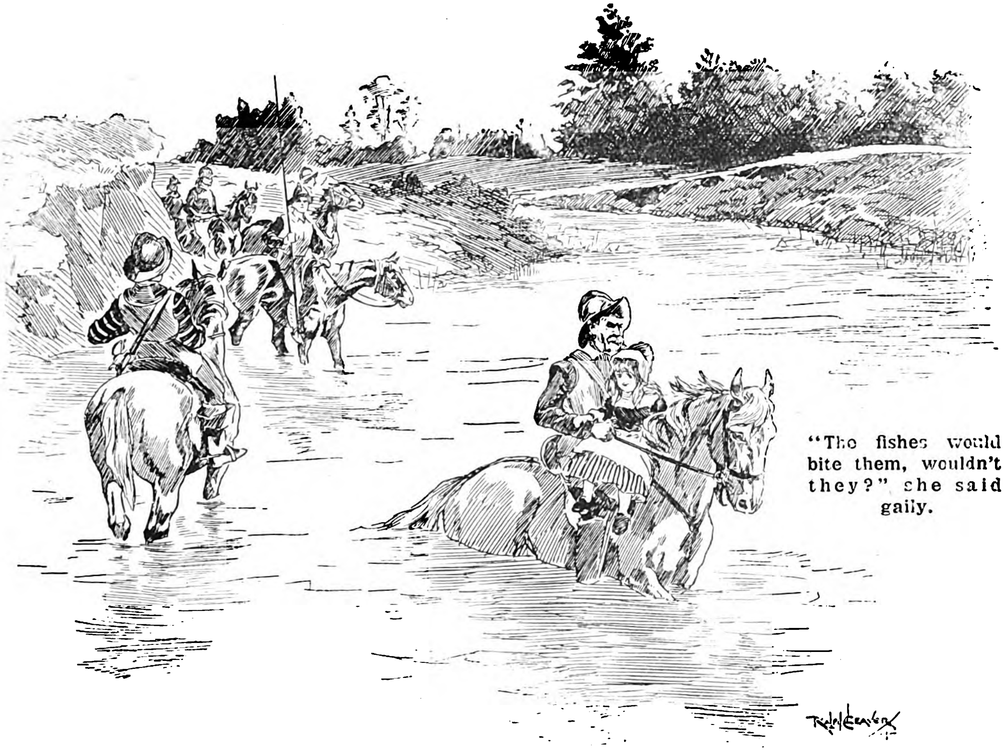
He put the reins in her hands, and took her hands in his.

"I wonder," said a stout, leering man in the rear, "if he'll hand her over on the point of a spear, like——"

"Like you would, you cursèd brute!" said another with an oath. Some of the raiders growled assent. Others laughed. One asked who was ready to quarrel with



News came to Red Hastings that the men of Dell had gone to the reaping at Farside.



"The fishes would bite them, wouldn't they?" she said gaily.

Red Hastings for the sake of the miller's brat. The dispute grew so angry that Black Wildish rode back and separated some who were drawing their swords upon one another.

Red Hastings paid no heed to their squabbling. He was busy talking to the child.

"So your father calls you 'Angel,'" he said reflectively. He remembered a little blue-eyed sister who died.

"Yes." She pulled at the horse's mane. "Make him go faster," she requested.

"Presently. Why does he call you 'Angel?'"

"An angel brought me when mother died." She looked up at him with big, solemn eyes. "Mother is an angel, now, you know. You will be an angel some day."

"Shall I?" His face wrinkled into a frown that was indistinguishable from his smile.

"Of course you will. All good peoples are some day."

"Suppose I am not good?" She puzzled over this for some time.

"You'll have to be," she pronounced, "else your wings won't grow."

"No-o," he agreed. "I expect they'll be rather hard to grow on me." Black Wildish gave a grunt.

"Look here, Hastings," he said, "if you're thinking of doing anything to that child——" Red Hastings silenced him with a glance. Unquestioning obedience was the one law of the band.

They rode down the last lane, until they came to the green meadows, between the yellow stubble of the well-reaped fields. Angel showed Red Hastings where the linnets' nest had been, and told him how the little nestlings had grown and grown until they flew away, and nothing had hurt any of them all the time.

"Perhaps God sends little angels to look after the wee birdies," she said reverently. "Like they watch over us."

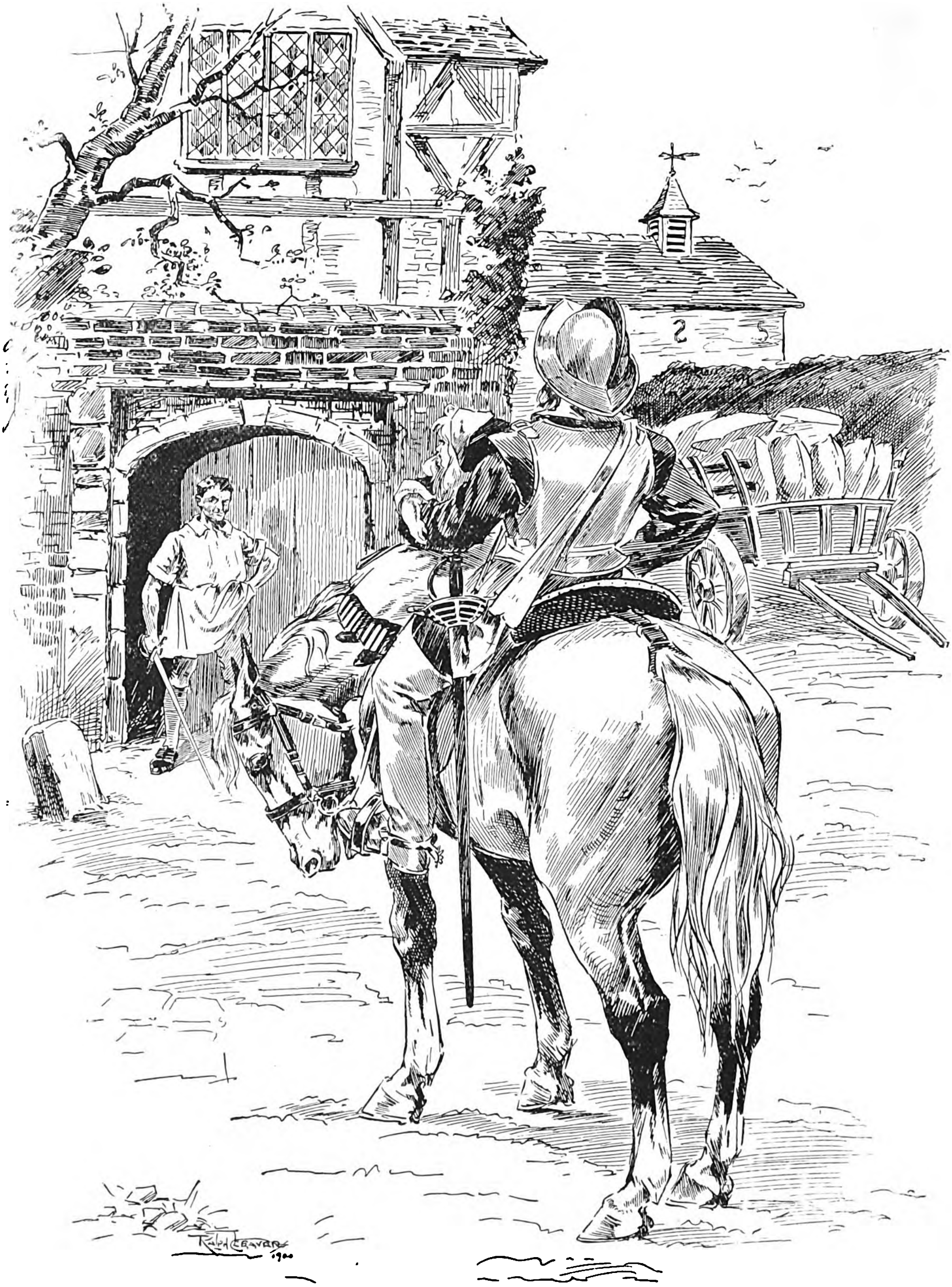
"God's angels have enough to do then!"

"I expect my mother looks after me," she said. "Is *your* mother an angel?"

Red Hastings contorted his features again; and again the expression was nameless. He had been fond of his mother.

"Tell me more about the birds," he said abruptly. But they had passed the hedges, so instead she told him about the poppies in the corn that were red and wicked and sent people to sleep; and so God made them fade and die.

"The angels are so sorry when God is


Ralph Cleaver 1900

"Truth to tell, miller, I scarcely expected to come by anything of yours so easily," said the robber lightly. "'Tis a winsome maid."

angry because peoples are wicked," she said.

"Aye," said Red Hastings. "I dare say."

Then they came to the ford, where the water runs as high as the horses' girths, and higher.

"Put up your feet, Angel," he said, "or you will wet them."

"The fishes would bite them, wouldn't they?" she said gaily. "Why didn't you go across the bridge?"

"I don't want your father to see us coming."

She clapped her hands. "He will be surprised," she said. The men who were near looked at one another and smiled. "I will call him to come and take me off the big horse. Then he will run."

"No doubt," said Red Hastings.

Then they came to the little lane that passes the back of the mill. The leader held up his hand for them to halt.

"What are you going to do with the child?" demanded Black Wildish. There was a touch of menace in his voice. Years ago he had had a little child himself. If the boy had lived things might have been different.

The robber chief looked down at the child for a few moments in silence.

"Run home and tell your father we are coming, Angel," he said softly. "Run home." But she clung to him and would not go.

"You come, too," she begged. So he turned to his men.

"Stay here till I call," he commanded. "Then come quickly." And he rode boldly into the miller's courtyard with the child upon his saddle,

"Ho, miller of Dell!" he called; and the miller came to the door with his sword in his hand. When he saw the child he paused, and his ruddy face turned white.

"Truth to tell, miller, I scarcely expected to come by anything of yours so easily," said the robber lightly. "'Tis a winsome maid." The miller's lips moved but no sound came. He took a step forward; and then paused, fearing harm to the child.

"What do you want?" he said at length, in a choked voice.

"What only the maid can pay," the robber answered, with a laugh. "Will you give me a bonny kiss, Angel?" And the child flung her arms round his neck and kissed him; and he put her down gently, and she ran gleefully to her father.

"Angel had a ride, daddy," she cried, "on the big grey horse."

Red Hastings looked hard at the child, then with a short laugh, shouted to his men, and they rode up behind him, whilst the miller retreated inside the door with the child in his arms.

"We are forty strong," said the robber sternly. "Let there be no bloodshed—for the sake of the child."

The miller of Dell smiled and whistled three times. At the first whistle his five tall sons came to the door with their weapons. At the second whistle fifty men appeared in the hedges with their muskets levelled. At the third whistle a troop of gentry on horseback, under the young lord, came riding over the bridge.

"Trapped!" said Red Hastings with an oath. "You shall buy us dear." He and his men drew their pistols and swords; but the miller held up his hand and spoke in his mighty voice.

"For the sake of the child, friends," he cried, "I pray you let them go."

Some said "aye" and others said "nay." "We were safer to hang them all," protested the chief of the musketeers. But the young lord vowed that it were a pity to slay such gallants, and that, for his part, he would let them go, if they promised to molest the neighbourhood no more; and to that all the miller's partisans agreed.

Red Hastings looked at his men and looked at the foe; and he saw that they were outnumbered only three to one and was minded to fight. He had got out of worse positions than this before. But then he saw that the muskets covered them from the hedges; and then he saw the child waving her hand to him from the latticed window—and then he promised. No man doubted his word at that time or ever.

They rode back by the lane and the ford, the way that they came; and none spoke until they reached the hill. There was a strange fear upon all of them, and a wonder as to what the future was to bring forth. Would the whole gang move to some new hunting ground? Or would they disperse and seek their livelihood, each man for himself, honestly or—otherwise? Then Black Wildish glanced at his chief curiously.

"It is well for us," he said, with a curse, "that you let the child go."

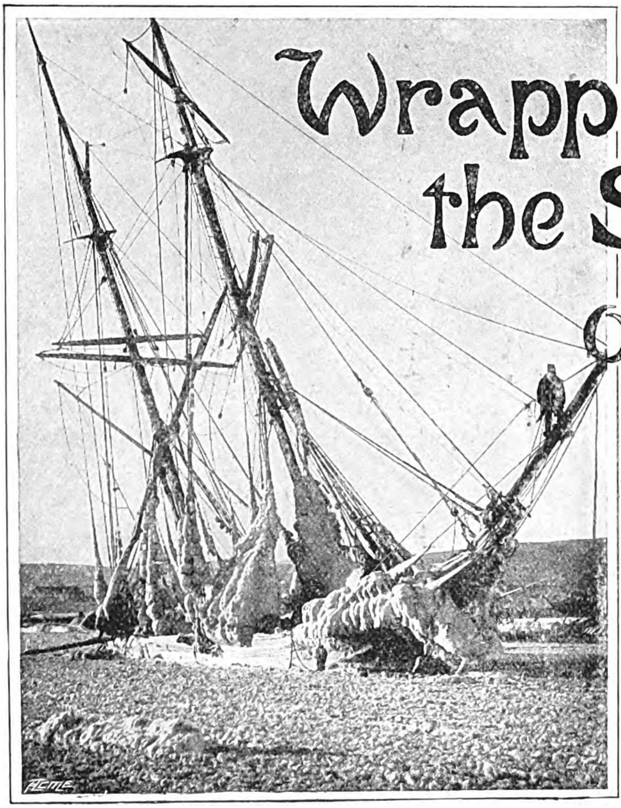
"I saw the glint of steel through the bushes," said Red Hastings, turning a scowling face on the other. "That was why I spared her."

And no one contradicted him; but they knew that he lied.

Wrapped in the Shroud of Winter

By Hector Grainger.

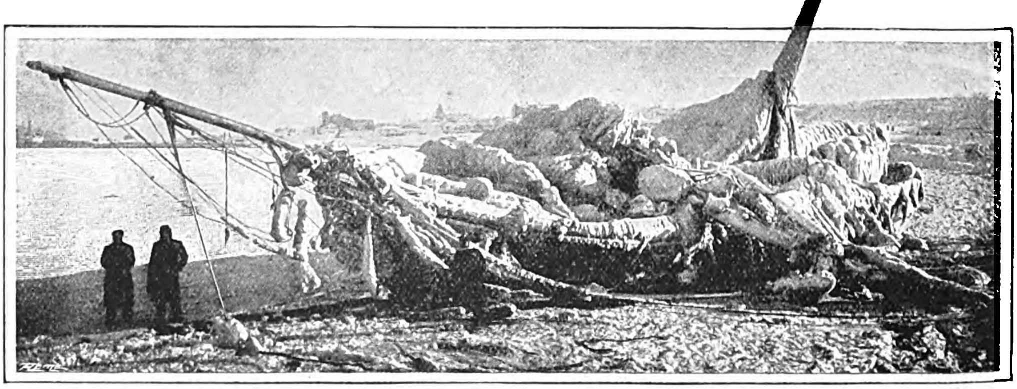
Illustrated by a Series of Remarkable Photographs taken by J. Politi, Novorossisk.



This vessel, which is quite destroyed by the great storm, is typical of the appearance of many others.

Cyclones, tornados, blizzards, are, luckily, not very frequent visitors to these islands or to the seas which surround them. A heavy storm is the worst thing of its kind we suffer from, and though our seas are not the safest and most comfortable places to be on at such a time, we really have nothing very appalling to complain about, for the land is always safe in England. Our houses are never blown about our ears as in America, or literally covered with a vast sheet of ice, as the house in one of the accompanying photographs.

It was from the 19th to the 21st December, 1899, that a terrific tempest swept across the Black Sea—that sea comfortably enclosed in land, but more liable to storm, and more dangerous than most great oceans. Indeed, one may say that the Baltic, the



A Russian sailing vessel blown ashore and completely lost.

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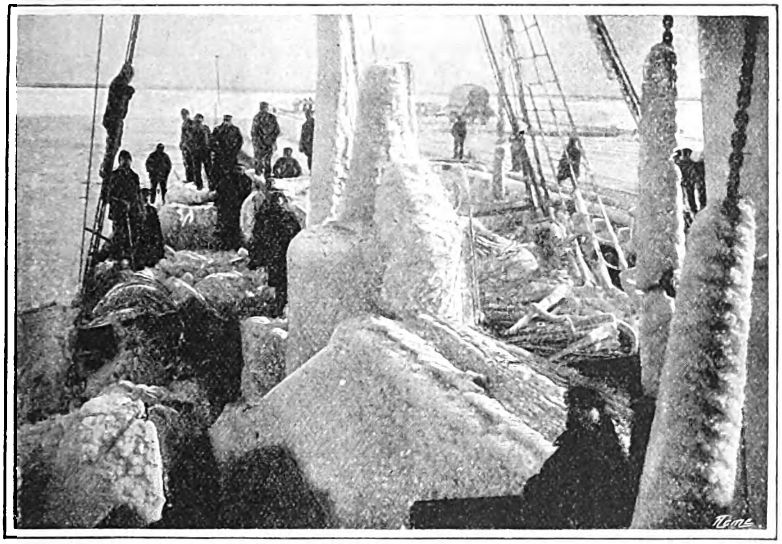
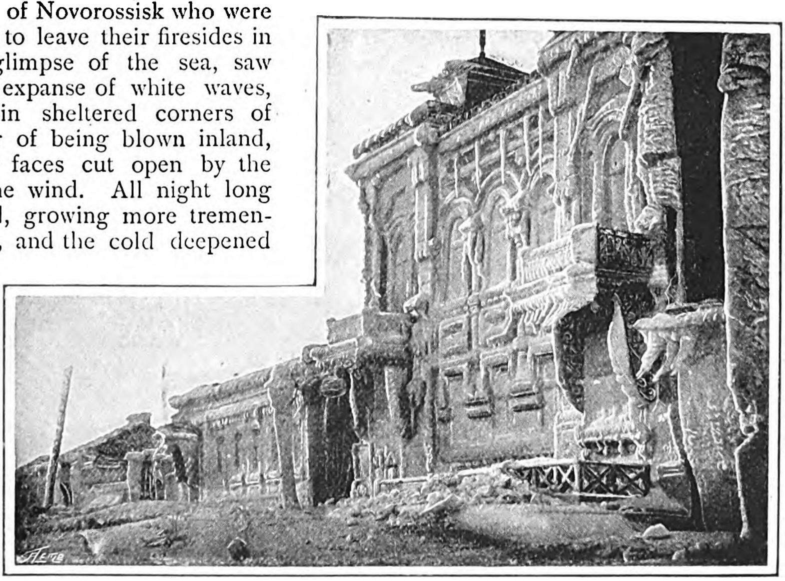


The Russian vessel *Nordost* icebound and ice-covered in the port of Novorossisk.

English Channel, the North Sea, and the Black Sea, are, of all the waters of the earth, the most dreaded by seafarers. And when, in addition to a storm of terrific force, the barometer stands several degrees below zero, those who happen to be on the deep at such a time are not likely to forget the experience.

It was early on the 19th of December that the great tempest rose, the wind blowing from the north-east, and the barometer falling swiftly with every hour. At nightfall, those among the citizens of Novorossisk who were courageous enough to leave their firesides in order to catch a glimpse of the sea, saw nothing but a vast expanse of white waves, and had to stand in sheltered corners of the harbour for fear of being blown inland, or of getting their faces cut open by the intense cold of the wind. All night long the storm continued, growing more tremendous hour by hour, and the cold deepened in proportion. In the morning none of the inhabitants of Novorossisk dared approach the harbour, for great sheets of half-frozen water, torn from the crests of the waves, were being flung inland with tremendous velocity, and the wind cut like a knife.

In one of our illustrations we show how this tempest affected a house almost directly facing the sea. As will be seen, its whole front is thickly coated with ice, so that it presents almost the appearance of one of those ice palaces which are occasionally built at some *fête* in Canada and St. Petersburgh. Nor was this house by any means an exceptional case; many others along the coast and facing the sea fared much in the same manner, and some in exceptionally unprotected positions, open to the full fury of the storm, had their front walls covered with no less than a 2ft. coating of salt ice, their doors blocked and their windows broken. For many days after the tempest had abated the inhabitants, if they wanted to leave the house, had to climb out of back windows or use the back doors.



The appearance of buildings in Novorossisk after the storm.

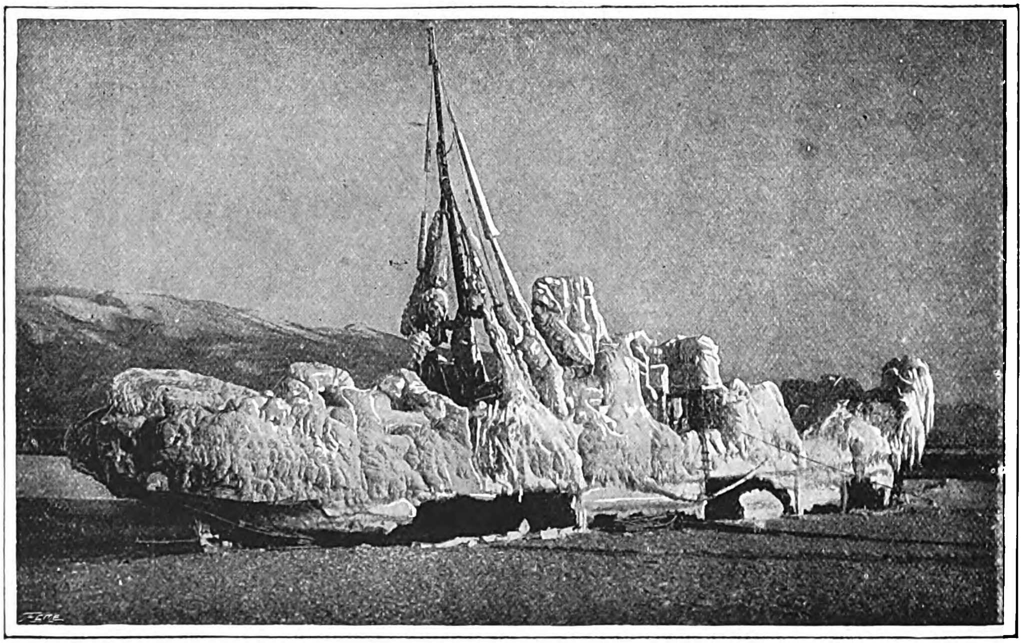
How the ships were treated that had the misfortune to be at sea during the terrible forty-eight hours of tempest our unique series of photographs gives an excellent idea. And these battered hulks were the ones that experienced the best luck, for many came to grief before they could get into the comparative safety of the harbour or the flat shore. The photo at the head of this article shows the condition in which a large Russian schooner was found on the morning of the 21st.

To the casual glance she appears very little hurt, her masts and bowsprit being intact; in reality, however, she is completely smashed up, and when the thaw set in, and the ice melted away from her sides, she was broken in pieces and used for firewood.

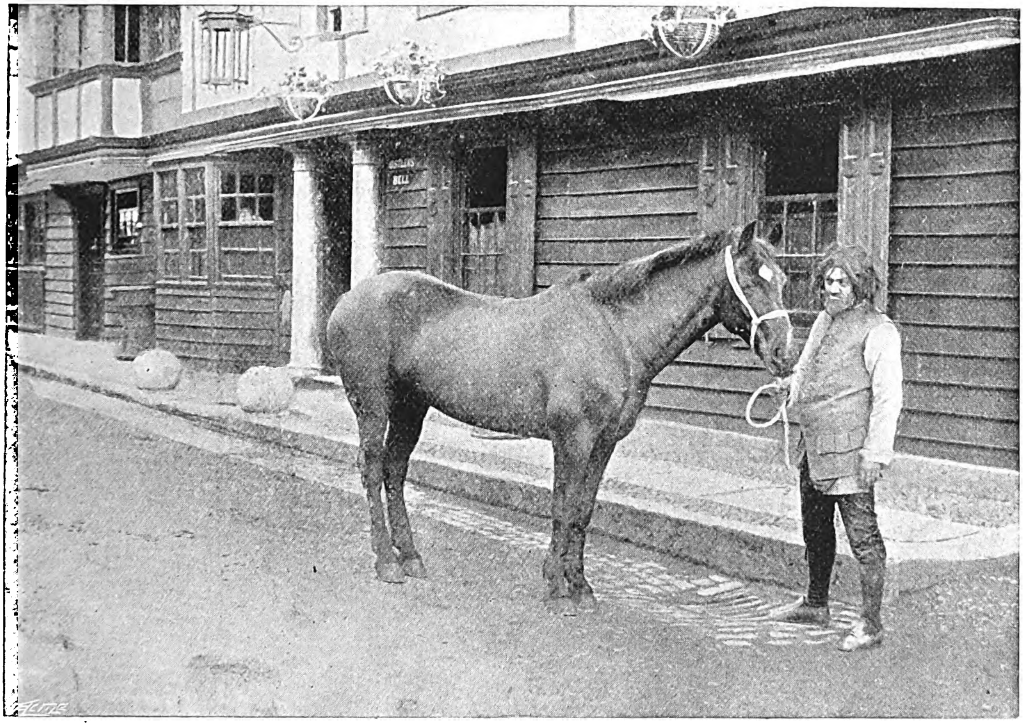
A still more deplorable object we show in our picture immediately following. This unhappy vessel bore the brunt of the storm, from the beginning to the end, and was finally cast on shore in the condition here shown. Strange to say, however, none of the crew lost their lives, although the captain and a few sailors were badly frost-bitten, and another man had one of his limbs broken. Observe in this photograph the extraordinary condition of the shore. Mile after mile it was covered with rough ice for several hundreds of yards inland, and so thick was this covering that in spite of the immediate thaw that set in, and the comparative rapidity with which salt ice melts, it took some weeks before the shore presented its normal appearance. Of the Russian steamer *Nordost* we give a unique photograph. Observe the state of her deck, and the vast accumulation of ice gathered round the chain.

Most extraordinary is the appearance of a British steamship that, after battling with the tempest for twenty-four hours, was driven into the harbour of Novorossisk, covered with ice. But although her appearance does not seem to indicate that the tempest has treated her over gently, she fared, in reality, better than some of her companions in misfortune. When the ice had once thawed off her sides she was easily made seaworthy again, and took to work after three or four months' sick leave. The crew came out none the worse for their rough treatment. In cases such as these the British sailor manages somehow to suffer less than the sailor of other nations.

Wherever there is a storm one may be certain that some British vessel or other will be among the sufferers; and in the great Black Sea tempest our mercantile navy suffered heavily. Three or four vessels were lost out at sea, and two were driven into the port of Novorossisk, one of them a mere heap of broken spars, the other covered from masthead to keel with a thick coating of ice, but otherwise practically uninjured.



A British steamer which was driven ashore during the great storm, and was icebound. The ice was about 2ft. thick.



" Maypole " Hugh, the ostler, outside the " Maypole Inn."

IN THE FOOTSTEPS OF BARNABY RUDGE.

WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK FOULSHAM.

The pictures illustrating this article form the most remarkable series of photographs ever taken, and it is safe to say that never before have lovers of Dickens had such an opportunity of gathering an idea of the appearance and surrounding of the characters in one of the most popular of their favourite author's works.

MR. BRANSBY WILLIAMS, the famous character impersonator, has given the public many opportunities of becoming acquainted, in a living form, with those folks whom we have learned to love or to hate as Charles Dickens, in his incomparable style, brought out their good or bad points. But I doubt if Mr. Williams has ever struck a happier idea, yielding happier moments to thoughtful readers of the great novelist, than when he appeared upon the actual scene whence the drama of "Barnaby Rudge" was built up by the master hand, to give us back, in living form and vivid voice, many of the characters who once moved in and around the historic Maypole Inn, in the days of Lord George Gordon with all their episodes of comedy and tragedy.

Few there are who can stand for a little while to gaze upon the "King's Head," Chigwell, without conjuring up visions of the past events so graphically described by Dickens in "Barnaby Rudge." For is not the "King's Head" the "Maypole" of the novel? Nor has time changed, in a radical or violent way, the appearance of the old hostelry. It practically remains as it was described by Dickens. As in 1775, it stands "upon the borders of Epping Forest, at a distance of about twelve miles from London, measuring from the 'Standard,' Cornhill, or rather from the spot near which the 'Standard' used to be in days of yore." Even in 1775 the "Maypole" was an old building "with more gable ends than a lazy man would care to count on a sunny day"; huge zig-zag chimneys, out

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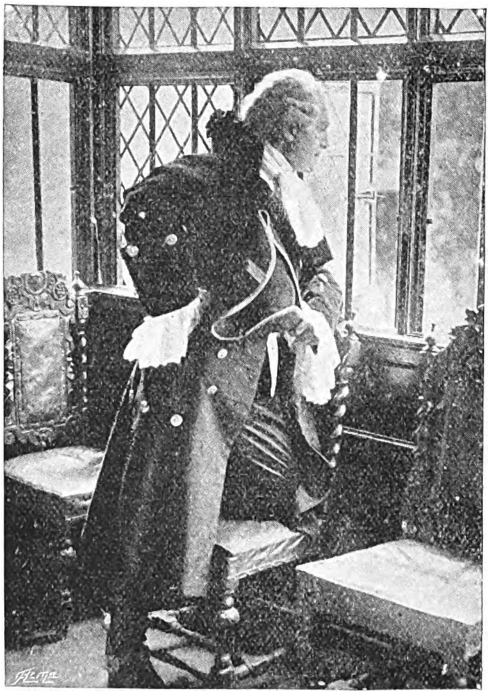
of which it seemed as though even smoke could not choose but come in more than naturally fantastic shapes, imparted to it in its tortuous progress. The place was said to have been built in the days of King Henry the Eighth; and there was a legend, not only that Queen Elizabeth had slept there one night while upon a hunting excursion—to wit, in a deep oak-panelled room with a bay window—but that next morning, while standing on a mounting block before the door with one foot in the stirrup, the virgin monarch had boxed and cuffed an unlucky page for some neglect of duty.

The "Maypole," as further described by Dickens, was really an old house, perhaps as old as it claimed to be, and perhaps older, "which will sometimes happen with houses of an uncertain, as with ladies of a certain, age." Its windows were old diamond pane lattices, its floors were sunken and uneven, its ceilings blackened by the hand of time and heavy with massive beams. Well, several of the old diamond pane lattices are still there, but thanks to the advance of the science of repairing, the floors cannot be said to be uneven, nor are the ceilings of the "King's Head" allowed to remain "blackened by the hand of time." But the same ceilings are still heavy with the same massive beams. "Over the doorway was an ancient porch, quaintly and grotesquely carved." The description may still be verified. Mr. W. Lewis, the present proprietor of the "King's Head," is no believer in vandalism, and, beyond the necessary requirements to keep the old house taut and secure, all the ancient glory of the place is preserved, and, I may say, revered.

Thanks to the courtesy of Mr. Lewis, I have been enabled to secure the accompanying photographs of scenes from "Barnaby Rudge." The character in each case is impersonated by Mr. Bransby Williams as he appeared in his *matinée* entertainment during the early summer at Chigwell in aid of the Widows' and Orphans' War Fund. The costumes are historically correct, and the "make-up" of each character faithfully represents the word pictures of Dickens.

Readers of "Barnaby Rudge" will remember the impression created on the mind of John Willet, the host, by the appearance at the "Maypole" of a "traveller of goodly promise," a staid, grave, placid gentleman "something past the prime of life, upright in his carriage for all that, and as slim as a greyhound." His costume was "a riding coat of a somewhat brighter green than might have been expected to suit the taste of a gentleman of his years; with a short black velvet cape, and laced pocket holes and cuffs, all of a jaunty fashion."



Sir John Chester at the "Maypole Inn," in what is now known as the Chester room.

The photograph illustrates the scene at the "Maypole" upon the evening when the visitor, Mr. (afterwards Sir John) Chester, had despatched Barnaby with the letter summoning Geoffrey Haredale, Chester's enemy, to discuss the means of breaking off the attachment between Edward Chester and Haredale's niece Emma. "Shall we two, because Society calls us enemies, stand aloof, and let them rush into each other's arms, when by approaching each other sensibly, as we do now, we can prevent it, and part them," were Mr. Chester's words, it will be remembered.

The latticed window whence Chester looked anxiously out to watch for signs of the approach of Haredale, is still in its place; indeed, there is but little change in the chamber. "It was spacious enough in all conscience, occupying the whole depth of the house." With Mr. Williams' excellent "make-up" to aid the illusion, the spectator might easily imagine himself to be a witness

"Maypole" Hugh asleep outside the Inn.

of the actual episode. The chamber is now called the "Chester Room."

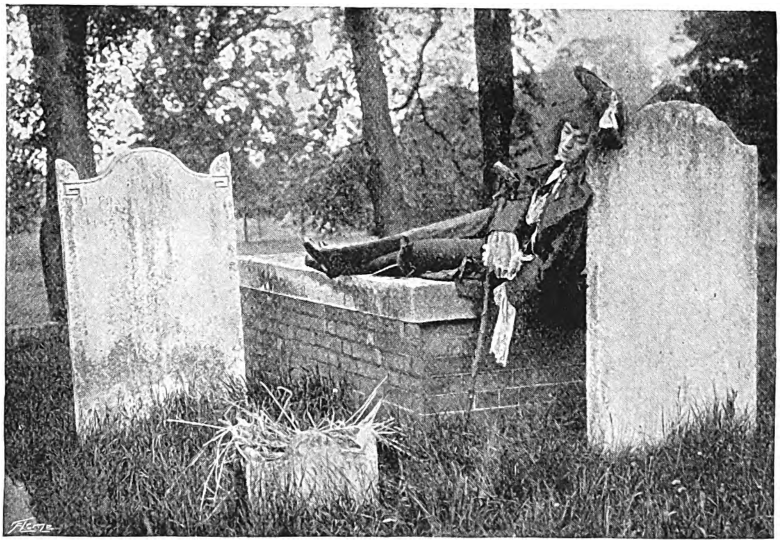
Most readers of "Barnaby Rudge" take a deeply sympathetic interest in the career of poor "Maypole" Hugh—"the man with the bottled-up faculties," as Mr. John Willet, his master, was wont to describe him.

Mr. Bransby Williams' impersonation of this character brings us back to the memorable evening at the inn, when the landlord and his customers sat and smoked and drank, discussing meanwhile the mysterious visit of Mr. Chester, and settling to their own satisfaction the contents of the letter delivered by Barnaby to Geoffrey Haredale.

"The light that fell upon this slumbering form showed it in all its muscular and handsome proportions. It was that of a young man, of a hale, athletic figure, and a giant's strength, whose sunburnt face and swarthy throat, overgrown with jet black hair, might have served a painter as a model. Loosely attired in the coarsest and roughest garb, with scraps of straw and hay—his usual bed—clinging here and there, and mingling with his uncombed locks, he had fallen asleep in a posture as careless as his dress. The negligence and disorder of the whole man, with something fierce and sullen in his features, gave him a picturesque appearance, that attracted the regards even of the 'Maypole' customers, who knew him well, and caused Long Parkes to say that Hugh looked more like a poaching rascal to-night than ever he had seen him yet."

It will not take the Dickens' student long to recognise the quaint figure of Barnaby Rudge, the poor idiot who figures so largely, yet humbly, in the novel, and who came so near to sharing the dread fate of his friend Hugh, as a consequence of the Riots. The spare appearance, yet of fair height and strong make; the red hair, hanging in disorder about his face and shoulders; the unearthly expression, the pale features; the glassy lustre of his large protruding eyes;

Barnaby Rudge walking up Chigwell Hill from Clerkenwell.



Barnaby asleep on a tombstone in Chigwell Churchyard.

his dress of green, with the clumsy trimming of lace; his hat ornamented with peacock's feathers; the many colored bits of ribbon and glass beads—we remember all this. Poor Barnaby! "Sometimes he walks, and sometimes runs. He's known along the road by everybody, and sometimes comes here in a cart or chaise, and sometimes double. He comes and goes, through wind, rain, snow, and hail and on the darkest nights."

And again we see Barnaby as he slept in Chigwell Churchyard whilst waiting for the coach that would carry him and his mother to the distant straw-plaiting town, to live "concealed under an assumed name and in quiet poverty which knew no change."

Again we are transported to the "Maypole," at the door of which Mr. Chester has just alighted from his horse. John Willet is in respectful attendance, but, as usual, desires to show his authority over poor Hugh, who has angrily remonstrated with his master. Mr. Chester, who has been watching Hugh closely, utters the abrupt remark; "You keep strange servants, John."

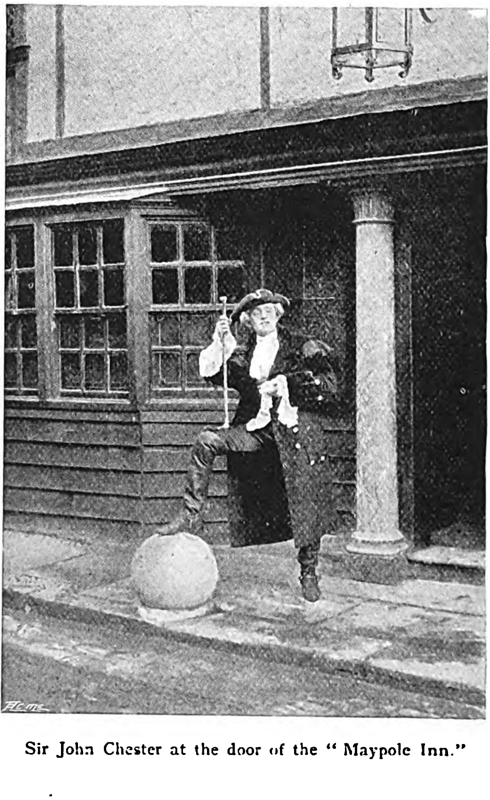
But stranger still was this meeting of father and son!

Next we come to the sudden departure of Joe Willet, the landlord's son, from the "Maypole" which had been his home for so long. The taunts of Tom Cobb have at last proved too much, and the muscular resentment of Joe leaves, in his mind, no alternative but to depart for ever.

We see him, after he had dropped from his bedroom window—a little bundle and his trusty stick his only possessions, and gazing up at the old "Maypole," it might be for the last time.

"He didn't apostrophise it, for he was no great scholar. He didn't curse it, for he had little ill-will to give to anything on earth. He felt more affectionate and kind to it than ever he had done in all his life before, so said, with all his heart, 'God bless you!' as a parting wish, and turned away."

From Joe Willet we turn to gaze upon the wizened features of Solomon Daisy, the old



Sir John Chester at the door of the "Maypole Inn."

sexton of Chigwell Church. We see him as he might have been in happier days before the Riots. The little round, black, shiny eyes like beads, the rusty black breeches and coat, his long, flapped waistcoat, little queer buttons, "like nothing except his eyes; but so like them, that as they twinkled and glistened in the light, which shone, too, in his bright shoe buckles, he seemed all eyes from head to feet."

From the queer little sexton to Lord George Gordon is a change that apparently troubles Mr. Williams very little. We see Lord George, as he appeared on that morning in March, 1780, starting on the journey from the "Maypole" to London, where he was to set fire to the fierce torch of bigotry and religious feud.

"If Lord George Gordon had appeared in the eyes of Mr. Willet overnight, a nobleman of somewhat quaint and odd exterior, the impression was increased this morning, and increased an hundred-fold. Sitting bolt upright upon his steed, with his long, straight hair dangling about his face and fluttering in the wind; his limbs all angular and rigid . . . stiff, lank, and solemn, dressed in an unusual manner, and ostentatiously exhibiting—whether by design or accident—all his peculiarities of carriage, gesture, and conduct; all the qualities, natural and artificial, in which he differed from other men. . ."

We now turn to contemplate the repellant character of Rudge, the murderer—and the father of poor Barnaby. He has hurried from the door of the Maypole after his ravenously devoured meal, leaving the dazed and helpless Willet amidst the wreckage of his beloved old home. The fleeing criminal halts suddenly, paralysed by the loud and rapid tolling of the alarm bell. "If the ghastliest shape the human mind has ever pictured in its wildest dreams had risen up before him he could not have staggered backwards from its touch as he did from the first sound of that loud iron voice. With eyes that started from his head, his limbs convulsed, his face most horrible to see, he raised one arm high up in the air, and holding something visionary back and down, with his other hand, drove at it as though he held a knife, and stabbed it to the heart . . . . then gave a frightful cry, and, with it, rushed away. Still, still, the bell tolled on, and seemed to follow him . . . pouring forth dreadful secrets after its long silence—speaking the language of the dead."

But we go back a bit, to discover John

Solomon Daisy, the old sexton at Chigwell Church.

Lord George Gordon at the "Maypole Inn."

Rudge, the stranger and murderer.

Willet, the host of the "Maypole," as he slumbers peacefully in his chair by the porch on the evening of his calamitous experience. Totally oblivious of the coming of the Rioters, he sleeps calmly enough.

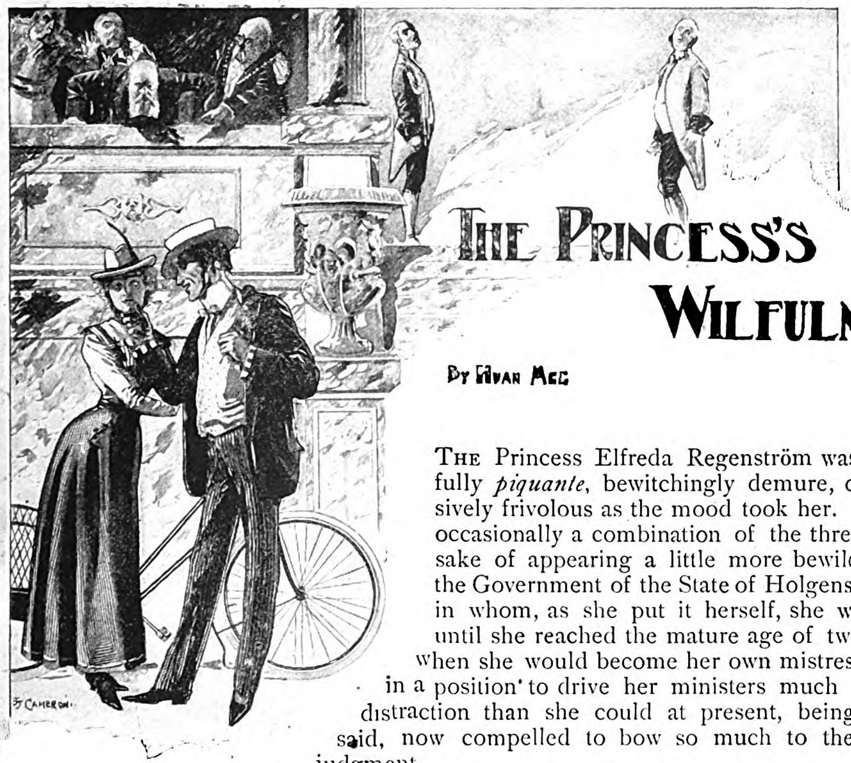
"How long he slept matters not, but it was for no brief space, for when he awoke the rich light had faded, the sombre hues of night were falling fast upon the landscape, and a few bright stars were already twinkling overhead. . . . . Hark! Something very faint and distant. . . . It burst into a distinct sound—the voices and the trampling feet of many men. . . . A dark mass looming through a cloud of dust became visible; the mob . . . came rushing on pell-mell . . . he was bandied from hand to hand in the heart of a crowd of men."

Poor John Willet! Soon nothing was left to his bewildered gaze but a dismantled bar! And Hugh, his erstwhile ostler, had led the mob!

Thus Mr. Bransby Williams, with his clever art, brings up again most vividly the scenes from "Barnaby Rudge" which hang around the ancient "Maypole," the prosperous and comfortable "King's Head" of the present day.

Since his death the novels of Dickens have passed, so to speak, under a shadow; like other great authors who have enjoyed unbounded popularity and enthusiasm during their lives, he, too, has become the victim of a temporary reaction, and we find to-day a large section of the novel-reading public, admirers of new lights, such as Rudyard Kipling, Conan Doyle, Anthony Hope, and Hall Caine, turning up their noses at the grand tales of the elder novelist. Well, in a few years' time, no doubt, Dickens will once again occupy the place of honour; his novels are, perhaps, too diffuse and lengthy for a generation who can find time for nothing but a tale half the length of "Barnaby Rudge" or "David Copperfield," and crammed full of breathless excitement at that. But on one point Dickens remains unrivalled—his characterisation. Where in all modern fiction shall we find characters so vividly portrayed and finely imagined as, for instance, in "Barnaby Rudge?" And Mr. Bransby Williams will tell you that there are no fictional characters that can so easily and successfully be reproduced in life—a sure proof of their inherent vitality.

John Willet, the landlord, asleep in his armchair.



THE PRINCESS'S WILFULNESS

By Evan Meg

THE Princess Elfreda Regenström was delightfully *piquante*, bewitchingly demure, or excessively frivolous as the mood took her. She was occasionally a combination of the three, for the sake of appearing a little more bewildering to the Government of the State of Holgensteinburg, in whom, as she put it herself, she was vested until she reached the mature age of twenty-one, when she would become her own mistress and be in a position to drive her ministers much nearer to distraction than she could at present, being, as she said, now compelled to bow so much to their better judgment.

She always laughed refreshingly when she mentioned "better judgment" to Count Oscar von Gross, to Count Max von Ekensteinburg and to the other Counts, all of whom were *von*-something or the other, so that these trusty and tried members of the State wriggled and winced in their seats, and wished, oh! so fervently, that the Princess Elfreda of Holgensteinburg had been their own daughter, so that they might have kept her all to themselves in their own *châteaux*, and taught her respect to grey hairs, or at least to bald heads. For, as she had put it herself, whereas in ordinary countries the statesmen's hair grew white, and gave dignity to the Royal household, in Holgensteinburg every man seemed to lose every hair on his head directly he got a good situation in the Cabinet.

But the Princess Elfreda was never rude to anyone, for she had such a charming way of saying impertinent things so that the statesmen never found out what she really meant until it was too late to say anything about it. Even the Chancellor of the Exchequer, who was really a clever man for Holgensteinburg, had to use quires of Royal paper to work out her Highness's last epigram before he understood it, and then he really didn't know whether it was a compliment or whether to resign at once.

The Princess's moods were so variable that she was the plague of all the good men who administered her toy state, and, as a matter of fact, the only thing that enabled them to bear with her was the insignificant trifle of emoluments, and these they still retained when at last she came of age.

His Excellency Count Max von Ekensteinburg, the Lord Chamberlain, of Holgensteinburg, discovered her Highness on the lawn of the Palace with her latest pneumatic upside-down, mending a puncture herself, while the glorious lackeys of the Palace, in the gorgeous livery of purple and gold of the Royal House of Holgensteinburg, stood idly around, one holding the pump, another the glass-paper, another the patch, another the cement, and another the chalk.

The Princess nodded cheerfully at him, a nod which his Excellency returned with a

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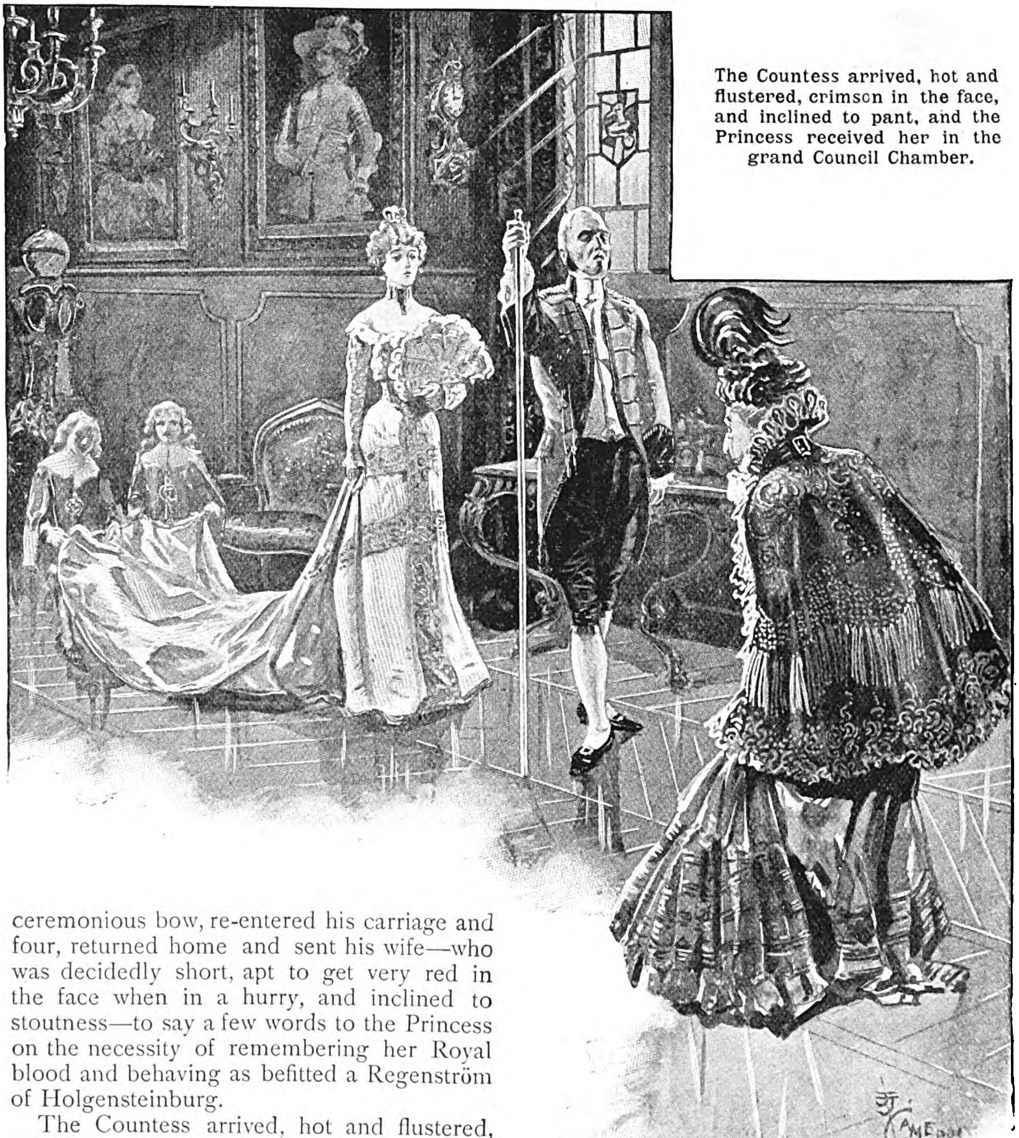


The Countess arrived, hot and flustered, crimson in the face, and inclined to pant, and the Princess received her in the grand Council Chamber.

ceremonious bow, re-entered his carriage and four, returned home and sent his wife—who was decidedly short, apt to get very red in the face when in a hurry, and inclined to stoutness—to say a few words to the Princess on the necessity of remembering her Royal blood and behaving as befitted a Regenström of Holgensteinburg.

The Countess arrived, hot and flustered, crimson in the face, and inclined to pant, and the Princess received her in the Grand Council Chamber. She had changed her neat fitting tailor-made cycling skirt for a marvellous creation of pale yellow silk, covered with a dainty film of foamy lace; a train spread out a couple of yards behind her, the corners of which were held from the polished floor by two pages, and the lackey who had carried the pump walked majestically before her, gold stick in hand, as she slowly passed up the apartment.

How was the stout, red-faced lady to lecture upon deportment? She simply did not attempt to. She saved her remarks until she returned home to His Excellency.

But these were trifles. These were such as the Ministers of the State of Holgensteinburg had grown so accustomed to that they counted them merely as part of the trials put upon them by a vengeful fate for the misdeeds of their youth.

And to their youth they ventured darkly to refer to one another, with sly looks expressive of the hearts they had broken. Each affected to believe the other, and yet they knew all the while that they formed one of the homeliest little brood of domesticated tabby masculine cats that the world had ever seen. Harmless, docile, and distinctly domesticated, but oh! so terribly fussy.

Still, there was a limit to everything, and when a group of Ministers observed Her Serene Highness the Princess Elfreda Gretchen Margurite Elsie von Regenström of the Royal House of Holgenstein strolling up the drive to the Palace wheeling her own bicycle with her own hand, and talking the while to an unknown man of a tourist-commercial-traveller style, they puffed out their cheeks and gazed at one another, for there were not words to express their feelings—no, not even in German.

The two paused at the foot of the wide marble steps leading to the terrace, and the whole Council of Holgensteinburg hung forward to catch the conversation.

"What you want, Miss," the stranger remarked, with what even they recognised as the unmistakeable Yankee drawl, "is the free wheel, which I rather guess is the greatest invention of the present century. When we glance around this glorious park, with its wooded slopes and winding paths, what do we see? Gentle declivities all around us. The free wheel, what does it mean? That you'll be able to put the prettiest little shoe I've ever seen during a varied career, upon the pedals, start the machine, and go slick and slick round and round the park without moving those pedals until her Nibs opens the window and calls you to make the tea. And, between you and me, my dear, if any of the old gents a-hanging over the garden wall would like a luxuriant crop of hair in less than a month, I guess I'm the man. Two dollars a bottle, and half a dozen applications would bring——"

"Excuse me," her Highness answered, with a laugh, "but they're in the Cabinet of Holgensteinburg."

"Well, it's about time they resigned, and if Her Serene Highness came along, I rather calculate I'd tell her the same."

"To resign?"

"No, to sling these old buffers out."

"But, no one resigns in Holgensteinburg."

"That's it, miss, that's it. There's no competition, no activity, no life."

"I believe the Princess would like to hear your views."

"I rather believe she would, myself. I reckon I'd dust her kingdom up in a month so that she wouldn't know it. And if she did want to raise a bit on the Crown jools, I reckon agin, I'm the man. And if I did do a good turn here, my dear, I reckon agin, Silas Widgen isn't the chap to forget a gal—specially if she's pretty."

The American chucked her Highness beneath the chin, and the Cabinet grew purple as the Royal livery.

"Now you trot on, my dear," he continued affably; "tell her Royal Nibesses I'm here, and if she wants to know a thing or two let her ask."

The American winked at Her Highness as she ascended the steps, took a cigar from his pocket, lighted it, carelessly seated himself on the balustrade, with his head resting against a pedestal, fixed the Cabinet with his eye and stared them out, individually, and then collectively. Presently, at the bidding of one of the Royal attendants, he followed the purple livery into the Council Chamber, having passed the time of waiting in the ante-chamber in trading gold brooches to other gorgeous individuals in the resplendent purple and gold livery of the Royal Household.

Silas Widgen strolled up the highly polished floor of the Grand Council Chamber of the Palace with as much self-composure as he would have felt in walking the familiar pavement of Broadway, and bowed before the Princess who, in her most ravishing creation from Paris, looked sufficiently regal to have pleased even the most dignified of her Court. A lovely smile hovered around her lips as she thought how surprised the American would be when he looked into her face.

But he was not. He certainly raised his eyebrows, but that was all, and then he bent and touched her outstretched hand with his lips.

"I am delighted to meet your Serene Highness," he remarked affably. "Delighted! Our previous interview we will count as a mutual mistake—except that"—he dropped into a chair, crossed one leg over the other, and leaned confidentially towards her—"this here kingdom of yours wants dusting up."

"Precisely!" Her Highness actually clapped her hands. "Precisely, Mr. ——"

"Widgen, Miss, Silas Widgen, of the United States of America."

"Then, Mr. Widgen, I quite agree with you. My kingdom wants dusting up."

"You're the most sensible blue-blooded

young woman I've ever met in my life," remarked Mr. Widgen, with a chuckle of approval. "There's none of the darned stand-offishness about you, and if you stick to me, I'll stick to you, and by the eternal gosh, we'll give Europe one of the slickest surprises that she has ever had."

Mr. Silas Widgen over-rated his abilities with regard to surprising Europe; but it certainly surprised the Cabinet of Holgensteinburg when they saw in a prominent position in the Council Chamber an announcement, signed by Her Royal Highness herself, that the salaries of all State officials were henceforth to be reduced by one-third; and, moreover, that the Cabinet would be dispensed with altogether unless the members could show that they were of some use; and finally an addendum to the effect that, failing a good reason for their continuing in office, the American system of putting the positions up to auction would be adopted, this pronouncement being signed by the Lord High Administrator of Holgensteinburg — Silas Widgen.

Contemporaneously with this was issued an address to the people of Holgensteinburg warning them of the fines that would be inflicted if they were found in public-houses during prohibited hours; if they did not carry a lantern on their vehicles; if they assaulted a constable in the execution of his duty, and if they did a thousand and one other things which they had not the faintest desire or intention of doing.

The drawback for the moment was that there was no public-house and no constable, so the Lord High Administrator created both, and imported an Anarchist to preach sedition in the market-place.

On the very first day of the new *régime* the constable was nearly killed, the anarchist was carried round the Palace grounds waving a red flag, and Count Oscar von Gross was struck in the middle of the back by a fairly large-sized potatoe.

"Splendid!" the Lord High Administrator exclaimed. "Splendid! Now say that the public will no longer be allowed to picnic in the Palace grounds, and things will hum."

Things hummed; and they hummed in the Cabinet more than anywhere.

The whole of the bald heads clustered together, and no one spoke, until at last the Lord Chamberlain whispered, "Send for her aunt."

Her aunt! The suggestion came as a bright flash of sunlight into the dazed brains of the Court. Her aunt!—The Grand Duchess Elizabeth von Schollosse, the only woman who had ever had the slightest success in over-awing the Princess Elfreda.

The Grand Duchess arrived in her carriage and six, with outriders, trumpeters and a bodyguard all flaming and magnificent, and gave her niece a cold and decidedly sallow cheek to kiss.

"I rather guess I'm glad to see you," remarked Her Highness, who had fallen into a few of the expressions of her High Administrator.

"The usual popular expression of reverence which have been apparent at my previous visits, Elfreda, were absent to-day," the Grand Duchess remarked icily. "There was a person with a red flag who seemed to be attracting the attention due to me."

"Ah! that's the Anarchist."

The Duchess raised her glasses to her eyes and looked fixedly at her niece. It was a stare that had reduced the highest officials to a state even more bordering upon imbecility than their normal condition, but Her Highness only nodded back cheerfully, and it almost appeared as if she winked.

"It's the General Election to-morrow," she said soothingly, "and the poor dears are getting so excited about it. I shouldn't be at all surprised if they turned the whole Cabinet out. They burnt the Chancellor of the Exchequer in effigy last night."

"Burnt Count von Shawghisters?"

"Only in effigy, aunt. They called it 'The last of straw whiskers.' So quaint, you know. It's an American idea. There's a column account of it in the *Holgensteinburg Gazette*, and another column simply giving me slates—Says that my dress doesn't fit, and my gloves are cleaned. Oh, aunt, it's life, it's freedom! It's all American! I expect there'll be a column about you to-morrow and a portrait. The *Gazette* will pick you to atoms and the *Chronicle* praise you up to the skies. We do the *Chronicle* in the Palace! Sakes alive, you ought to have read Widgen's slasher at the Socialists in last week's!"

"I suppose I'm not dreaming?" the Duchess remarked faintly. "But I know I'm not, for I've heard all about this wretched affair from my old friend, Count von Gross."

"He won't be re-elected."

"Won't what?" the Duchess moaned.

"Won't be re-elected. He'll be turned out, I guess."

"His position has been in his family for three centuries."

"That's so. Silas says it's time we had a change, and, besides, he has not got one pretty girl to canvass for him."

"There's only one thing more for you to do now," the Duchess exclaimed.

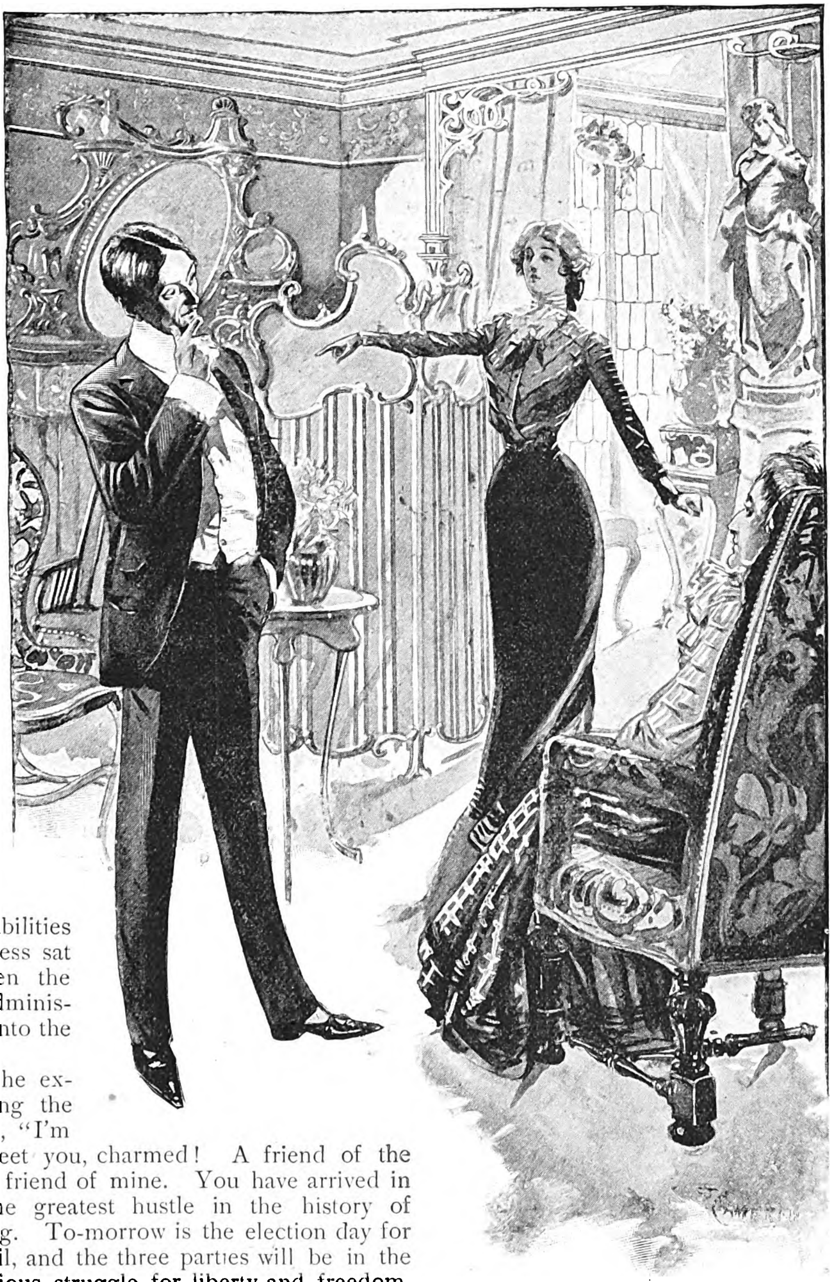
"What's that, aunt?"

"Marry this lunatic. That's the only thing left to complete your wretched——"

"Marry Silas!" exclaimed her Highness, with a slight blush. "Sakes! I've never thought of that. Wouldn't the Socialistic party go mad!"

The Princess was still reflecting over the possibilities while the Duchess sat speechless, when the Lord High Administrator bustled into the room.

"Madame," he exclaimed, clasping the Duchess's hand, "I'm charmed to meet you, charmed! A friend of the Princess's is a friend of mine. You have arrived in time to see the greatest hustle in the history of Holgensteinburg. To-morrow is the election day for the new Council, and the three parties will be in the throes of a glorious struggle for liberty and freedom. There is the old and antiquated Cabinet of generations past, the Moderates, which Her Highness and I unofficially favour, and the advanced Socialists. It will be a grand day for you, Madame, a grand and memorable occasion!"



"You're a subject of Holgensteinburg," she exclaimed, "and you'll do what you're told tc do.

The Grand Duchess turned her stony stare upon Silas, and he responded with an affable nod—a nod which indicated that he in no way had exaggerated the position. She turned the icy glare upon her niece and she, too, nodded, or at least inclined her head in a dignified manner, which announced, plainer than words—"Leave it to Silas."

"Marry him," the Grand Duchess murmured faintly; "do what I say—marry him. Forget the glorious past of Holgensteinburg—forget that you are one of the Royal House—Americanise the whole of the country. Only remember you're twenty-two—too old to be whipped—and you can do what you like."

"What do you say, Silas?" said Her Highness, with a blush, partly caused by annoyance, and partly by the feeling that she was being driven further than she had intended going.

"I say the old lady's talking in front of herself," Silas answered softly. "She doesn't mean it."

"But, suppose *I* mean it," snapped Her Highness—"what then?"

Silas Widgen rubbed the back of his ear, then the corner of his chin, whistled a bar of the "Star Spangled Banner," and shook his head.

"If *you* mean it, your Highness, I can only say I'm sorry, but I'm engaged."

"Suppose I command it," cried the Princess, stamping her foot.

"American citizens are not to be commanded," Silas replied softly.

"You're a subject of Holgensteinburg," she exclaimed, with her temper rising; "and you'll do what you are told to do."

"Ten minutes ago," remarked Silas, "I was a bit gone on you, but thought it was no good offering to let you pack your things in my trunk, but I'll be hanked if I'm going to be ordered to marry you, even by you."

"You mean you have the insolence to refuse to marry me?" the Princess gasped.

"That's the identical ticket, Miss; free and independent citizens of the United States ain't to be ordered about."

"You refuse?"

"Absolutely."

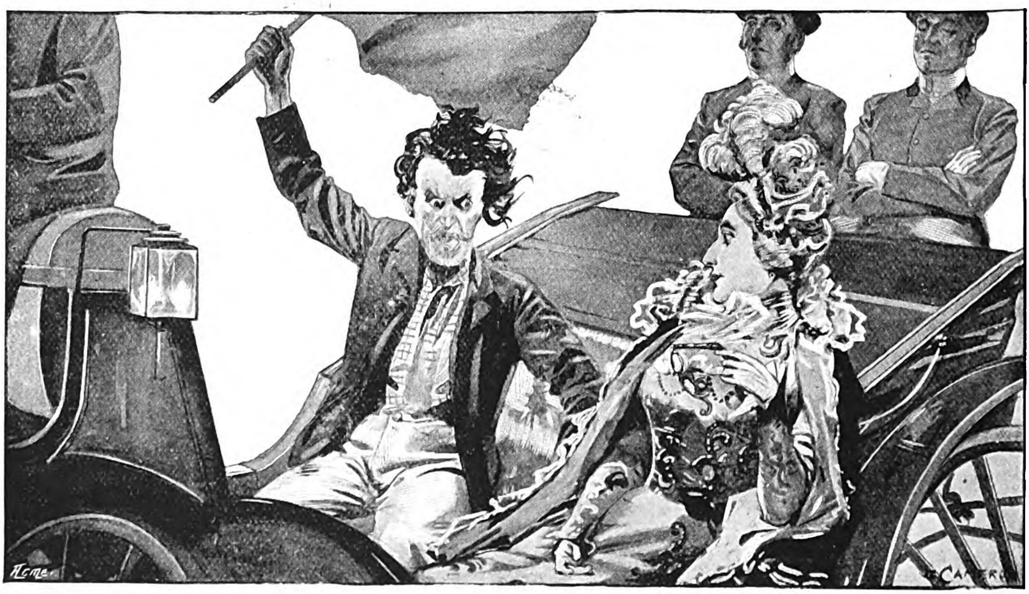
"Then I guess, Silas Widgen, you'd better clear out of Holgensteinburg, straight away, for if I see you again there'll be trouble. As to your members of the Council, I'll take good care that none of them get in. I'll have a Council of my own," and, turning contemptuously upon her heel, her Highness flounced across the apartment and disappeared.

Silas Widgen gazed at the Duchess and the Duchess glanced back quite contentedly at him, for she could see that the restoration of Holgensteinburg had commenced.

"Women is queer cattle," he remarked meditatively. "Who'd have thought of this. Just before the election, too."

"It will upset your political party, too, won't it, Mr. Widgen?" said the Grand Duchess. "What you call 'split the vote' in the States."

"Waal, I rather guess it will. There'll be the Widgenites and Elfredaites, and anti-



We have might, we have right," shouted the Anarchist, "we have strength, we have power!"

Widgenites, and anti-Elfredaites at least"—and he passed away with a look of resignation on his face.

The Duchess nodded her head again, and, walking to the telephone, called up Count von Gross, to whom she intimated that a severe split had taken place in the Moderate Party, the heads of which were at daggers drawn, told him to make it public property, and then drove down to the market place in her carriage and six, where the Anarchist was haranguing his proportion of the voters of Holgensteinburg.

She stopped her carriage within hearing distance of the Anarchist, and he, being, after all, a by no means objectionable person, immediately became terribly confused at the importance of his audience and broke down utterly. The Grand Duchess graciously supplied the missing word and he went on again, and at the close of his shouting approached the Duchess's carriage in response to her gesture of invitation.

"Your opinions really do you very great credit," remarked the Duchess affably, and the Anarchist blushed, and almost wished he had a collar on.

"Pray step in," she smilingly continued, "and explain your theories more fully to me," and the gorgeous footman in the gorgeous livery of the Royal House of Holgensteinburg opened the carriage door for him and he entered.

Standing up for a moment in the carriage, he shouted, "Down with what they call the Royal house of Holgensteinburg, down with everything," and waved his red flag as they dashed away.

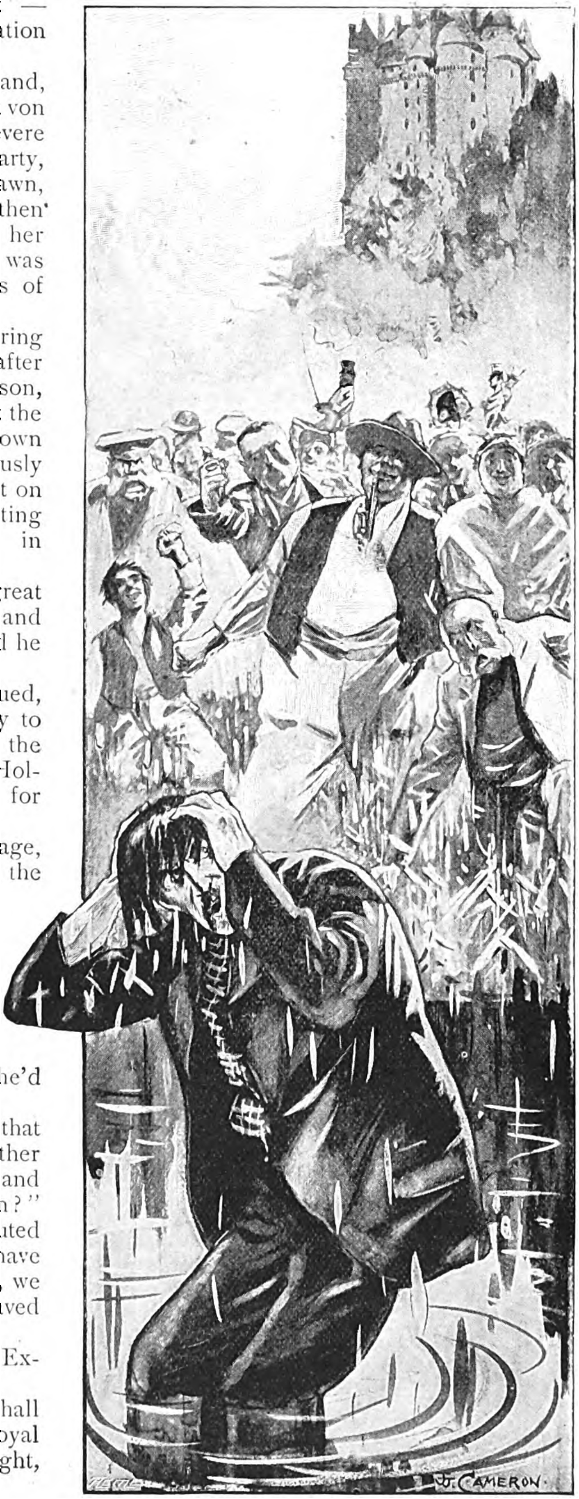
"A very clear and concise expression of feeling," remarked the Duchess as they sped onwards. "Very clear and very well put." And the Anarchist beamed at her praise, and almost wished he'd shaved that morning.

"I take it," remarked the Duchess, "that you incline to the opinion that all I and other people have should be taken from us, and that everything which is up should be down?"

"We have might, we have right," shouted the anarchist, "we have strength, we have power! We are the people, we will fight, we will win. Ha! ha!" and again he waved his flag.

"Precisely!" answered the Duchess. "Exactly! Very clearly and nicely put."

"When I am head of the Council, we shall pass laws making the whole of the Royal Palaces public property. We have might, we have——"



The Anarchist was emerging from a third ducking by his infuriated followers.

"Yes, exactly," the Duchess gently interposed. "You said that before But why I have come to you is this. My niece, the Princess, is wilful——"

"She is an aristocrat, we want none of them. We have might——".

"Yes, yes, I know; but she has fallen madly in love with you, and insists on marrying you. If you make the palaces public property, my dear man, where on earth will you live? She is mad upon the point—and yet, how can you marry her, a princess, with your principles?"

"I am no bigot," the Anarchist replied, rolling up his flag.

"I think my niece has chosen wisely," remarked the Duchess.

"We'll have a barbed wire fence round this place," he answered. "Anyone who wants to picnic seems to walk in as if the whole show belonged to him. There's enough paper bags and ginger-beer bottles to fill a cellar. Give them a few man traps and spring guns—that's the idea."

"But, it's a custom of Holgensteinburg for the people to picnic."

"Well, they'll have to do it in their own grounds."

"You will come to the Palace now?"

"My dear Duchess, I will come when I am fit to meet the Princess. Your Grace will excuse me till then?"

He stopped the carriage, alighted and threw his flag by the roadside, and then, with a bow, raised his hat and walked towards the gates, pausing only for a moment to cuff a small boy for walking on the grass.

The Grand Duchess again rang up Count von Gross. "Let it be known," she said, "that the Anarchist is a fraud. He is about to marry my niece. He has given up his principles and is to become an aristocrat. Now, fancy you are in America and boom the old Council. Promise a place under Government with a big salary to everyone who votes for the old Cabinet."

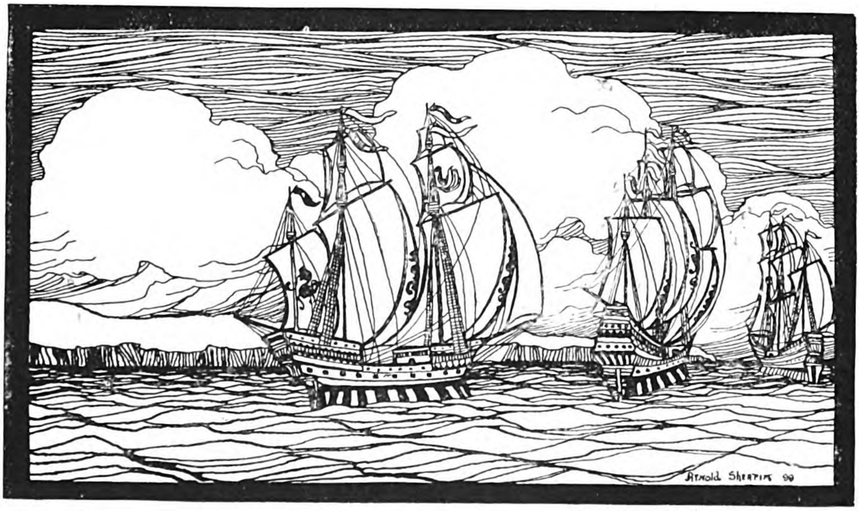
The Grand Duchess retired to rest and slept till well into the morning of the great day for Holgensteinburg. Then she drove to the Town Hall to see how things were progressing.

The Moderate party was split into four, the Socialistic into six factions who fought at intervals. Silas Widgen had been mobbed twice, and the Anarchist was emerging from a third ducking by his infuriated followers. All who were not fighting wore smiles and rosettes of the old Council, and thought of the positions promised to them.

At five o'clock the result of the election went up, the ten divisions had polled insignificant figures, and the old Council came out miles ahead of anyone.

They met and passed their first Act, giving foreigners an hour to leave the country, and the crowd sang the National Anthem outside the Town Hall for two solid hours, cheered every member of the Council, and dragged the Duchess in her carriage back to the palace, with the Princess by her side.

They passed Silas Widgen and the Anarchist Silas only shook his head as his hands were full of parcels, and the Anarchist was too stiff to do even that.



DISCIPLINE IN THE NAVY

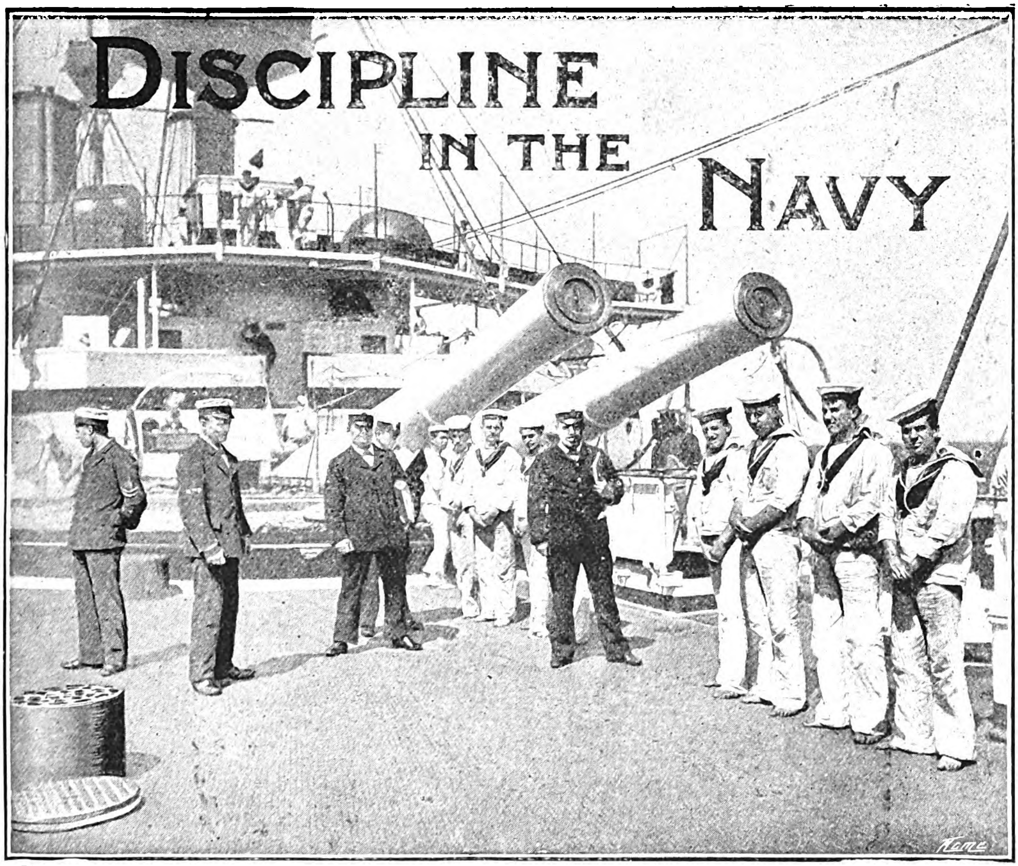


Photo by Reinhold Thiele & Co.

Delinquents awaiting the officer who will deal with them.

OR JACK'S POLICE FORCE.

Being the Seventh of a Series of Articles on "How the Navy is Run."

BY ARCHIBALD S. HURD.

IN the old days British men-of-war were not pleasant places in which to live. Their crews consisted largely of all sorts and conditions of men picked up by the press-gangs, with some volunteers, and a selection of criminals who, to avoid their just punishments, were allowed by the magistrates to take service afloat. It naturally followed that discipline among such rough characters had to be maintained by very severe methods, and probably the unruly character of the men was responsible for the callous brutality of a proportion of the officers. The captain of a ship was his own master, and many stories are told of the inhuman disregard for life which distinguished some officers. Even in Nelson's time it was no uncommon thing for a man to be flogged round the Fleet with the cat o' nine tails, receiving probably four hundred or more stinging strokes from the lusty bo'sun's mates as he was taken from ship to ship. He usually reached his own ship bleeding and insensible, and more dead than alive. Many offences, which a magistrate would consider comparatively trivial, could be, and were, punished by death, and as late as forty years ago justice was meted out unevenly, and depended largely on the temper of the responsible officer. A man would be convicted at Devonport, and sentenced to three months' imprisonment with hard labour, while another man, who committed an identical misdemeanour at Portsmouth, might only have his leave stopped and his grog watered for a week or ten days.

Now these bad old times have gone, and the principle by which discipline is maintained in Her Majesty's ships is no longer to

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A naval patrol setting out. These are sent from the different ships in harbour on Monday morning at nine o'clock to pick up stragglers from the Saturday-to-Monday-leave-men.

punish as severely as possible, but to offer to every man such inducements to do right that he cannot fail to see the advantages to be gained from good behaviour. Of course another most important factor in the doing away of brutal methods has been the great change in the character of the men, who, since the abolition of the press-gang, the closing of the Navy to the criminal classes, and the institution of the long-service system, have deserved the credit of being among the best behaved and most sober of the classes ashore from which they are drawn.

There is singularly little real crime in the navy, and most of the punishment given on board warships is for breaches of naval discipline, offences which, in many cases, a landsman would regard as of little importance, but which are looked at in a very different light afloat.

Every vessel in the Navy has an elaborate system for the detection and punishment of wrong-doers. Is it, for instance, generally known that Jack has a police force of his own, that warships are provided with cells, and that, at Lewes and at Bodmin, there are naval prisons—fortunately not greatly used—and that blue-jackets themselves serve ashore as policemen, with a special badge on one of their cuffs, and parade the streets of the town where their comrades are enjoying a spell of leave? Anyone who has visited a man-of-war must have noticed a number of men with the mystic letters "N. P." on either side of the naval crown on their sleeves. These are the ships corporals, who form the staff of the master-at-arms, who is a kind of chief constable, and a person of no slight authority on board a ship, with a little office which is a place of terror to all evil-doers.

It is almost proverbial that the lot of a policeman is not a happy one, and though the naval police are usually men of considerable tact, and sometimes of wonderfully equable temper, it is hardly to be wondered at that they are not the most popular class in

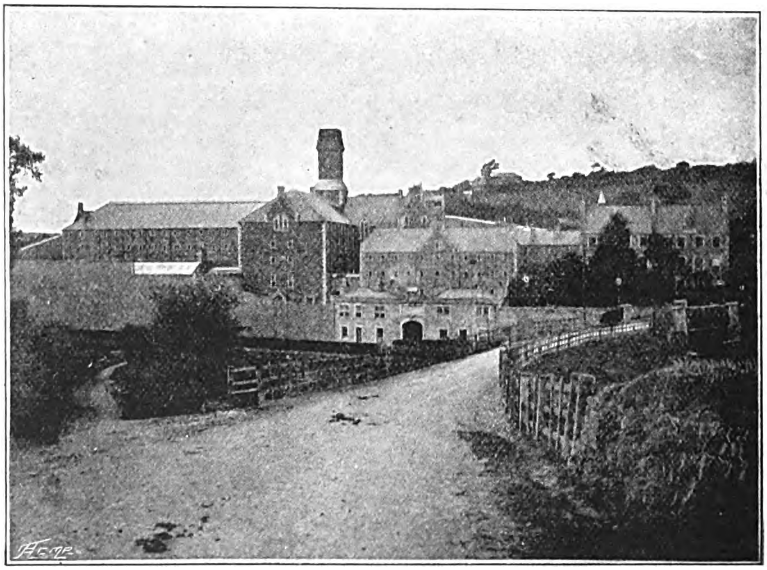


Photo by W. J. Hugo-Everett.

The Naval Prison at Bodmin.

Photo by Stephen Cribb.

Reading the defaulters' list to the gunner.

the service. Their duties are very various. They are the custodians of the defaulters' book, they arrest prisoners, bring them to justice, personified by the captain or the senior officer, according to the character of the offence ; and after the delinquents have been ordered due punishment for their "crimes," the naval police see that the sentences are carried out. They have much other responsible work. They are charged with preventing the smuggling of spirits on board, or any unwholesome food or fruit from the shore, or from the bumboats that cluster round a man-of-war in port like moths round a candle—only, it is not the bumboatmen who get their fingers burnt. The ship's police also have to see that the store places are safely locked up, that the lights and fires are put out at the proper times, and they see that only the men properly authorised go ashore when the vessel is in harbour, and that all those who are granted "short leave" return in time.

The duties which devolve upon the master-at-arms and his staff are of so important a character, that naturally great care is exercised in recruiting the force. They are very wisely chosen from the lower deck, and before a bluejacket or marine can be entered at the bottom of the tree of promotion as a second class ship's corporal, he must be able to show the highest character, and must have had at least three years service at sea. His pay starts at 2*s.* 4*d.* a day, and after he has been in the first class for six years he gets 3*s.* 8*d.* and stands a chance of becoming a master-at-arms, the pay of which grade begins at 4*s.* and rises sixpence a day for each year's service, until at the end of twelve years he reaches the limit of 6*s.* a day or £109 10*s.* a year.

The discipline on board various ships differs greatly. It depends largely on the captain. A tactful officer, who wishes to encourage his men to do right while letting them know that he will severely punish those who wilfully disobey, will often go through a whole commission with little or no serious punishments, with the result that everyone will be in a good humour, and it becomes a proud boast of the crew that their's is "a happy ship." Some officers in the old days often grossly abused their power, while others, then as now, had a knack of keeping everyone up to the mark without resorting to extreme measures.

Tales are still told that reveal a quaint humour in the meting out of punishment. There is a story of one officer who, when a man through reprehensible carelessness

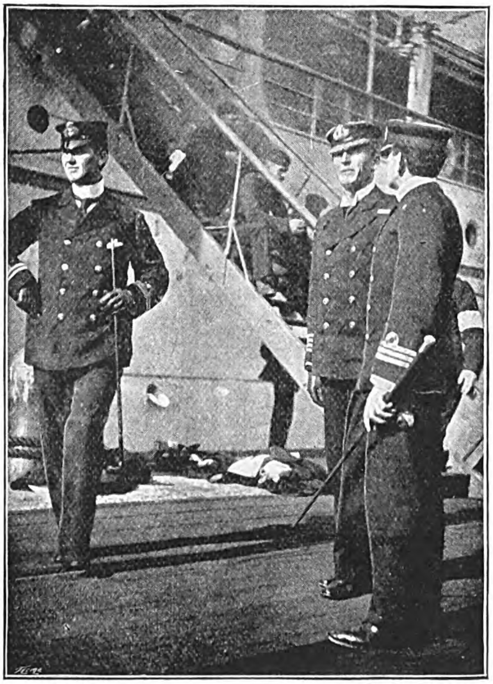


Photo by Stephen Cribb.

The Captain, Commander, and First Lieutenant. The two former are the only officers allowed to sentence defaulters, although sometimes this power is delegated to the lieutenant,

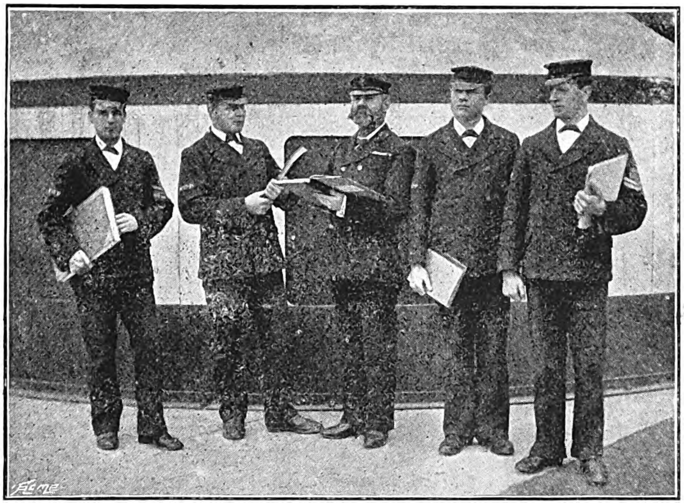


Photo by Stephen Cribb.

The Naval Police and the Master-at-Arms.

upset a paint pot or in any other way dirtied the beautifully white deck, would order the delinquent to scrub the spot in the dinner hour on several days, using not water, but the grog which he dearly prized. The feelings of the seaman as he carried out the punishment amid the jibes and jeers of his amused companions, can be only dimly imagined by a landsman, who knows not how treasured a thing is the daily "tot."

Rear-Admiral the Hon. V. A. Montagu tells a story of his midshipman days that illustrates the little lapses of which a stern disciplinarian seizes hold. He was the middy of the watch on a bitterly cold day, and had, moreover, to keep on the lee side of the deck. Perished with cold, he inadvertently put his numbed hands in his pockets. Now the quarterdeck of a man-of-war is almost sacred, and every officer and man salutes it as he approaches. The captain seeing this small edition of an officer with his frozen hands in his pockets might, according to the custom of those times, have mastheaded him, but, instead, he called out in loud tones: "Pray, sir, who allowed you to keep your hands in your pockets on the quarterdeck? Go down immediately to the tailor and tell him, from me, to sew up your pockets instantly." Covered with shame the lad fled, and soon returned with the task completed. Then the officer, Captain Jones, afterwards Admiral Sir Tobias Jones, spoke a few words of kindly reproof, and forthwith had all the stitches taken out again.

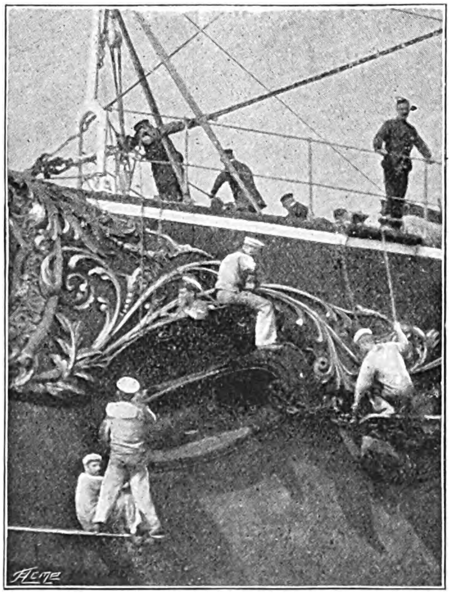


Photo by Stephen Cribb.

Defaulters painting the ship while the ship's company is on leave.

It was the custom of one officer, so as to make the evil-doer appear ridiculous, to place him in some uncomfortable part of the ship, most often the "chains," and make him cry out, when the ship's bell told the hours and half-hours, his name and the misdemeanour for which he was being punished, his shipmates usually supplying a chorus of laughter.

In these days the punishment that fits each crime is laid down in the instructions issued by the Admiralty, founded on the Naval Discipline Act of 1866. This Act contains, among other matters, the Articles of War, which are read out to the crew of every ship once each three months, when any new regulations are also announced. This measure deals with persons subject to its provisions and to those who are not, specifying every imaginable offence and its punishment. It is most complete, but its framers were evidently afraid that they might have left a loophole through which a wrongdoer might escape his due measure of punishment, so they concluded with the following comprehensive statement:—"Any person subject to the Act, or not subject to this Act, who shall be guilty of any crime, offence, or misdemeanour not before provided for in this Act shall suffer death or such other punishment as is herein mentioned."

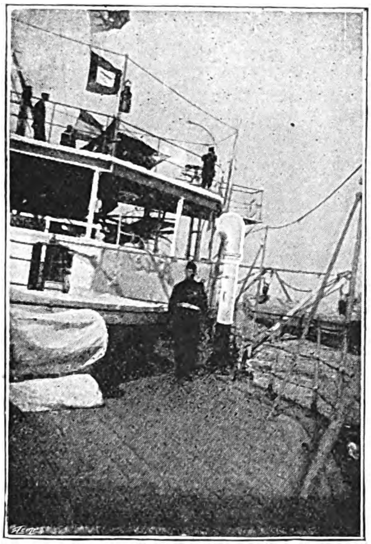


Photo by A. S. Hurd.

A marine on sentry-go.

Apart from the punishments duly authorised by the Admiralty and Parliament, there is still room for a number of small corrections for trifling offences—corrections such as unpleasant duties or extra work, by which a junior executive officer or a warrant officer, neither of whom has any power of sentence, can make a troublesome man desire to walk a straight course. All the old forms of chastisement such as the cat have disappeared, and punishments are now humane. The severer sentences, anything, in fact, beyond ninety days with hard labour, can be awarded only by a court-martial, which is ordered by the admiral in command, or, in some cases, by the Admiralty. The powers of a captain are, however, still very great, and he delegates the punishment of minor offences to the commander, or the chief executive officer, but for all practical purposes it may be said that only the two senior officers of one of Her Majesty's ships can punish.

In the official scale prepared by the authorities, the captain or commander before whom the ship's police bring delinquents every morning before dinner, finds every punishment to fit every departure from the road of naval virtue. These include the stopping of grog, leave, or pay, the shortening of the meal hours, or the devotion of those times of leisure to odd jobs that a man

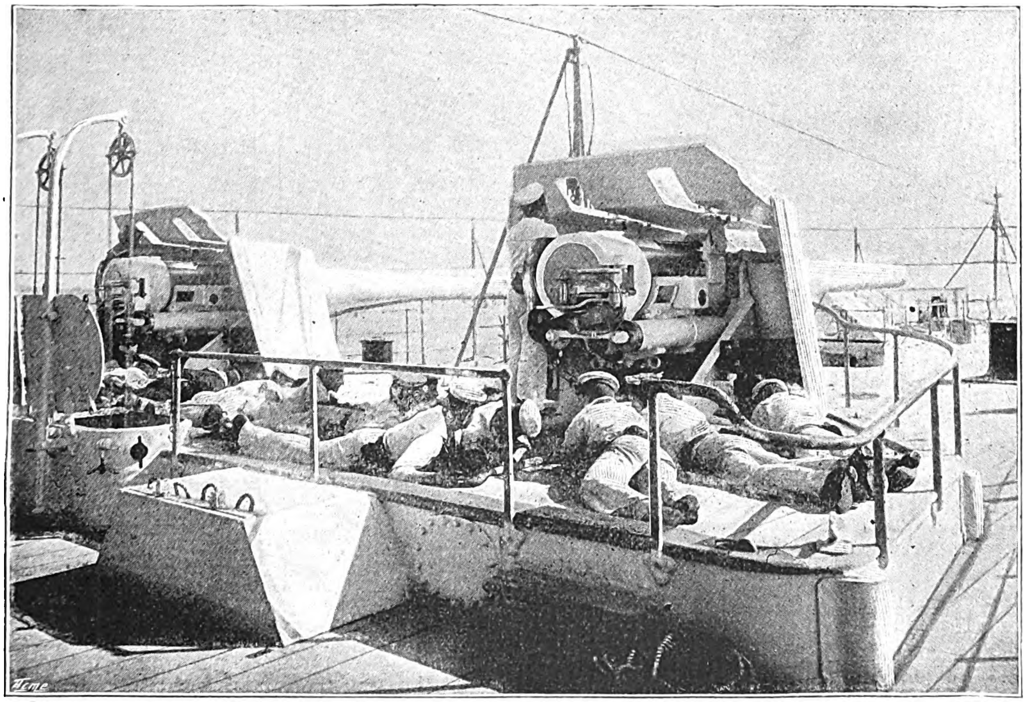


Photo by Symonds.

The discipline of a gun's crew. A six-inch gun in action.

usually has at his command. The most common form of punishment is what is known as "IOA," from the division and subdivision wherein it is specified by the Admiralty, and those who are ordered three, seven, or ten days "IOA," are said to be on the "black list." If the regulations affecting this punishment were strictly carried out, a sailor thus sentenced would have a very bad time. Strictly, an "IOA" man rises an hour before the rest of the crew, is doomed to stop on deck away from his messmates during meal hours, taking his meals under the supervision of a sentry. His grog is stopped, and he is not allowed to smoke, but devotes to work the time that his messmates dedicate to the weed and yarning. In one sense "black list" men are a most useful portion of a ship's company, for they are always available for odd jobs, and usually not pleasant ones. In few ships are these men treated to the full severity of "IOA," as officers find that with most men it is a good investment to let them know that they have been ordered less than their full punishment. Another punishment that is frequently ordered is known as "IOB," and consists in standing on the quarterdeck during the time set apart for smoking.

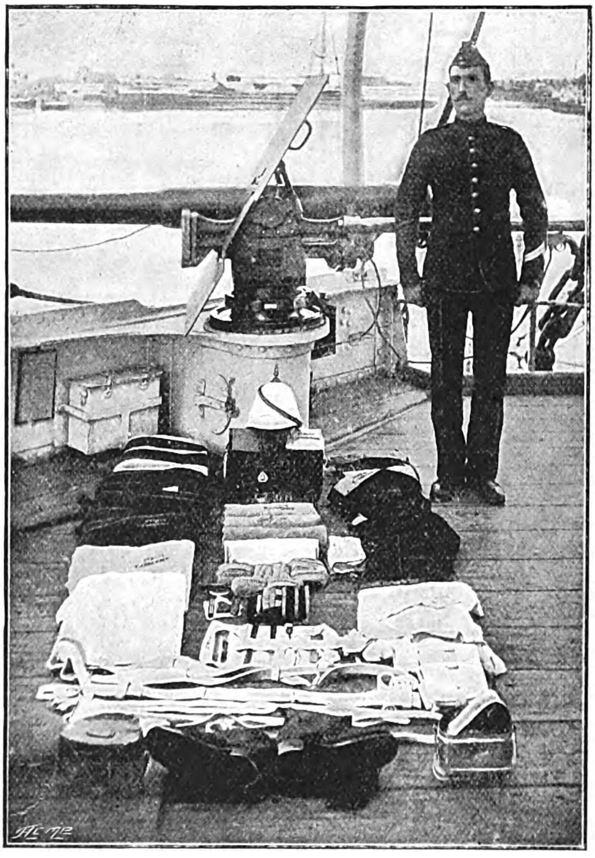
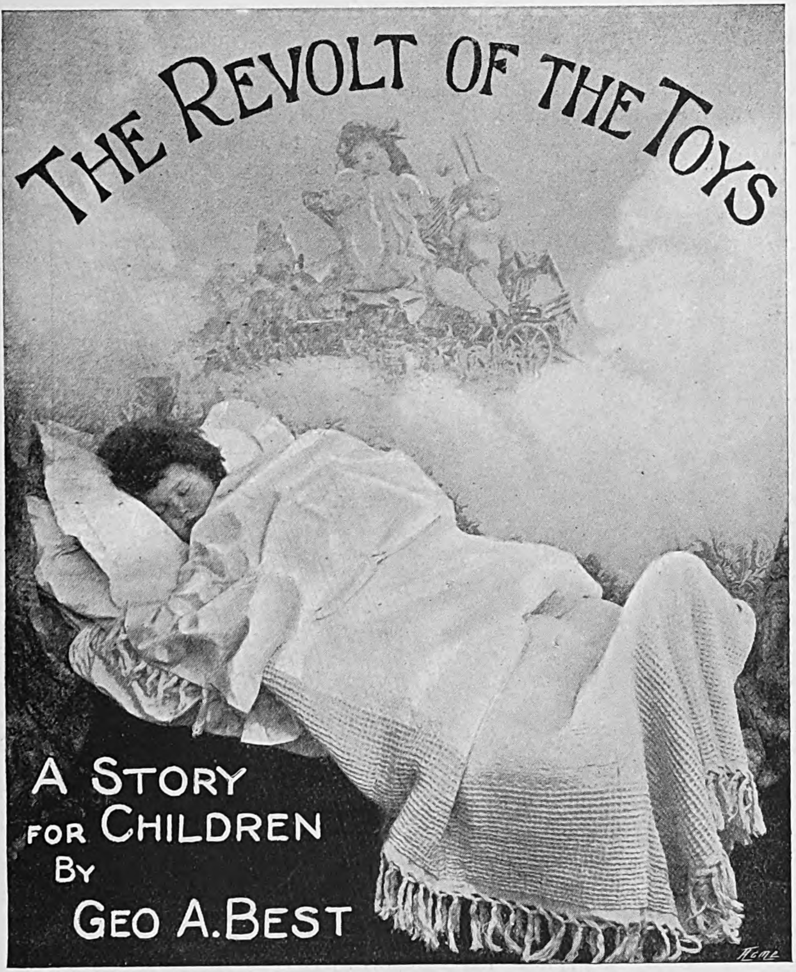


Photo by Symonds.

A marine's kit. Discipline requires every man to have his clothes in perfect order.

If the captain feels that his limit of punishment would not accurately meet some offence, he applies, as has already been explained, to the commander-in-chief for a court-martial, which may sentence a man to a period of imprisonment not exceeding two years. He will soon find himself incarcerated in Bodmin or Lewes gaol, probably with dismissal from the service with or without disgrace, according to the decision of the court, or it may degrade him, or dismiss him from his ship. With the approval of the Admiralty, corporal punishment may be ordered.

A court-martial is unlike any tribunal ashore. If the admiral is satisfied that there is good reason for a trial, he appoints a senior officer to act as a president, and associated with him are other officers, the junior of whom gives his verdict first. The prisoner, having had twenty-four hours notice of the charge against him, may ask a friend to conduct his defence, and this "friend" may be a barrister, in which case he enjoys no other rights than belong to an ordinary friend. The trial is held in public, and the court is cleared while the officers consider their verdict. If it is announced that the accused has been found guilty, his service record is stated, and sentence passed at once, whereas in a military court it is deferred until the General commanding has reviewed the evidence. In naval cases the prisoner has the satisfaction of knowing his fate at once, and the Admiral, by whom the case is afterwards considered, rarely interferes, and still less frequently does the Advocate of the Fleet, the Right Hon. Alexander Staveley Hill, Q.C., M.P., make any objection.



THE REVOLT OF THE TOYS

A STORY FOR CHILDREN

BY GEO A. BEST

Illustrated with Photographs by Arthur Ullyett, Leigh-on-Sea.

LESLIE had forgotten to bring his new toy elephant up to bed with him, and as this was the little man's invariable custom with his latest plaything, he could not sleep, but tossed wearily about in his cot. Leslie's father had brought home the elephant only a few hours previously, and being so far a perfectly healthy and well-formed animal, its owner regarded it as an ideal bedfellow. In a few days' time, when the trunk would assuredly be broken, and the elephant unable to stand without the support of the nursery wall, Leslie would be content to leave it among the other doll cripples and miscellaneous wreckage, which filled a large cupboard in the playroom; but on this particular night he determined to secure his latest and only respectable looking toy at all hazards.

So when everybody else had retired to rest for the night, and the house was perfectly still and quiet, Leslie crept noislessly down the wide staircase, and cautiously opened the nursery door.

To his intense surprise, our little friend became aware of the fact that the apartment was dimly illuminated by a pair of tiny china candles, which had appeared on the Christmas tree, and which he had endeavoured to light at the nursery fire without success. In fact, he had held them in the flames for such a length of time that the candles were quite black and sooty, and the four which originally decorated a cunningly-fashioned candelabra

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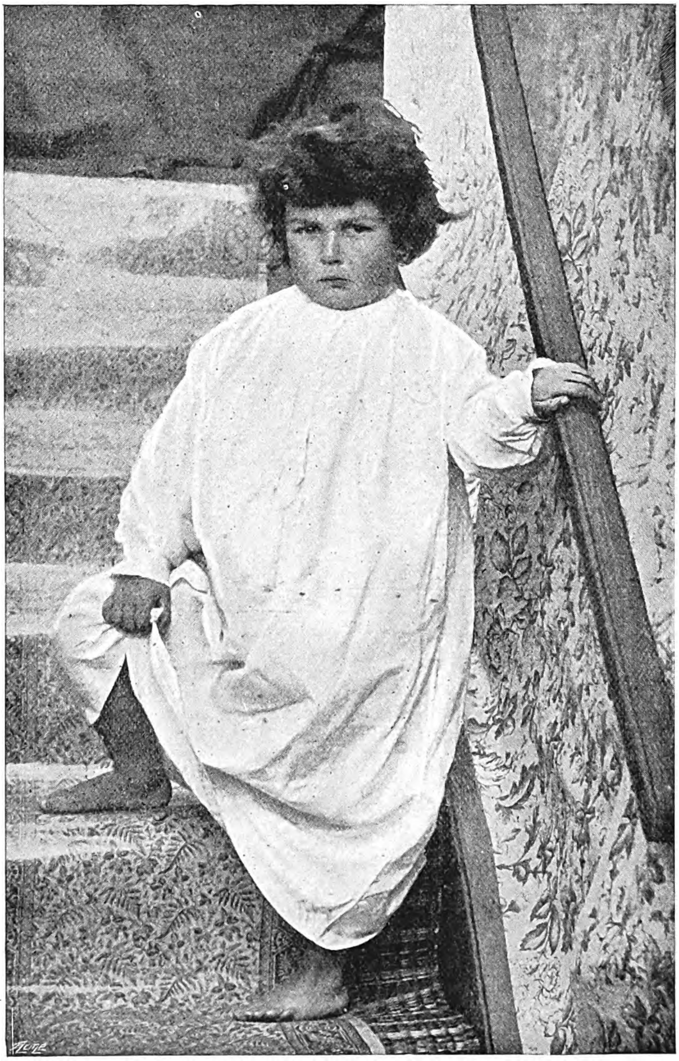
were reduced to two. And now this obstinate pair of apparently fireproof candles were burning brightly with a tiny blue flame, which only illuminated the nursery table, leaving the rest of the room in shadow.

While Leslie was still gazing at the strange light, a toy clock (which possessed no works at all) suddenly struck twelve, and while the last stroke was still buzzing in the air, the doors of the lumber cupboard were flung open by the pressure of a large crowd of cripples inside. A one-and-twopenny policeman emerged first with a loud cry of "Stand back, there!" which really frightened Leslie to such an extent that he sat down in the darkest corner of the room, and trembled even more violently than if a real constable had appeared on the scene.

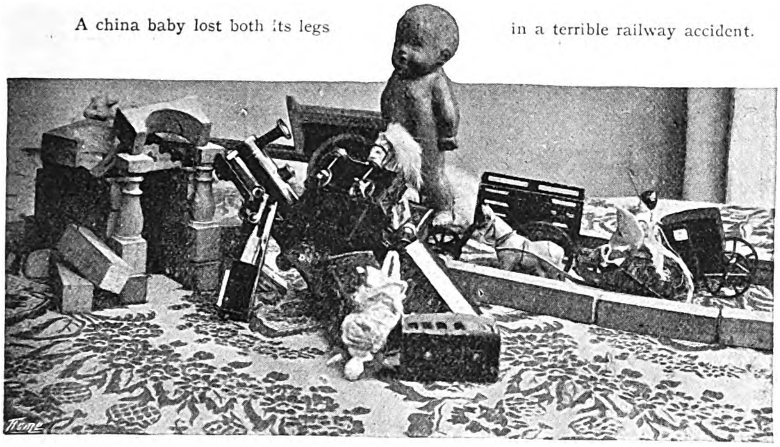


Leslie crept noiselessly down the wide staircase.

It seemed so absurd that this tiny policeman, whom Leslie had actually scalped with an oyster knife on the previous day, should march across the table on one leg with such an air of official dignity, even while the sawdust flowed in a stream from a nasty wound in his chest, and his left arm, hanging on a single thread, swung to and fro. Leslie's fingers itched to bang the policeman's head on the hard floor till his eyes fell out, in order to teach him his place. But the rag and sawdust official, crippled and maimed though he was, had assumed so commanding a presence that the silent watcher could only cower down in the shadow, and gaze with widely opened eyes at the strange little figure, and the queer crowd which followed.

A ragged and disreputable doll, suffering from a horrible form of sunstroke which had scarred her features in the manner of small-pox, carried in her arms a china baby which had lost both legs in a terrible railway accident.

And a tin fire engine (which had been cruelly thrown on the top of the blaze because it accidentally squirted half a pint of water in Leslie's face instead of upon the burning building) was drawn across the table by a naked india rubber-doll, while a gutta percha cat (horribly disfigured by numerous combats with a mechanical barking dog of tin) walked



A china baby lost both its legs in a terrible railway accident.

by the side of a lion, which had been shot so often by a spring gun that it bled plaster-of-paris at every step.

These, and many other crippled and broken toys, marched or were dragged around the nursery table before the eyes of their undiscovered owner, who, speechless with astonishment and alarm, cowered in the darkest corner of the nursery during the early hours of that memorable morning.

And when the pitiful procession had travelled the whole length of the table, the various members thereof arranged themselves in a circle around the sun-stricken doll, who, on account of her greater age and superior height, had apparently been proclaimed "Queen of the Nursery," as all remarks addressed to her by the others were prefaced with the words, "If your Majesty pleases."

As soon as the last member of this novel Parliament had taken his seat, the Queen adjusted a pair of spectacles, many sizes too large for her, and, unrolling a lengthy speech, addressed the House in the following well-chosen words:—

"My Lords, Gentlemen, and other Animals,—We are assembled here to-day for the solemn purpose of uniting against a common enemy, who has robbed us of our birthright, our limbs, and, in fact, of everything which makes the life of a middle-class toy worth living. This great country," she continued impressively, pointing successively to the four corners of the nursery as she spoke, "this great and progressive country has been laid waste by the hand of the Destroyer—its inhabitants have been boiled, roasted, and buried alive; its railways destroyed; its dwellings razed to the ground by fire; its animals tortured! My Lords and Gentlemen, lend me your ears."

Here a toy donkey, who was always doing something stupid, plucked out a pair of ragged ears, and gracefully laid them at her Majesty's feet.

"Our infirmary (the Queen pointed to the cupboard) is packed from floor to ceiling with cripples, and my own bed is at present occupied by a camel, a cheap clown, and two rag dolls, all of whom have been recently carried to the accident ward as a direct result of the disasters brought about by the Destroyer.

"And now, my loyal subjects," continued the Queen, "it only remains for you to devise some means whereby this Destroyer may be justly punished for the horrible crimes committed in this vast country."

"We'll not submit! Down with the tyrant!" cried the assembly in chorus.

The Queen of the toys reading her speech.

"It's all very well to say you will not submit, and down with the tyrant!" said the Queen. "But how can we best down him?"

"Bury him alive in the Cat's Cemetery!" suggested Noah.

"Boil him!" bleated the two sheep.

"Set the tin dog at him!" mewed the gutta-percha cat.

The infirmary was packed with cripples, and one bed was occupied by a camel, a clown, and two rag dolls.

"How many men can we place in the field?" asked the Queen.

The Queen threw herself off the table with a loud cry of "Victory!"

"Shoot the villain with his own spring gun!" roared the plaster-of-paris lion.

"Order, gentlemen!" commanded the half-headed policeman. "If I were only about four feet taller I'd scalp the Destroyer single-handed!"

Hereupon the india-rubber doll, who had not spoken hitherto, pressed himself against the Queen's throne, and squeaked three times to command silence.

"If your Majesty pleases," he began—"although I am ashamed to appear before your Majesty without proper evening dress" (the poor fellow wore nothing at all, as a matter of fact)—"if your Majesty pleases," continued the speaker, "I would suggest that our great army of leaden soldiers can be gathered together in a few hours, and I am surprised that on an occasion of this sort, our soldiers should never have been thought of by the other speakers."

"I have never lost sight of my noble army," replied the Queen, with swift dignity, "nor have I yet ceased to regret the loss of our Commander-in-Chief, who, you will remember, was cruelly melted in an ordinary saucepan in order to provide a ball for a new cannon used by the Destroyer. How many men can we place in the field?"

"Fifty-two, all told, your Majesty," was the prompt reply.

"How many guns?"

"Two muzzle-loaders, one pop-gun and a pea-shooter," answered the india-rubber War Secretary.

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed Leslie from the dark corner. He had not intended to betray his whereabouts in this way, but the mischief was done before he was aware of it.

"The Destroyer is present; we are undone!" shrieked the Queen.

"Call the army!" yelled the War Secretary breathlessly.

"Army! Army! Army!" roared the others.

"It's my army! I bought it!" cried Leslie, boldly, as the fifty-two soldiers dashed on to the table in answer to the first notes of a brass bugle, which was tooting by itself in a most absurd way.

The confusion at this moment cannot be

cavalry soldiers mounted on beautiful white horses, whom he had always treated with great kindness and consideration, and who, he was delighted to note, had not joined in the rebellion against him. So, opening the lid of the box, he drew a single handful of mounted soldiers out, placed the horses on their feet, and commanded them to charge the oncoming army.

In the face of such enormous odds the order seemed a ridiculous one; but loyal soldiers never question the wisdom of a command of this sort. So the noble six charged right into the centre of the advancing rebels; right into the mouths of the roaring cannon; right through the lines of the opposing force!

Four of these gallant men were shot dead after each killing five of the enemy; and when the only surviving two wheeled round and again dashed through the ranks of the rebels, they were unfortunately mowed down by a badly aimed clothes brush, which Leslie had hurled at a troop of cavalry who were charging his left foot.

In another moment the army fell upon Leslie with a wild yell of triumph. His arms and legs were struck in a dozen places by sword and by lance; volley after volley of peas were fired into his face; and the little rebels laughed gleefully when their smarting and defeated enemy cried aloud for mother and nurse.

The india-rubber doll, mounted on a grey charger, was just about to thrust a sharply pointed stick of pencil into Leslie's side; and the trigger of a cannon loaded with five percussion caps and a long pin was already drawn back, when the whole army suddenly disappeared in a mist of white smoke; the nursery table faded away in the same mysterious manner, and Leslie awoke to find mother and nurse bending over his bed.

Leslie awoke to find mother and nurse bending over his bed.

"What is the matter, little one?" asked mother.

"Soldiers of the Queen, an' cannons, an' broken toys, mamma!" sobbed Leslie, rubbing his eyes. "Where are they all?"

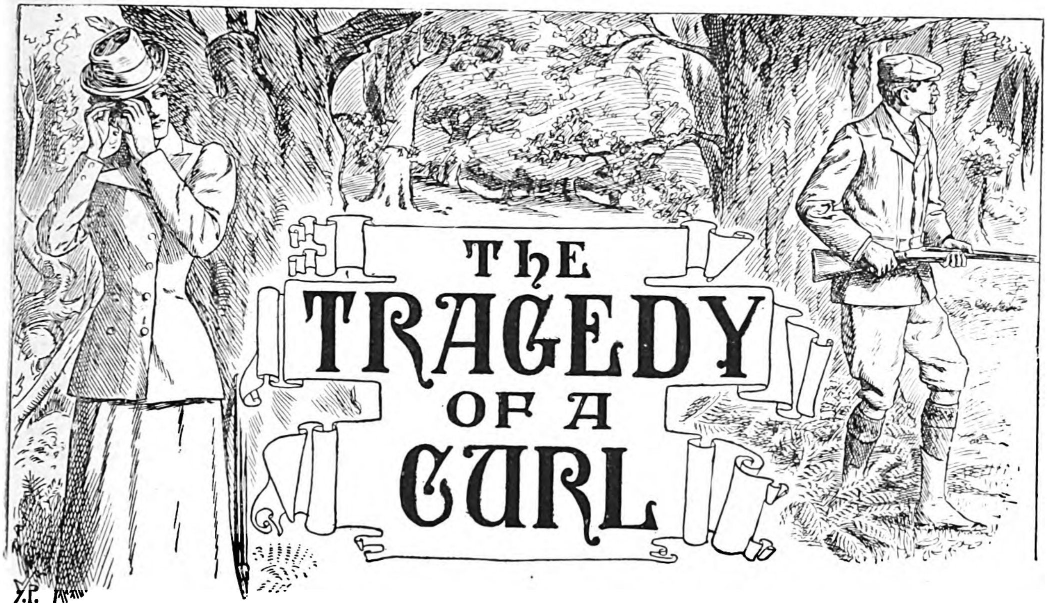
"You've had a nasty dream, Leslie, that's all," was the reply.

"I've been pricked to deaf with lances an' swords—look at my poor legs!" cried Leslie.

"Pins and needles, poor little fellow!" murmured nurse, sympathetically.

"No it isn't," contradicted Leslie. "They're real wounds. All my toys have tried to kill me in the nursery—all but the noble six—an' there's been an awful row down there—bang! bang! crashin', smashin', quackin', an' the Queen suicidin'! Didn't you hear it?'

"He must not have any more large apples just before going to bed, nurse," said Leslie's mamma, gravely.



THE TRAGEDY OF A CURL

A SHOOTING STORY.

By Catherine Adams.

They had quarrelled over the matter all the morning. Being cousins they felt that they were privileged to say some disagreeable truths to one another, and also, being of the gender feminine, these same truths were made as unpalatable as possible. One or two remarks, especially, had the effect as they reached the person at whom they were launched of having been steeped in vinegar and then dipped in the stinging venom of adders.

And it was such a small matter after all.

Miss Le Marchant had simply preferred her request to be driven in the luncheon cart when it went to meet the shooters. Her cousin, Mrs. Frere, had as simply negatived such a proceeding, and had told Miss Le Marchant that her husband would be downright mad with her if she were to break through his hard and fast rule of "no petticoats on the first and second days of September."

"He won't mind about us joining them after the two first days, but the first and second are sacred to the men. Of course, it is awfully good of Jem to let us in at all, for he is old-fashioned, you know, and there is not the least doubt that we do spoil sport sometimes."

"Oh, nonsense!" Miss Le Marchant had retorted, "I am convinced that Jem will not mind a bit. You are trying to put me off because you don't like to own how very uncomfortably tight your shooting dress has become since last year. Really, Molly, you are putting on flesh most alarmingly."

"I'd rather be plump than scraggy," the other lady had flashed back, and then had followed that smart passage of arms in which both ladies had lost their tempers.

"Well," Mrs. Frere at length snapped, "are we going to waste the whole day in making nasty remarks at one another's expense?"

"No," said Miss Le Marchant, calming down and changing her tactics, "I will take you into my confidence, if you promise on your honour, that you will never give me away, not even to Jem!"

"Not even to Jem!" echoed Mrs. Frere. "My dear Gwen, I never think of telling him secrets. But I promise to respect your confidence, I'll swear it if you like." She quite forgot their recent war of words in her eagerness to hear the secret.

"Sir Jasper Sykes," began Miss Le Marchant.

"Oh," said Mrs. Frere, comprehensively, and with wide opened eyes, "how stupid of me! Really, Gwen, I am truly sorry to have been so dense in spoking your wheel so horridly. I quite understand. Sir Jasper is leaving here on the third; there is not much time. Do you think that he means anything?"

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"How can I tell?" her cousin said a little irritably. "You know what men are. No, you married so absurdly young, how should you know? Last night we were in the billiard-room, he seemed quite romantic, another minute and I really think that he would have spoken, but Jem came in and the opportunity was lost."

"Dear dunderhead! so like Jem!" murmured that gentleman's spouse. "Still Gwen, you must not hope too much, for I know that Sir Jasper has the reputation of approaching a certain point, and then—it may be mere fastidiousness or a shrinking from the inevitable plunge—he retires gracefully."

"Perhaps he has never met the right woman," said Miss Le Marchant, softly.

"Possibly. Still you shall have your chance. I will brave Jem's anger and the scowls of the others, and we will take out the luncheon. That in itself should ensure us a good reception, for we will not be exactly late nor will we be a minute too soon." Which remark showed that Mrs. Frere understood the workings of the masculine mind, or as she herself would have termed it, she understood "the material necessities of the brute."

"It is a mercy that Sir Jasper is so short-sighted," Mrs. Frere thought as she looked critically at her cousin and noted how the morning light showed up the wrinkles and fading hair. "Really, she is getting quite on the shelf, it is time she was settled."

A few minutes after the time appointed the luncheon cart lurched round the corner of the sandy road, and into the view of the hungry sportsmen.

"What! the dickens!" said Mr. Frere, as he caught sight of the ladies. His brow was very stern as he helped his wife to alight. "Now, Mary——"

"Yes, dear," she interposed quickly, "don't be vexed—I promise never to transgress again."

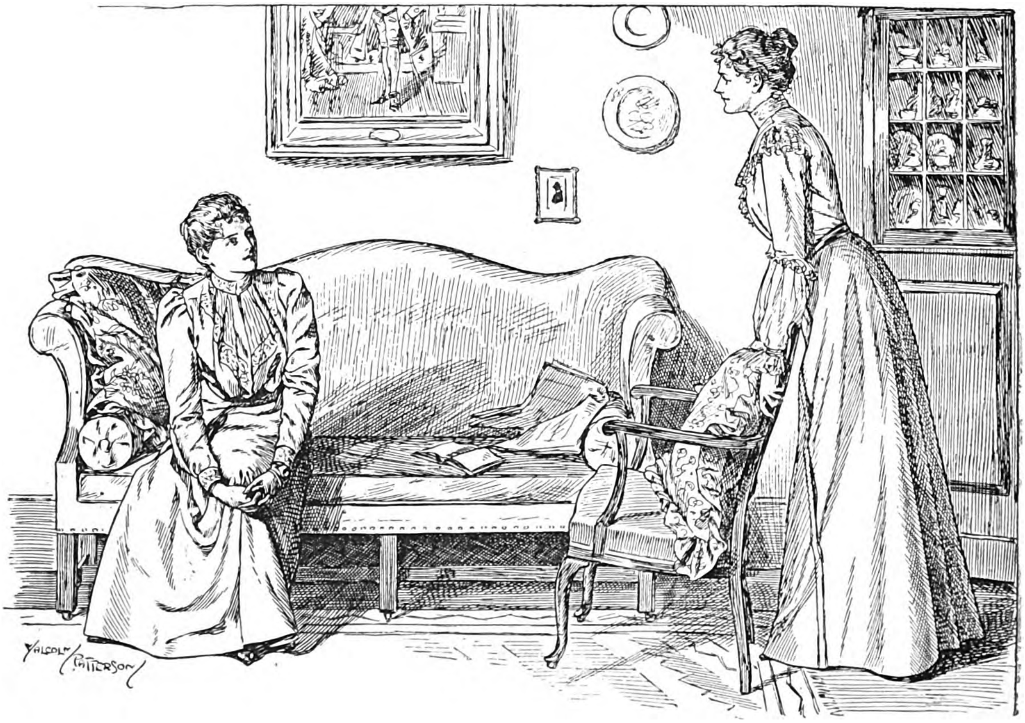
"Why have you put on that dress?"

"Why, to—to shoot, of course, just this once," she pleaded.

But her lord was not appeased so easily. He muttered something not at all complimentary to the sighting abilities of ladies in general.

"We don't shoot a bit worse than Sir Jasper," his wife said spiritedly.

"Oh, well, he is a muff. But I am bound to have him. He lets me do pretty well as I

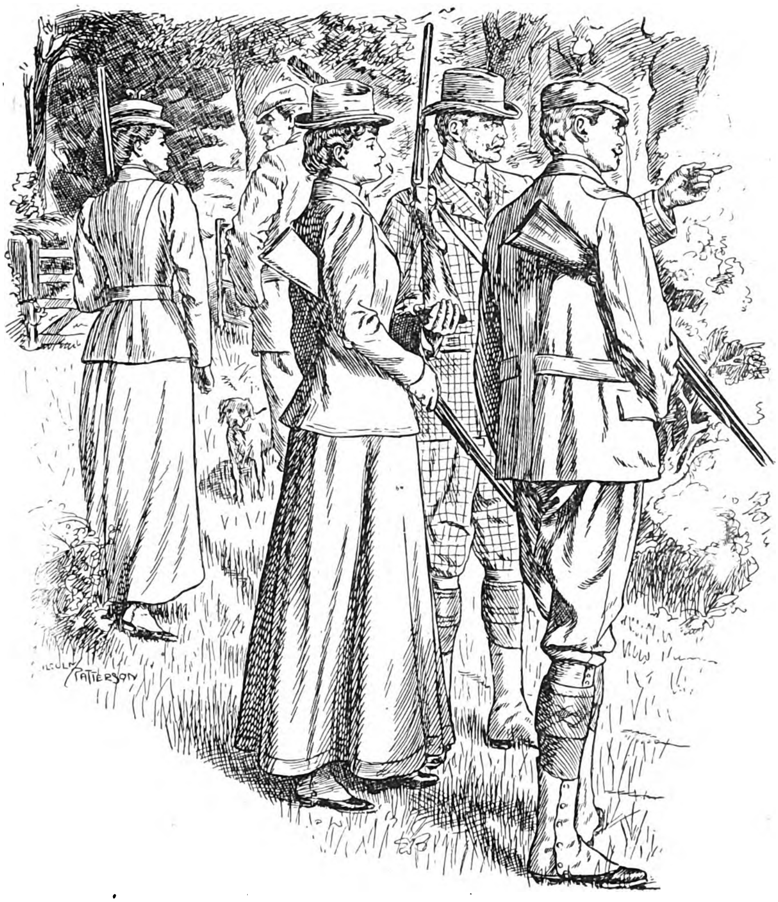


"I will take you into my confidence if you promise, on your honour, never to give me away."

please with his pheasants, you see. So it is give-and-take."

"Well, isn't it a little bit of give-and-take in our case too?" she asked slily. "Don't you ever displease me?" This was turning the tables on him, and he forebore to say any more.

The spot selected for lunch was an ideal one. A little hollow which dipped unexpectedly in the hillside, and which appeared, among the stretches of brown stubbly fields, like a welcome oasis. A tiny stream rippling among the lush grasses at the bottom of the warren, served as a natural wine cooler, and overhead the sun failed to trouble them through the thick canopy of young beech and oak.



"Now, Sykes, will you take your place there with Miss Le Marchant?"

Sir Jasper installed himself by Miss Le Marchant's side. Jem Frere looked across at them curiously.

"Capital rig-out, that of Gwen's," he remarked to his wife.

"Um—yes," she said with a smile.

"Oh, *that* is why you came. She wants to impress Sykes."

"I did not say so," his wife said, remembering her promise.

"She will never bring Sykes to book. He is too cute, and Gwen, well, Gwen is getting on, eh?"

"It is quite time that she was settled, or she never will be. Now, dear, you will give her a very nice place, won't you?"

"I could not give her a better place than next to Sykes, I guess," he chuckled. "He is an infernal bad shot, shoots wide, all over the place. He has got a perfect genius for disabling birds without killing 'em. But he might shoot Gwen, though," he added as an afterthought.

"Oh, nonsense, he won't mistake *her* for a bird."

Lunch over, they came out of the shady hollow and into the glare of the hot afternoon sun. It had been an exceptionally hot summer, notable for its exceeding drought. The harvest had nearly all been garnered in early in August, the stubble had turned from gold to dark brown, and crackled under foot like tinder. They left the plough for the turnips. Here, again, the dry season told its tale in the sparse show of green.

"No lay at all for the birds this year," grumbled Frere; "but we did not do so badly this morning over Hartwell, and, of course, the drive this afternoon ought to bring the bag up to the average. Now, Sykes, will you take your place there with Miss Le Marchant?" and he indicated a clump of hazels that overtopped the hedge. "Gwen, you had better get to the leeward of Sir Jasper. She will, perhaps, manage to bring over some of his maimed birds," he told his wife as they left the couple. "There are some hurdles put up in the next field; you can come with me and Grant, only *mind*, Molly, I dare you to shoot until I give you the word."

"Very well," she answered meekly, remembering how she was transgressing in being present at all.

The other shooters were soon assigned their respective positions. The Freres and Captain Grant stood ready in their hurdled entrenchment waiting for the drive to commence. Five, ten minutes, a quarter of an hour passed.

"How very long they are in beating them up," sighed Mrs. Frere impatiently.

"There they are," cried Frere, and over the crest of some swelling ground appeared the long line of beaters, their little flags fluttering gaily as they started the coveys.

"Hang them!" said Jem irritably, "why will they keep so close together?" Did I not tell them to widen the line more! They can compare notes as much as they like afterwards."

"Which shows that even menfolk like to gossip over their work sometimes," said his wife slily.

Then the work of slaughter began. Bang! bang! the detonating reports reached them in quick succession as the sportsmen nearest the line of beaters got their innings.

"There are some more fellows in the fields facing us; they ought to be working this way now. Oh, there they are. Now, Grant, ready. Molly, remember instructions."

Meanwhile the pair under the hazels were awaiting their turn complacently enough. Miss Le Marchant was making the best use of her time and impressing her companion as agreeably as she could, deferring to his views on shooting in general, and especially upon the desirability of partridge-driving. In spite of her close propinquity to old-maidism Miss Le Marchant was looking extremely well. Her shooting costume was of the latest and most approved pattern, and if her slim figure erred too much by way of slimness it suited the severe exigencies of her business-like attire. Sir Jasper eyed her approvingly through his glasses.

"Yes," he said in answer to a question of hers, "we did pretty well this morning, but the birds get wilder every year. Of course, the dry seasons account in a degree for their shyness, deficiency of covert, you see. The stubbles, too, by reason of so much reaping machinery, can scarcely be esteemed cover for the birds. If it had not been for a capital crop of mustard this morning our bag would have made a poor show."

"Why, now, how very reasonable that all sounds," said the lady, "how well you reason it all out."

Then he explained the advantages of the new single-trigger guns, in which Miss Le Marchant professed to be very interested.

"She is a downright sensible woman," he said to himself, "so deucedly pleasant, too: I might do worse than——" but his thoughts were interrupted suddenly.

"Mark! mark!" cried the lady excitedly.

"Where, where?" said Sir Jasper.

"There!" and she pointed to a feathery, brown mass coming tremulously towards them.

The baronet was too short sighted to be able to detach and aim at a single bird of the covey, but he shot straight into the mass, banging off his two barrels hap-hazard.

"Missed!" was on the tip of Miss Le Marchant's tongue, but with consummate diplomacy she checked the exclamation in time, and firing her two barrels in quick succession, managed to bring down two birds.

"Two to you, Sir Jasper," she said quietly, "I bungled my aim that time."

"Never mind," he said, taking her word that it was as she had said. "You must not be so precipitous next time."

"Of course, you can't expect a mere woman to hit off birds quite like a man," said the wily lady, inwardly thanking her stars that she had kept her shooting prowess a dead secret. Not even Mrs. Frere was aware how desperately hard she had practised under the supervision of her father's head keeper.

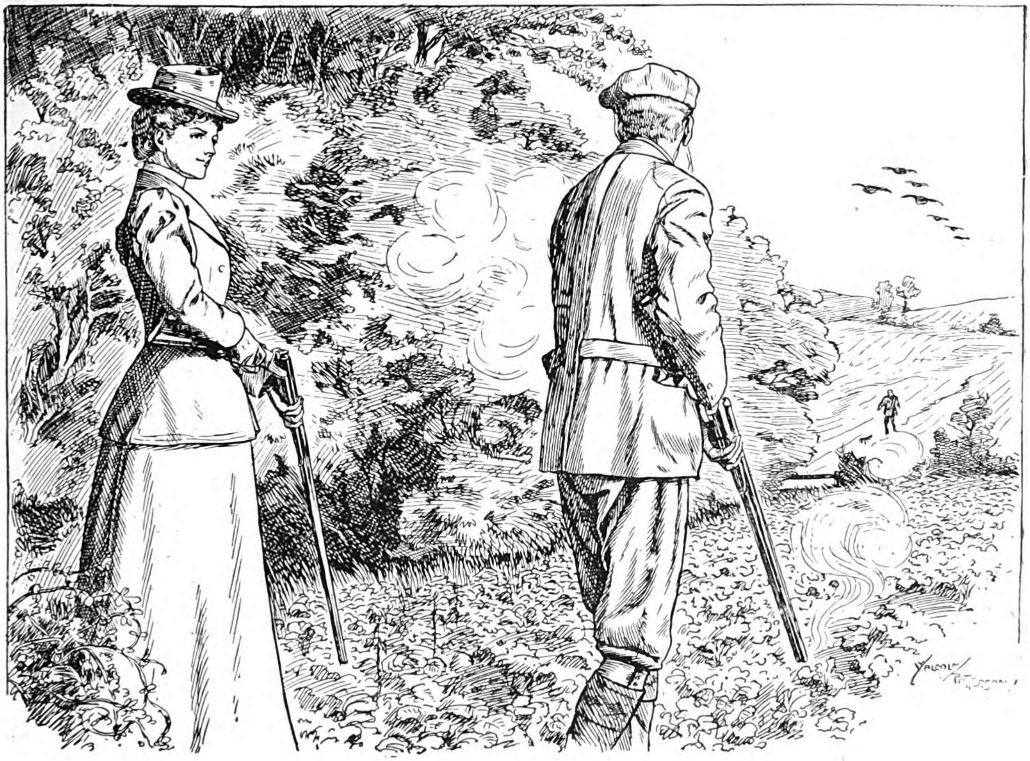
"Here they come again, mark," she cried a few minutes later.

"By Jove! Frere has put us into quite a hot corner," chuckled Sir Jasper, "he will be quite sorry he did not stay here himself, won't he, Miss Le Marchant?"

Bang! bang! he shot at random again, and wounded two poor birdies, who, however, soon received a merciful quietus from the lady's gun.

"Another brace to you, Sir Jasper," smiled the lady.

And so the little comedy went on. They were not only particularly lucky in getting



"Another brace to you, Sir Jasper," smiled the lady.

coveys of birds their way, but stray birds kept flying past them in their flight from the other guns. Sir Jasper had never had such luck, and he was positively beaming with good humour and self-congratulation.

Presently a hare came hopping along. He did manage to hit that, seeing that he completely blew off the creature's head. By the time the signal was given to move on, the baronet's capital retriever, Bob, had brought quite a respectable heap of birds to his master's feet.

"Two, four, six, eight, ten—"

"Bless my soul!" ejaculated the pleased sportsman.

"Ten and a half brace," counted Miss Le Marchant joyfully.

He actually patted her on the shoulder. "We will stick together, Miss Le Marchant; you have brought me the best of luck. Never mind what Frere says, you and I will see this shoot out together, won't we?"

Miss Le Marchant's face crimsoned all over with pleasure. "Of course, if you wish it, Sir Jasper," she answered demurely.

Jem Frere could scarcely believe in the identity of his friend's bag.

"Nonsense! You have changed bags with Simmons and Tyrrell."

No, Messieurs Simmons and Tyrrell, two noted shots, had to own reluctantly that they had only brought down half that number of birds.

"How many did *you* shoot, Gwen?" asked Frere suspiciously.

"I think that I managed three, or was it four birds, Sir Jasper?"

"We will say four," he said magnanimously.

Back again to the plough the party trudged, two at least of their number perfectly content with the proceedings so far.

Though the sun shone fiercely with mid-afternoon heat, the atmosphere was tempered by a cooling breeze that was gaining strength every minute and threatened to develop into a fine, full bodied wind. Miss Le Marchant put up her hand several times and anxiously patted the disarranged curls of her fringe into order. The continual tramping over rough fields and negotiation of high stiles was having a demoralising effect on her hair, which the half gale now blowing was not calculated to improve.

At last they arrived at the wood in which the day's programme was to end with a rabbit drive. First up, and then down, the narrow drives they toiled, in and out the golden bracken, then as the little brown creatures came scurrying along, a deafening cannonade was kept up for some minutes.

"You look tired, Miss Le Marchant; suppose we take up our station here," said Sir Jasper, making for the side of a fine oak.

To the right of them a golden mass of bracken stirred gracefully in the wind; on the left, great clumps of blackberry brambles rose above the green sward; oak and beech formed a pleasant screen from the sun; overhead the ringdoves cooed amorously.

"What an ideal spot!" said the lady romantically, when the others had gone out of earshot.

"Capital place to pot off Master Bunny," said her companion, who was still on his sporting mettle. "We'll see if we can't get a record bag."

"I hope so," she said a little drearily. She was tired. It is no joke to go tramping over rough fields in new, tight-fitting boots; it is tiring work to be always wearing one's pleasantest expression when one feels dead beat and is longing for a cup of tea. Still, she had pluck and held on determinedly.

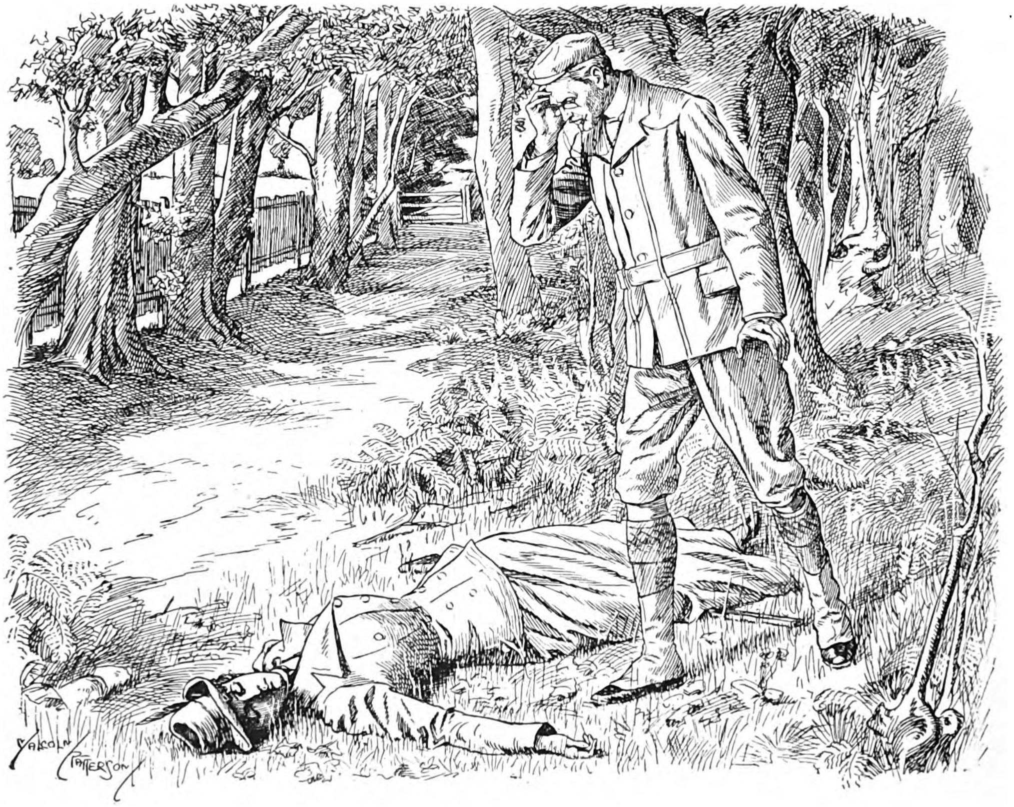
"I shall always remember this day, it is my first big shoot, and, thanks to you, it will be marked as a red-letter day in my calendar."

"Ah! really, that is very nice of you. I shall remember it, too."

"I shall remember it as the luckiest day for shooting that I have ever had."

"That is all he cares about," she thought almost angrily.

The shouts of the beaters came to them faintly from the distance, a robin sang a bright little song from a hazel twig near by; the two stood so quietly, the robin sang so unconcernedly, that a rabbit hopping through the bracken, never dreamed of danger, and came carelessly into the ride.



"I've killed her!" he cried.

Bang! robin and doves fluttered off, startled out of all consciousness, and a little corpse lay in the path.

"Capital," said Sir Jasper, "really I am in fine form to-day."

At that moment a great gust of wind came tearing through the trees, sending quite a whirlwind of leaves before it.

"Oh!" said Miss Le Marchant, hastily clapping her hand to her head.

But she was too late. Something soft and fluffy went scurrying along in the wind.

Bob had just retrieved the rabbit.

"Heavens!" thought Gwen, "if he should retrieve *that*, and bring it to his master.

Without a thought of the danger, she flew in pursuit of one of the little artificial curls which she was wont to pin in among her tresses to increase their bulk. It would be death to her hopes if Sir Jasper saw it. Anxiously she ran and caught up the little bunch of curling hair. With her back turned to her companion she quickly pinned it in its place again. Then she turned to go back. At that very moment a rabbit came scampering along.

"Stop where you are," called Sir Jasper, hastily raising his gun to his shoulder.

Miss Le Marchant could not have heard, for she ran right into his line of fire just as he sent one of his haphazard shots at the rabbit.

Miss Le Marchant fell like a stone.

"My God!" gasped Sir Jasper, "what have I done?"

He ran to the lady's side. She was lying perfectly inert and as white as a sheet.

"I've killed her!" he cried. Then he sent up a shout for help, and kneeling down by her side, rubbed her hands vigorously and peered anxiously into her face.

"Such a nice woman," he murmured, "I shall never forgive myself," and so on, incoherently, until help arrived.

Faces, with horror writ large upon them, came and glowered at the luckless baronet.

"Good lord!" said Jem Frere, "how on earth did you manage it?"

But Sir Jasper was past explaining, he could only groan and wring his hands helplessly.

Then Mrs. Frere came hurrying up. "Oh, Jem! is Gwen shot? is she hurt?" Then, as no one answered, "Oh dear, is she killed?" Hysterics seemed imminent.

"We must get her home at once, Molly, I have felt her pulse and tried to find if her heart is beating, but, there, there, little woman, don't fret so, it may not be so bad as we think. We must hope for the best."

Now that stereotyped phrase, "Hope for the best," is not calculated to inspire confidence, and Mrs. Frere sobbed afresh. The unhappy cause of the tragedy looked as wretched and woeful as did Mrs. Frere. The latter suddenly remembered his share in the disaster. She turned on him like a little fury.

"You have monopolised Gwen the whole afternoon, and now, *now* you finish by shooting her. Poor girl! she was so fond of you, too. Oh! I cannot ever, ever forgive you!"

"Oh, don't!" said Sir Jasper. "I shall be wretched for the rest of my life."

Mrs. Frere knelt down by her cousin's side.

"Look, Jem!" holding back Miss Le Marchant's coat, "the shots went through this."

"Just over her heart—it must have been instantaneous," said Jem.

And Sir Jasper felt as if he had heard his own death knell.

A hurdle which had been hurriedly sent for, was now brought up, and the inanimate form of Miss Le Marchant placed on it and carried from the wood to the luncheon cart waiting outside.

At a slow walking pace the solemn little *cortége* made its way to the Grange.

While waiting for the doctor, Mrs. Frere, sobbing bitterly the while, helped her maid to undress her hapless cousin.

"Look, Stubbs, that is where the shot penetrated." And she held up the coat for the woman to see. The shot holes could be seen very plainly.

"He fairly riddled the poor thing," said Mrs. Frere, with passion.

They then removed the waistcoat. It was a pretty affair, all of scarlet cloth lined with leather.

"There, ma'am, you can see where the shot went in this, too, and now it is buried in her poor heart," croaked the maid. As she turned the waistcoat she started: "Why, bless me, they have not gone through!"

"*What!*" screamed Mrs. Frere. "Then she can't be shot!" she cried joyfully. And forthwith she began to apply such stringent restoratives that in a few minutes Miss Le Marchant gave a little gasp and opened her eyes.

"What is it?" she asked faintly.

"Oh, dearest Gwen, you have given us the most awful fright! I am so thankful it is all right. We thought you were shot."

"Did Sir Jasper think so?" she asked nervously.

"He is in the depths of despair. Look, this saved you!" holding up the waistcoat.

"It is a shot-proof one," murmured the sufferer.

"You will have to give the inventor a ripping testimonial, anyway," said Mrs. Frere. "Of course, it was the shot pitching just over your heart that sent you off into that dead faint. I never thought to hear you speak again."

Then the doctor's arrival cut short the lady's raptures.

The medico's report coincided with Mrs. Frere's deduction. Miss Le Marchant had been rendered insensible by the shock.

"If the shot had penetrated the waistcoat, she would have been shot through the heart," he said gravely.

"*Shot through the heart!*" said Mrs. Frere with due emphasis, as she reported the happy issue of what had threatened to be a most direful tragedy. "Oh, Sir Jasper, is it not awful to think of it?"

"I can never, never be thankful enough," he said, regarding the waistcoat, which Mrs. Frere had thought good policy to exhibit, with due awe.

"And how will you show your gratitude?" she demanded quickly.

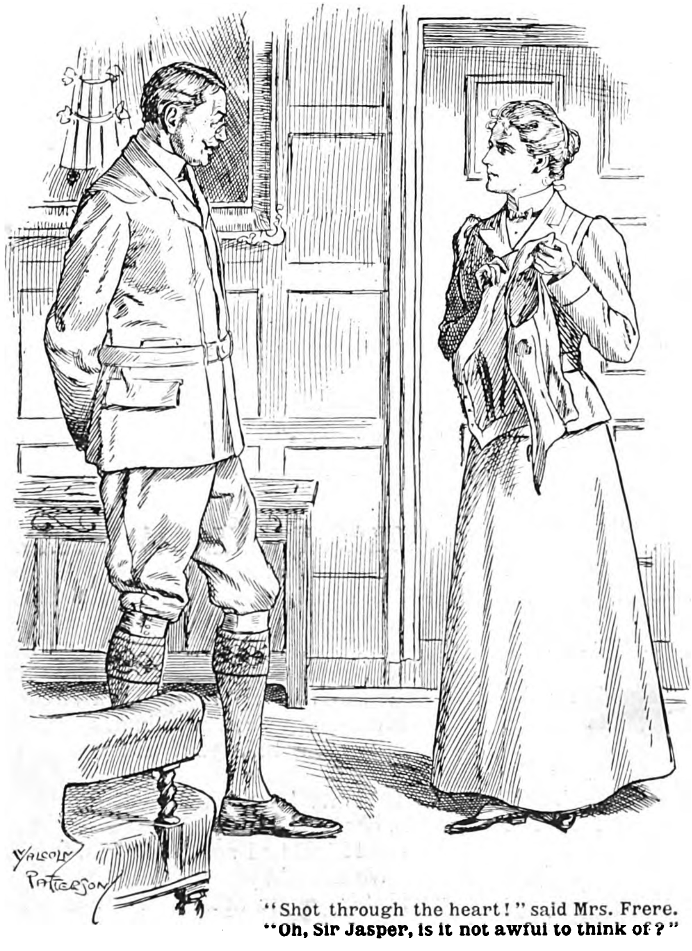
"Eh, what?" he stammered.

"Do you think a testimonial to the inventor and patentee of the shot-proof waistcoat sufficiently adequate."

"I hardly know," he said lamely.

"By-the-by, Gwen wished me to tell you that she holds you blameless in the matter. She says that it was her fault entirely."

"Nonsense, I will not have her blamed. I did call, but I ought not to have let fly. I suppose there is no possibility of my being allowed to see her? I would wish to make my apology as soon as possible."



"Shot through the heart!" said Mrs. Frere.
"Oh, Sir Jasper, is it not awful to think of?"

The baronet saw Miss Le Marchant that evening, "And really," said Mrs. Frere to her husband afterwards, "Gwen looked quite pretty in that pink tea-gown of hers, and flushed up charmingly when he came into my sitting-room, where she is resting on the sofa."

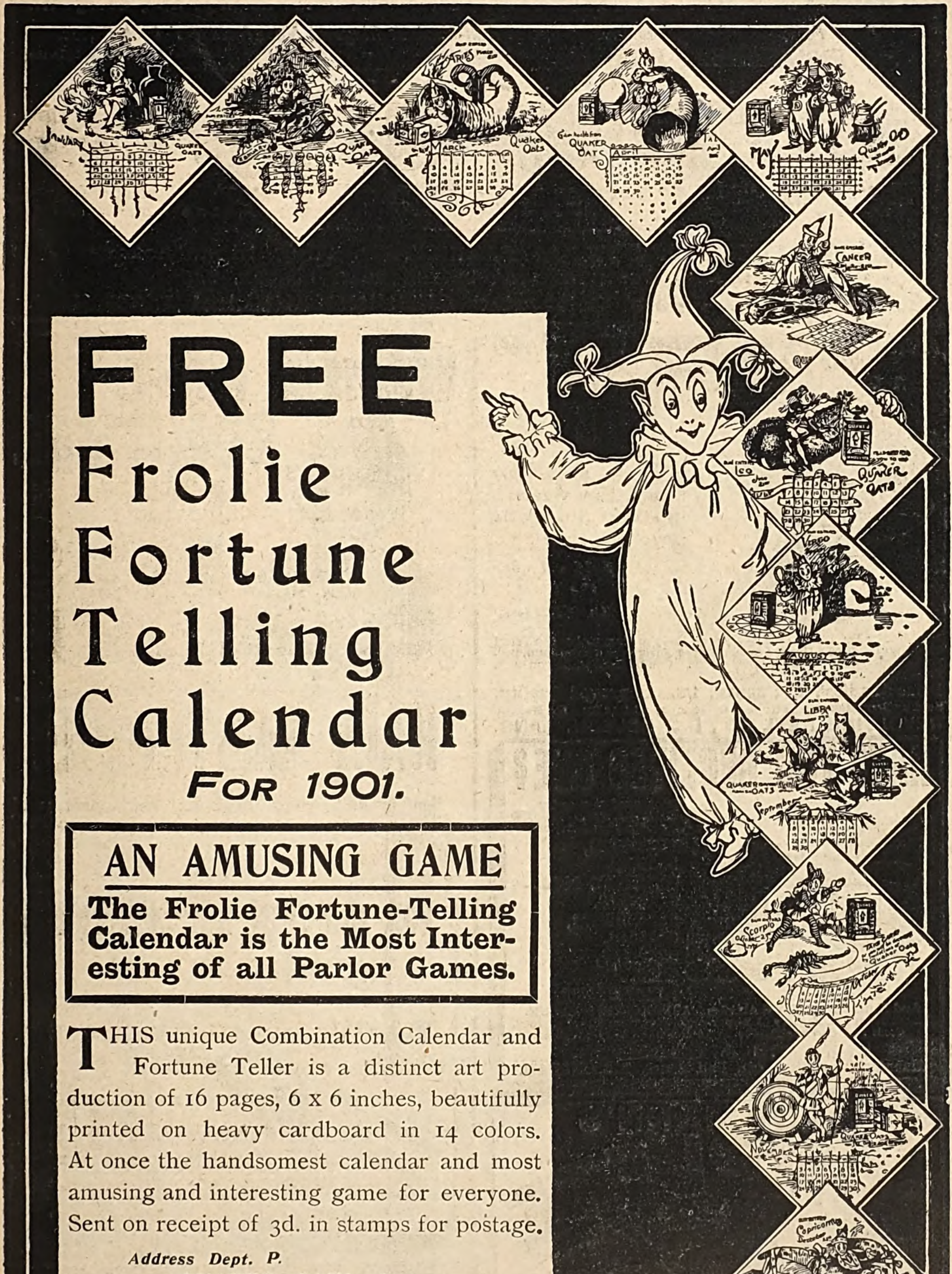
"Yes, and then," said her husband, curiously, "what happened next?"

"Oh, you old goose! I did not wait to see. I just stepped out of the room."

"Well, what I never shall be able to fathom is, why Gwen ran out like that to do her own retrieving."

"Well, that is a mystery," said his wife mendaciously, for she had been told the story of the wind-wafted curl.

The inventor of the shot-proof waistcoat did not receive any laudatory testimonial for publication, but on the consummation of their marriage, Sir Jasper and Lady Sykes sent him a very handsome cheque.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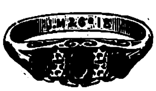

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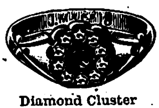

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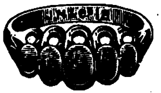

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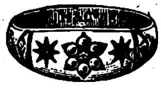

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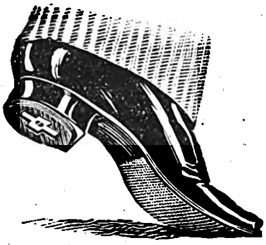

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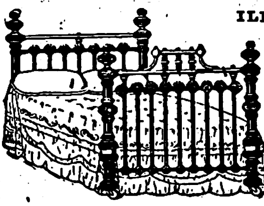

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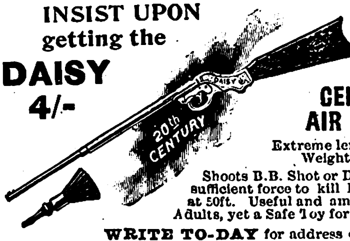

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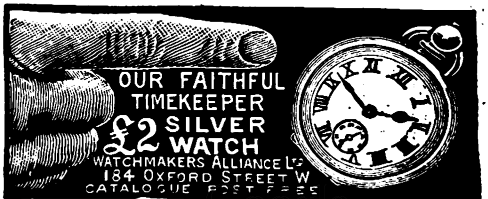

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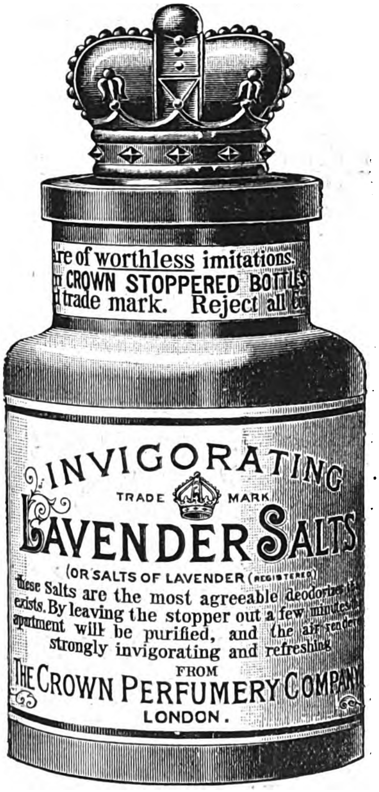
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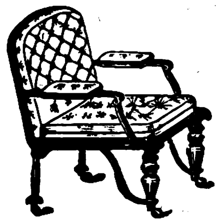

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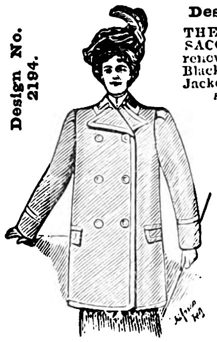

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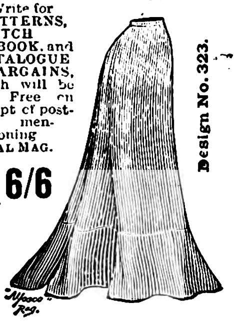

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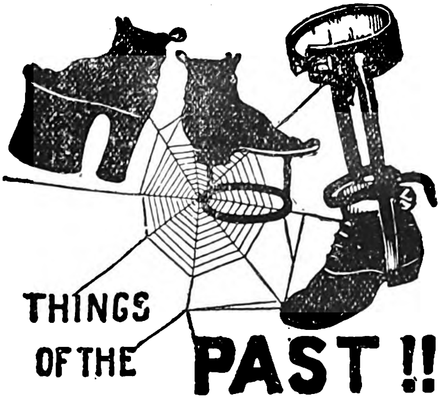
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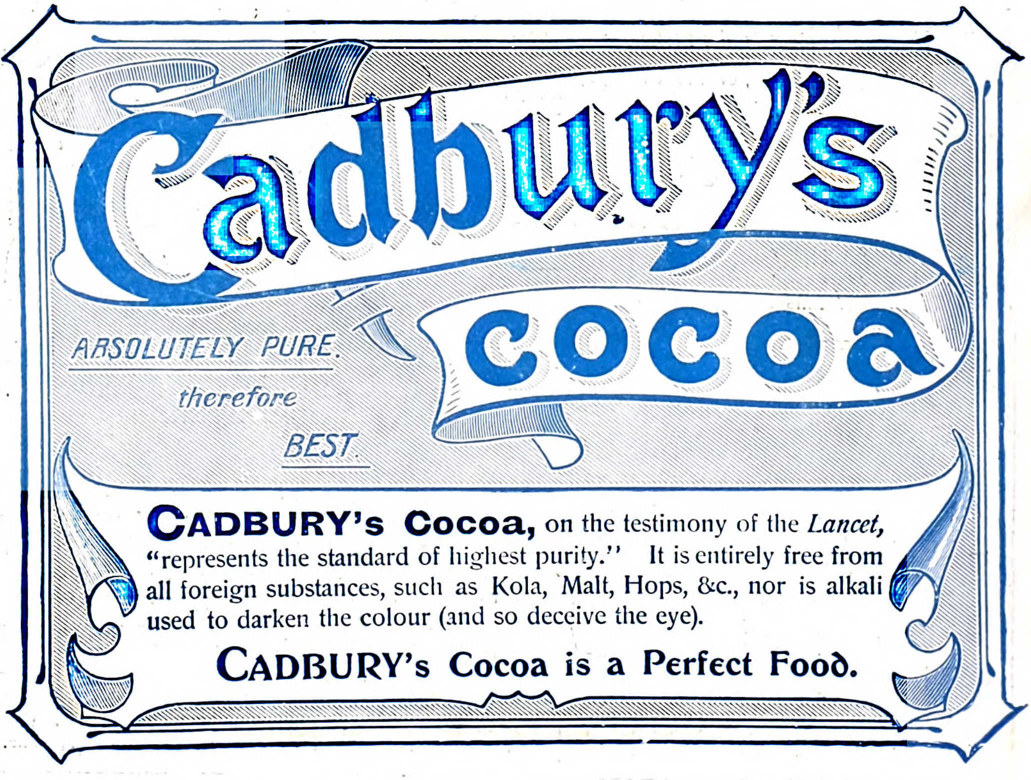

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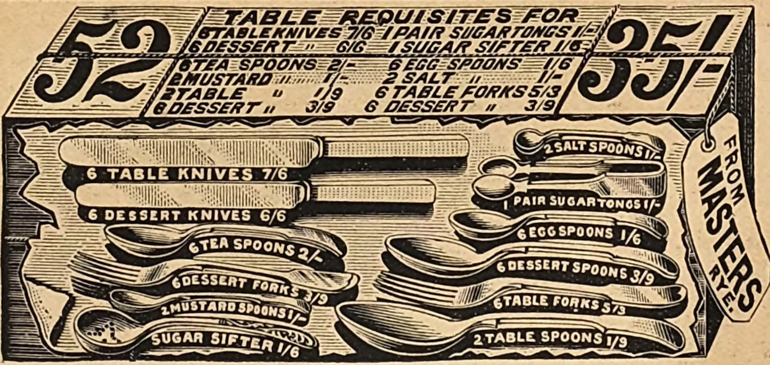
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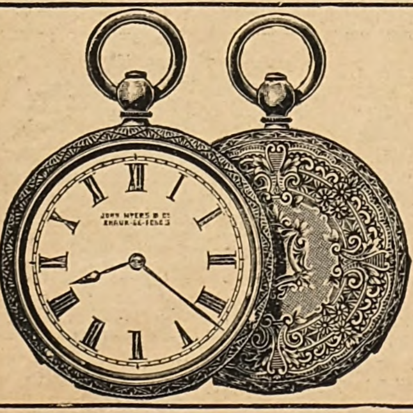
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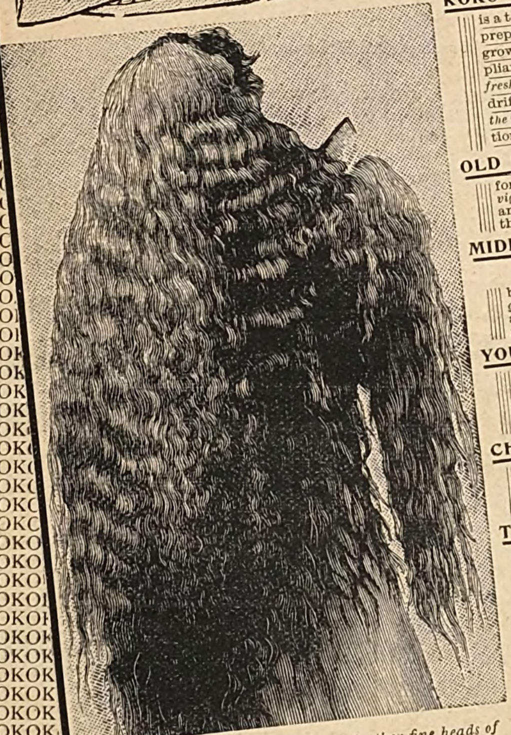

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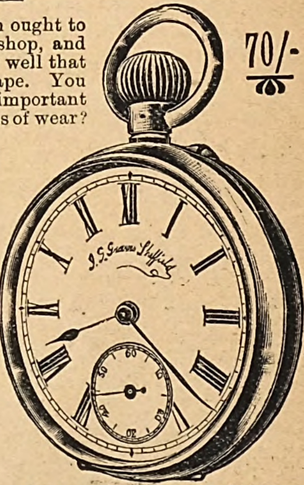

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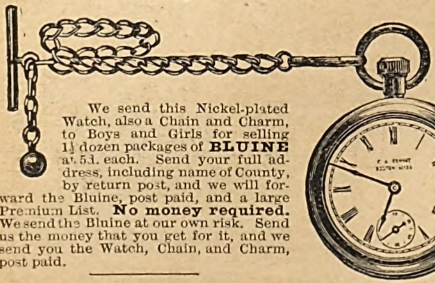

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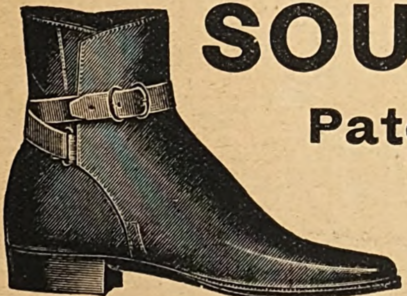

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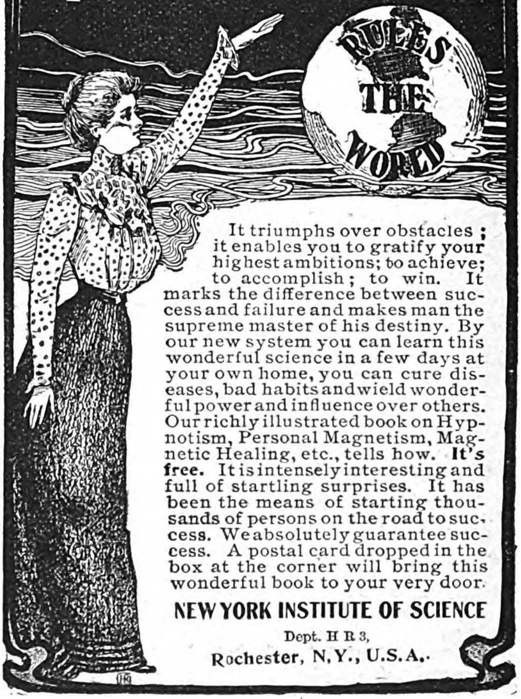

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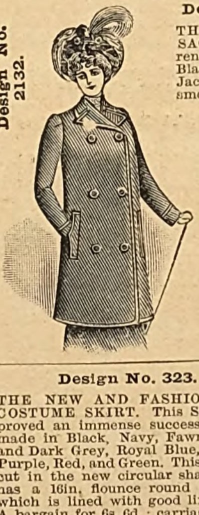

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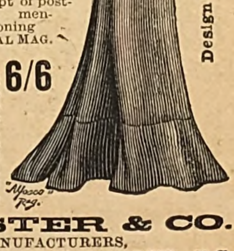
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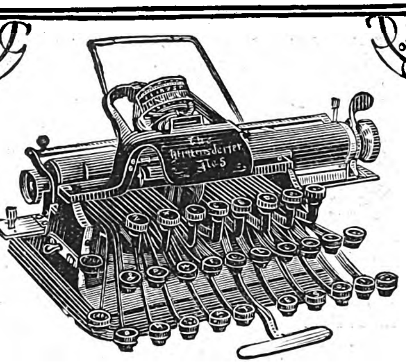

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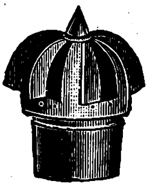

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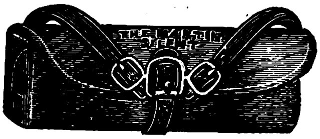

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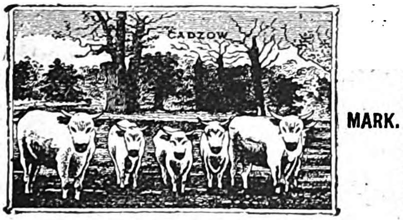

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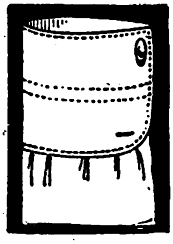

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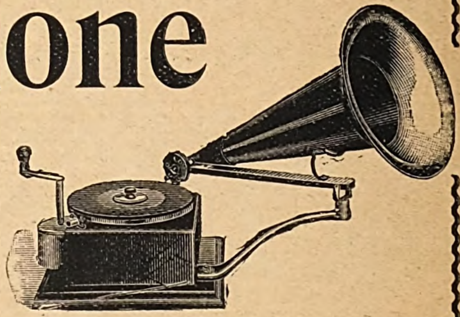

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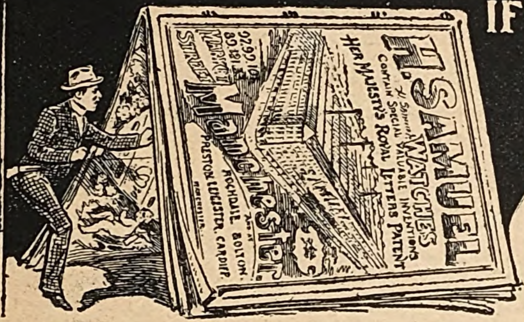
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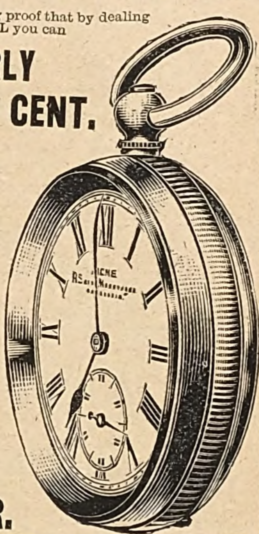

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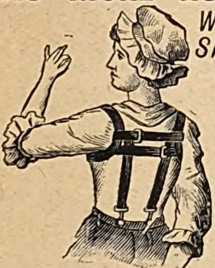

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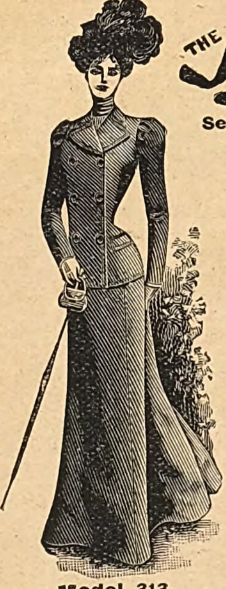

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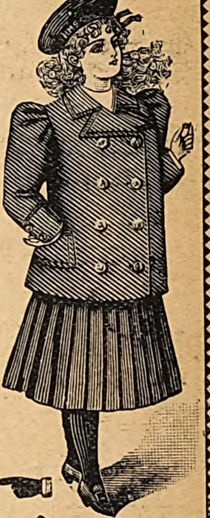

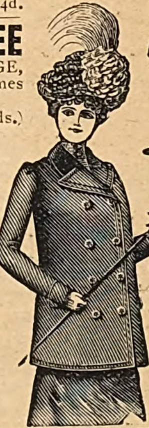

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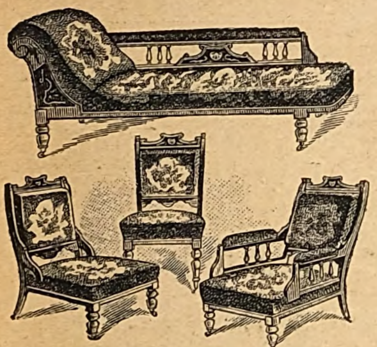

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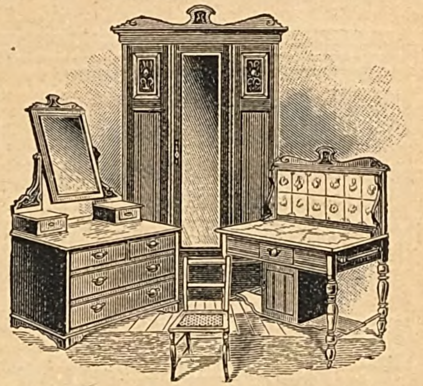

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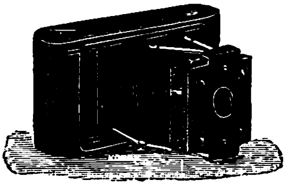

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THE ROYAL MAGAZINE.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

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The Editor will always be ready to consider contributions, whether literary or pictorial, and, where stamps are enclosed, will make every endeavour to ensure their safe return in the event of their proving unsuitable, although he cannot hold himself responsible for any MSS. or drawings or photographs sent on approval.

Cases for the first three half-yearly Volumes of THE ROYAL MAGAZINE are now ready, and can be obtained at the Publishing Office, price 1/- each, or post free 1/2.

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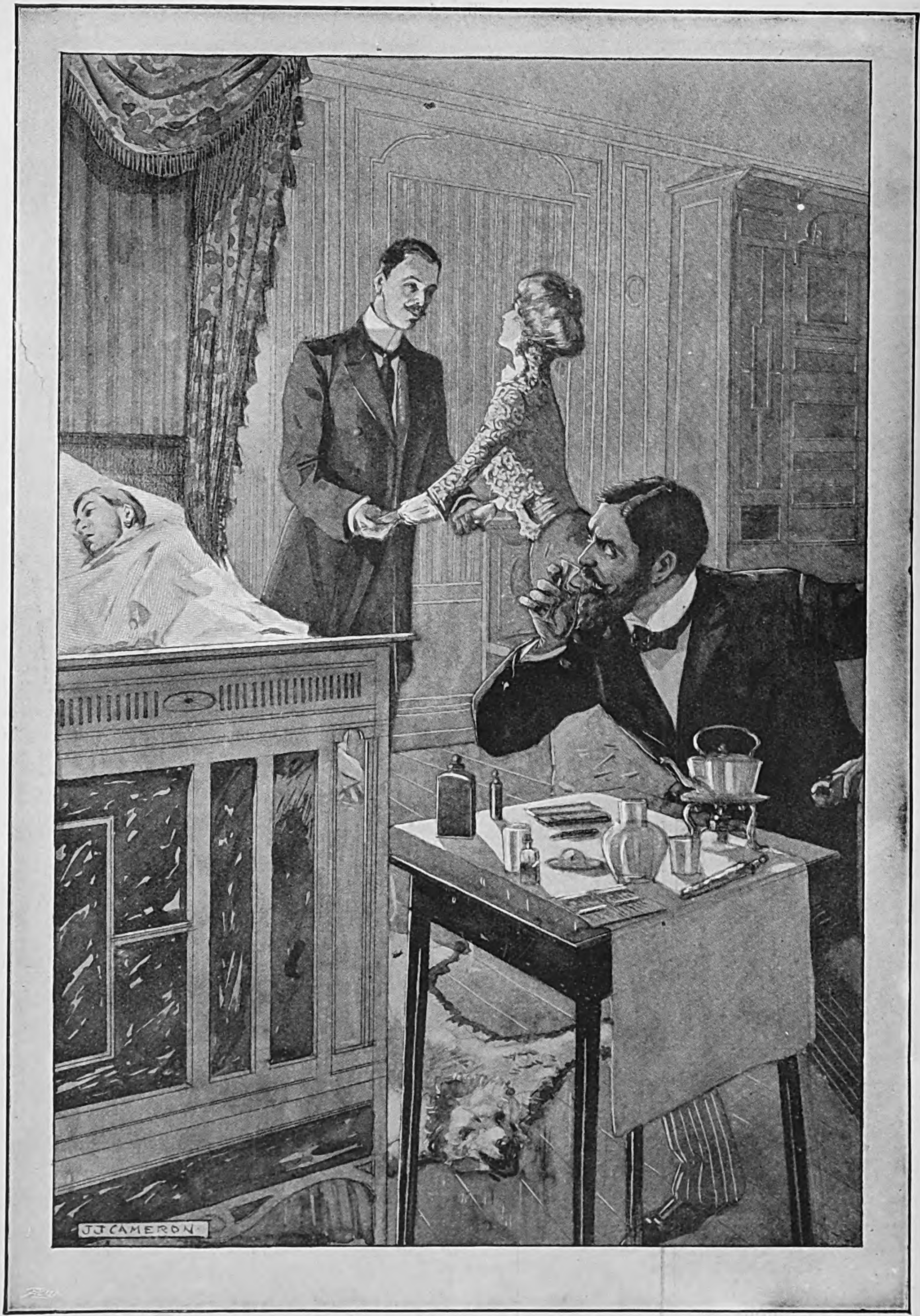

I SAW A SIGHT WHICH TERRIBLY STARTLED ME; FOR WILSON TOOK UP THE DEPOSITED MEDICINE GLASS, LOOKED AT IT, AND SMELT . . . WITH A KIND OF STEALTH.

(See page 281.)

Photo by C. Genlaux.

THE ART OF THE CAMERA

BY RODERICK GREY.

Wet Weather. IT would take a bold man to declare that we have had a fine summer. September was the only really decent month we had, but then September was no longer summer. I don't know anything about meteorological statistics, but I should imagine that very few summers have been much more consistently wet than the last.

Wet weather is fatal to the photographer, or nearly so. High wind is almost as bad, and, upon my word, during the summer when it was not raining it was generally blowing. Not but what there are, both with respect to rain and wind, qualifications to a wholesale condemnation. Some windy effects are very beautiful; but they are extremely difficult to achieve. All the more reason, perhaps, for achieving them. Generally speaking, the thing that wants a lot of doing is best worth doing.

Sunshine and Shower. A HEAVY, steady rain is—well, the photographer must shudder at the thought of it. But brief downfalls of rain, the weather of sunshine and shower, carries with it immense possibilities. The most commonplace scene may be converted into the truly picturesque by a little summer shower. The heavy dusty road, with its eternal glare, is softened into something approaching light and shade, whilst here and there and along the ruts are pools and streams of water that bear, each on its tiny surface, a reflection or gleam of light.

Of course, in so far as the picturesque effect is due to soft or vivid colouring, the photographer is helpless. In days to come perhaps he may be able to take photographs which reproduce

Photo by F. Ollo.

Feeding time.

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every tint that Nature bears upon her wide mantle. But there is a very big "may" about it, and the photographer of to-day must rest content with a reproduction in monochrome.

Reflections.

YET photographs can be very beautiful and artistic. Moreover, they give infinite scope for the individual who can gauge accurately the composition of a picture. There is a great deal of art in adjusting a view or scene so that every detail of any reflection bears its own proper proportion.

Snapshots taken in a busy city thoroughfare immediately after a shower are often most effective. The flag-stones are here and there converted into perfect mirrors. Even the roadway is broken by high lights and reflections. I have seen pictures of the dullest and most unpromising street views look quite picturesque with the glow of sunshine on wet footpaths and road.

Painting Lantern Slides.

THE art of making good lantern slides may assuredly be included in the term Art of the Camera. In one respect I suppose no form of photography is capable of giving more extended pleasure than that of making good material for lantern entertainments.

The slides of to-day, as compared with the slides of a few years ago, are as different as chalk from cheese. Not only are they most excellent photographs in the matter of detail, but they are thoroughly up to date with respect to their subjects.

It may be of interest to some of my readers to know how to colour lantern slides with water colours. The film surface of the slide is first hardened with formaline or formaldehyde (one part to twenty of water), and, when dry, it is coated over with filtered albumen (white of egg and distilled water), to which a few drops of ammonia have been added. This surface, when dry, is capable of receiving the colours, which should be transparent, and mixed with the following medium when applied:—

Dissolve half an ounce of white gum arabic in just enough water to cover it. When the solution is complete, which takes some time and considerable stirring, strain it through coarse muslin, and add six to eight drops of pure glycerine and a piece of camphor the size of a pea.

The dry aniline colours adapt themselves

Photo by R. W. Copeman.

At Eventide.

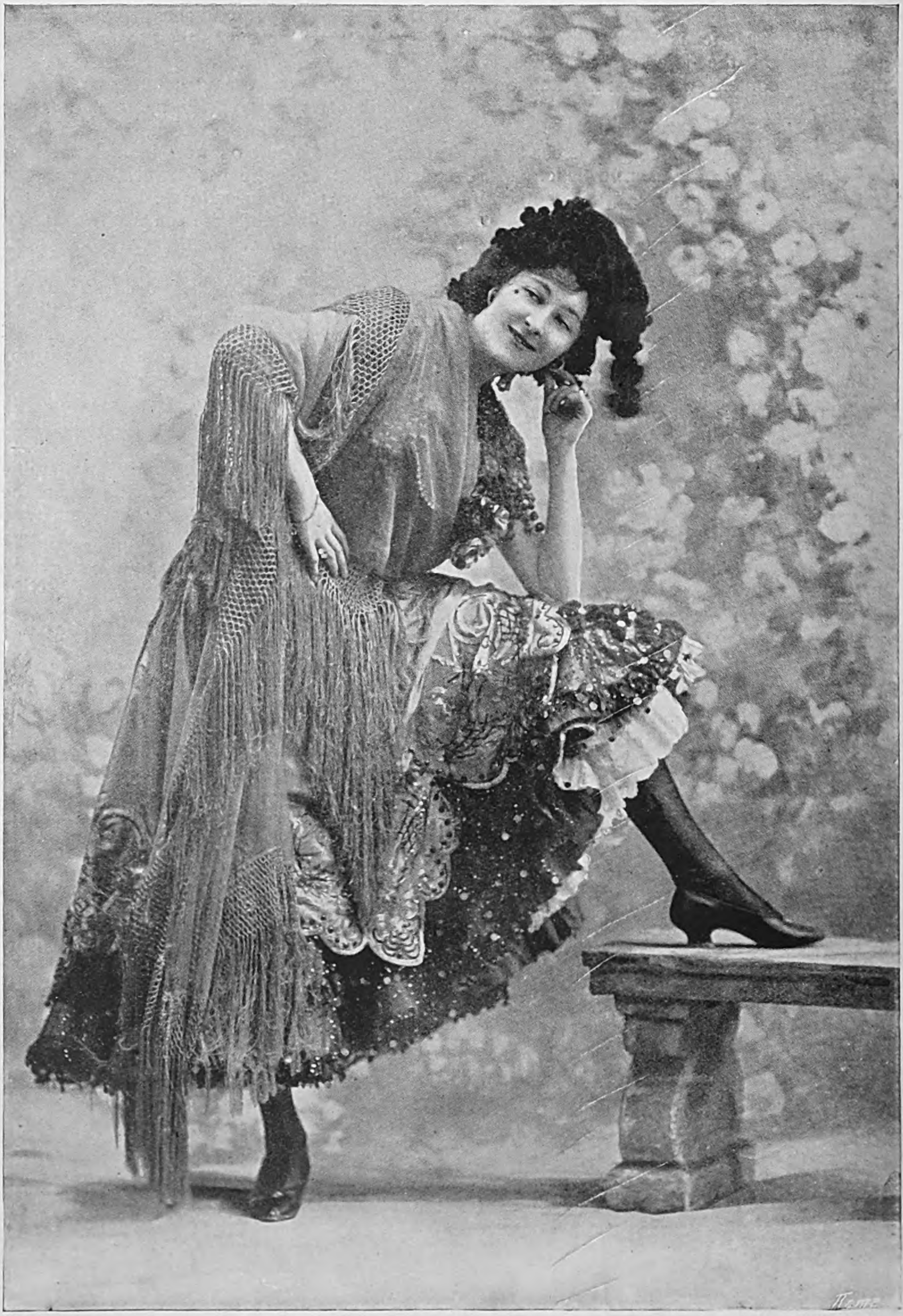


Photo by Madame Lallie Charles.

CARMEN.

well to this method of colouring, which is also applicable to collodion or gelatine chloride prints.

Photo by Madame Lallie Charles.

Phyllis.

"The Miser."

"THE MISER," a story told in four beautiful photographs, shows how far flashlight photography can be made to go. Mr. Brightman, the photographer, gives us the following details concerning these fine pictures. "The old room in which the fireplace is situated is in the 'Polygon,' Clifton, and it struck me as being an ideal place for a ghost picture. I was nearly two years arranging everything, having had no little difficulty in obtaining a suitable model for the miser. At length the first exposure was made, the ghost being in the position shown in the picture! This was from a single magnesium lamp; the pure powder only being burnt. The ghost retired out of range of the lens, and the second exposure was made. This consisted of four 12-inch lengths of magnesium ribbon, suspended from nails on a board, and about ten acetylene gas burners, worked from a generator

Photo by John H. Coath.

Washing Day.

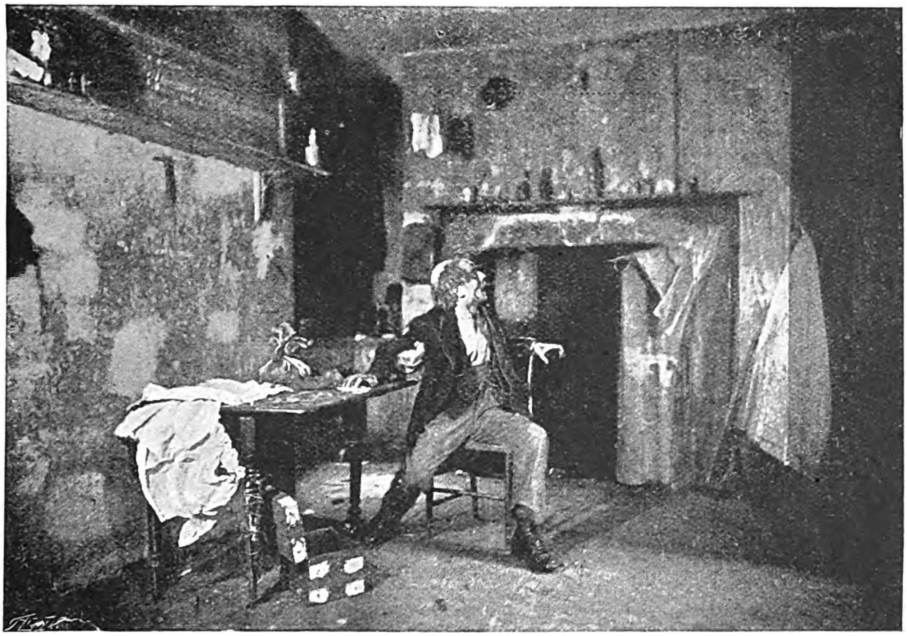


Photo by H. E. Brightman.

The Miser.—The approach of Death.

congratulated on his ingenuity and persistence. The pose of the miser, the surroundings and furniture of the room, and last, but not least, the eerie appearance of the ghost, are all perfect. Two years is a long time in which to prepare for a series of four photographs, but the magnificent result has certainly paid for the trouble taken.

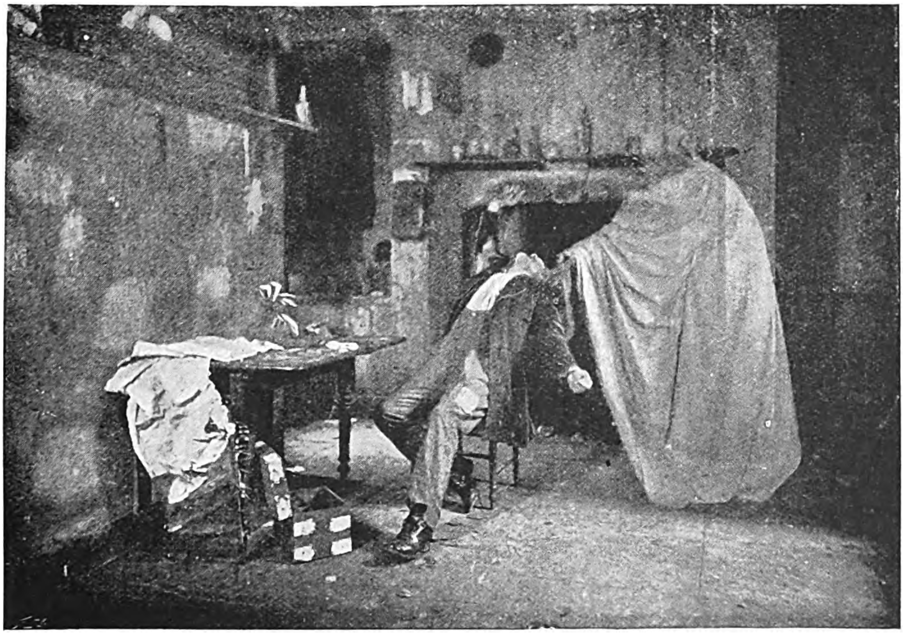
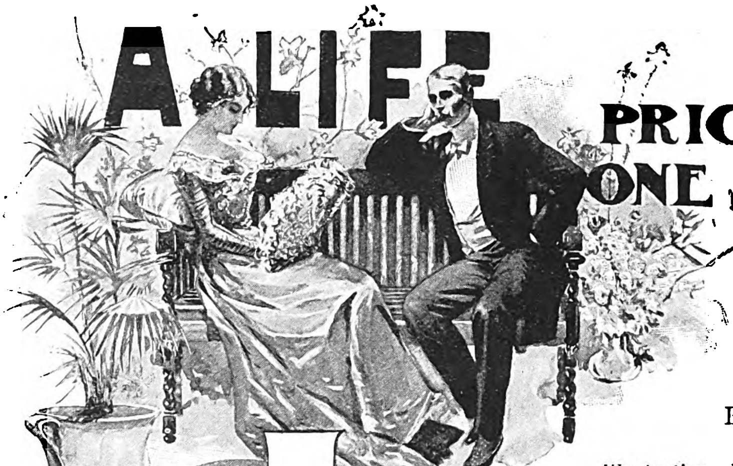


Photo by H. E. Brightman.

The Miser.—The way of all flesh.



A LIFE PRICE ONE SHILLING

A CHRISTMAS LOVE STORY.

By Alick Munro.

Illustrations by J. J. Cameron.

IT was Christmas Eve. The man in the dark doorway of the locked-up warehouse expected no dinner to-morrow, and had eaten none to-day. Yet he broke into a laugh.

"It's grim," he chuckled to himself. "Two years ago an Oxford undergraduate, and drank my beer out of silver! To-night—I haven't fourpence for a bed in a doss-house! There's a humour about it; but it's grim."

The town hall clock rang out the three-quarters, and was answered by the old church as by an echo. The man began to walk up and down between the silent warehouses.

"Another fifteen minutes," he mused, "and all the good people of this Christian land will be wishing one another 'A Merry Christmas.' Shall I wait for it? Yes, why not? I'll go into the crowd, and perhaps some idiot will wish *me* 'A Merry Christmas!' And after that—the canal or the railway? The canal will be cold, but the other's messy. Oh, the canal, decidedly!" And he laughed again.

Presently he got tired of his pacing, and crouched once more in the doorway.

"A year ago to-night," he went on, in the low, half-rambling whisper of a starving man, "I was dancing with Mabel. We sat out the last waltz before midnight, and she gave me a lecture, I remember. Well, I deserved it, and it did me good—for ten minutes! Some of us sat up in the smoking-room afterwards, though; and I don't remember how I got to bed!"

For the third time he laughed. But the laughter ended in a sob.

"What's the use of thinking of it all?" he cried. "I can't think; I won't think! I'll wait till the bells begin with their jangling 'Christians awake!' and then—I wonder whether drowning really is the painless death that people say it is. How do they know anyway? But it must be that; I can't face the other. To lay my head in front of a train—no, it's too gory, and hateful, and unclean; and some prowling signalman might see me, and run me in for loitering with intent to commit a felony. There would be a humour about that too, of course; but it would be ignominious. I won't risk it."

He crouched further into the doorway, and huddled closer to dodge the cold wind. Only ten minutes more to wait. With a savage resolve not to think, he told himself that he would wait in silence.

But he was weary with a long day of hungry tramping, and he fell asleep. A bright light flashing across his eyes woke him again with a sudden start. The biting wind was gone, and the stillness of a star-lit calm held the night. The gas lamps of Forster's Square still shone on the busy throng of Christmas bargain-hunters; but the hum of their voices and the rattle of the cabs had given place to a wonderful silence.

"Now then, young feller," said a rich bass voice, "this 'ere's not your private boodoir, you know."

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"All right, Robert," he answered resignedly. "I'll move on. I was merely closing my eyes for a moment. There's comfort in forty winks, as I daresay you've discovered more than once on your night beat."

The big policeman struck an attitude, undeniably stagey, and with a burly, thick-necked attempt at dramatic passion, said:

> Comfort? Comfort scorned of devils! This is truth the poet sings:
> That a sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering happier things.

The man in the doorway looked up with a very natural surprise.

"Hullo!" said he "Do they examine you in Tennyson for the Bradford police force? You know *Locksley Hall?*"

"No, can't say I do. Oh! you mean the poetry? Well, I 'eard the old gent as was talking to the young lady say them lines; and I thought I'd let you 'ave 'em too, especially as they seemed to come in 'andy after what you said about the forty winks."

"Handy!" laughed the starving man bitterly. "You don't know quite how handy they came in, Robert. If you had been listening to my thoughts—— But that doesn't matter; you spoke of an old gent and a young lady. What old gent spouts Tennyson in the Bradford streets at midnight on Christmas Eve? And what young lady listens to him?"

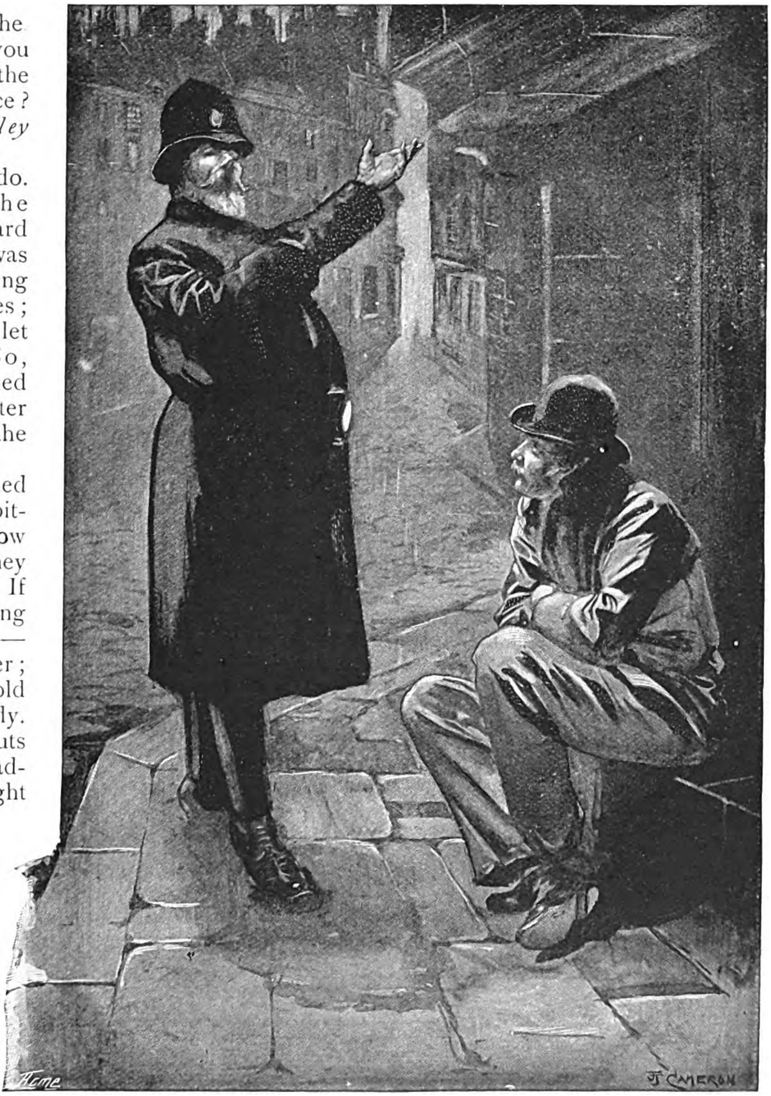
"The young lady as said I should find you in the doorway, and tipped me 'alf a dollar to bring you to her; and the old gent as was to wait for you both in a place 'e called the Back Quad," said the policeman stolidly. "Best come along with me, 'adn't you?" And he crooked a thick forefinger invitingly.

"Robert, you're talking the sheerest nonsense, aren't you? Have you been drinking? Or am I stark, raving mad?"

"Neither, sir," was the cheery answer. "At least, I go bail for myself; 'avn't tasted a drop!"

"Ah! then I *am* mad."

"You don't seem to be very vi'lent, sir," said Robert encouragingly. "But see here,"



The big policeman struck an attitude undeniably stagey.

he added, with a sudden official gruffness, "the Bradford Corporation don't pay me for chatting with vagrants. You've got to come along with me."

"To the lock-up? What for?"

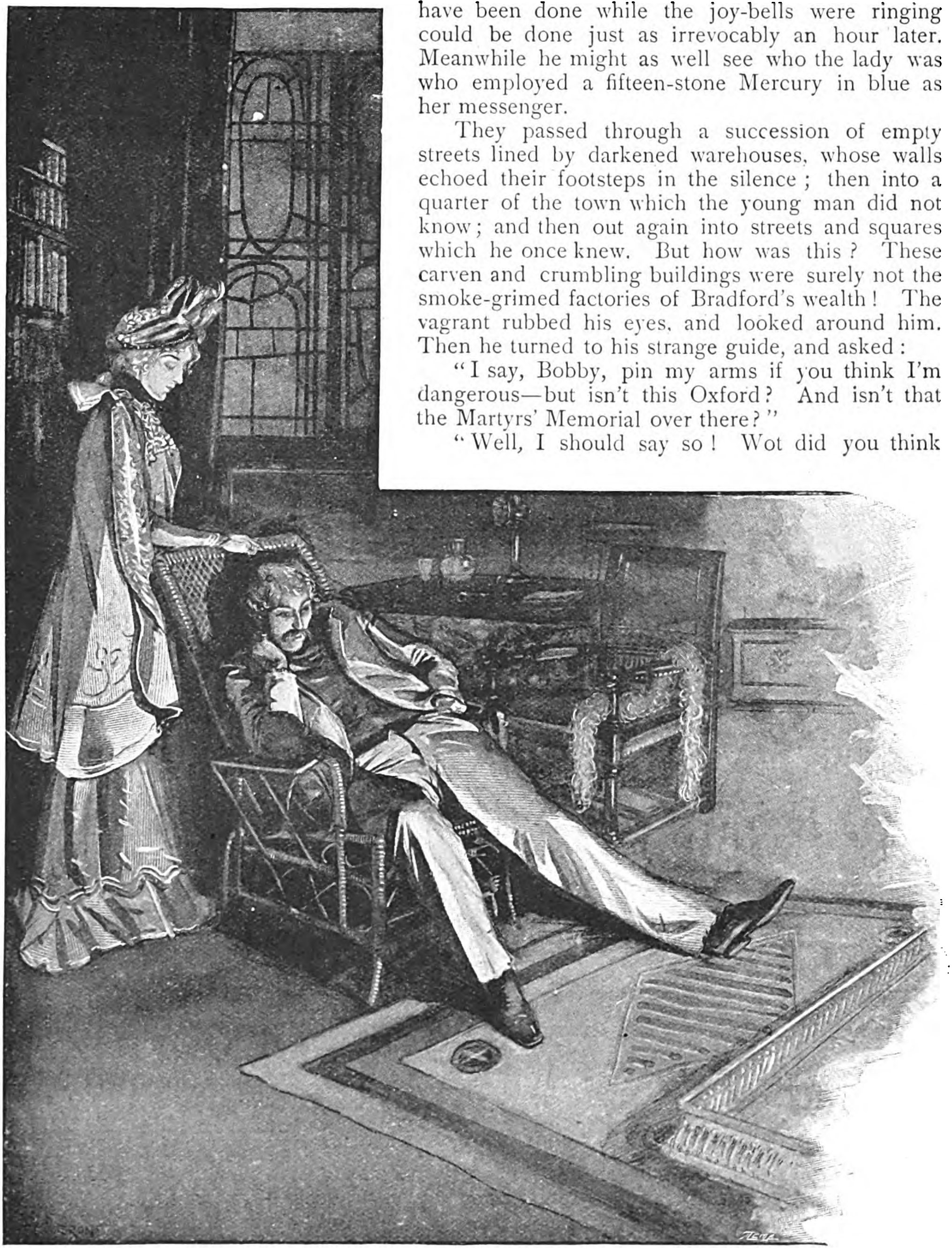
"No, you juggins, to the lady."

The young man nodded, and shuffled to his feet. He did not understand, but that was not worth bothering about. The act which was to have been done while the joy-bells were ringing could be done just as irrevocably an hour later. Meanwhile he might as well see who the lady was who employed a fifteen-stone Mercury in blue as her messenger.

They passed through a succession of empty streets lined by darkened warehouses, whose walls echoed their footsteps in the silence; then into a quarter of the town which the young man did not know; and then out again into streets and squares which he once knew. But how was this? These carven and crumbling buildings were surely not the smoke-grimed factories of Bradford's wealth! The vagrant rubbed his eyes, and looked around him. Then he turned to his strange guide, and asked:

"I say, Bobby, pin my arms if you think I'm dangerous—but isn't this Oxford? And isn't that the Martyrs' Memorial over there?"

"Well, I should say so! Wot did you think



He turned to the fire again, and his eye saw pictures of the past.

it was?" was the answer; and the young man noticed that the policeman's voice had lost its rich, deep Yorkshire burr, and had taken on the thin twang of the South instead.

"Then we are in Oxford?" he repeated, while the bewildered wrinkles ran up his brow in ridges.

"Every time!" said the facetious constable. "Wot ju think?"

"Where are we going?"

"Down the Corn, up the 'Igh, round into Queen's Lane, and the young lydy a-wyting for you at the door. That's the programme. Come on!"

"What door?"

"Oho! As if you didn't know! Garn!" said the policeman. "But don't I tell yer to come on?" he added, laying a rough hand on his questioner's shoulder. "You know the 'Varsity rules; and we shall have to cut our sticks to get in before twelve as it is, with your moonin' and star-gazin'! Come on, I say!"

Together they made their way through the brilliantly lighted streets; and here, too, as in money-making Bradford, the townsfolk were marketing for the morrow. Instinctively the young man looked about him for the scurrying capped and gowned figures, running to reach the Porter's lodge before the last stroke of midnight. But they were not there. The crowd about him was the ordinary holiday crowd of a southern market town; to-night neither don nor undergraduate hurried through the familiar streets.

For it was Christmas, and so the 'Varsity was "down," and the townsfolk might lord it for a time in their own streets unchallenged.

"Now then, sir," said the policeman presently. "'ere we are. That's the door, but I don't see the young lydy. P'raps she's gone inside. 'Ere goes for knocking'!"

He lifted the heavy iron knocker, and the *rat-tat* echoed hollow through the empty cloisters within. There was the shuffle of quick steps approaching the door, a heavy key grated, and the door opened. It was the door of what had once been the young man's own college, and the face of the porter who stood aside to let him pass was familiar with the acquaintanceship of nearly four years.

"Lady and gentleman waiting to see you in your rooms, sir," said the porter, as he turned the heavy key again.

"Ah, thank you," said the young man; and then old custom awoke in him, and he asked, "Any letters for me?"

"No, sir."

"Well, good-night, porter."

Again the familiar phrase had come pat to his lips, like a habit of yesterday. And the answer was returned in the old, well-remembered tones:

"G'night, sir!" with the same unvarying intonation of the word "night."

Nothing at all was changed.

But the cloisters of the front quad as he passed through them were silent, dead, and dark; no steady glow shone from the window of the man who read; no loud laugh or snatch of song floated from the window of the man who rioted. The same air of forsaken gloom held the back quad, too, save in one place, where a pacing, uneasy shadow passed to and fro behind the lamp-lit blinds of a set of rooms in the far corner.

"A light in Number Three, two-pair back—my old rooms!" said the man. "And a lost soul doing sentry-go behind my red blinds! Well, I'll go up and chum with him."

He ran up the familiar staircase. The gas jets were not lighted, but he did not need them; he knew his way. He opened the door and stood on the threshold. A girl ran forward to meet him, holding out both her hands, and crying:

"Charlie!"

"Mabel, you here!" he faltered. "But how—what——? I don't understand," he finished tremulously.

"I have waited for you," the girl told him. "Come and sit down. I want to talk."

"But—but—you said you wished never to see me again."

"I know, Charlie, but——"

"And so I went to the devil!"

He threw himself into a chair by the fire, laid his head in his hands, and gazed into the dancing flames. The girl came behind him, and smoothed the tangled curls on his forehead. It was a caress of the old days, and the outcast winced under it.

"Charlie?" she said in a low tone.

"Well?"

"Is that quite true?"

He seized the gentle caressing hand, and looked up into her eyes.

"No," he said. "And I was a cad to say it."

"I didn't send you away, you know, until——"

"Until I had proved, a hundred times over, that I had gone to the devil already. Yes, I know."

"Well, I want you to come back."

He turned to the fire again, and his eye saw pictures of the past, moving, panorama-like, in the glowing coals. Some of the scenes which the fire showed him brought the hot blood of shame to his cheeks; and there was hardly one of all the gallery that he would have been willing for the girl at his side to see.

"Charlie," she whispered again, "won't you come back?"

"Can I?" he laughed. "Does the devil give up his prizes, then? I never heard it."

"On this one night of the year—he does—he must," said the girl gravely. "You can be a man again, if you will. And is it nothing," she added with a little quiver of the voice, "that I am here to help you to try?"

"Why did you come?" he demanded heavily.

"Perhaps because, in spite of everything, I still believe in you; perhaps because this is the season of all forgiveness; perhaps——" she paused, and then went on steadily, "because I still love you."

A short sob from the crouching figure in the chair was her answer. His ill-clad shoulders shook under her hand, but she went on bravely:

"You used to tell me that you loved me, Charlie; and I loved to hear the words from your lips. I should love to hear them again."

The young man raised his head, and gazed upon her with a look that seemed almost frightened.

"I can't say them now," he told her slowly.

The girl shrank back a little, but returned again and laid her hand upon the hot brow that was lifted to meet her touch.

"Would they not be true?" she asked softly.

"True?" he cried. "Truer than ever! truer than ever now! It's not that."

"Then say them," she bade him.

But his tortured mind showed him again the pictures which the fire held. He saw his college rooms, the same rooms in which he was sitting and suffering now, filled with a crowd of noisy and bibulous roysterers, and himself the noisiest and most reckless of them all. He saw scenes of the days after he had been sent down from the University—scenes where the actors were less reputable than the crowd of careless boys who had rioted with him at Oxford, and where vice was no longer merely reckless, but deliberate and sordid; and here again he saw himself the acknowledged leader. Wasted days, and nights worse than wasted; chances of success in life thrown, with an empty and fatuous laugh, into the gutter for fools to trample; brilliant abilities—for he knew that he could have been brilliant, had he willed it—frittered away in trivialities, or drowned in excesses which were not trivial; the fire held all the pitiless record.

But the bitterest picture to his memory was that one in which he saw himself pleading for mercy to the girl whose love he had won, and whose respect he had lacked the common manhood to keep. He saw the sweet lips quiver again, as they told him with a gentle, reluctant scorn—aye! for his torture, a reluctant scorn—that she dared not link her life with such a one as he. And he heard himself swear to her, with a gulp and a choke which at the time had not shamed him, that he would do better.

But the fire spared him nothing; for it showed him, too, in what manner he had kept that oath.

As he sat and stared at the record of his worthlessness, he felt the girl's caressing touch again on his brow, smoothing the furrows of his self-scorning anguish; and her voice came again to his ears, softly bidding him say the words she was longing to hear. He pointed to the fire, as though she, too, could read in the embers the accusation which it hurled at him; and he answered wildly:

"I can't, I can't! They would be an insult. You don't know!"

"I know," she said—and a sad little smile played about her lips—"that my poor black sheep is very black indeed. But I know, too, that if I love him, and he loves me, the blackness does not matter. Oh, Charlie, you men never will see that a woman's love can conquer everything, and pardon everything, in the man she loves! Say that you love me, Charlie!"

He raised his hand, with a ridiculous and yet pathetic gesture of earnestness, and said:

"I love you, Mabel! With all the strength of my miserable, dishonoured soul, I love you! But I can never——"

"Oh, there's no 'but,' Charlie."

"Wait," he said, "there is. Do you know what I meant, what I mean still, to do before the dawn of to-morrow? I mean to end an existence which has been a failure. I mean to throw away a life which is useless."

"No," she said softly, "don't do that! Sell it to me."

"My life?"

"Yes. I will pay your price. I will find a use for the thing which you call useless. What is your price?"

"What if I were to say 'your love'?" he asked eagerly; and then, with a swift recoil of shame, scorned himself for daring to so voice his thought.

The girl shook her head, but the tears were in her eyes as she answered:—

"You would make me a bankrupt. I couldn't pay; because, silly boy, you have that already. Ask something else."

"A shilling! My queen's shilling!" he cried with a reckless laugh. "I sell my life to you for a shilling, my queen! And that's elevenpence three-farthings more than it's worth!"

She took out her purse, and held up the coin.

"Charlie," she said, "you remember what we used to say in the nursery? Honest Injun?"

"Honest Injun, Mabel," he answered gravely, as he took the shilling. "What are you going to do with your purchase?"

"I shall give it back to you."

"I won't have it!"

"You must."

"Then I shall throw it away. I told you I meant to, you know."

"Ah! Then I won't give it," said the girl. "I'll lend it to you instead; and you must use it for me. Honest Injun, remember!"

She bent down suddenly and kissed his forehead. The kiss was the sealing of a compact. Then she ran to the door and opened it.

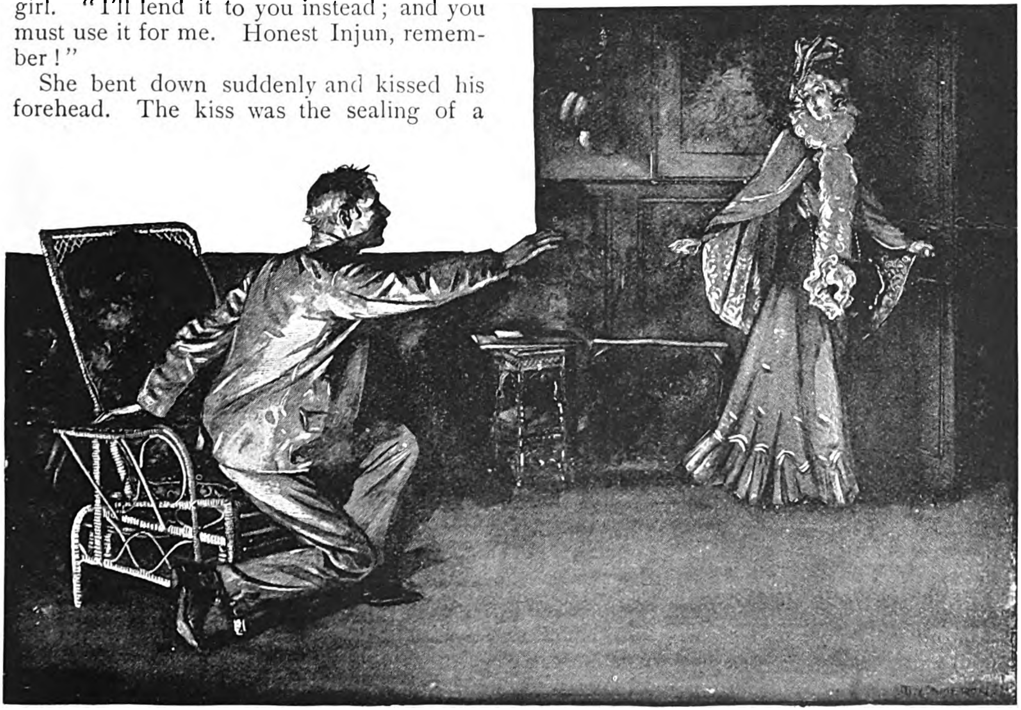
"Mabel," he cried, "don't leave me!"

"Oh, I must, you know," she answered gaily. "I couldn't stay here, could I? Besides, your uncle is waiting for me in the quad, and the poor man will be cold. Good-night, Charlie—and—a merry Christmas!"

She was gone. The young man sank back into his chair and gazed once more at the fire. And the fire, as is the duty of fires, again showed him pictures in its embers. But this time the scenes were not discoloured daubs, drawn from a shameful past; for the fire was in a mood of mercy, and drew pictures of a future in which love and honour and happiness had been regained. And the kindly fire hinted, moreover, that the dreamer's own will had earned the blessings which it showed.

"Well," he said with a nod to the fire, "I will earn them. I have taken my Queen's shilling, and my Queen said Honest Injun—it shall be Honest Injun!"

At this the fire winked at him knowingly, and showed him more pictures. And as he gazed, he planned and thought, and made a resolve; and his faded manhood



She ran to the door and opened it. "Mabel," he cried, "don't leave me!"

grew strong again with the resolve that he made. . . .

Presently a rough hand shook him by the shoulder, and a voice—the same voice he had heard a long while ago—said gruffly:

"Now then, young feller, this 'ere's not your private boodoir, you know."

He jumped to his feet and rubbed his eyes. The college rooms were gone, the basket-chair was gone, and the fire was gone. The porch of the darkened warehouse was over his head; the lights of Forster's Square were shining in the distance; and the great bells of the Bradford Town Hall were ringing out their summons: "Christians, awake!"

"Robert," he said to the policeman, "you made that remark to me before, you know. But you and I have been a longish jaunt since then."

"Never spoken to you before," laughed the policeman. "Don't know as I ever see'd you before. Aven't the honour! 'Wake up, sir, do! 'Tain't warm enough for sleeping out."

"Ah, but I had a fire!"

"'Ad you, now? Must 'ave dreamed it, I fancy! Was it warm?"

"Very. So warm that I don't feel cold even now, though you say I've been sleeping on that step and in this bitter wind. By the way, a merry Christmas, Robert!"

"Merry Christmas, sir! Are you rich enough to leave that shilling lying there? 'Cos if you are, I'm not."

"What shilling?"

"There's a shilling on the step where you've been sitting."

"Why, so there is! And what's perhaps stranger—I believe it's my shilling! I believe, Robert, that I have sold myself to-night, body and soul, for that shilling."

"Hope the devil got a good bargain!" laughed the constable. "He bought cheap enough."

"You would have asked more?"

"Catch me! If the devil wants me, he'll have to show me more than a miserable bob."

"But how if it wasn't the devil at all? How if it was an angel?"

"Oh! an angel?"

"I believe it was an angel, Robert!"

"A precious stingy angel!" said Robert.

"She gave me full value—more than full value."

"I hope she did! Well, good-night, sir; and if you'll take my tip, angels or no angels, you won't go falling asleep in the streets on a cold Christmas Eve. It's bad for the 'ead; shocking bad!" And with a loud laugh at his own wit the policeman passed on.

The young man sat on the warehouse steps a little longer, and grew cold again. The reality of waking life was upon him once more; for the gale of the December night gusted about his half-clad body, and his gnawing hunger was still unsatisfied. But his misery of despair was gone, for an angel had come to him as he slept, and had made a bargain with him. And in virtue of that bargain, he was a man again.

Then, had a dream, he wondered, a phantasm of his mind, born of fasting and weakness, reall had the power to work this change in him? Was the shilling, for which he thought he had bartered for all time his right to do ill in the world, no more than a chance find in a doorway? It might be so, but he did not care; for the resolve which he had made while he slept, he meant to keep now that he was awake. The past, which the fire had shown him, was dead; and the future, which began from this moment, was his to paint as he pleased. He smiled as he thought how small his stock of colours was, but then he told himself bravely that there was the shilling, and his resolve! These two would be enough.

Presently, as he sat and planned, he heard a sound, which rose and fell, and came nearer. It was the sound of a child sobbing, and soon the shivering little figure came opposite to him.

"What's the matter?" he asked. "*You* don't seem to be having a merry Christmas, youngster."

The girl—she seemed scarcely more than eleven years old—held a pinched face up to him, and whined:

"I'm cold, and I'm hungry, and I'm tired—oh! so hungry."

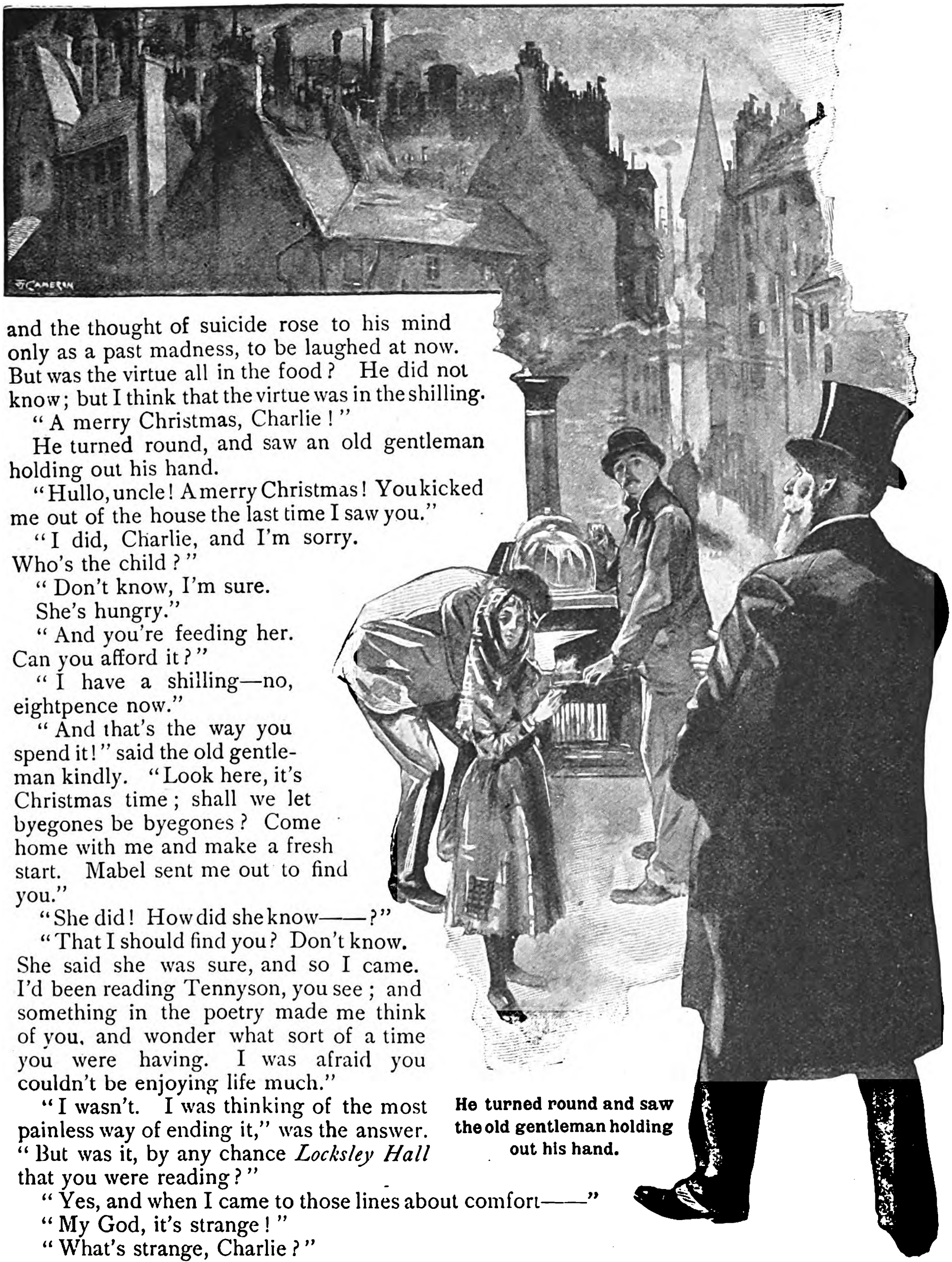
"Well, I'm hungry, too, and—yes, I'm beginning to feel cold now. What do you say to hot potatoes?"

"Oh, yes!" cried the child, drying her eyes at the thought. "But I haven't a penny to buy them," she added at once, in the doleful whine of the street beggar.

"I have, though. At least, I've a shilling. There's a potato stall opposite the Midland Station. Come along, youngster."

He took the little girl's hand, and led her into the crowd in Forster's Square. He found the potato engine, and demanded to be supplied with fourpence-worth of the hottest and mealiest. The man wished him a merry Christmas, and he returned the greeting heartily. He could not have done that an hour ago.

The hot food put new courage into him,



He turned round and saw the old gentleman holding out his hand.

and the thought of suicide rose to his mind only as a past madness, to be laughed at now. But was the virtue all in the food? He did not know; but I think that the virtue was in the shilling.

"A merry Christmas, Charlie!"

He turned round, and saw an old gentleman holding out his hand.

"Hullo, uncle! A merry Christmas! You kicked me out of the house the last time I saw you."

"I did, Charlie, and I'm sorry. Who's the child?"

"Don't know, I'm sure. She's hungry."

"And you're feeding her. Can you afford it?"

"I have a shilling—no, eightpence now."

"And that's the way you spend it!" said the old gentleman kindly. "Look here, it's Christmas time; shall we let byegones be byegones? Come home with me and make a fresh start. Mabel sent me out to find you."

"She did! How did she know——?"

"That I should find you? Don't know. She said she was sure, and so I came. I'd been reading Tennyson, you see; and something in the poetry made me think of you, and wonder what sort of a time you were having. I was afraid you couldn't be enjoying life much."

"I wasn't. I was thinking of the most painless way of ending it," was the answer. "But was it, by any chance *Locksley Hall* that you were reading?"

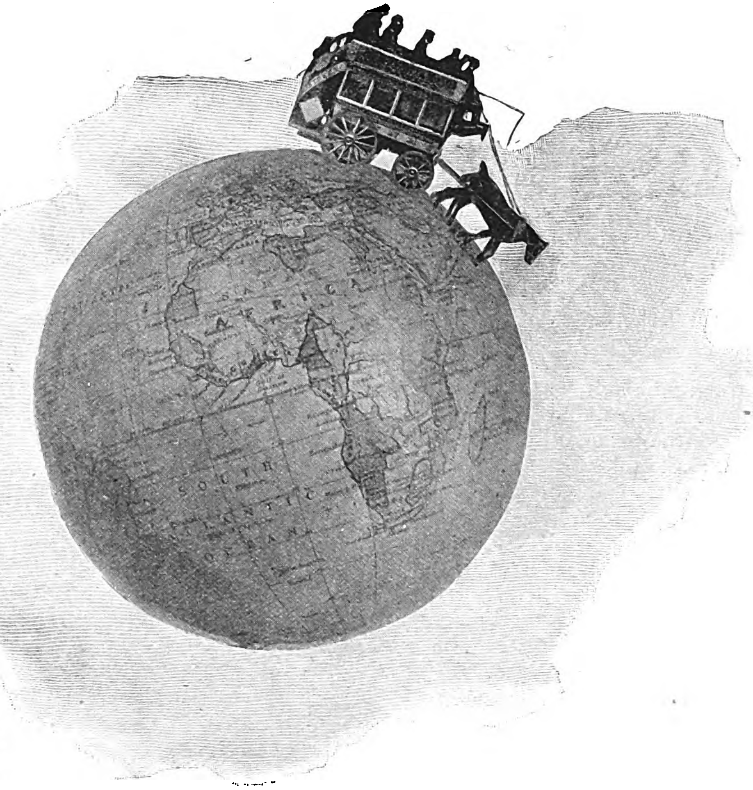
"Yes, and when I came to those lines about comfort——"

"My God, it's strange!"

"What's strange, Charlie?"

"Oh nothing! Yes, uncle, I'll come with you, of course. And uncle, I've sold my life to-night for a shilling, and Mabel has bought it, so it's all right. No, I'm not mad; I'm only rather absurdly happy. Have some more potatoes, youngster. No? Had enough? Then here's the change of the shilling for you—all except one halfpenny; I'll keep that, and wear it on my watch chain—when next I possess a watch. Good-night, youngster, and a merry Christmas!"

"A merry Christmas, sir," said the little girl; "and I'll ask the good angels to bless you!"



The driver of a London 'bus carries, on an average, ten persons at any given moment, and in the course of a year drives his 'bus a distance equal to the circumference of the Earth.

THE YEAR'S WORK.

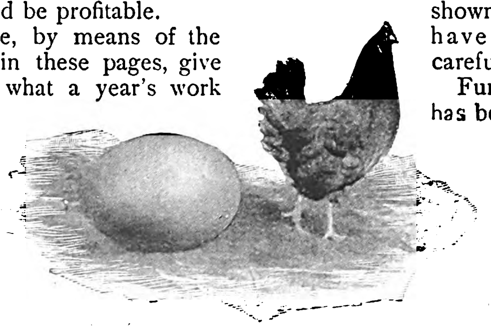
By P. W. Everett, F.S.S.

Within the limits of a comparatively short article it is, of course, absolutely impossible to carry the reader through every conceivable occupation in life, and work out in his or her company the year's output of the average person, no matter what his trade or profession may be. It would be a year's work for anyone to do this, and I am not the one to say that a year so spent would be profitable.

However, I can, I hope, by means of the illustrations reproduced in these pages, give some little conception of what a year's work really means in certain representative occupations in life. In some cases the work done in a year may seem small, but in others it will probably be a matter of astonishment that so much can be accomplished by a single individual in what, after all, is a comparatively short space of time.

There is little to say in the way of explanation of the illustrations which appear on this and the following pages. The greatest care has been taken to obtain reliable information for the various calculations involved, and the comparative figures, shown in the illustrations, have been photographed carefully to scale.

Furthermore, no attempt has been made to exaggerate the contrasts, either by making the comparisons in linear instead of cubic measurement, or by unfairly calculating a year's work as the produce of a *record* day's work multiplied by 365. Allowance



The eggs which a hen lays in the course of a year are shown all rolled into one. The illustration might also have portrayed the brood of ten or a dozen chickens which she hatches out!

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has been made for holidays and Sundays, and the calculations have been based upon the work of the ordinary individual—not of the record breaker.

The aim of the article and the illustrations is to show "the average output of the average man"—the phrase being used generically to include such widely varying kinds of work as 'bus-driving, baking, cycling, and even—by stretching a point—a hen's work in laying eggs and rearing chickens—and the results are surely sufficiently interesting without any artificial exaggeration.

The illustrations embrace the annual output of a 'bus-driver, a waitress, a hen, a policeman, a bowler, a barber, a baker, a manuscript reader, a lift attendant, and a cigarette roller, and under each picture full details of the particular work illustrated are given. Space is limited, otherwise this list could have been extended to any desired extent, and a correspondingly increased number of illustrations might have overflowed these pages.

Work is so comprehensive a subject. To you, we hope, it is a pleasure to look through the pages of this magazine, to the editor it is his occupation in life—his *work* to prepare it for your enjoyment. You, perhaps, find recreation in reading a novel; to the "reader" at a big publishing house it is his *work* to read an unlimited number of novels. To most people in health eating and drinking are pleasant, but to the professional taster of foods, or to a wine-connoisseur or tea-taster, these necessary operations become merely laborious.

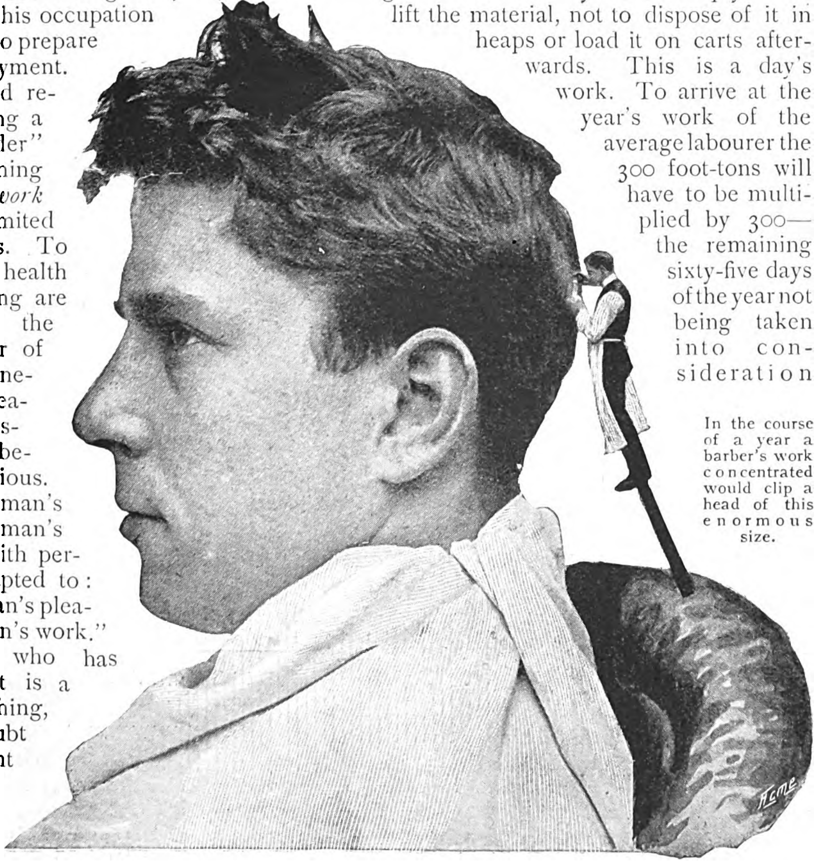
"What is one man's meat is another man's poison" might, with perfect truth, be adapted to: "What is one man's pleasure is another man's work."

To the man who has nothing to do, it is a work to do nothing, and I do not doubt for one moment that the unfortunate individuals, whom we are inclined to envy because they have nothing else to do than enjoy themselves, are really working, in their own way, just as hard as anyone else.

Probably we all have friends or acquaintances who never do a stroke of work (in the common acceptance of the term) from one year's end to the other, but if you were bidden next year to change places with any one of them, would you be pleased at the prospect? I fancy not.

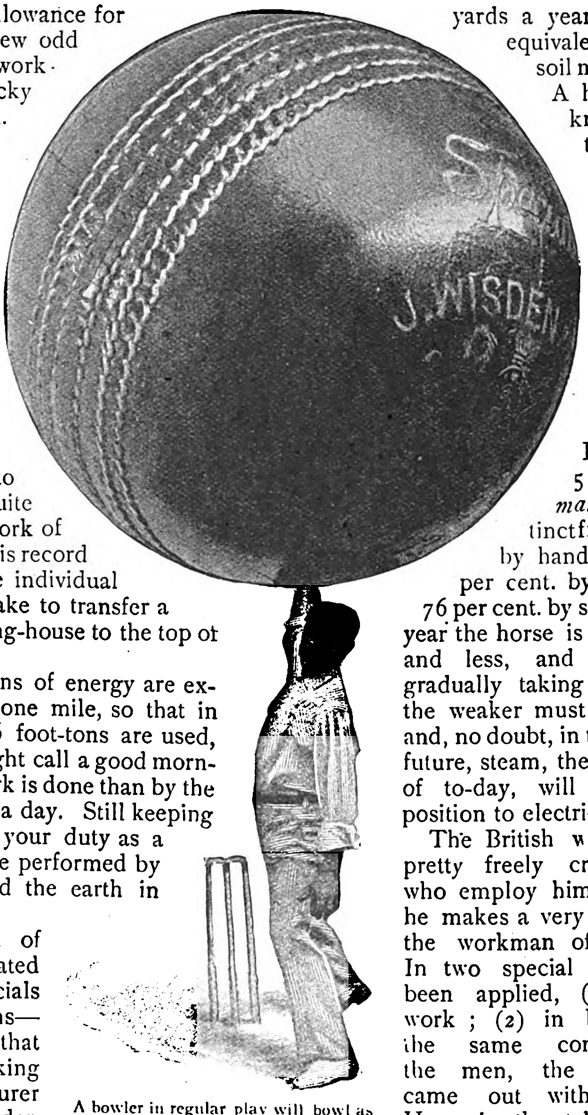
The fact of the matter is, that every occupation in life, be it physical or mental exertion, recreation, or the earning of one's daily bread, is work or pleasure according to the mood of the person so engaged.

According to the best scientific authorities and practical experts, an average man in good health should be capable of expending in one day 300 foot-tons of energy—or, to put this statement into less technical language, he should be able to lift 300 tons' weight of material one foot from the ground. It is, of course, assumed that the man would have proper conveniences for dealing with this large mass. His duty would simply be to lift the material, not to dispose of it in heaps or load it on carts afterwards. This is a day's work. To arrive at the year's work of the average labourer the 300 foot-tons will have to be multiplied by 300—the remaining sixty-five days of the year not being taken into consideration



In the course of a year a barber's work concentrated would clip a head of this enormous size.

in order to make allowance for Sundays and the few odd holidays which the working man is lucky enough to obtain. Thus the year's work of a single individual reaches the enormous total of 90,000 foot-tons. It is rather difficult to give any adequate idea of what this amount of energy really represents. To lift a railway truck full of coal nearly two miles into the air would not quite exhaust the year's work of one man, while for his record year's task the same individual might easily undertake to transfer a decent-sized dwelling-house to the top of St. Paul's.



A bowler in regular play will bowl as many as 15,000 balls in a year. The illustration represents all these balls as one big ball, and shows the famous Middlesex professional, J. T. Hearne, in the act of delivering his season's work.

Seventeen foot-tons of energy are expended in walking one mile, so that in eighteen miles 336 foot-tons are used, and in what one might call a good morning's walk more work is done than by the average labourer in a day. Still keeping the same standard, your duty as a working man will be performed by walking once round the earth in two years.

The day's work of the convict is calculated by the prison officials to be 310 foot-tons—rather more than that of the average working man; the dock-labourer is worked still harder, his daily output being reckoned at 325 foot-tons; a very hard worker will do 400 foot-tons in a day, but probably would not maintain such a high average for long.

In the army, the untrained soldier, it is estimated, will excavate one cubic yard per hour for four hours at a stretch in fairly easy soil, but if the work necessitate the use of the pickaxe, he would take half as long again over the same task.

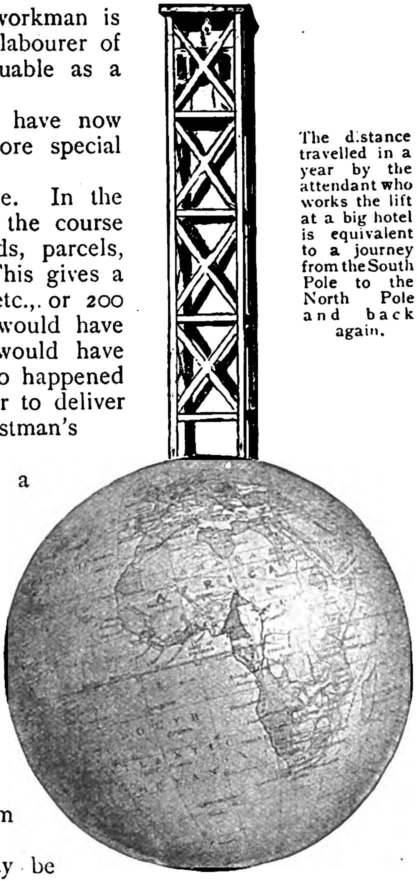
A soldier, then, who was put on entrenching work for a year would excavate at the rate of 2 cubic yards a day, or 600 cubic yards a year; this would be equivalent to a cube of soil more than 25ft. high. A horse, as everyone knows, is reckoned to do the work of ten men. An idea can thus at once be formed of the work which a horse could do in a year. In this connection it is rather interesting to note that at the present time in the United Kingdom less than 5 per cent. of the *manual* work, as distinct from mental, is done by hand power, about 19 per cent. by horse power, and 76 per cent. by steam power. Every year the horse is being utilised less and less, and steam power is gradually taking its place. Well, the weaker must go to the wall; and, no doubt, in the not very distant future, steam, the triumphant power of to-day, will have to cede its position to electricity.

The British workman has been pretty freely criticised by those who employ him, but for all that he makes a very good show against the workman of other countries. In two special tests which have been applied, (1) in excavating work; (2) in bricklaying, under the same conditions for all the men, the British workman came out with flying colours. Here is the table, in which the work done in a given time by our own countrymen was taken as the unit.

Race of Workmen.	Amount of work done in a given time.
British	1
French, Belgian, German	·75 — ·90
Russian	·70 — ·85
South Europeans	·60 — ·80
Hottentots and Half Breeds	·50 — ·80
Kaffirs, Zulus, etc.	·40 — ·70
Superior Indian Races	·40 — ·70
Inferior Indian Races	·25 — ·40

From this table it will be seen that the British workman is from 10 per cent. to 25 per cent. better than the labourer of any other nationality, and is at least twice as valuable as a member of any of the coloured races.

Perhaps sufficient particulars of a general nature have now been given, and it will be interesting to turn to more special details.



The distance travelled in a year by the attendant who works the lift at a big hotel is equivalent to a journey from the South Pole to the North Pole and back again.

The work of the postman is rather remarkable. In the United Kingdom there are 60,000 postmen, and in the course of a year close upon 3,600,000,000 letters, post-cards, parcels, circulars, boxes, and newspapers are delivered. This gives a yearly average to each postman of 60,000 letters, etc., or 200 per day. Of course, in a big town each postman would have a far heavier delivery, whilst the rural postman would have considerably less. In fact, in one country district, it so happened that on one particular day the postman had no letter to deliver at all! In London, 5,000 letters a day is the postman's average delivery.

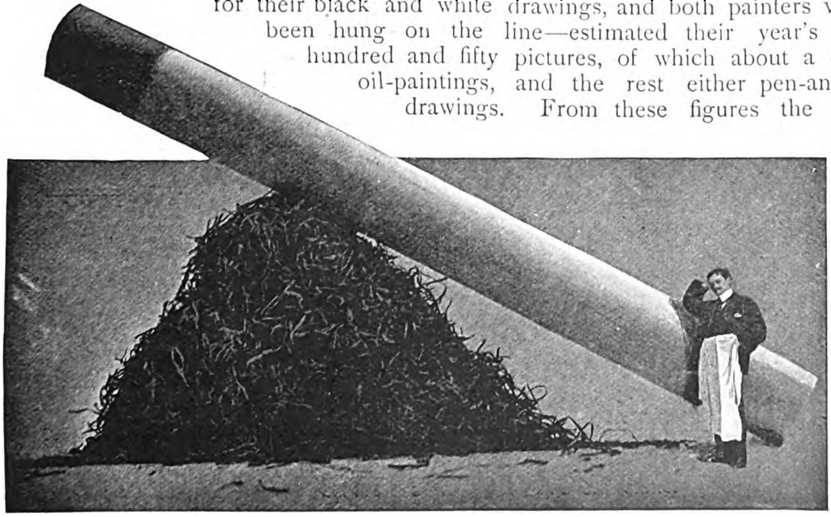
A professional cyclist will travel 15,000 miles a year—one of the least interesting kinds of work, I should imagine, especially where the greater portion is done on a circular track.

The average bookwriter may be safely depended upon to turn out 5,000 words a day, or 1,500,000 a year. One million and a half words a year! Enough to fill ten novels of the usual length!

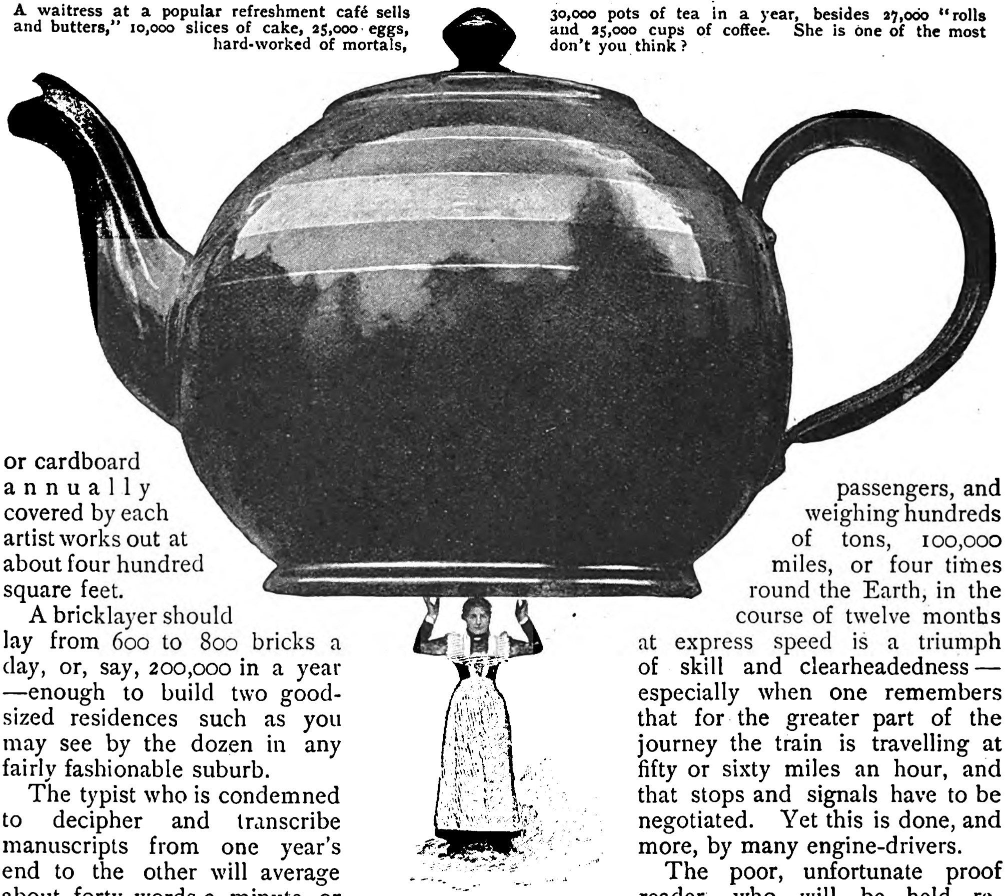
A ticket issuer at one of the great railway termini tells me that, with one assistant, he issues 65,000 tickets a month to the value of £2,200, of which 900 are first class, 6,850 second class, and 57,250 third. Over three-quarters of a million tickets a year is a goodly sum total to be issued from one ticket office.

The dispensing chemist, with a fair business, may be reckoned upon to turn out 15,000 bottles of medicine in a year, whilst a butcher will kill and dress 1,000 bullocks, or 1,500 sheep, in the same time.

It is rather hard, perhaps, to judge an artist by the number of square feet of canvas which he covers in a year, but, whether his work be good or bad, this is really a very fair test of his industry. Two artists who were consulted—both well known for their black and white drawings, and both painters whose work has been hung on the line—estimated their year's output at one hundred and fifty pictures, of which about a dozen would be oil-paintings, and the rest either pen-and-ink or wash drawings. From these figures the area of canvas



An expert cigarette roller turns out 9,000 cigarettes a week, or, in a year, enough to fill a cigarette shaped case 20ft. in length. A machine will roll cigarettes at the rate of 500 a minute, and if working, say, twelve hours a day, and six days a week, would turn out over 2,000,000 a week, thus doing the work of over 200 men!



A waitress at a popular refreshment café sells 30,000 pots of tea in a year, besides 27,000 "rolls and butters," 10,000 slices of cake, 25,000 eggs, and 25,000 cups of coffee. She is one of the most hard-worked of mortals, don't you think?

or cardboard annually covered by each artist works out at about four hundred square feet.

A bricklayer should lay from 600 to 800 bricks a day, or, say, 200,000 in a year—enough to build two good-sized residences such as you may see by the dozen in any fairly fashionable suburb.

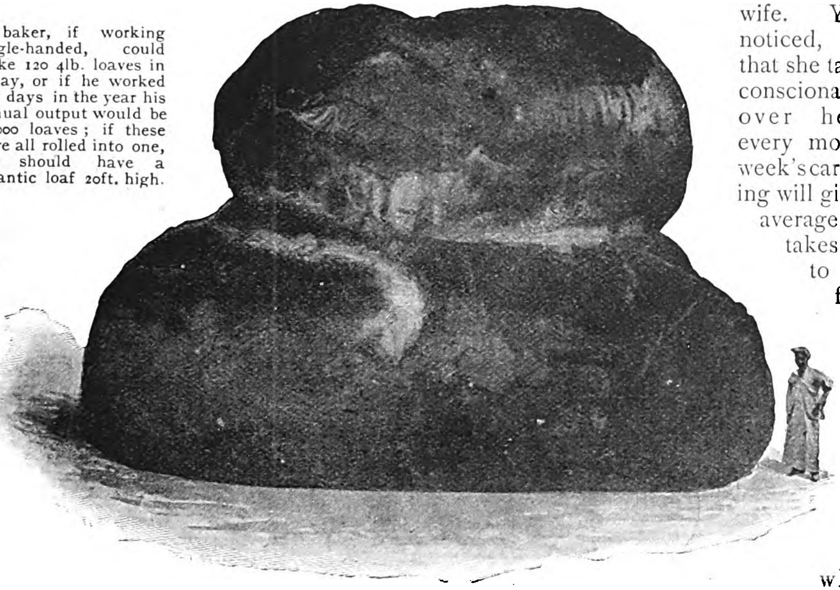
The typist who is condemned to decipher and transcribe manuscripts from one year's end to the other will average about forty words a minute, or in a year of 300 days, of eight hours each, 5,760,000 words. Reduced to a practical statement, this represents 57 novels type-written by one person as a result of a year's work (reckoning as of average length a book of 100,000 words).

The driver of a passenger train can look back with as much pride as anybody upon his year's labours. Successfully to drive a train, carrying, perhaps, on an average, 100 passengers, and weighing hundreds of tons, 100,000 miles, or four times round the Earth, in the course of twelve months at express speed is a triumph of skill and clearheadedness—especially when one remembers that for the greater part of the journey the train is travelling at fifty or sixty miles an hour, and that stops and signals have to be negotiated. Yet this is done, and more, by many engine-drivers.

The poor, unfortunate proof reader, who will be held responsible for any "printers' errors" in these pages, reads about 15,000 words an hour, or 120,000 a day, or 36,000,000 a year. He is to be pitied, and so, too, I am sure will your own good self be an object of pity if I inflict any more of these bewildering calculations upon you.

For you can do them so easily for yourself. Supposing all the repetitions during the year of any one of those trivial actions which

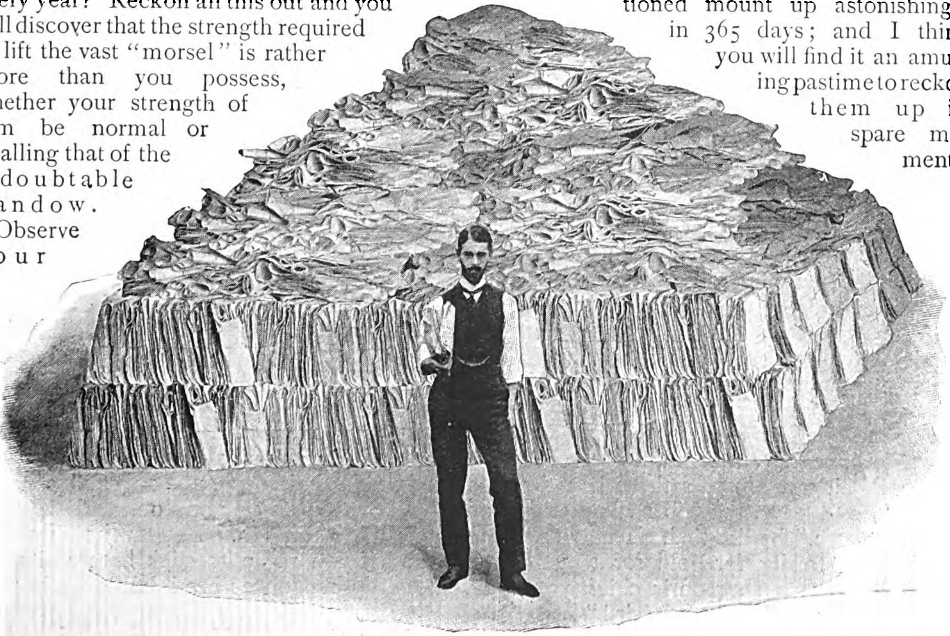
On a fruitful beat in a large town a policeman will run in sixty persons during the year, but in the worst districts the average will rise to as much as 300; whereas in a more lonely or respectable neighbourhood the average may fall to one arrest per year for each policeman. The general London average is ten.



A baker, if working single-handed, could make 120 4lb. loaves in a day, or if he worked 300 days in the year his annual output would be 36,000 loaves; if these were all rolled into one, we should have a gigantic loaf 20ft. high.

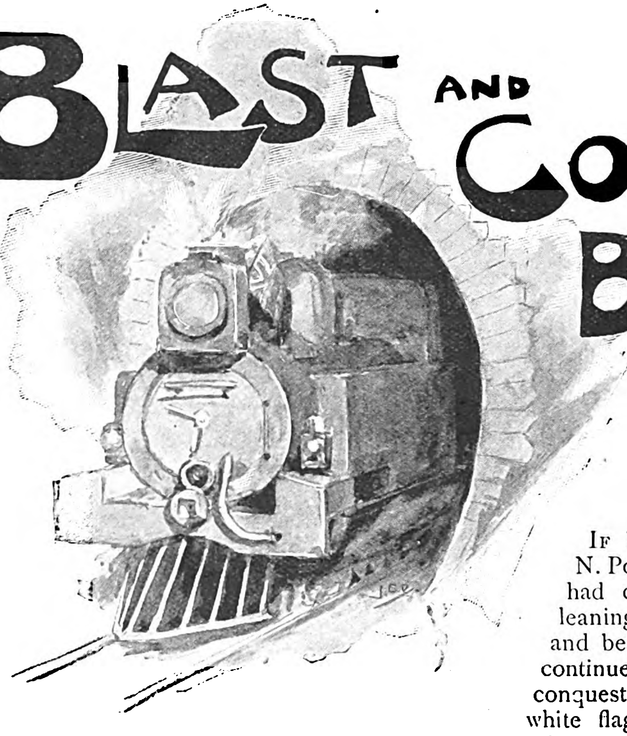
make so large a part of the life of each of us were rolled into one, what strength exactly would a man need to perform it in a single effort? Take an instance: the raising of a morsel of food from your plate to your mouth. What is the weight of an average mouthful? On an average how many mouthfuls do you take at each meal? how many every day?—every year? Reckon all this out and you will discover that the strength required to lift the vast "morsel" is rather more than you possess, whether your strength of arm be normal or rivalling that of the redoubtable Sandow. Observe your wife. You have noticed, doubtless, that she takes an unconscionable time over her toilet every morning. A week's careful watching will give you the average time she takes to finish to her satisfaction this important operation. Then make your little calculation, and show it her when she boasts of being the busiest person in creation, and of having not a moment to spare for anything approaching frivolity.

The amount of work involved in putting on one's boots, in poking the fire, in brushing one's hair, or in washing one's hands, would be unbelievable if stated baldly. Indeed, all trivial actions like those just mentioned mount up astonishingly in 365 days; and I think you will find it an amusing pastime to reckon them up in spare moments.



Our chief MSS. reader has been kind enough to give us particulars for this illustration. He calculates that he reads 80 MSS. a day—or 24,000 a year. If each of these MSS.—stories, articles, poems, or whatever they may be—averaged 1,000 words in length, the total number of words read would reach 24,000,000!

BLAST AND COUNTER-BLAST



A STORY OF PIET KOP TUNNEL.

By Victor L. Whitechurch.

If before the war broke out Job N. Porter, citizen of the United States, had certain pro-Boer leanings, such leanings surely grew "small by degrees and beautifully less" as the hostilities continued, and the Boer methods of conquest and their playful use of the white flag revealed themselves to him. Then he veered round altogether, and became a hearty sympathiser with the Britishers, though circumstances rendered the open expression of his sentiments somewhat difficult, as will be seen.

Job N. Porter was a mining engineer, and had come out to South Africa partly as a prospector, partly in order to set up some machinery in the Johannesburg mines for a wealthy syndicate in New York. On his way up country in the early part of 1899 he had been taken ill at Smithburg, a town in British territory, and had called in the services of a sharp young Colonial doctor named Cuthbert Hill. The latter had not only pulled him through a severe attack of fever, but a close friendship had sprung up between the two men, and after Porter had carried out his business at Johannesburg he had run back to Smithburg to spend a couple of weeks with Hill.

So it happened that he was there when the war broke out, and was an eye-witness of more than one of those early engagements which drove back the British forces and rendered the Boers, for the time being, victorious conquerors of no inconsiderable portion of our territory.

Smithburg was one of the first of the little border towns that had to undergo the humiliation of seeing the Union Jack hauled down and trampled under foot amid the singing of hymns, interspersed with Dutch oaths. For several days before this happened Cuthbert Hill had his hands full of work, for there was more sawing off of limbs and probing for Mauser bullets than the army doctors could well manage, and Hill not only volunteered his services, but he turned his house into a miniature hospital, and received some half-a-dozen wounded Tommies for treatment. In this work of mercy he was ably assisted by the good-natured American, who, as every globe-trotter should, possessed a slight knowledge of surgery and ambulance work.

And so it came to pass that when the Boers occupied Smithburg, not only did Cuthbert Hill refuse to leave, but Job N. Parker declared that he meant to stay on, too.

"See here," he drawled, "I may as well see this thing through. I guess there won't be much need to dig for gold for a month or so, and if you mean to stick here and run a hospital show as surgeon-in-chief, you'll have to keep me on as head bottle-washer and bandage-folder—that's a fact, sir!"

Hill was deeply grateful to the American for his assistance. He very soon found his hands full. The Boers, finding he was a doctor, refrained from looting his property, and

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contented themselves with "commandeering" his house for an unwashed Field Cornet, and himself for the wounded who were brought into Smithburg from the front. Friend or foe, British Tommy or "Federal" burgher, the good doctor made no difference, but treated them all with equal skill and attention. As for Job N. Parker, no nurse could have been more devoted than he was in the extempore little hospital. As the weeks wore on into months the little handful of British soldiers was "discharged" as cured. The least injured of them were given a free pass for a single journey only to Pretoria, the remainder were sent down to the British lines in exchange for Boer wounded prisoners.

It was then that Job N. Porter began to express his private opinions to the doctor.

"I'll tell you what, Hill," he said, "at first I had a bit of a leaning towards the Boers, but I'm with you Britishers now. I've taken to Tommy Atkins now I've seen something of him, but most of these dirty bearded louts are as ungrateful as they are treacherous. The way some of 'em have insulted you all the time you've been doing so much for 'em has downright riled me."

Hill smiled.

"Ah," he replied, "I thought you'd come round. I sometimes wish I'd gone with the others. I'd have liked to have been helping my own countrymen all this time."

"By Moses, sir," cried the American, "*I*'d have liked to have been fighting for 'em as well. And if it hadn't been for you I think I'd have got through somehow and volunteered. But here we are, and here we'll stick to the end—whenever that may be."

Truly the end seemed a long way off as the months rolled on and the Boers still remained in possession, glorying in their "New Transvaal" as they called it. Both men managed to live unmolested, but it was a trying time and a closely shut mouth in public was the only thing that carried them through.

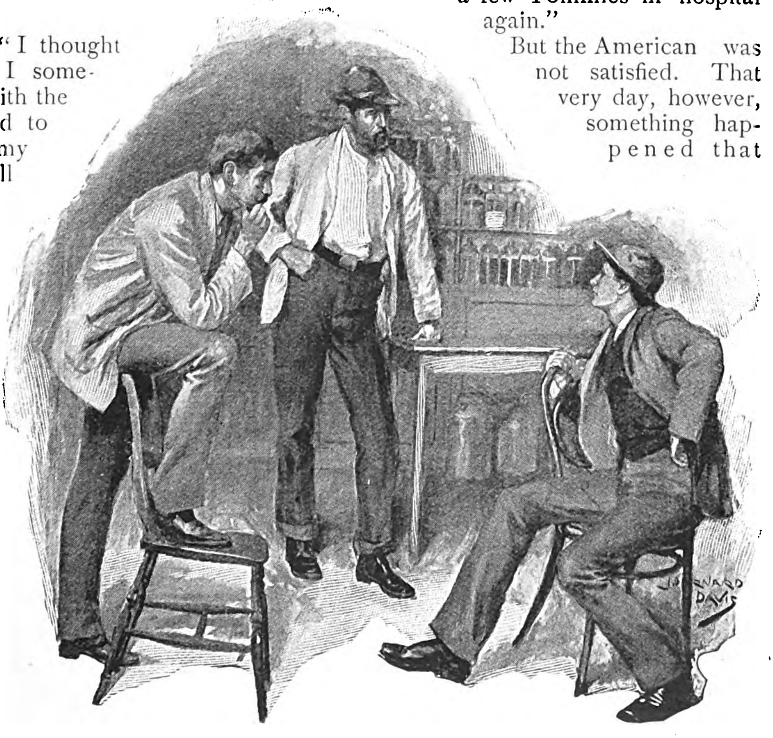
At length rumour after rumour of British successes and Boer tactics to the rear began to be wafted about, and when big guns and long strings of ox waggons and heavily laden trains began to pass through Smithburg from the front, the loyal handful that remained in the town began to realise that the hour of deliverance was at hand. But it was dangerous to say so, or even to look overjoyed, for the Boers were in an ugly temper over the business, and the doctor dared not yet dig up the little Union Jack that he had buried in a box in his garden in the hope of happier days.

If Job N. Porter had been wishing to strike a blow for the British before, his eagerness was redoubled now.

"I guess I'd like to put a spoke in their wheel before they get clean away," he said. "I wish we could do something."

"Oh," replied Hill, "we'll have plenty to do presently. We shall have a few Tommies in hospital again."

But the American was not satisfied. That very day, however, something happened that



"Look here," replied Porter, "would you help me to bust up their little game?"

prepared the way for the consummation of his wish. Among the Englishmen who had not retreated southward from Smithburg was a certain George Allen, a man who had been employed as a ganger on the railway. The Boers had forced him to continue in his position, and he reluctantly went on in his work of repairing and keeping up the line, only solacing himself with the hope that the day would come when the British Army of advance would travel over it to Pretoria. This man was known quite well to Cuthbert Hill and his American assistant. He had met with a slight accident to his hand, and had come several times to the doctor to get it dressed.

He entered into the surgery one morning for this purpose. Both the other men were present, and the doctor was saying to him :

"Well, it's nearly well now, Allen. You might take the bandage off and use the hand a bit."

"All right, sir—though I don't suppose I shall have much work to do for the next few days."

"Why not?"

"It's all destroying now. Not much building up. They blew up the bridge over the river ten miles south last night after they'd got their last train over. They're wrecking the line as fast as they go back."

"The beggars! But our engineers will soon put that right when they come along."

"They won't bore through Piet Kop tunnel in a hurry though, sir."

"What? Will they destroy that tunnel?"

"Yes, sir. I heard 'em talking about it only this morning—a lot o' bloomin' cowards!"

"Why?" asked Porter.

"Why? Because there ain't a man among 'em that dare go into that tunnel to fire a charge of dynamite."

"How are they going to blow it up, then?"

"They're going to waste two engines over it."

"Two engines?"

"That's their game, sir. They've got two old one's they're saving up specially for the job. As soon as they've got the last train through the tunnel, they'll go to work."

"How will they do it?"

"Get an engine at each end, tender towards the tunnel, with a load of dynamite on each, connected to percussion fuses on the buffers. At a given signal, they'll open the regulators of both engines and send 'em backwards into the tunnel, so as they'll meet about the middle. As soon as the buffers strike, there'll be the biggest bust up you've ever heard. It's a precious sure way of wrecking things, though it's a bit expensive."

"I wish we could stop them," said Hill.

"I reckon we will stop 'em, somehow or other, the derned cusses!" said Porter.

Allen looked at him and shook his head.

"No use, sir," he said, "they'll look after those engines too carefully for us to try and tamper with 'em. It 'ud only mean gettin' shot."

"Look here," replied Porter, ignoring the warning, "would you help me to bust up their little game?"

"I would, sir, if 'twas any use."

"Well, I've got an idea. Put on your bandage again and pretend your hand's bad, then they won't suspect you for coming in and out this house. Go down to the line and pick up what information you can about the time they intend doing the job. But before you go I want to ask you two questions. First, is the line level through the tunnel?"

"No, sir. There's a rising gradient from each end towards the centre."

"That's a bit of luck! Now, is it possible to get into that tunnel without being noticed?"

"That's not easy, sir. There's sentries all along the line—it *might* be done at night—ah—stop a bit, though. Yes, there *is* a way in."

"What."

"A ventilating shaft from the top of the hill. You could fix a rope at the top and slip down."

"Good. Well, you come round after dark."

"What on earth do you intend doing?" asked Hill when Allen had gone.

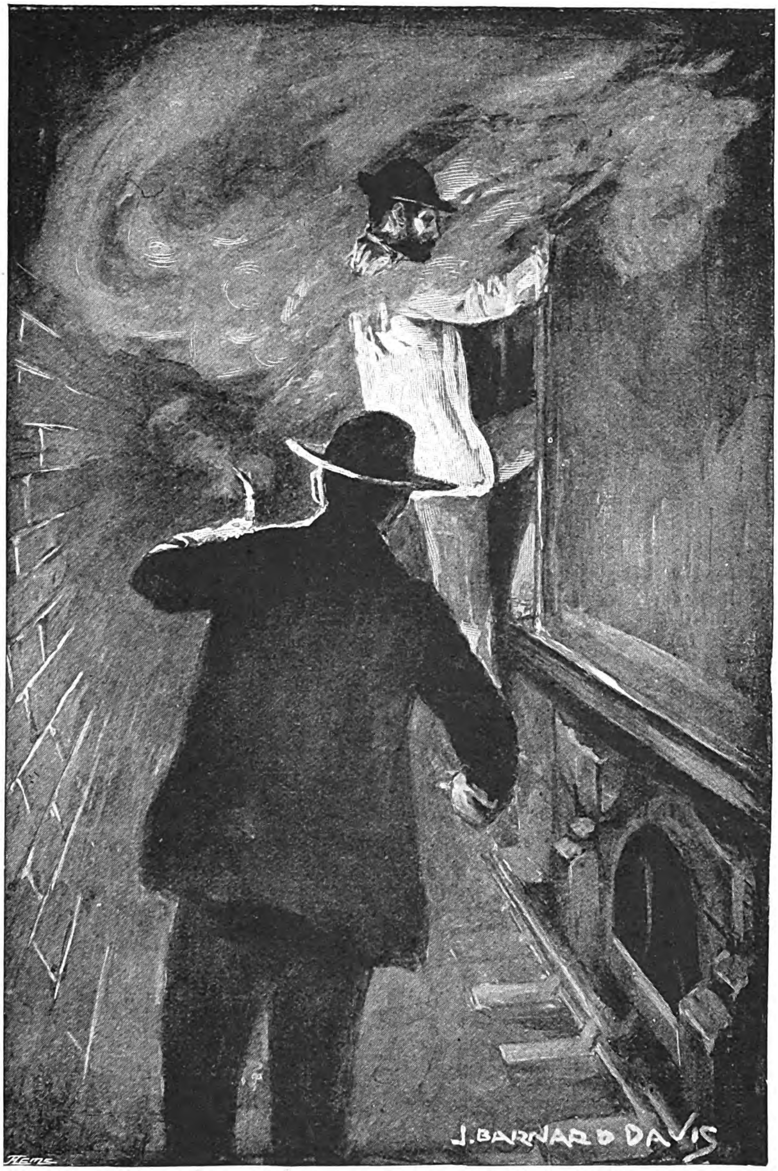
"All right, siree! I'm not off my head. I reckon I've got as pretty a little scheme as you could wish for a melodrama. But first of all, are you willing to help?"

"You know, old chap, I'm as eager to have a go at the beggars as you are."

"Right! And we will, too. A couple of big whiskey jars and a sack. That's all we shall want to carry the things in. I'll fix up the rest. Ah, we must have a rope, too, and some bits of rag or waste."

"But, my dear fellow, you haven't explained what you're going to do. I'm quite mystified."

Then Job N. Porter unfolded his plan, and a very cute Yankee plan it was. The other listened in astonishment at the simplicity and daring of the American's idea and ended by shaking him heartily by the hand.



Allen bounded forward, climbed the footplate, and shut the regulator.

By nightfall, Porter had made all his arrangements and in the doctor's surgery there stood two whiskey jars full of oil, a large bag of sand, a rope, and a certain little case of "sundries." Soon after it was dark Allen came round.

"They're going to blow the tunnel up early to-morrow morning," he said, "Tommy Atkins is quite close. Didn't you hear the guns this afternoon?"

The men nodded. Allen went on:

"They'll send their last half-dozen trains through at day-break. Then one of the engines with the dynamite on her will run to the further end and wait for the signal."

"What's that?" asked Porter.

"Three whistles from the other engine—start at the third whistle. They'll hear 'em plainly through the tunnel."

"I guess we shall, too," grinned the American. "Now, Hill, we'll all have supper and then we'll start. I'll tell Allen the little game while we're eating. We must be in that tunnel well before daylight and have the decks cleared for action."

"It's lucky I've got no patients just at present," said Hill.

The Boers had, as a matter of fact, cleared them out a week before and sent them by ambulance train to Pretoria.

About midnight the three men left the house, loaded heavily and moving stealthily in the darkness. They avoided the line of railway by a long detour, and finally gained a point on the hill through which the tunnel ran.

"Here's the shaft," said Allen, as they reached a little circular wall. "The crow-bar we've brought will fit over the top, and we'll soon have the rope down. It's about eighty feet deep at this point, that's all."

They laid a crow-bar across the top, fastened the rope to it, and dropped it down the shaft.

"I reckon I'll lead," said Porter. "You let down the traps after me, and then come yourselves."

"There's a 'refuge' just at the bottom, where we can stow the things and hide ourselves," said Allen.

"All right. Now, you lay hold of the rope, Hill. When you feel it slacken you'll know I'm on the bottom. Ready?"

Seizing the top of the rope with his hands he quickly let himself down the shaft. Presently Hill felt the rope slackened, hauled it up, and they fastened one of the whiskey jars to the end of it and let it down. The second followed in like manner, then the sack of sand and the other impedimenta, and, finally, the two men themselves slid down the rope and joined their companion at the bottom. Porter had lit a bit of candle, which he had stuck back in a large niche in the side of the tunnel. In this niche the men collected their belongings; they also fastened the end of the dangling rope to the side of the tunnel so that nothing would strike it when running through.

"I reckon we'll dowse this light now," said Porter. "It's a bit risky, and we can talk as well in the dark."

The candle was put out, and the council of war opened.

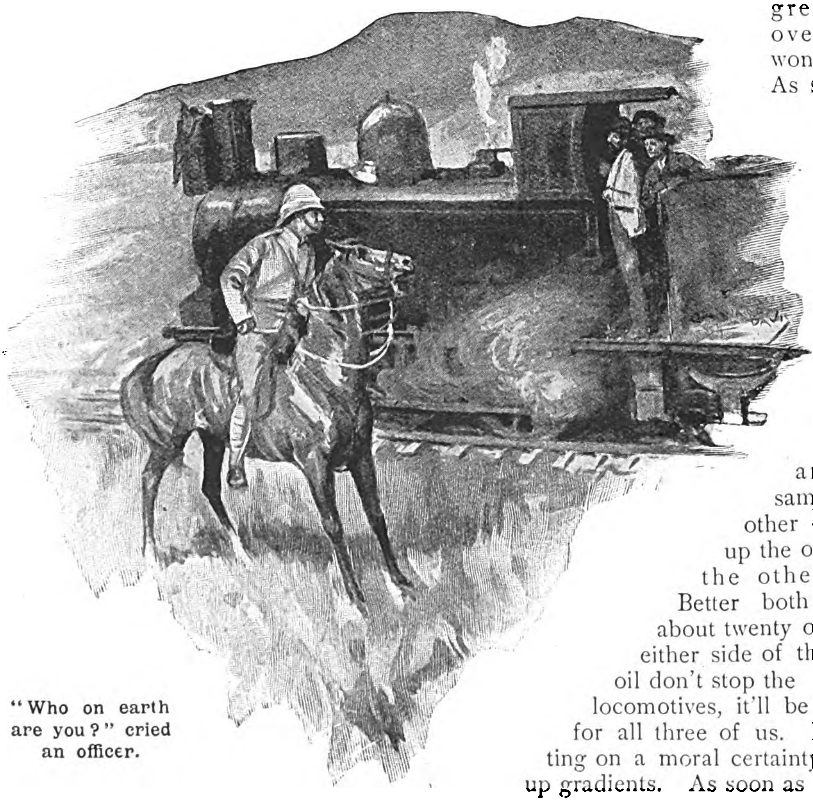
"Now, Allen," went on Porter, "are you sure we've struck the centre of the tunnel?"

"Certain, sir. I ought to know, for I've been working on this bit of line for the last two years."

"And the gradients drop from this point to each end?"

"Yes, sir."

"Good! You see, Hill, if that hadn't been so we should have wanted a lot more sand, but now, just give 'em a start on the down grade and the oil won't stop 'em much. Now here's the plan, and, mind you, we'll have to hurry up like greased lightning over it, for there won't be much time. As soon as the locomotive's run through, you start oiling the rails towards Smithburg, Hill. Just pour the oil on to your rags and rub lightly along one rail for about fifty yards or so, running back and doing the same thing on the other one. You take up the oiling business on the other side, Allen. Better both of you begin about twenty or thirty yards on either side of this. Now if that oil don't stop the running of those locomotives, it'll be kingdom come for all three of us. But I'm calculating on a moral certainty, because of the up gradients. As soon as the engines stop,



"Who on earth are you?" cried an officer.

climb up on 'em and shut the regulators and turn on the brakes, you know where to find them Hill?"

"I think so."

"Of course *you* do, Allen. Well, then comes the time for sanding the track. I've got an empty bag here and we'll divide the sand. Take half each, and as soon as you've cut off steam sprinkle the sand over the oiled track in front of the engines. About twenty yards will fix things, I guess. If the engines are carrying sand in their boxes so much the better, but we mustn't reckon on that."

"What are you going to do all the time?" asked Hill.

"A bit of blasting work, sir! I've brought a couple of cartridges with time fuses, and I'll lay them among the dynamite in the engine that Allen stops. Then we'll send that along by herself towards Pretoria, and we'll get out ourselves on the other."

Such was the plan of the wily American, and it wanted three pretty resolute men to put it into execution. By-and-by a white speck at the end of the tunnel warned them that day was dawning. Presently there was a rattle and a roar as a train came thundering through. The three men crouched in the recess, where there was plenty of room for them, as it passed on the single line that the tunnel possessed. Soon afterwards there was another very long train—then another—and so one by one they counted seven trains in all.

Then there came a long pause.

"I reckon they've about got all their rolling stock through," said Porter.

Allen growled an assent.

"So far's I know they only had nine engines at Smithburg last night, if they've sent seven on they'll only have the two left."

"Are you both ready?"

"Yes," came the answer.

For fully a quarter of an hour they waited, then came a rattle from the Smithburg end of the tunnel, and they saw the speck of light disappear.

"Here's something coming!"

A solitary engine ran past them in the darkness.

"Quick, boys," said the American, "there isn't a moment to lose. Off you go, and good luck to you."

The others started off in different directions and methodically set to work. It was not an easy job to undertake. They left their half bag of sand at the point where they began on the rail they meant to return on, and, feeling for the other rail, soaked a great handful of cotton-waste in the oil and brushed the rail lightly with it, carrying the heavy jar in the other hand. In this way they both proceeded slowly towards the ends of the tunnel, and when they thought they had gone far enough, reversed their steps, doing exactly the same thing on the other rail till they reached the sand bag they had left. There was just enough oil for the job. They then caught up their sand bags and waited anxiously. Scarcely a minute passed before three appalling shrieks were heard from the Smithburg end of the tunnel.

Then there was an ominous snorting and rattling.

The two locomotives had been sent in on their dreadful errand of destruction.

Meanwhile Job N. Porter, who was as cool aa if he had been sitting in his office at home drawing up a plan, had lit the bit of candle, and put the finishing touches to his dynamite cartridges and time fuses. As soon as he heard the whistle he rushed out and stumbled along the line towards the Pretoria end.

"Allen!"

"All right, sir, I'm ready!"

It was a terrible moment. They heard the snorting engines enter the tunnel, gathering speed as they came on. They felt them coming nearer and nearer through the choking, sulphurous smoke and darkness. *Would* the oiled rails slip the wheels in time? Snort, snort—roar and rattle—on they came! It was impossible to judge by the sound whether they were slackening or not, as, of course, the wheels would still revolve on the oiled rails at the same rate.

Porter had lit his candle.

"All *right!*" he suddenly yelled. "Look, she's only crawling forward. Quick!"

For, just in front of them, loomed the tender end of the locomotive. The puffing and snorting and roar were as great as ever, but the driving wheels were only slipping on the greased rails.

Allen bounded forward, climbed the footplate, and shut the regulator. The snorting instantly ceased, though the wheels still revolved. On went the brakes, and in half a minute the angry steed was at rest. The oil had done its work!

Porter listened anxiously a minute. The rattling of the other engine had ceased.

"Hooray!" he yelled; "the doctor's got her in hand!"

In another moment he was on the tender, carefully laying his cartridges among the load of dynamite. Meanwhile Allen had run ahead and was sanding the track. A couple of minutes, and he had come back and stood on the footplate, regulator in hand.

"Ready?" cried the American.

"All right, sir, when you are. I've opened her sandbox in case there's any in."

"Right!"

He struck a match and lit the fuse. Then he clambered over the tender and dropped.

"Start her!"

"Right, sir!" and the ganger pulled over the handle, gave a twist to the brake, and scrambled down from the foot plate.

There was a snort and a puff as the engine began to run—towards Pretoria!

"Guess they didn't expect to see her back so soon. She'll give 'em a bit of a surprise, too. Come on, Allen!"

They groped their way back to the second engine.

"Is it all right, Hill?" shouted Porter.

"All right, old chap. I've hurt my foot a bit, that's all. Wait half-a-minute. I dug up that flag before we started and I'm fixing it on the chimney. We'll run out with flying colours."

"Good! I've got a little job to see to before we start."

Very carefully the American removed the detonators from the buffers of the tender. Then he lifted out package after package of dynamite and handed them to Allen who stored them by the side of the tunnel. Finally all three men found themselves on the foot plate.

"Off with the brakes!" said Porter to Allen. "Now then, look out for Mausers when we run out!"

Just as the engine started a terrific booming sound was heard outside the tunnel in the other direction.

"All serene, Hill, my boy! That's the other locomotive returned to its owners with more than they reckoned for. Now for it! How far can we run out, Allen?"

"A good two miles, sir—then there's a wrecked culvert."

As they neared the mouth of the tunnel they caught a glimpse of a dozen wondering Boers, scuttling about in all directions. How the engine had managed to get out they knew not, but they did know she had been loaded with dynamite when she went in, and they did not seem particularly anxious to get near.

But when she had once dashed out and they caught sight of the Union Jack on the smoke stack and the three men on the foot-plate, half a score of Mausers came up to as many shoulders, and they began pot shotting at the flying target.

But although one or two bullets struck the cab unpleasantly near, not one of them found a resting place in flesh or bone, and the engine ran forward triumphantly, leaving the little Boer blasting party behind. Suddenly Hill shouted:

"Look ahead!"

"Hurrah," yelled Allen, as his eye caught a group of horsemen advancing from the south, "they're in khaki!"

"I guess they'll soon spot our bit of rag," said Porter. "Snakes! but I wish we had a flutter of the stars and stripes as well."

"It wouldn't do," said Hill. "America's not at war with old Kruger."

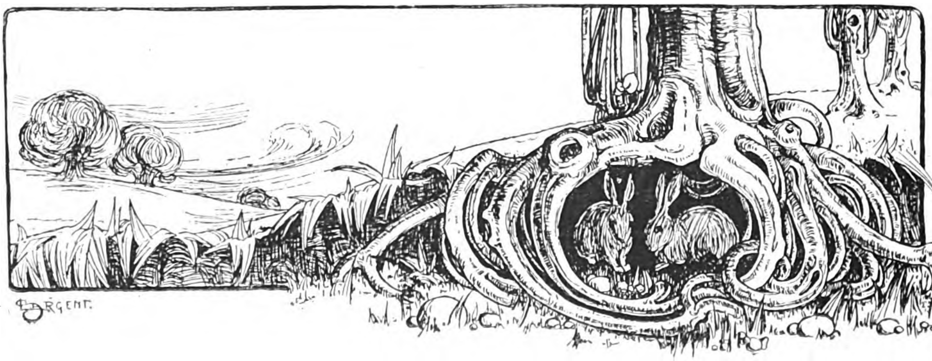
"Job N. Porter is though, and he reckons he's done 'em this journey. Here they come. I'll pull up and ask 'em if they've got a drink among 'em, I'm dry."

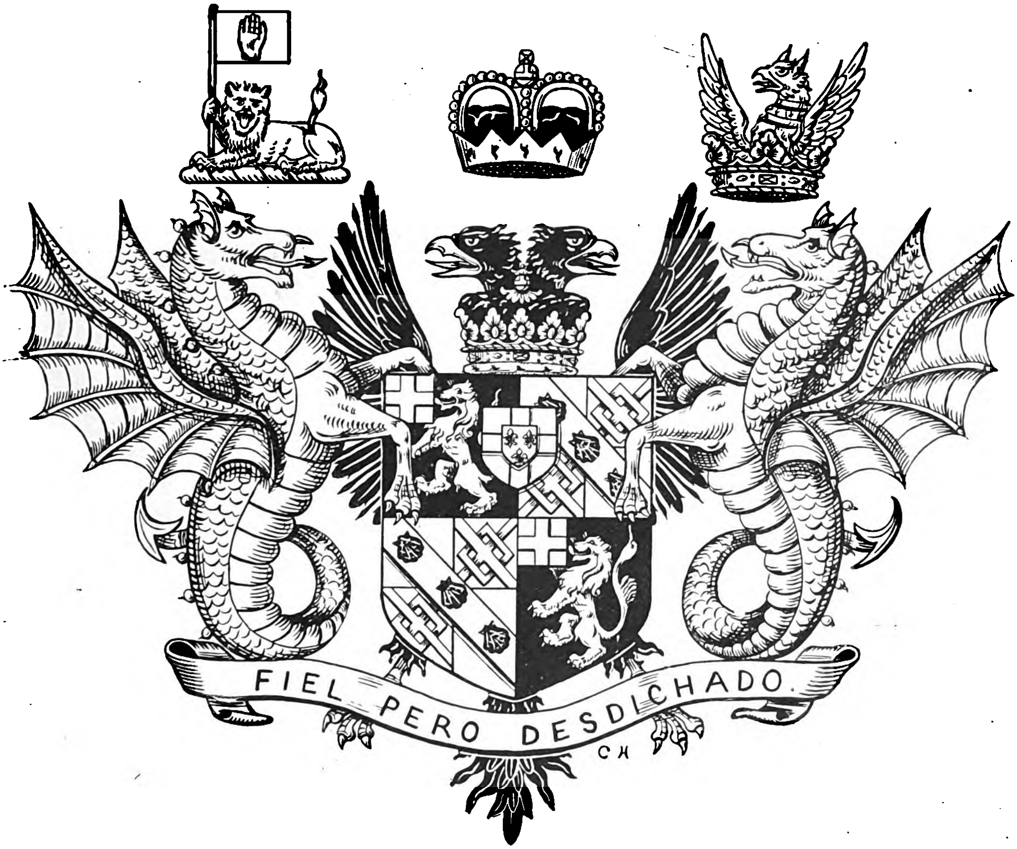
And he shut the regulator.

"Who on earth are you?" cried an officer as he came galloping down to the line.

"Two citizens of Smithburg and one of America," yelled Porter, "just out for a little run to welcome you back again. And I guess we'll drink your health if your whiskey flask ain't dried up."

And then explanations followed.





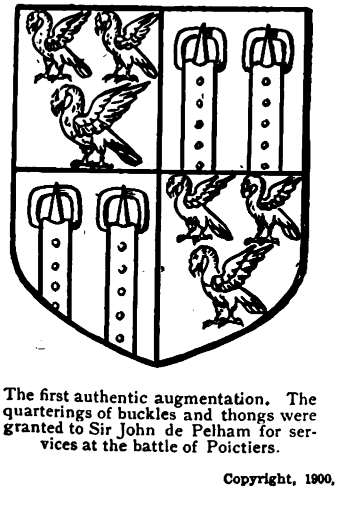
The arms as used by the present Duke of Marlborough, showing the augmentation granted to the great Duke for the victory of Blenheim.

"LEST WE FORGET."

How Records of the Services of Gallant Warriors are Perpetuated in their Coats of Arms.

By A. C. Fox-Davies.

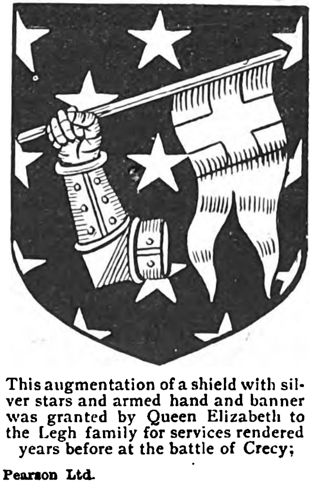
Illustrated by M. E. B. Crookes.



The first authentic augmentation. The quarterings of buckles and thongs were granted to Sir John de Pelham for services at the battle of Poictiers.

Many people think that famous victories and military and naval services are only held "in remembrance" in the history books, and that the rewards to the conquering generals consist of no more than the titles conferred by a gracious Sovereign, and the pensions or gifts of money voted by Parliament. But the memory of a famous deed is kept green in another way. This is by the gift or grant of what is known as "an honourable augmentation of arms."

Armorial bearings are the sign of the technical rank of



This augmentation of a shield with silver stars and armed hand and banner was granted by Queen Elizabeth to the Legh family for services rendered years before at the battle of Crecy;

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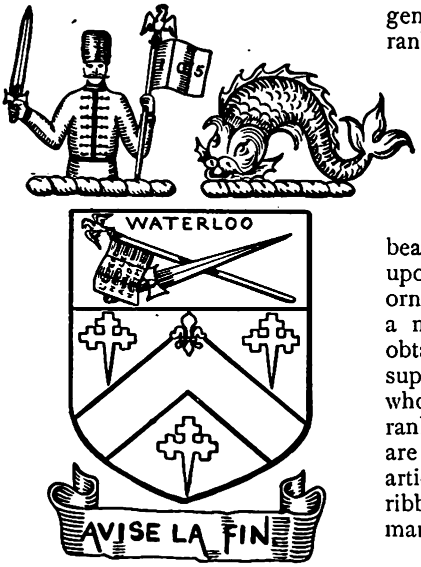


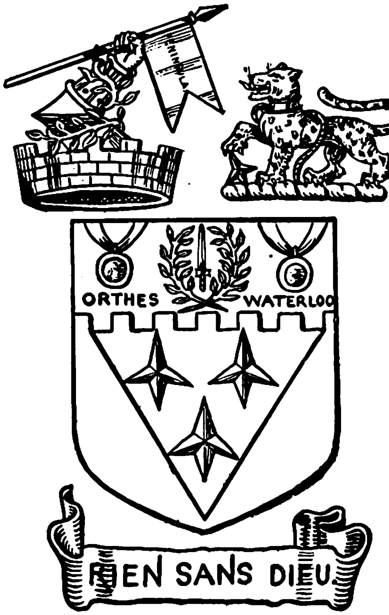
The augmentation granted to Captain Clark-Kennedy, for capturing a French eagle at Waterloo, is the standard crossed with a sword.

gentility, the lowest hereditary rank; and, like all other rank, this requires to be granted by the Crown. Consequently, all arms and crests need to emanate from the Crown, or, in the case of very ancient ones, need to have been recognised and confirmed by the Crown.

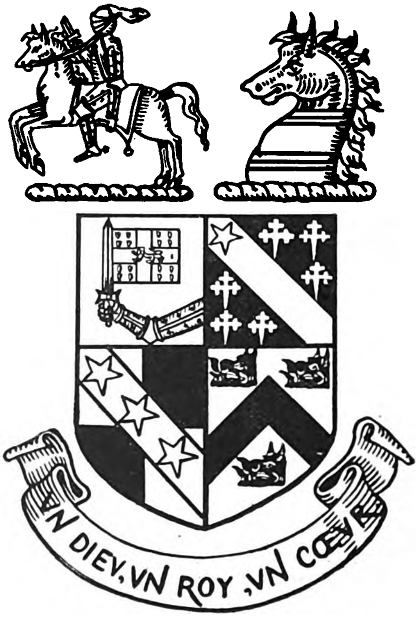
Whilst the applicant is required to pay the fees in the case of an ordinary coat of arms, he pays none in the case of a grant of an augmentation, which is a gift.

It is perhaps necessary to explain that armorial bearings must as a minimum, consist of some device placed upon the shield. Usually there is also a crest, which is the ornament attached to the helmet, and in most cases there is a motto. Peers and Knights Grand Cross are at liberty to obtain supporters as a sign of such rank, if they like, but supporters are not a necessary part to the validity of the whole. Consequently the supporters, being symbolical of rank only, and not forming any part of the augmentations, are omitted in most of the illustrations accompanying this article; and for the same reason the coronets of rank, the ribbons and collars of knighthood, and the helmets and mantlings are also omitted.

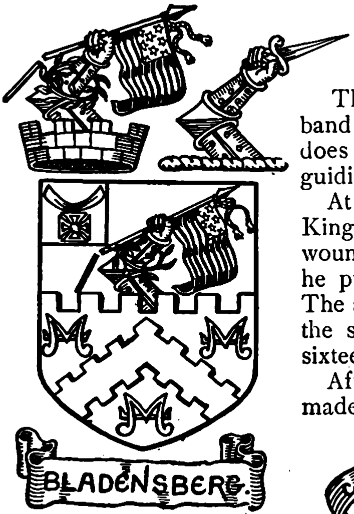
There are many gorgeous legends relating to augmentations and arms, which are said to have been granted by William the Conqueror as rewards after the Battle of Hastings. Personally I do not believe in a single one, because it has yet to be proved that such a thing as a coat of arms, as we now know it, existed at the time. There was a certain augmentation borne by the Dodge family, which, if it be correct, dates from the thirty-fourth year of Edward I., but whether this be authentic it is impossible to say. The earliest undoubted one that I am aware of dates from the reign of Edward III. Sir John de Pelham shared in the glory of the Battle of Poictiers, and in the capture of the French King John. To commemorate this he was granted two round buckles with thongs. The Pelham family arms were three pelicans as shown in the illustration, and, as will be seen, these family arms were quartered with the buckles and thongs of augmentation. The quarterly coat forms a part of the arms both of Lord Chichester and of Lord Yarborough at the present day, and "the Pelham buckle" has



Sir Edward Kerrison received, as augmentations after Waterloo, a sword with wreath of laurel hanging between two medals.


VN DIEV, VN ROY, VN COEVR

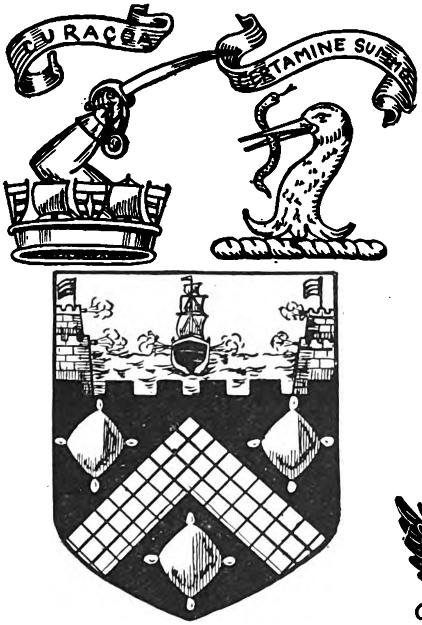
Dr. Lake fought valiantly at Naseby, and, as reward, his arms were augmented by the first quarter of the shield, where the sixteen small shields represent sixteen wounds which he sustained.



Observe the hand holding the Stars and Stripes. This was granted as reward for General Ross taking the City of Washington.

been the badge of the Pelham family for centuries.

Piers Legh fought with the Black Prince and took the Count de Tanquervil prisoner at the Battle of Crecy, "and did valiantly rere and advance the said princes Banner att the bataile of Cressy to the noe little encouragement of the English army," but it was not until the reign of Queen Elizabeth that the augmentation to commemorate this was granted. This consisted of a black shield covered with silver stars, and on it a mailed arm holding a banner. The illustration only shows the shield of augmentation which has been (according to the varying circumstances of the case) arranged in several ways upon the family arms and quarterings of the Leghs of Lyme.

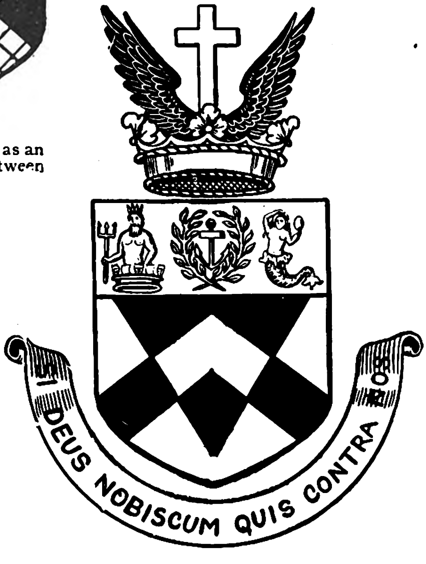


Sir Charles Brisbane was granted, as an augmentation, his ship passing between two Dutch forts.

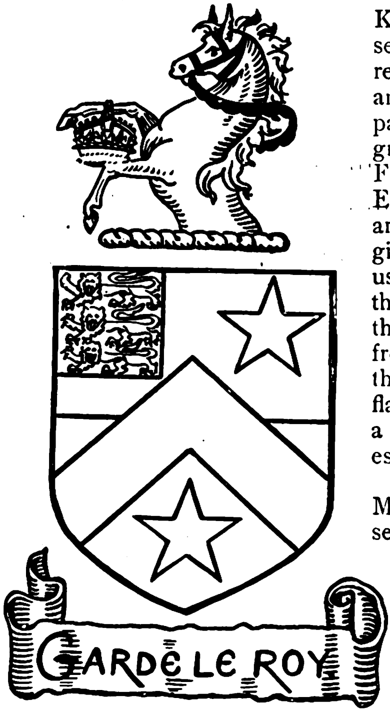
The reign of Queen Elizabeth furnishes an interesting example of the gift of a complete coat in the case of Sir Francis Drake, who had been using the arms of another family of the same name. The representative of that family complained to the Queen that Sir Francis, whom he styled an upstart, should take such liberties with his arms; whereupon the Queen said she would give Sir Francis arms which should outrival those of his namesake. At least, such is the legend, and though the arms themselves were granted by Clarenceux King of Arms, and I have not yet found any royal warrant indicating that the grant was made by specific royal command, I believe the story to be correct. The stars upon the shield are the two pole stars, and the wavy band between them typifies Drake's voyage round the world, as does also the peculiar crest in which the Divine hand is shown guiding his ship around the globe.

At the battle of Naseby Dr. Edward Lake fought bravely for the King, and in the service of his Majesty received no less than sixteen wounds. At the end of the battle, when his left arm was useless, he put the bridle of his horse between his teeth and still fought on. The augmentation is the arm holding the sword in the first quarter, the sixteen shields upon the banner being meant to typify his sixteen wounds.

After the Commonwealth was established in England, Charles II. made a desperate effort to regain his crown, an effort which culminated in his disastrous defeat at the battle of Worcester. The King escaped through the gate of the city solely through the heroic efforts of Colonel Newman, and this is kept in remembrance by the portcullis surmounted by the Royal Crown which figures in the centre of the Newman arms. Everyone has heard how the King was accompanied in his wanderings by Colonel Carlos, who hid with him in the oak tree at Boscobel. Afterwards the


SI DEUS NOBISCUM QUIS CONTRA NOS

The arms of Sir Robert Otway and their curious augmentation.



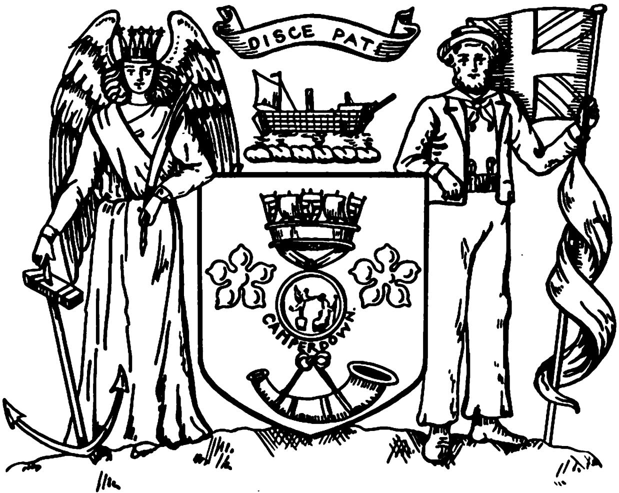
The Lanes are the only family in England who are not taxed for their coat of arms. This is owing to Charles II. having granted, as an augmentation, the arms of England, which are exempt from taxation.

King accompanied Mistress Jane Lane on horseback as her servant to the coast, whence he fled to the Continent. The reward of Colonel Carlos was the gift of an entire coat-of-arms. The Lanes, though not until after some years had passed and the King had come back to his own again, were granted two remarkable additions to their family arms. First of all "the canton of England" (that is, the arms of England upon a canton) was added to their shield. They are the *only* family to whom such an honour has been given, and a most curious result has happened. When the use of the armorial bearings was taxed by Act of Parliament the Royal Arms were specially exempted, and on account of this canton the Lane family claimed and obtained exemption from the tax. A few years later a crest was granted to them, namely, a strawberry roan horse, "couped at the flanks," holding in its feet the Royal Crown. It was upon a horse of this colour that the King and Mistress Lane had escaped and thereby saved the Crown.

The reign of Queen Anne produced in the Duke of Marlborough one of the finest generals the world has ever seen; and in the Battle of Blenheim one of its greatest victories. The augmentation which commemorated this is a shield bearing the cross of St. George and in the centre a smaller shield with the golden lilies of France. The great Duke was also created a Prince of the Holy Roman Empire, and the double-headed eagle behind the shield is indicative of this rank.

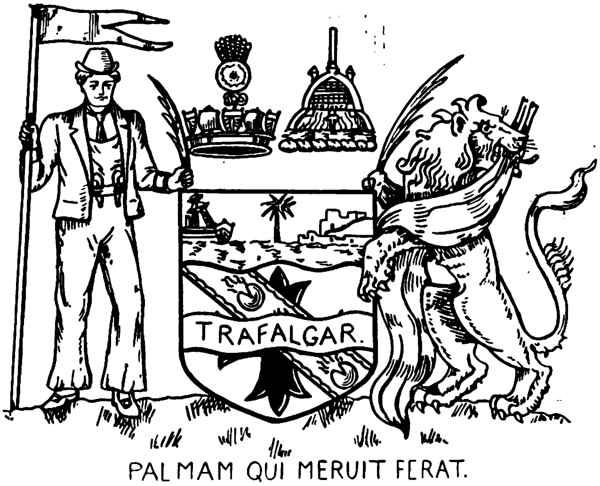
In the year 1797 the Battle of Camperdown was fought, when Admiral Duncan defeated the Dutch Fleet and was created Lord Camperdown. His family arms were the two cinquefoils and the hunting horn, but to these were added the naval crown and a representation of the gold medal given by George III. to Lord Camperdown to commemorate his victory.

The arms of Nelson are most interesting, inasmuch as the shield which is illustrated shows two separate and distinct augmentations. It is not, however, the coat as it was granted to and borne by the great Admiral himself. After the Battle of the Nile he received the augmentation which appears across the top of his shield, the palm tree, the disabled ship, and the battery in ruins. The one crest is the plume of triumph given to the Admiral by the Sultan Selim III., and the second crest, which, however, is not a crest of augmentation, is the stern of the Spanish ship *San Josef*. After his death at the Battle of Trafalgar his brother was created Earl Nelson, and a second augmentation, namely, the wavy band with the word "Trafalgar" upon it, was added to the arms. This, however, has since been discontinued, and the family has reverted to the arms as they were borne by the great Admiral.



The naval crown and medal were added to Lord Camperdown's arms to celebrate his great victory over the Dutch fleet.

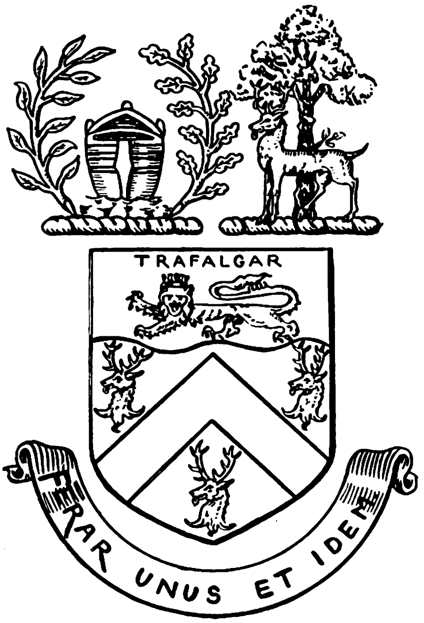
After the death of Nelson at



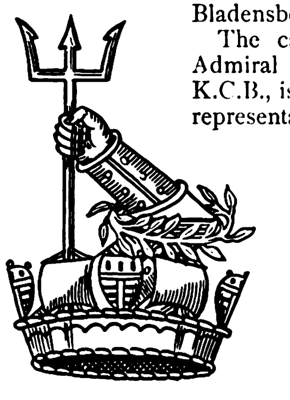
These arms of Nelson are remarkable in that they have two distinct augmentations.

the Battle of Trafalgar, Lord Collingwood took command, and though naval experts think that the action of Collingwood greatly minimised the number of prizes which would have resulted from the victory, Lord Collingwood received for an augmentation the lion of England, navally crowned upon a wavy band across the top of his shield, with the word "Trafalgar" over the lion. He also received an additional crest, namely, the stern of his ship, the *Royal Sovereign*, between a wreath of oak on the one side and a wreath of laurel on the other.

Doubtless everybody has heard of the famous fight between the *Shannon* and the *Chesapeake*, for the heroic story has been often told. Captain Broke sent in a challenge to the *Chesapeake* to come out and fight him, and, though a banquet was prepared by the Mayor of Boston for that evening "to meet the English officers," Captain Broke defeated the *Chesapeake* in an engagement which only lasted a very short time. He was granted an additional crest, namely, an arm holding a trident and issuing from a naval crown, together with the motto, "Sævumque tridentem servamus." Nor was this the only augmentation earned in fighting against the Yankees. General Ross fought and won the Battle of Bladensberg, and took the City of Washington, dying a few days afterwards. The story is that the family were offered their choice of a baronetcy or an augmentation, and they chose the latter. The augmentation, which was specially granted with permission for it to be placed upon the monument to the memory of General Ross, consists of the arm holding the flag of the United States with a broken flag-staff which will be seen both on the shield itself, and as an additional crest. The shield also shows the gold cross for previous services at Corunna and in the Peninsula. The family were also given the surname of "Ross-of-Bladensberg."

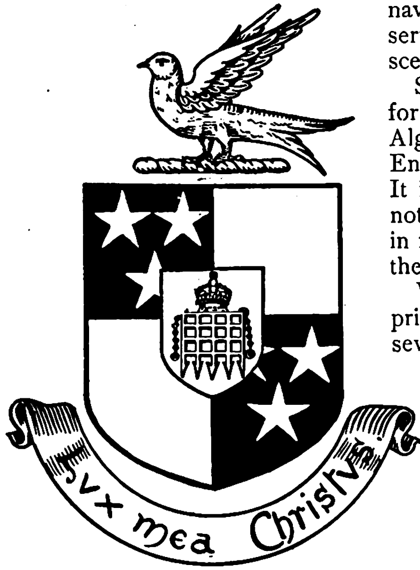


Lord Collingwood, who took Nelson's place after the latter's death, had his arms augmented by a navally-crowned lion of England.



Captain Broke was granted an additional crest for defeating the American warship *Chesapeake* in the famous engagement off Boston, which lasted only a very short time.

The capture of Curacoa by Admiral Sir Charles Brisbane, K.C.B., is commemorated by the representation of his ship passing between the two Dutch forts; and by the additional crest of an arm in a naval officer's uniform grasping a cutlass. Admiral Sir Robert Otway, for his distinguished services, was granted "an anchor between two branches of oak, and on the one side a demi-Neptune and on the other a mermaid," to add to his shield. Admiral Sir George Pocock, who captured Havannah, was given for an augmentation on a wavy blue band a sea-horse to typify his

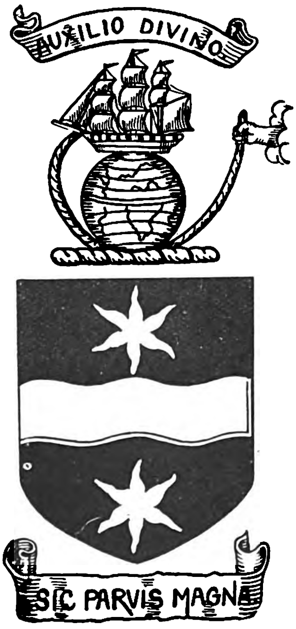


The portcullis in the centre, surmounted by a Royal Crown, commemorates the assistance rendered by Colonel Newman to Charles II. in escaping through the gate of Worcester.

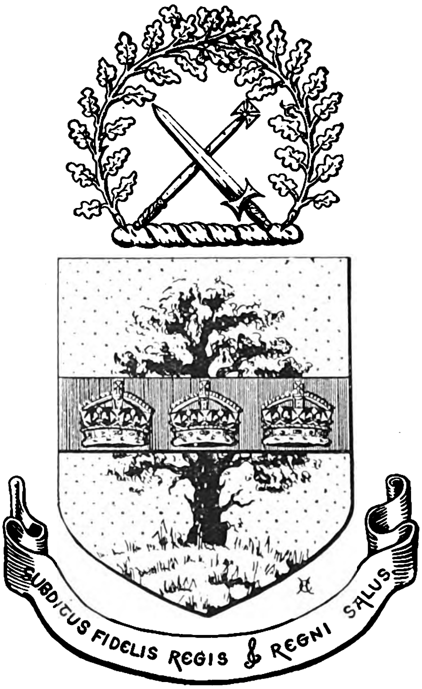
naval career, between two Eastern Crowns to typify his services in the East Indies, with the word "Havanna," the scene of his greatest victory.

Sir Edward Pellew, who was created Viscount Exmouth for bombarding and destroying the fort and arsenal of Algiers, was given a representation of that fort, with an English man-of-war in front of it, to add to his shield. It is interesting to note that one of his supporters, though not a part of his augmentation, represents a Christian slave, in memory of those in captivity at Algiers when he captured the city.

We now come to the battle upon which an Englishman prides himself the most, namely, Waterloo. There were several augmentations won there; and the Waterloo medal figures upon many coats of arms of Waterloo officers. Here, however, we have only space to allude to two. Colonel Alexander Clark Kennedy, with his own hand, captured the French Eagle of the 105th French Regiment. For this he bears a representation of it and a sword crossed upon his shield, and his crest of augmentation is a demi-dragoon holding the same flag. The Duke of Wellington, by his victory, saved Europe from disaster and England from her peril. Of the multitude of honours which were showered upon him in consequence, not the least was his augmentation. This was a smaller shield to be superimposed upon his own, and charged with those crosses of St. George, St. Andrew, and St. Patrick, which we term "the Union Jack." Sir Edward Kerrison, who distinguished himself so greatly in the Peninsula and at Waterloo, was granted a sword with a wreath of laurel and representations of his medals for Orthes and Waterloo, and, for an additional crest, an arm in armour holding a banner inscribed "Peninsula."



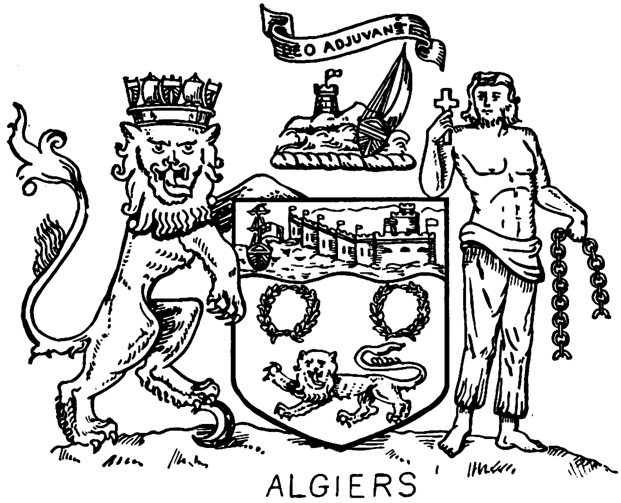
Sir Francis Drake's arms. The stars represent the two pole stars, and the wavy white band his voyage round the world.


SUBDITUS FIDELIS REGIS & REGNI SALUS

For accompanying King Charles II. on his wanderings when he was exiled from the country, Colonel Carlos received a grant of an entire coat of arms.

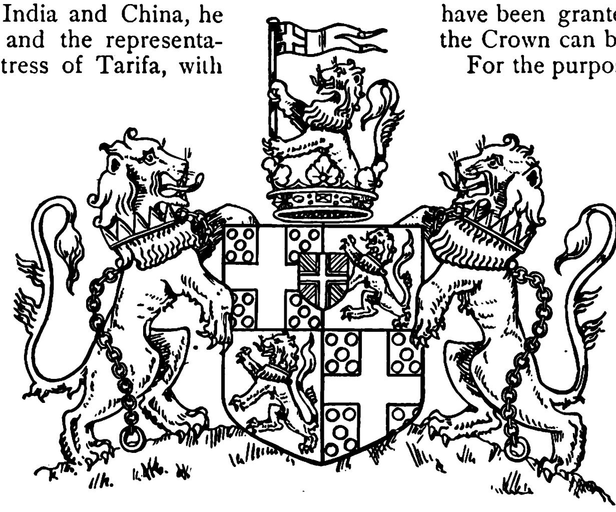
Sir Thomas Munro, who will be long remembered as the Governor of Madras, was rewarded for his capture of Badamy by a representation of that hill fort in India. In our Eastern Empire was also won the augmentation of Lord Keane, which is very similar, being a representation of the Fortress of Ghuznee in Afghanistan, which he captured.

The arms of Lord Gough are most remarkable, inasmuch as they show no less than two distinct and different augmentations both earned by the same man. His family arms were the three boars' heads and the band between them which bears the lion, and his family crest was the boar's head. In 1816, for



Observe the English man-of-war and the fort of Algiers. For destroying the latter Lord Exmouth was granted this augmentation.

his services in India and China, he won the Cross and the representation of the Fortress of Tarifa, with the crest of the arm holding the colours of his own regiment, the 87th, and a French Eagle reversed and depressed. After his victories in the East, particularly at Goojerat, and for the subjugation and annexation of the Punjab he was granted, in 1843, an additional quartering to add to his shield. This, as will be seen, shows the Lion of England holding up the Union Jack below the words "China" and "India." The third crest, which was then granted to him, shows a lion holding the Union Jack and a Chinese flag.

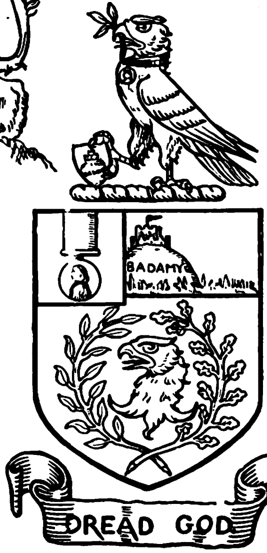


The greatest honour, perhaps, conferred on the Duke of Wellington after Waterloo was the small shield with the Union Jack as augmentation to his arms.

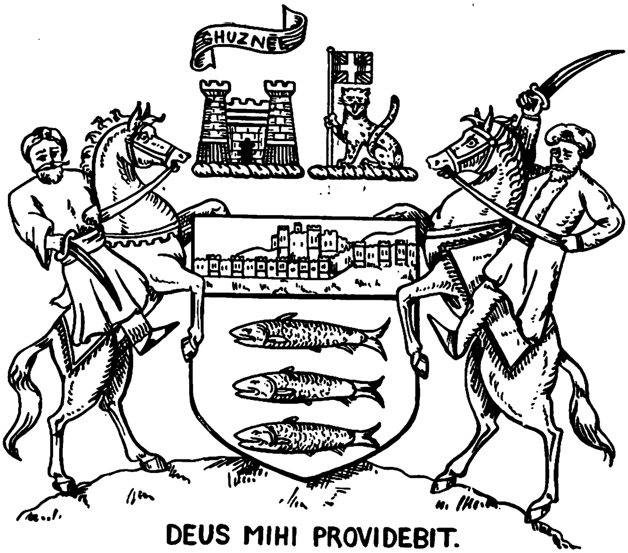
We are coming now to later days. Sir George Pollock, "of the Khyber Pass," Bart., earned everlasting fame for himself in the first Afghan War, by forcing the Khyber Pass and by the capture of Cabul. For this he was given an Eastern Crown and the word "Khyber" to be added to his shield as well as three cannon, and at the same time he was granted an additional crest—a lion holding an Afghan banner with the staff thereof broken. With him it seemed as if the practice of granting augmentations for military services had ceased. Lord Roberts had none, neither had Lord Wolseley. But the year before last the old practice was reverted to in favour of Lord Kitchener. His family arms were as shown in the one illustration, viz., the pointed chevron and the three bustards with the stag's head for a crest; but for "smashing the Khalifa" he has been given the Union Jack and the Egyptian flag with the staves encircled by a coronet bearing the word Khartoum. He also received a second crest of an elephant's head holding a sword in its trunk.

From the above it will be seen that, however much advertising heraldic stationers may uphold the acquisition of a coat of arms or crest by the simple process of the appropriation of the property of somebody else, or by the equally simple process of invention, the fact remains that only those arms which have been granted or recognised by the Crown can be said to be legal.

For the purpose of the granting of ordinary arms, the Kings of Arms are empowered by the Sovereign by Letters Patent under the Great Seal of England to grant arms under certain



The hill fort of Badamy was granted to Sir Thomas Munro as augmentation for his capture of the place.



Lord Keane's augmentation is a hill fort in Afghanistan, which he captured.

conditions. And by the granting of arms the technical rank of gentility is conferred. But the Kings of Arms cannot grant augmentations, and each separate augmentation requires a separate and specific warrant under the Sign Manual of the Sovereign.

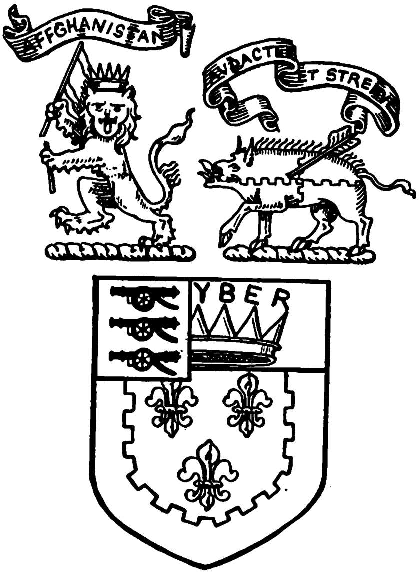
The Battle of Flodden was won by the Earl of Surrey, afterwards the Duke of Norfolk, and amongst the many rewards which the King showered upon his successful Marshal was an augmentation to his arms of "a demi-lion pierced in the mouth with an arrow, depicted in the colours for the arms of the Kingdom of Scotland, which the said James, late King of Scots, bore." This, however, does not very readily lend itself to illustration.

All the instances quoted so far consist of additions to existing family arms, but there are cases where, no family arms being in existence, the gift has consisted of the entire coat of arms.

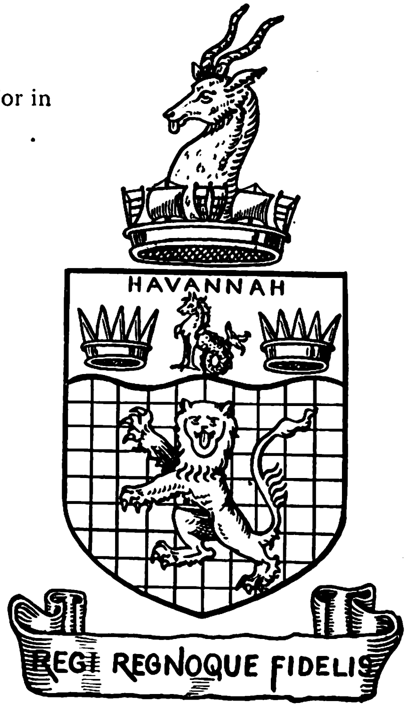
The Battle of Agincourt is referred to by Shakespeare, who puts these words into King Henry's mouth on the eve of that great battle (Act IV., scene iii.):—

> We few, we happy few, we band of brothers;
> For he to-day that sheds his blood with me
> Shall be my brother; be he ne'er so vile,
> This day shall gentle his condition.

There is actual foundation in fact for these lines. For in a writ couched in very stringent and severe terms issued by the same King in after years decreeing penalties for the improper assumption and use of false arms, specific exception is made in favour of those "who bore arms with us at the Battle of Agincourt." Evidently this formed a very extensive kind of augmentation.

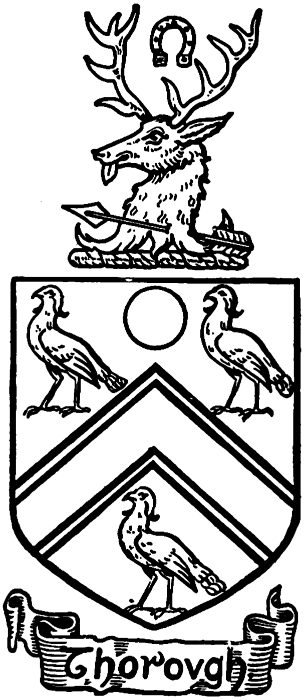


Sir Geo. Pollock received a curious augmentation to his arms for forcing the Khyber Pass and taking Cabul.



The augmentation of a sea-horse between two crowns was granted to Sir Geo. Pocock for capturing Havannah.

Two other very interesting

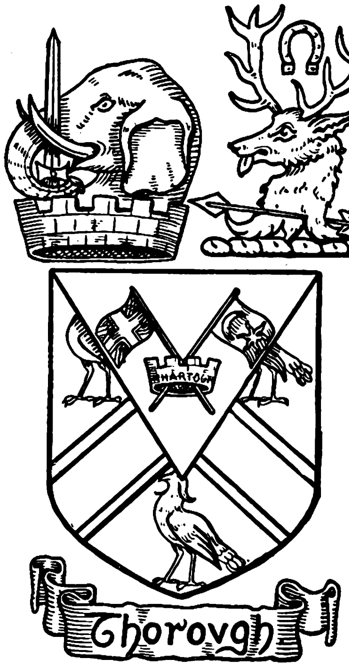


The arms of the Kitchener family as they were before the augmentation granted to Lord Kitchener.

instances of augmentation of arms, which I have not found space to illustrate, are worthy of mention.

Sir Ralph Abercromby, after a distinguished career, fought and won the Battle of Aboukir Bay, only to die a few days later on board H.M.S. *Foudroyant* of his wounds received in the battle. But long before he had fought and conquered the French at Valenciennes, and in 1795 had been made a Knight of the Bath. The arms which are upon his stall plate in Westminster Abbey include his augmentation, which is the arm in armour encircled by a wreath of laurel supporting the French Standard. His family arms were the three boars' heads and the chevron which now occupy the lower part of the shield.

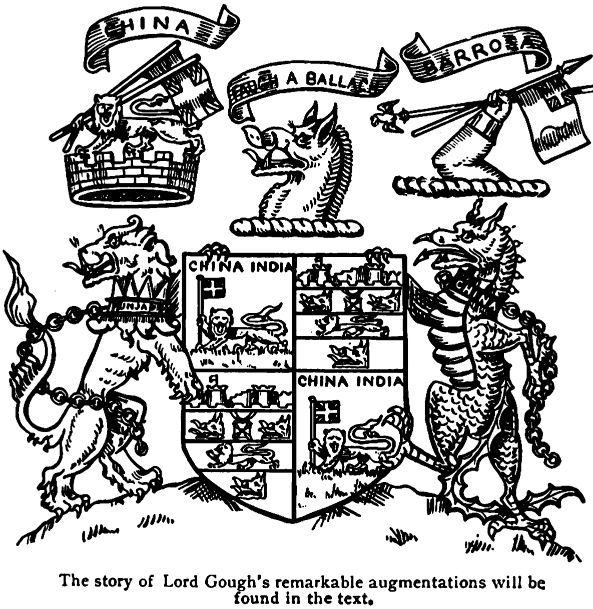
Sir William Hoste gained the celebrated victory over the French fleet off the Island of Lissa in 1811, and the augmentation which was granted was a representation of his gold medal hanging from a naval crown, and an additional crest, an arm holding a flag inscribed with the word "Cattaro," the scene of another of his victories.



Lord Kitchener's arms, with the augmentation granted to him for crushing the Khalifa's power.

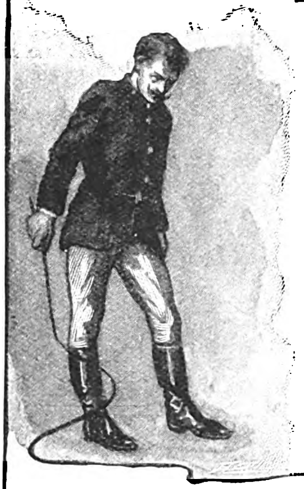
This must close my list of augmentations here described, but in concluding I should like to mention that it will be interesting to see what rewards are meted out in this way, as a result of the South African Campaign, just being concluded.

The practice of granting augmentations to celebrated soldiers as rewards for their gallant exploits and successful campaigns was revived, after a pause, in the case of Lord Kitchener, as already stated. Hence there is little or no doubt that when the South African campaign is finally brought to a close and the rewards are distributed to those most worthy, these rewards will include, besides peerages and other elevations in rank, with monetary grants to support the new positions attained, augmentations of arms similar to those which have been described here. No doubt many of my readers will be interested sufficiently to follow the matter and look out for the augmentations.



The story of Lord Gough's remarkable augmentations will be found in the text.

AT THE MERCY OF THE LIONS



A LONDON DREAM

BY MURIEL HINE

IT was the last night of Henley and the audience in the big circus was relatively small—a merciful dispensation of Providence when one considers what the panic, when it did come, *might* have been!

Lucas Warden, countryman, sat right under the Royal box facing the powerful orchestra, with the stage on his right and the entrance to the ring—guarded by twelve lady lackeys of most alluring presence—and on his left the huge, half-empty body of the house.

The box was built rather more forward than the others, splitting up the fourth row of side stalls, where he occupied the centre seat and between him and the third row and the floor was a narrow space where a man might lie at full length and be unobserved.

This peculiarity had struck his practical mind, as, through the high adjusted bars encircling them, he watched the lions stalk into the empty arena one by one.

"In case of accidents," he decided, "that corner might be handy." In the cage Juda Seldt, the giant, merrily cracked his whip, and stopped to slap a lion provokingly on its muzzle.

The beast struck out at him with its huge paw and the tamer, dodging the blow, threw back his handsome head and laughed aloud.

"Menelik! Pasha!" came the loud word of command, and obedient to his wonderful will, the two largest lions climbed slowly up on to their respective pillars.

Juda Seldt laid a firm arm lovingly around one huge pet's neck and teased another mischievously with the short loaded stick he carried in his hand.

Lucas was already getting accustomed to the scene and he smiled openly at his first idea of a possible accident.

After all, mistrust as he might the strength of the apparently feeble cage, the man was master of his beasts, and for over six months the show had run without the slightest mishap.

But even as he smiled the thing occurred.

The whip cracked out through the air, and a sulky lion rushed swiftly before it across the arena.

At the same moment Menelik from the height of his pillar sprang at the fleeing figure, and the pair rolled heavily together against the bars.

There was a sound of rending steel and the sharp click of the bolts as they broke away.

The audience rose and rushed helter-skelter upwards over the seats towards the doors, as a tawny shapeless mass rolled through the broken bars into the first row of the stalls.

Lucas Warden was on his feet in a minute, but as he saw the serried masses fighting and struggling through the various exits and the broad deserted space which separated him from the nearest door, he relinquished his first plan, and, dropping on his knees, crawled down

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into the afore-mentioned gap under cover of the Royal box.

He found with a little manœuvring he could see down on to the stage through the legs of the seats in front.

Juda Seldt, at the first panic, had pressed forward, whip upraised.

He shouted in his loudest and most peremptory voice, but in his excitement over the other two he forgot Pasha above him, still obedient to his pillared post.

The end of the whip flicked up against his flank, and with a snarl of rage the angry beast struck out blindly at the Austrian below.

He dodged instinctively—but just, by a second, too late.

The huge paw missed his head, but caught his shoulder, claws out, with a swift zip-zip of tearing cloth, and his master staggered and fell forward with arms outstretched, his head striking with a dull thud against the sawdust-covered boards.

Lucas Warden's breath came in little gasps and he felt his heart throbbing like an engine in his chest.

His only hope was gone and he was at the mercy of the lions.

Moreover, he firmly believed he would have to be a silent witness of the last sickening triumph of matter over mind. But to his astonishment the animals took but little notice of the prostrate figure at their feet.

Pasha still kept his high position and surveyed the scattering remnant of the audience sleepily, opening his huge mouth in all the comprehensive wisdom of a lion's yawn.

Beneath him, moving stealthily on her noiseless pads, crept up a lioness and sniffed around the body which lay so motionless upon the ground.

Meanwhile the two who had caused all the commotion had shaken themselves free from one another and the *débris* of broken bars.

Their quarrel quite forgotten, surprise seemed the dominant note.

Erect stood Menelik, paws planted firmly before him on the narrow passage between the seven-and-sixpenny stalls, his tail outstretched and proud head raised—the very living image of his counterpart in Trafalgar Square.

Suddenly a terrific roar boomed through the echoes of the deserted house.

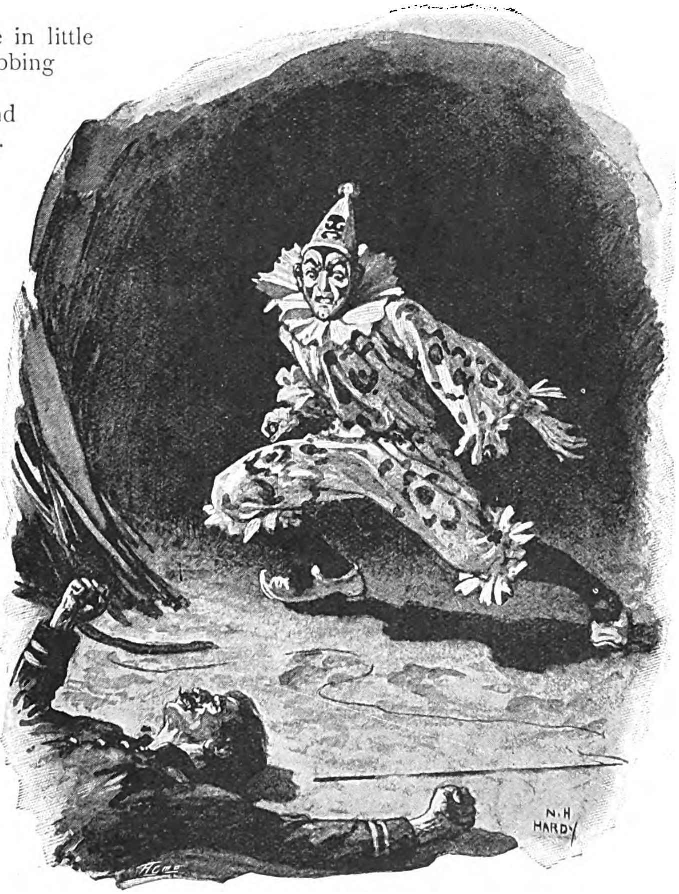
The audience seemed to have vanished as though by magic—even the gallery was deserted.

How long it had all taken Lucas could not guess, and at that precise moment someone without switched off the electric light, why or wherefore must always remain unexplained.

From the narrow gallery in the cupola above, a single limelight still poured down its arc of light on to the arena and the prostrate form of Seldt.

The semi-gloom only added to the horrors of the scene.

Like a huge cat Pasha slid down off his perch and through the shattered bars into the



The thing sprang to its feet and stood revealed. "By heaven!" cried Lucas Warden. "A Clown!"

darkness beyond, and one by one the remainder followed his example.

Lucas could hear the great beasts moving about; occasionally a snarl reached his ears, or the soft thud told of a spring on to velvet seats.

Once a great body passed so near he could hear it breathe as he shuddered in his narrow hiding-place.

In the ring the limelight still poured down on to the fine figure of the Austrian with arms outstretched as one crucified, but the lions were no longer visible, nor could Lucas hear any signs of their presence.

He raised himself nervously on one elbow, then cautiously rose to his knees.

The place was silent as the grave. Had they in truth all gone?

This was the question he asked himself, his teeth chattering in his head, his hands cold as ice on this July night—cold from the awful strain upon his nerves.

"Could lions see in the dark?" he caught himself repeating stupidly over and over again.

And then another foolish fancy seized him—he was the last man living on earth. "Someone had told him so—had told him so . . . ." The refrain went on dizzily.

It was the day before the Judgment. A passage out of The Revelation floated up in his hot, wild brain.

It was about the reign of the Beast—the great Beast with the mark on its forehead.

He staggered to his feet, and stood there swaying, staring stupidly down into the circle of light beneath.

Somewhere through the darkness beyond a clock slowly chimed twelve.

He counted the strokes on his fingers, and cowered as the silence fell again.

And then he saw before him the strangest spectacle of all.

Into the lime-light's frozen beam crept a strange figure, crawling, crouching, hesitating as it came.

Its face was a ghastly white, save here and there where ran smearing streaks of red.

The anxious eyes peered out from the mass of paint like tiny twinkling spots, and its clothes were green, bright green and baggy, with weird designs and frilled extremities.

Fascinated, Lucas watched it as in a dream, as every moment it drew nearer to the body of Seldt.

Suddenly his nervous laugh jarred out wildly in the empty air.

The thing sprang to its feet, and stood revealed, and Lucas Warden's laugh choked in his throat, with a little sob of relief. "By heaven!" he cried. "A clown!"

The sense of companionship was overpowering after his deadly loneliness, and, forgetful of the lions, he went forward, springing across the velvet seats and through the broken cage into the arena.

Under any other circumstance, as the two men met and clasped hands like long-divided friends, the scene would have been ludicrous, but Lucas merely recognised a fellow mortal in the quaint figure before him, and the clown the very assistance he needed in the brawny Yorkshireman.

Together, without more ado, they examined Juda Seldt.

He was breathing irregularly, a nasty wound in his left shoulder and still unconscious.

"I reckon we must get him away," said the clown in a thick nasal whisper "but—where? *They* might return at any moment."

He shuddered as he spoke but strange to say Warden's nerve seemed to have suddenly returned.

"Why not the Royal box?" Warden suggested. "It's near and comfortable too." The clown assented, and together they half carried, half dragged the wounded hero to the space Warden had occupied; and then, with an effort little short of Herculean, when one considers the giant's size and the additional disadvantage of their want of proper light, they succeeded in reaching the interior of the box.

They felt about and laid him on the couch, and the clown placed his hand over the Austrian's heart.

"He'll die without stimulant, I guess," he whispered.

In the dim light his round whitened face took on a great resolution.

"See here, stranger," he said quietly, "I'm just off to commandeer that thar cabin buffet. Shut the door to and lie low—anyhow . . . . don't come out. Swear it!—you'll stay with the sick man?"

His courage ashamed the thick-set countryman.

"Let me come too," he urged.

"Reckon, you're safer here," the clown replied with a grim smile, and was gone.

It seemed hours before he returned, his arms full, and shut the door noiselessly behind him.

His first words were:—

"Pull those curtains thar together!"—Warden obeyed mechanically, fumbling with the thick cords—and the heavy velvet folds fell across the box blotting out every ray of light.

There was the sound of a striking match and the clown produced a candle from the depths of his capacious pocket.

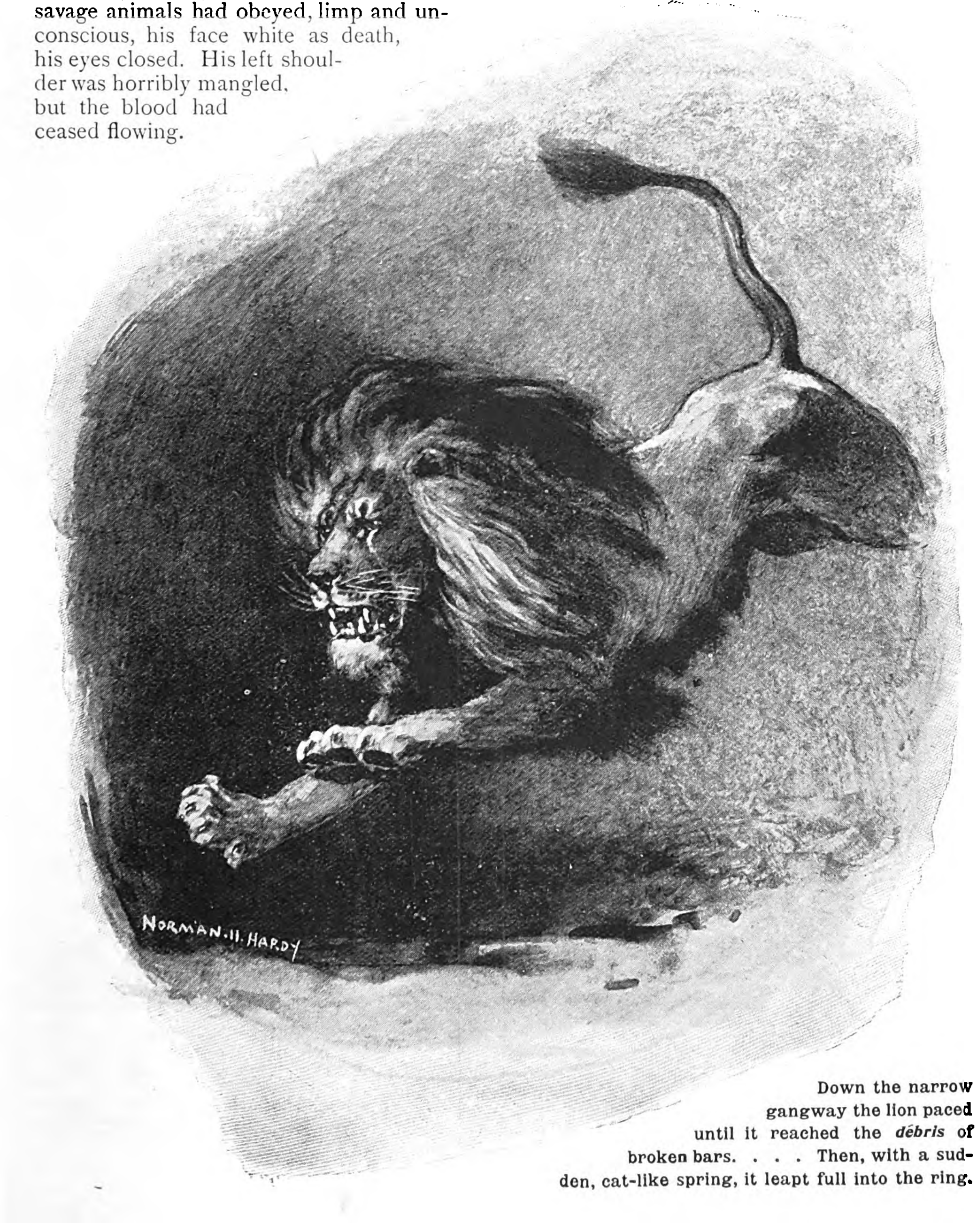
The relief after the long gloom was profound, and together they turned their attention to the sick man on the sofa.

He lay, the giant whose least word the savage animals had obeyed, limp and unconscious, his face white as death, his eyes closed. His left shoulder was horribly mangled, but the blood had ceased flowing.

They raised him up a little and forced the brandy down his throat—the mangled shoulder they dared not touch.

He opened his eyes and gazed wildly round him, but as they fell upon the clown the man gave a feeble smile, and, turning towards the wall, appeared to fall asleep.

His friend kept his fingers on the giant's



Down the narrow gangway the lion paced until it reached the *débris* of broken bars. . . . Then, with a sudden, cat-like spring, it leapt full into the ring.

pulse and gradually his anxious face cleared. "That's better," he said at last, with his Yankee drawl; "reckon he'll do!"

He got up and peered out for a moment through the curtains.

"I guess *they're* all over London by now" he remarked cheerily. "Meanwhiles, to refresh the inner man."

He drew two chairs forward and offered one politely to Warden, producing some hardened sandwiches and a bottle of wine.

Seldt was sleeping peacefully, the heavy sleep of exhaustion, and under the flickering candle-light Warden ate and drank and watched his companion's face as he heard the story of the great friendship that had struck up between the two men.

Every now and again the clown would rise and bend over the sleeping form, note his breathing and feel his pulse.

"One of the extra best, I tell you," he said, as he came back to the consumption of the last sandwich. "As good a mate as a chap could want, cute and fearless, and yet he wouldn't hurt a mouse. I reckon it'll break his 'eart when 'e hears of to-night's bad business; he loves his lions—just dotes on 'em."

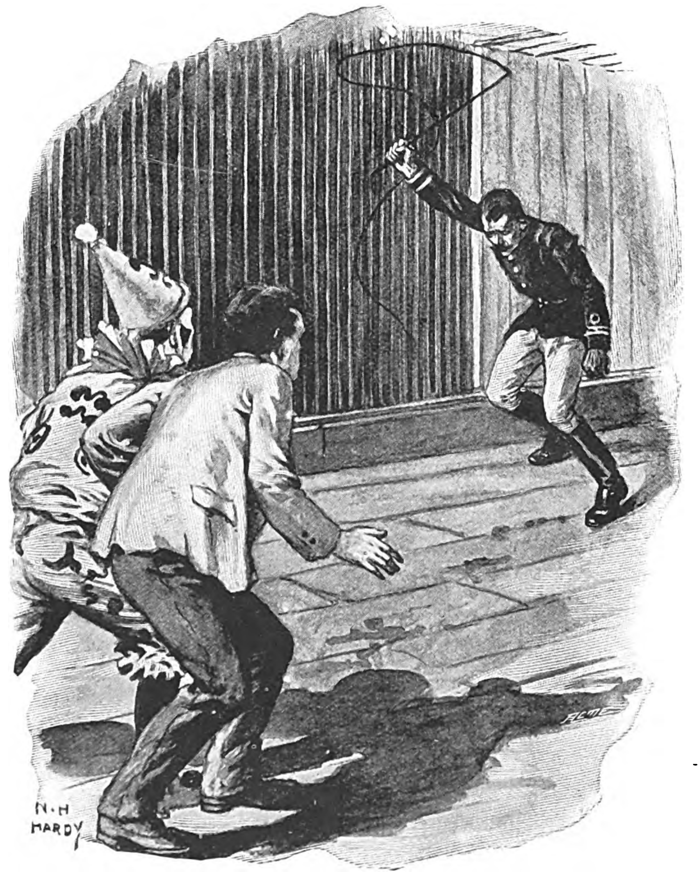
"I wonder what they're up to now?" said Warden thoughtfully.

"There's a window just above here that gives upon the squar',"—the clown was turning it over in his brain. "I don't believe they're in the building," he resumed. "Darned if I don't go and have a squint!"

"I wouldn't if I were you," said Warden promptly. "Better stay here and look after our friend."

But the clown's curiosity was aroused, he opened the door cautiously a chink and listened.

The silence was intense, as he slipped through into the corridor, matches in hand. "'ll be back in half-a-shake," he whispered, "so long!"—and departed.



"Who's afraid of lions?"

When he returned, his face was ablaze with excitement, but first of all he went to peep at the sleeping man.

His pulse was slower, and they forced more brandy between his pale set lips.

The clown was evidently anxious.

"No mortal chance of getting him away," he whispered, "*they*'re all about, out *thar*." He pointed south. "You never saw such a sight, I bet! There's all the lamps aburning, but the streets are like Sahara—there ain't no 'ansoms nor a single living creature—barring lions—no perlicemen nor drunkards—nor yet women! It might be a Sabbath day down country.

"Four of 'em prospectin', 'ave found a butcher's shop—I'll lay my bottom dollar there ain't much meat thar by to-morrow!

"Down in Leicester Squar', a lion's busy guarding the Al'ambra—looks most Moorish and regal," he chuckled softly; "and where the fourteen others are, the Almighty only knows!"

The wounded man moaned in his sleep and the Yankee was by his side in a moment.

"I hope to goodness they won't come back," said Warden anxiously. "I wish we could get him safely away."

He pointed towards the sofa and poked up the candle carefully with a pin.

"Ya—as," drawled the American, "but you can't fix it up, my friend. We're hemmed in, so to speak, and 'ere we stays."

He hummed a march under his breath and kept one eye on Juda Seldt.

The last candle flickered and went out and Warden drew the curtain cautiously back.

The lime-light had long ago died a natural death, but the first faint glimmer of dawn hovered in the cupola, like a thin intangible mist.

Gradually, as the two men watched in silence, the light extended.

Now they could dimly see the outlines of the stage.

Suddenly Lucas started.

"Who's that?" he whispered. Something seemed to move in the deeper gloom of the main exit from the stalls.

The Yankee caught his arm with a grip of iron. "S'sh!" he hissed.

Away in the distance they heard the soft pad-pad of treading paws.

The lions had returned.

How long they sat there waiting neither of the two men afterwards could count, but at last out of the darkness came the lowered massive head and swaying form.

Down the narrow gangway the lion paced until it reached the *débris* of broken bars.

Here it paused uncertainly, moving its shaggy head from right to left; then with a sudden cat-like spring leapt full into the ring.

It stood there switching its tail uneasily, and a moment later a lioness slunk down noiselessly and joined it.

Somewhere from the body of the building came a low, purring snarl, and the first lion threw back its head and took up the challenge boldly.

A mighty roar boomed out through the empty house in echo upon echo, grand, overpowering, unanswerable.

The sick man on the sofa started up and reached out instinctively for the whip which had dropped from his nerveless fingers only on entering the box. His eyes were ablaze with fever, which lent his giant frame a wonderful power.

"For God's sake lie still!" said Warden hoarsely. "I tell you the lions are out!"

"Out?" said Seldt inquiringly. He passed his hand in a dazed way over his head, and, tossing himself free from the other's agonised grasp, strode to the edge of the box. His face was deadly pale, but he held his head up firmly, and as they gazed they saw suddenly the light of understanding in his eyes. Without a word he swung himself slowly over the edge of the box and dropped into the seats below.

They heard the quick in-drawn breath as the jar shot through his injured side, but the next moment he was crossing the gangway brandishing the whip as of old in his firm right hand.

His left arm hung down useless by his side from the stiff shoulder where the dried blood stained the grey uniform he wore.

He had reached the arena now and crossed through the narrow opening.

"Menelik!" the word rang out through the house, and the great brute cowered as the thong fell across its tawny flanks.

With a quick movement he swerved aside, his back against the bars, as a lion bounded through the gap from its hiding place beyond the stalls.

"Ah! Would you? Pasha!"

The whip rang out twice, and a sulky snarl broke the air.

One by one, by voice, by the whip, by the power of his will, he drove the angry skulking brutes before him down the barred gangway that led to their daily cages.

In the Royal box above, the two men watched in breathless excitement, counting, fearing, hoping.

"Nineteen! twenty! twenty-one!"

At last the number was complete.

"Come on," said Warden, his face ablaze with enthusiasm, and they raced across, leaping down the seats and into the deserted ring.

In the distance they heard the clang of iron doors, and at last, after what seemed an eternity, the figure of Seldt appeared, whip still in hand, wan, tottering, but triumphant.

"Lions!" he laughed with a last weak flourish of his lash, "who's—afraid—of *lions!*" and, swerving forward, he fell fainting at their feet.

The sunlight blazed down merrily into the empty circus, showing up the faded gorgeousness of the gold and velvet, the broken, twisted bars and overturned seats.

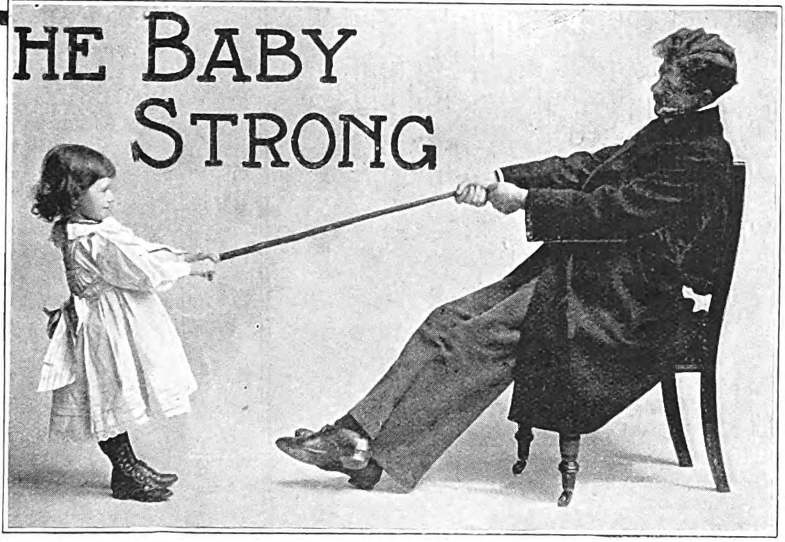
Outside in the streets people were peering timidly through the shuttered windows, and in the distance came the rumble of the Covent Garden carts.

The long night of terror was over at last, and sleeping London awoke to power again.

PLAY THAT MAKES THE BABY STRONG

By Margaret Collinson.

Illustrated with Photographs specially taken for this article.



People are beginning more and more to discover that without physical exercise of one kind or another, one cannot hope, in these days, to keep one's health, or to find strength to cope with the immense demand made on brain and body. For the tendency of the time is, undoubtedly, more and more to sedentary occupation, to work that, more or less, makes demand of our brain power, and gives our bodies no healthy exercise. And then the break-neck pace of our modern life! It is hurry, hurry, hurry from morning to night; and ever more grudgingly do we accept the fact that life is not all work, that, to live at all, it is absolutely necessary to have a decent amount of recreation and rest.

And the wisest of us use our few hours of ease in pursuit of some pastime that shall be healthy, as well as delightful. The modern girl seeks her pleasure in golf, rowing, tennis, cycling, cricket even, gymnastics, fencing, and —boxing; the modern man in all these, with the addition of some rougher pastimes, such as football, and an ever-increasing number of men never go to bed at night without using some patent developer, or exercising with a pair of dumb-bells.

So much for the adult. But the rising generation should be our chief concern: how to fit our children for the struggle of life, which with every year, is becoming more strenuous; how to give them sufficient strength to cope with ever-increasing competition; how, in short, to make them perfect men and women.

"Play," says a famous doctor, "is the salvation of children. It builds strong, healthy, and beautiful bodies. If you wish your children to be as other children, encourage them in every way, to play active, vigorous, even violent games; their muscles will always indicate when they have had enough. Where one child has harmed itself by too vigorous exercise, one million, at least, have suffered for the need of it."

Now this article should be read carefully by all the mothers and fathers of Great Britain. It shows how play may be made incalculably important in a child's development. Each of the exercises illustrated here are the result of careful analysis, and have for their *raison d'être*, the exercising of certain important muscles of the child's body. I may say that I myself have tested the efficiency of these exercises on various children, and have proved them, if kept up regularly, of immense benefit.

It is an axiom which Sandow and all authorities on physical development lay stress upon, that exercise, however regularly and conscientiously performed, is of no earthly use unless the performer concentrates his mind on his every movement. Ten minutes' exercise done with strenuous concentration is far and away better than an hour's exercise done mechanically or unwillingly. But as it would be next to impossible to get a young child to concentrate his mind in the same manner as an adult, you must be careful to make him enjoy the exercises he has to go through; and how can one better make them enjoyable than by getting the child to believe

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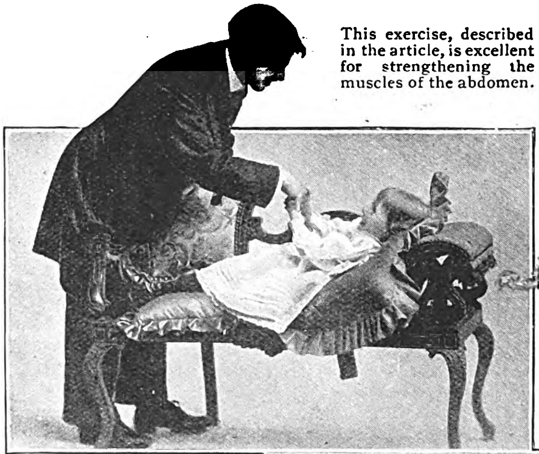
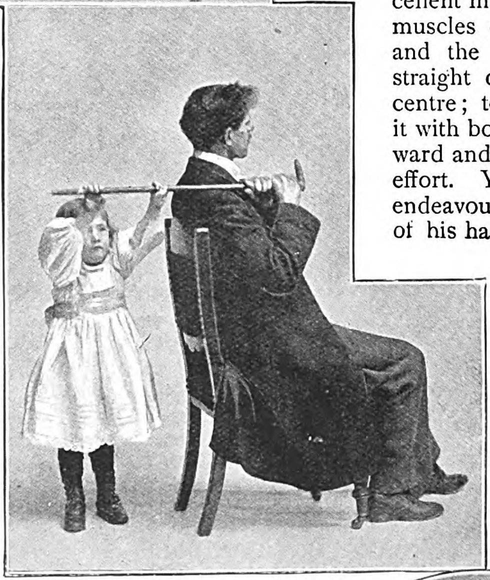


This exercise, described in the article, is excellent for strengthening the muscles of the abdomen.



In order to expand the muscles of the chest, get the child to pull down the stick.

them the parts of an interesting game? Upon a game every child unconsciously concentrates his mind, and especially if that game consists of movements or feats which you tell the young performer that you believe he cannot do, and subsequently express your wonder and admiration at his achieving after all.

Let us now go into details, and take the exercises one by one. The first on page 256 has for its purpose the strengthening of the muscles of the abdomen. Get the child to recline on his back, the head slightly raised. Now place one hand on both his ankles, and the other about a foot over his head. Then ask him to rise and touch his forehead with your hand, continuing this several times, until the little performer is tired. As strength is gained, and it will astonish you how rapidly this is brought about, increase the distance of the hand from the head to make the exercise more difficult.

The following photograph illustrates an exercise especially good for expanding and developing the intercostal and other muscles of the chest. Seat yourself in a chair, with a small walking stick grasped in your hand, and placed over your shoulder at such a height that the child can, without difficulty, reach it. Now tell him to try and pull the stick down, and let him occasionally succeed, so as to give interest to the game.

Our third illustration shows a simple exercise which is capital for strengthening the muscles in front of the shoulders. Place your forefinger on a small table just so far from the child that he is able to grasp it with one or with both hands, keeping his elbows straight. Now tell him you feel certain that he cannot raise your finger from the table without pulling the finger horizontally.

Our fourth exercise is an excellent means for developing the muscles of the arm, the back, and the legs. Hold a stick straight out, grasping it in the centre; tell the child to seize on it with both hands; now pull forward and get him to resist your effort. You are apparently to endeavour to pull the stick out of his hands without twisting it.

Another exercise for developing the muscles of the legs, back, shoulders, and arms is shown in our next illustration. You must place one or more fingers on the floor, and tell the child to see how high he can lift them.

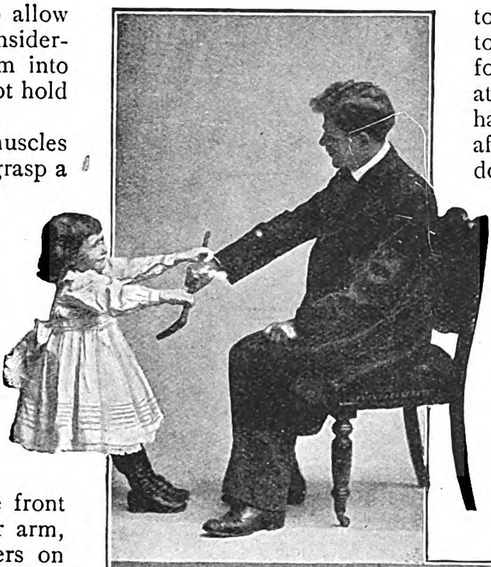
An excellent exercise for developing the muscles in front of the shoulders

Just resist sufficiently to allow him to lift them with considerable effort, and fool him into the belief that you cannot hold your fingers on the floor.

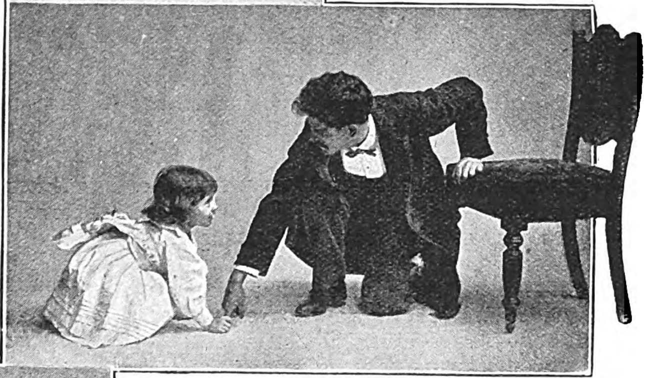
To strengthen the muscles of the waist and sides, grasp a stick as shown in our sixth illustration, and tell the child that you do not believe that he has the strength to *twist* it out of your hand. Make him struggle vigorously and with all his might to do it, and do not give way till he is thoroughly tired out.

In order to bring into play the muscles on the front part of the child's upper arm, place one or more fingers on your forehead as shown in our seventh illustration. Get the child to stand some distance away from you, so that he can just reach your fingers, and make him pull them away from your forehead. Now, the child is supposed to do this by merely bending his arms; see that he does not do it by throwing back his body.

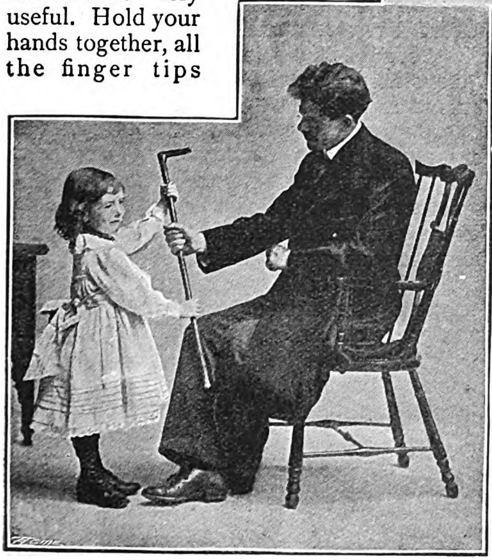
For expanding the chest muscles our last exercise is very useful. Hold your hands together, all the finger tips touching; get the child to grasp hold of your forefinger, make him attempt to pull the hands apart, and when, after much effort, he has done so, hold the hands a foot away from each other, and ask him to bring them together again.



Get the child to resist your efforts to pull the stick towards you.



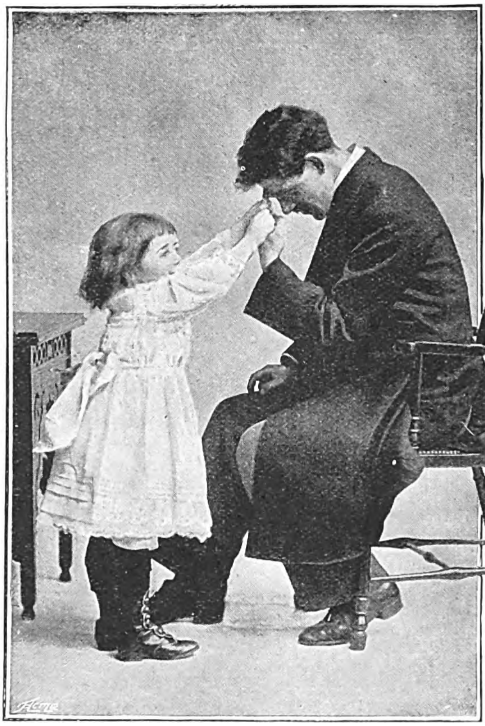
This exercise develops the muscles of the legs, back, shoulders, and arms.



Make the child struggle vigorously to twist the stick out of your hand.

So much, then, for exercise; but exercise, of course, in itself, is quite useless if you allow the child to live an otherwise unhealthy life. And whether you live in the country or the town, whether you happen to be rich or poor, it is really so easy to see that your children get what is best for them.

To take their diet, for instance—a vastly important item, and here the danger lies, not in giving the child too little, but in over-feeding him. For if a child is overfed, he becomes an easy prey to all manner of ugly diseases. Modern doctors, and especially American doctors, who have given much attention to the subject, advise parents to bring their children up almost entirely on vegetarian diet. But, in our meat-eating country, it will, I fear, be a long while before people will find the courage to follow this advice. A child should never be allowed to eat between meals, and, above all, never forced to eat what he does not like.



The child must pull the finger from your forehead without throwing back its body.

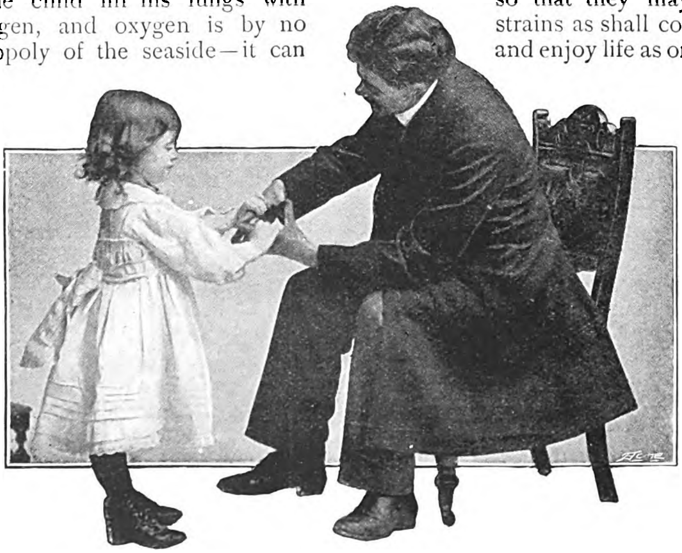
Very careful attention should be given to the child's clothing. And *the less* clothing a child wears the faster he will grow, both in strength and size. Nothing delays physical development like too many clothes.

Then let the child fill his lungs with plenty of oxygen, and oxygen is by no means a monopoly of the seaside—it can be found in London, Manchester, Glasgow, and other great towns. Never allow a child from the day of his birth to sleep in a room that has not been thoroughly aired; and be careful to have the windows of his sleeping room open during the winter as well as the summer. And in the daytime let him live as much as possible out of doors.

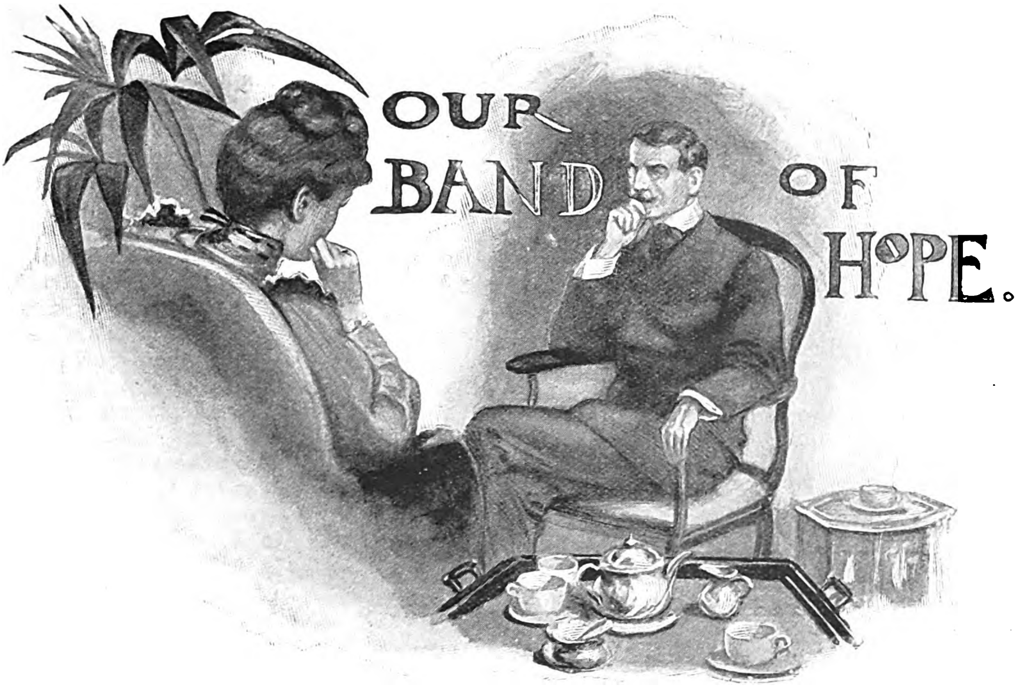
Teach your child to like cold water. Accustom him to it, and to cleanliness as well, for cleanliness is not only delightful, but eminently healthy. Give him a vigorous soap-and-water rub every other day, and one or two cold water baths each day, according to his vitality.

If mothers only knew the health-giving properties of cold water properly applied and used, they would take advantage of this Nature's medicine far more extensively than they do. In these days there is every opportunity offered, even in the most humble districts, for people to indulge in baths, both hot and cold, for where the houses are not fitted with bath-rooms, public wash-houses are to be found with the latest conveniences and appliances. In the case of young children, however, it is not necessary even to have a bath-room, as the ordinary portable baths to be obtained at any ironmongers for a couple of shillings or half-a-crown are quite large enough for the purposes required.

Let me therefore, in conclusion, urge all parents to see to it, that their children are not only trained up morally and mentally in a manner suited to enable them to fight their way in the battle of life, but also physically, so that they may endure such strains as shall come upon them, and enjoy life as only those whose bodies are strong and healthy and vigorous can do. It was by thus attending zealously to the physical training of their children that the ancient Spartan mothers reared a race whose fame has reached our day.



Another exercise for expanding the muscles of the chest.



OUR BAND OF HOPE.

By George G. Magnus.

"Captain Farquharson?" said Miss Millicent meditatively.

I am Captain Farquharson, and I hastened to place my cup on a firmer pedestal than my knee afforded.

"Miss Millicent?" said I, all attention.

"I wonder if you would take me—?" she began, dropping her words out one by one, and then stopped altogether.

"Only too delighted," I murmured by way of encouragement, drawing my chair a trifle closer to the little girl.

She was seated behind a large palm. In my opinion, palms of sensible dimensions, when arranged with nice perception, are an invaluable embellishment to a room.

With evident effort, Miss Millicent ceased studying the pointed extremity of her tiny shoe, and raised her brown eyes to mine.

"I know you are a V.C.—don't interrupt, please—but I question whether you will have sufficient courage to—"

She stopped again and this time smiled provokingly.

I considered it only politic immediately to dispel such a serious doubt.

"Anything—" I began earnestly, and I was so carried away that I caught her hand. It is a habit of which I have repeatedly failed to break myself.

"Well"—and with gentle firmness she withdrew her hand—"you know that I assist at a Band of Hope? Unfortunately, Miss Queller—she is the head of it—"

"Very appropriate name," I ventured to remark.

I had heard of Miss Queller and her Band of Hope. Both had earned a wide-spread reputation.

"Oh! please don't keep on interrupting me when I'm doing my best to explain," cried Miss Millicent almost crossly.

I apologised.

"Let me see, where had I got to?"

"Not far," I answered guiltily. "You had reached the head assistant."

"Oh, yes. Well, she is ill! And so is Miss Cainhem——"

"Another appropriate — I beg your pardon!"

Miss Millicent favoured me with a severe glance, and continued in an awed whisper:

"And so I, alone and unassisted, have to take charge of the whole band to-night! And, oh! they are such terrible boys! I have asked everyone of my girl friends to help me, but they refused point blank—they—are—all—afraid!"

She looked at me. Her eyes are remarkable.

I simply jumped at the mute appeal so plainly expressed in them. This was the very opportunity I had been pining for. At last my luck was in the ascendant.

"If you will allow me to offer my humble services——"

"Oh, will you really? You really will come and look after me?"

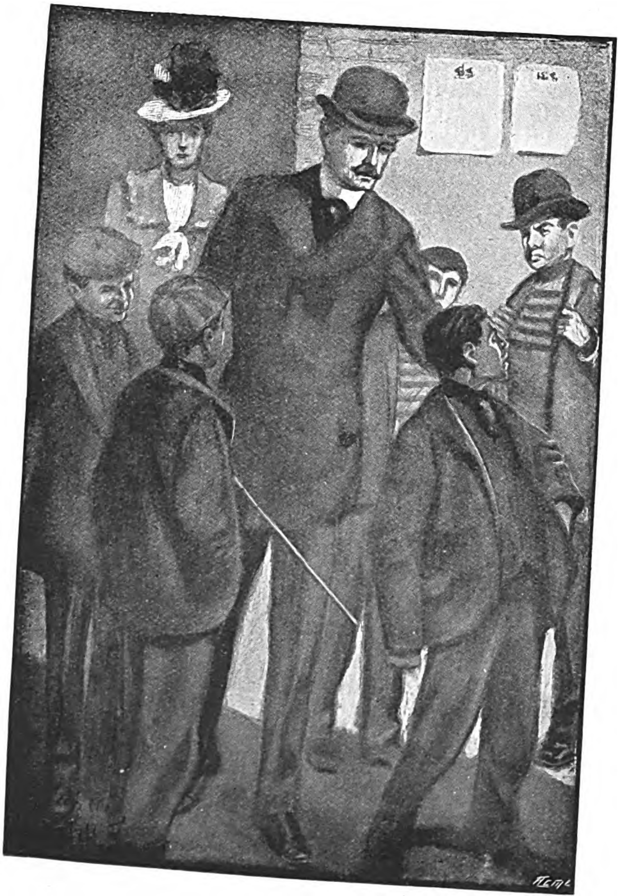
Her relief was most gratifying.

"Most certainly. Charmed—to look after you—and the terrible boys."

"Of course, that's what I meant—to look after the boys. But there will be the girls too, you know."

"I will look after them all," said I, magnanimously.

She took my word for it without looking up.



I was obliged to clear a way for my companion by main force.

"Some of the girls are dear little things," she remarked quite innocently.

"I agree with you emphatically!"

Then Miss Millicent blushed, and I wondered whether she was aware how perfectly sweet that blush made her look.

When the other callers departed, I remained.

Miss Millicent's mamma, upon hearing the reason, proceeded to thank me most warmly. I endeavoured hard to appear as if I deserved it. Finally, however, her repeated references to my kindness made me feel quite uncomfortable. She seemed to entirely overlook her daughter's obvious attractions.

On the way to the headquarters of the "Band of Hope" Miss Millicent was almost cheerful. I was cheerfulness itself.

We arrived ten minutes too early, but already there was an enormous crowd of boys and girls pressing round the doors.

As the said crowd only treated our arrival with tolerant curiosity, I was obliged to clear a way for my companion by main force.

The male part of the community evidently considered this proceeding a personal slight, for I caught many scathing observations — entirely masculine—before I managed to close the door against them.

"Oh, you shouldn't have done it!"

I turned on my heel, and to my surprise found Miss Millicent looking quite pale.

"Done what?" I asked apprehensively. "Shut the door?"

"No, pushed through them like that?" she gasped.

Commiseration beamed from her eyes. I laughed aloud; I could not help it.

"What will they do to me?" I whispered anxiously. I may mention that I stand six-feet two in my socks.

Before my sympathetic companion could reply there was a loud bang at the door, quickly followed by louder bangs. I found myself appreciating the stout construction of that door.

"Oh, do let them in, Captain!" cried Miss Millicent between the reports. "We never dare keep them waiting. And please do be polite to them; I know their temperament——"

But here her voice was drowned as if by a volley of musketry.

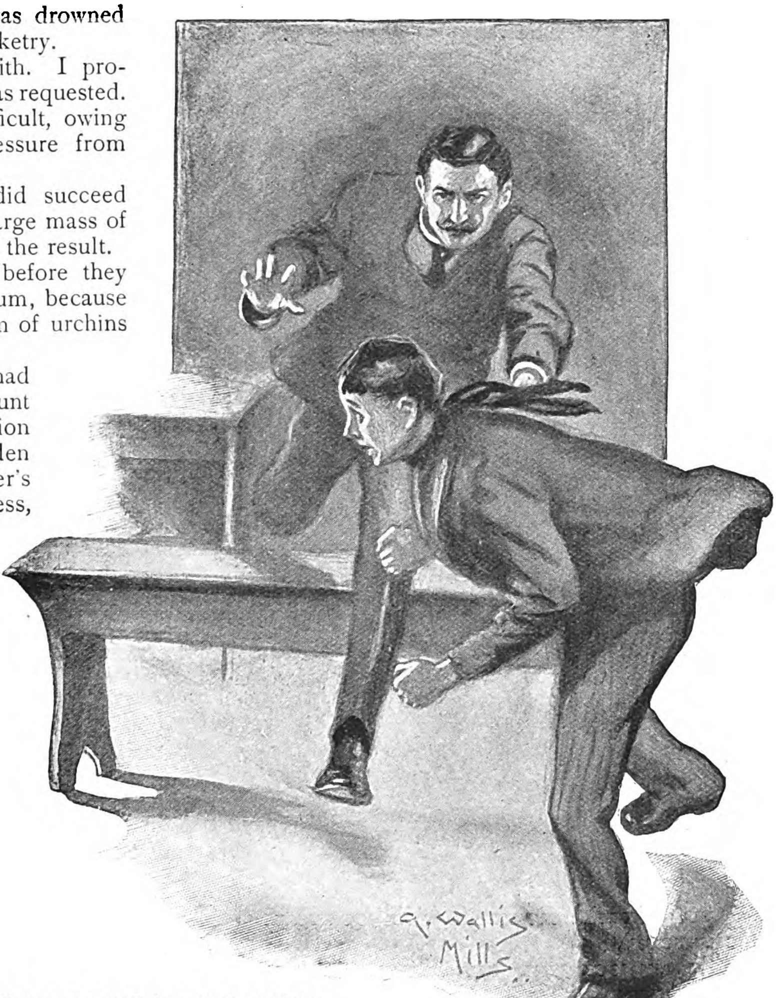
She vanished forthwith. I proceeded to "let them in" as requested. This, however, was difficult, owing to the tremendous pressure from without.

Eventually, when I did succeed in freeing the bolts, a large mass of sprawling humanity was the result.

Some time elapsed before they regained their equilibrium, because of the impetuous stream of urchins in the rear.

After the scuffle had abated, two lads, on account of a difference of opinion as to which had trodden hardest upon the other's leg during its progress, began to slowly remove their coats.

I considered it advisable to postpone this warlike argument, so peremptorily cleared the passage.


G. Wallis Mills.

The young wretch saw me coming, and dodged, quick as lightning, behind a bench. I gave chase.

When, having closed the door, I made tracks for the schoolroom, the combined odour of peppermint and orange that assailed my nostrils almost overcame me. Evidently they were the predominant features in the way of refreshment.

The sight that met my eyes as I entered is still fresh in my memory. Miss Millicent was standing on a platform at the end of the room, gesticulating and shouting wildly. I inferred the latter, as her dear little mouth was open to its fullest extent, for no words reached me. The din was appalling.

A sort of hurdle race was in progress, the benches being utilised for hurdles.

The youngsters who refused to evacuate their seats for the furthering of the exciting sport, were being bodily overturned. The result was a running riot.

I was determined to restore order at whatever cost. I had not idly promised to look after the little girl who was then so fearfully frightened at the other end of the room. I intended her to see that I would uphold her dignity even against rabble such as this. But the perplexing question was—how or where to begin. My presence was soon noted. However, I found that instead of tending to allay the uproar, it only increased it. In fact, there was more howling and whistling, more stamping of feet, more seats overturned, and a game of leap frog was started—all simply out of pure bravado.

My first step was to spot the leader. Under the circumstances this was difficult, but at last I did spot him. He was a scraggy gentleman with flaming red hair.

I went for him. The young wretch saw me coming, and dodged quick as lightning behind a bench. I gave chase.

There was a perceptible lull in the storm.

As the excitement rose, the young rioters rose too—on to the seats, and shouted encouragement and advice to their carrotty-headed chief.

At length, with a strategic movement, I suddenly cornered the enemy, and made a grab at him. But he darted under my outstretched arm, and was escaping amidst much cheering, when I tripped him up adroitly with my foot. Before he could rise I pounced upon him greedily. At the same moment a perfect shower of sticky black peppermints, orange peel, and peas, flew about my head.

The spirit of battle was upon me now, and I took no notice of such trifles, but, raising my captive prize in my arms, nursed him like a big baby while I "faced the music."

"Boys," I cried, removing a peppermint from my forehead.

Silence reigned for a brief second, and a youth, with a burglarious face remarked ironically: "By gum! aint 'e brave!"

This was the signal for jeers of "Yah! bully!" "Yer wouldn't take me an' my young brother on!" "'E won't 'urt yer, guv'nor!" "You'd be funky to 'it one yer own size!" and so on.

"Boys," I repeated, biting my moustache hard—I find this enables me the better to control my emotions—"here is your general." And I held out the kicking ringleader at arm's length by the seat of his nether garments, with serious risk to the same.

"Yus, we can hall see 'im, guv'nor!" observed a boy with a very big head.

I bit my moustache harder.

"I have a proposal to make——"

"Don't mind hus!" said the same boy with a grin. "We won't look guv'nor, honour bright!"

I ignored the interruption, and trusted Miss Millicent had not heard it.

"Take your seats, and he can remain in this room. Refuse, and I carry him outside. Which is it to be? Quick, decide!"

There was a surprised hush. Then the noisy urchins looking the picture of bewilderment and injured dignity, replaced the forms and took their places.

The kicking ringleader was evidently popular or feared.

I placed him upon his feet again.

"Your name?" I asked.

Immediately there was a roar of "Ginger" from every throat in the room.

"Very well, Ginger," said I, "you may return to your seat and behave yourself, or —out of the room you go!"

"Got hanythink helse you'd like to say, Long'un?" inquired Ginger.

I looked at him. My chums declare a look from me when I am angry goes a long way.

Ginger took his seat, sulkily but noislessly, and a murmur of astonishment rose to the ceiling.

I walked over to Miss Millicent. She raised her expressive eyes to mine. The undisguised admiration I saw in them, made me resolve to tip Ginger handsomely before we parted company.

While Miss Millicent was informing me that she had lost the notes on the subject she had intended to speak upon, I observed at the back of the room the owner of the enormous head unearth from a match-box a cigarette end.

Highly interested, I awaited further developments. I had not to wait long. He promptly placed the end in his mouth, and lit it with studious care. Then, with evident satisfaction, he proceeded to blow the reeking smoke through his nostrils.

Whereupon the boy with the burglar's face called out: "Save us the end, Freckles."

"There ain't goin' to be no end," replied the smoker loftily.

This neat rejoiner took me so unawares that I laughed outright.

Every child gazed at me with open-mouthed amazement.

"Ginger," said I, quickly recovering myself, "what is the name of the boy with the big head at the back of the room?"

"The bloke as is blowin' rings?" whispered Ginger, with visible admiration.

"Answer me."

"'Enery 'Opkins, and 'is father is in quod, and 'is mother——"

I stopped my over eager informant sharply. He subsided, looking hurt at my lack of interest in the family history.

"Henry Hopkins," I said quietly, "step up here?"

"'Ow much?" queried 'Enery.

"Do you hear me?"

What was left of the cigarette was carefully returned to the match-box, and the haughty smoker strutted up to the platform.

"You were smoking?"

"Was I really?"

"Go outside and throw away what you were smoking and return to me."

He looked flabbergasted for a moment, then exclaimed "Rats!" and began to giggle.

I did not lose my temper. I won't say that

I felt disinclined to punch his head, but a vision of the poor lad's up-bringing flashed across my mind, and I longed for an interview with his father.

"Please obey me, Henry," was all I said, and I saw Miss Millicent glance kindly at me.

As for 'Enery 'Opkins, he looked me up and down, and bowed low with elaborate magnificence and mock politeness.

"If yer puts it that way I'll oblige yer," and head on high, he swaggered out of the room in perfect imitation of an up-to-date dandy, banging the door after him.

I turned to conceal a smile I could not restrain, and also to sympathise with the dejected owner of the lost notes.

"Oh, what shall I do?" she asked.

I stroked my moustache thoughtfully.

"Why not tell them a story?" I suggested. "An interesting story. One that will both appeal to and elevate your audience, don't you know."

"But I don't know any elevating stories!" This, hopelessly.

"Why not make one up then? I've known you long enough to feel sure you are equal to it."

At that moment Henry returned, and took his place with much ostentation at the back of the room.

I looked at him once, twice, and he came slouching up to the platform. I noticed he still carried the match-box in his hand.

It was open, and the remains of the cigarette had disappeared.

"Have you obeyed?" I asked.

"Yus, I chucked the bloomin' fag on the doorstep, and danced a 'ornpipe on it," he answered surlily.

"I believe you," said I. "Take your seat."

He hesitated, while a dull red colour came into his white freckled face.

"Sit down!"

He walked off, stopped, and came slowly back.

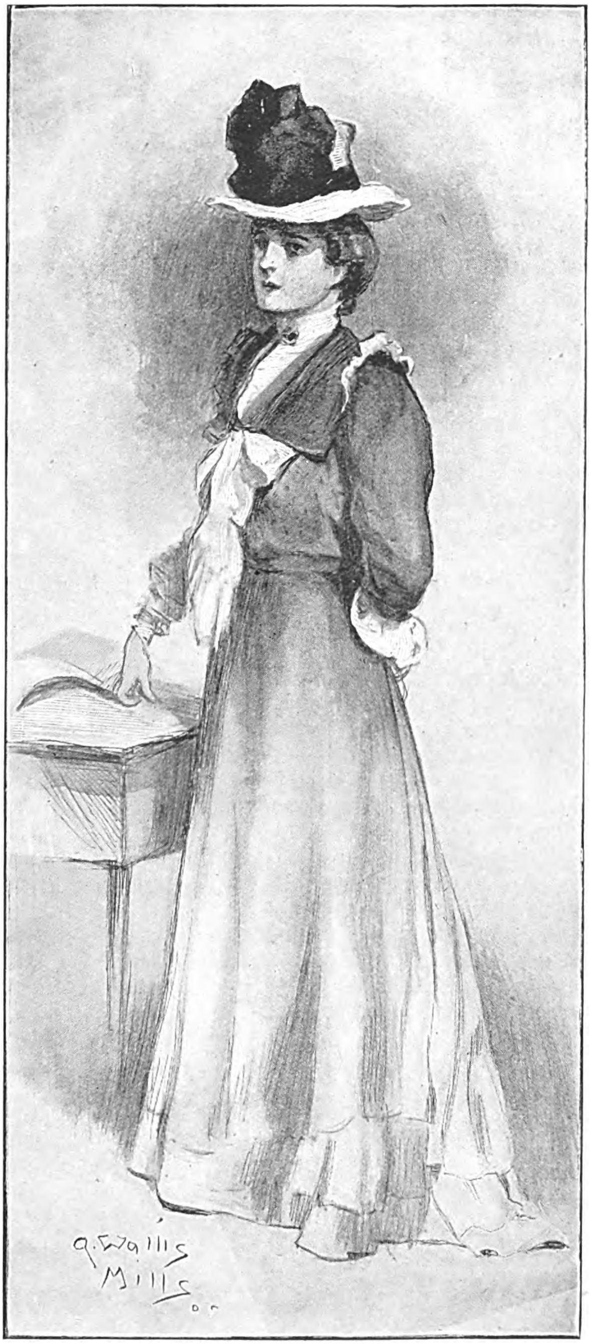
"Well?"

"Did yer say as 'ow yer believed me?"

"Certainly," I replied.

Then, to my surprise, he pulled out the cigarette end from behind his ear.

"It wor a lie, sir," he said, looking down.



Miss Millicent rose, nervous but determined.

"Oh, my eye! Ain't Freckles turnin' sainty all at once!" sneered a voice from the back.

"The boy who spoke then, leave the building immediately!"

"'Tain't likely I should take it with me!" said the burglarious one rising.

"And if he takes my advice," I added quietly, "he won't stay to be told twice."

It was lucky for that boy that he acted promptly on my suggestion, for it was only with the greatest restraint I kept my hands off him.

He made for the door, looking very scared, and he did not slam it. My voice must have been the cause. When I am dangerous, my voice usually betrays it.

That was the last I have seen of him. He has since been sent to a reformatory. I was not surprised to hear it.

As the door shut, I turned again to Henry. I found myself taking an uncommon fancy to the sharp-witted, stunted lad.

"Come here, my boy."

He came, and looked me in the face.

"I am glad you confessed your lie," I said gently. "Henry, shake hands."

Very hesitatingly the thin, grimy hand was placed in mine, and in that hand-grip was the turning point of his life.

There was grit in the lad. I saw it—who better than a soldier!—and I determined to make it my duty to bring that grit to the surface. (Future results have more than justified my hopes.)

After my new friend had sat down amidst silent wonderment, I risked the announcement that Miss Millicent was going to tell a story.

This was greeted by varied ejaculations.

"Sure to be about booze!" exclaimed one depreciatingly.

"'Nother Band of 'Ope yarn as sure as my name's Bill," jerked out a second, whilst a third remarked decisively: "Certain to 'ave 'eard it 'undreds of times afore from old Queller!"

Here Miss Millicent rose, nervous but determined, and the noise died down to a whisper. How I blessed every child in the room at that moment!

"I am going to tell you a true story," she began. "Something that actually happened."

I noticed significant glances being exchanged while she paused.

"I am going to relate an incident in the Afghan War. The bravest deed I have ever heard of." And she looked at me.

An electric thrill ran through my veins. How much can be conveyed in the meeting of two pairs of eyes.

A murmur of suppressed excitement greeted her words, and the room settled down to listen in real earnest.

Then Miss Millicent told how an officer in Her Majesty's service rescued a comrade—a wounded Tommy—from the clutches of a few howling hillmen.

Any soldier similarly situated would have done the same, and not thought twice about it; but the dear little girl who was telling of the act seemed to think otherwise. She succeeded in making me feel downright uncomfortable.

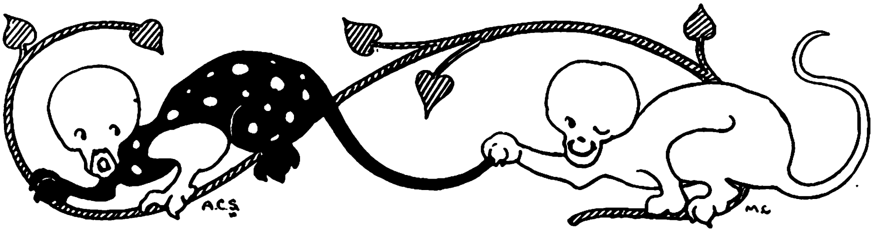
When the tale was ended, and with a hesitating glance in my direction, the narrator had made known the officer's identity, the astonished urchins naturally concluded they were expected to cheer. Ginger led them. And by Jove they did cheer—cheered as if they meant it, too.

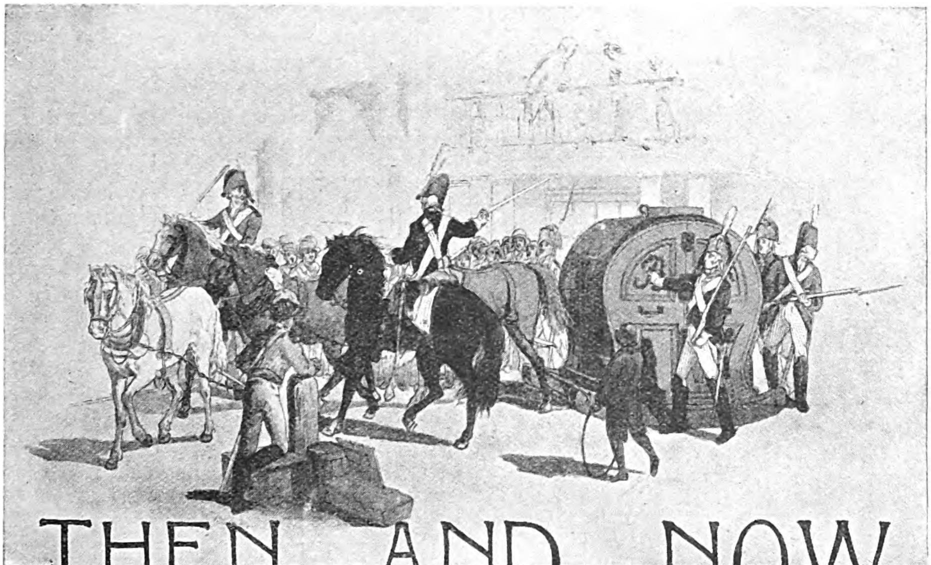
As for me—well, I was watching the inspirer of those cheers.

At last the excited youngsters departed, with 'Enery 'Opkins hoisted high upon two shoulders (this exalted position was due, it transpired, to his having shaken my hand), and the blushing little hero-worshipper and I were left alone.

I always take care of her now at these affairs. My right is indisputable.

A ring encircles the third finger of her left hand. We call it our "Band of Hope."





THEN AND NOW

VERDICT
LOTTERY
TRIAL

The upper picture shows the Government Lottery Wheel being escorted by the Guards from Somerset House to Coopers' Hall to be drawn. The lower picture speaks for itself.

THE CHANGES OF A CENTURY.

By Hector Grainger.

Illustrated from Photographs and Old Engravings.

A few days after the publication of this article, the friendly, familiar, and wonderful nineteenth century will have slipped away from us and joined its deceased compeers in the silent and spacious country of the past. Even to the least imaginative it will, I think, be a strange and thrilling moment when the church bells ring out the hour of midnight on the last day of the century, and to the most thoughtful among us what hosts of queer and interesting reflections will that moment call up, what thrilling sensations, what infinite memories, personal and historical! The minds of my younger readers will doubtless look forward into the coming years of the century and all the marvels and vast events they are pretty certain to bring; while the others, those who have gone through fifty or sixty years out of the hundred just finished, will think of the extraordinary changes that have occurred during their lifetime. And all of us, both young and old, when we drink each other's health at midnight—a charming custom, fast decaying, but which I trust will be revived, if only on this auspicious occasion—must not forget to toast the new-born century and to wish it all prosperity.

It is a matter of common knowledge that life changes ever more swiftly and drastically with each new century. Between the seventeenth and the eighteenth there was a far lesser difference than between the eighteenth and the nineteenth, and the changes between the beginning of this century and its close are so sensationally great as to be out of all proportion to those of any preceding century. Discoveries and inventions, with all the innumerable events and innovations that they give rise to, are the most potent factors of change, and up to about the commencement of the nineteenth century the two most important discoveries were that of America and that of gunpowder; the greatest invention—perhaps the greatest invention of all time, certainly the most far-reaching in its results—the invention of printing. But whereas these

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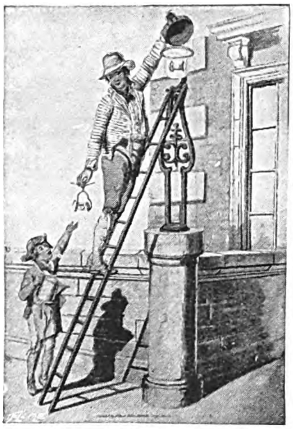
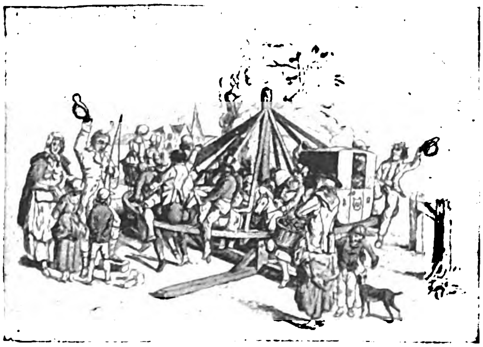


An old oil lamp, such as was used in the streets of London a hundred years ago, and the latest type of electric lamp.

were scattered over many hundreds of years, the nineteenth century alone has given birth to a couple of world-changing discoveries which, in their turn, have brought forth innumerable inventions, each of which has played its part in altering the whole aspect of life. I allude, of course, to the discoveries of steam and electricity, or, rather, to the discoveries of how to make use of them. Reflect a moment on how many of your everyday actions either steam or electricity has not some influence or other.

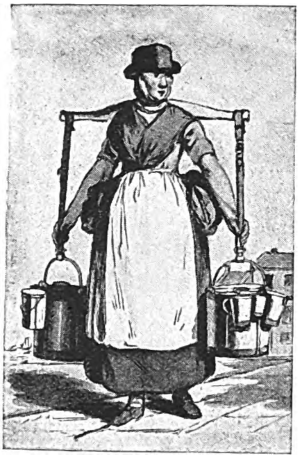
If you think over it long enough you will be astonished to find that almost everything you do is in some way—often very remotely, of course—connected with these discoveries, or some one of the discoveries sprung from them. For before the advent of steam and electricity there was practically nothing worthy of the name of machinery, and in what walk of life does not machinery play some vital part? Machinery! Why, when you come to think of it, are not steam and electricity turning the whole world into a vast machine, ourselves included? Chance, which was so important a factor in the lives and doings of our forefathers, is gradually being eliminated—as far as it is possible to eliminate chance—from modern life. Rapidity, regularity, monotony, punctuality, are not these the prime attributes of machinery? Do they not also describe our own lives? And are they not, with every succeeding year, becoming more and more an integral part of us?

The photographs and old prints which illustrate this article were chosen not so much in order to show the vast strides we have made during the century, as the quaint changes, sometimes a mere matter of form or dress, which have taken place in the byways of life. Our pictures of postmen, milk-vendors, costers, police, and Chelsea pensioners, are cases to the point; but if we examine any one of them carefully, we shall be able to detect something in the seemingly trifling changes between "then and now," which indicates far more than appears at first glance, and typifies or bears witness to the enormous and radical changes which have occurred between the birth and death of the century. Observe the two postmen, for instance. Their difference is mainly in costume; but what do those top-boots of the forefather of our up-to-date Mercury tell us? That their wearer had to walk a long distance, and might expect muddy roads. The fact is, that a postman in the

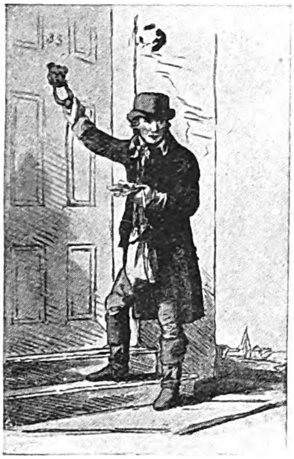


The merry-go-round of a hundred years ago, and an up-to-date example. This latter is worked by steam, has spring horses, and is accompanied by music.

youth of the century made one tour a day (sometimes even less than that) over a wide area, the recipients of letters being comparatively few and far between. To hold a correspondence, and especially with friends living in foreign parts, was at that time an expensive undertaking, and hazardous into the bargain. For one letter that goes astray at the present time, ten, at least, went astray in the early century. Look at the former postman's bag. So small, and yet it contains a whole day's delivery—fifty letters at the most! And these, not for one or two streets merely, but a whole district! Our town postman is smartly dressed, and wears a pair of ordinary thick-soled boots; he has no wide district to travel, no roads ankle-deep in mud; his rounds are up and down a few well-paved and comparatively cleanly streets, not with one small satchel dangling from his wrist, but with a capacious bag filled at least a dozen times a day.


A milkmaid at the beginning of the nineteenth century.

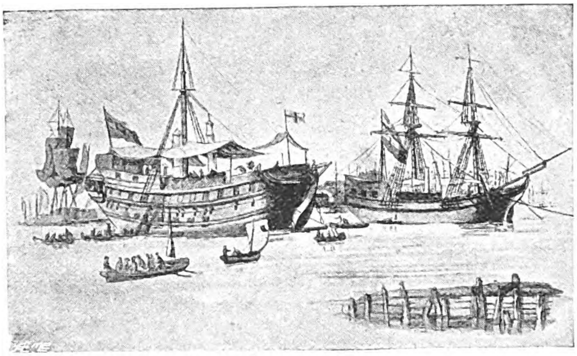
The milkmaid, the watchman, the Chelsea pensioner, and the coster of olden days excelled their predecessors in one respect, and in one respect only—I mean in the picturesqueness of their appearance. Are not the bygone postmen and pensioners delightful figures? The watchman no less, with his long ulster, nor'-wester, lanthorn, and club! Our own Robert looks, no doubt, sprucer and more workmanlike, but his is not exactly the figure to embellish a picture. Even the aged female coster and her quaint turn-out is better to look upon than the coster of to-day, despite his donkey and cart. And as to the milkmaid—can anything more delicious be imagined than her appearance? There is no doubt about it; we have gained on our predecessors in nearly every practical point—but we have lost in picturesqueness, and are losing daily!


The postman of a hundred years ago——

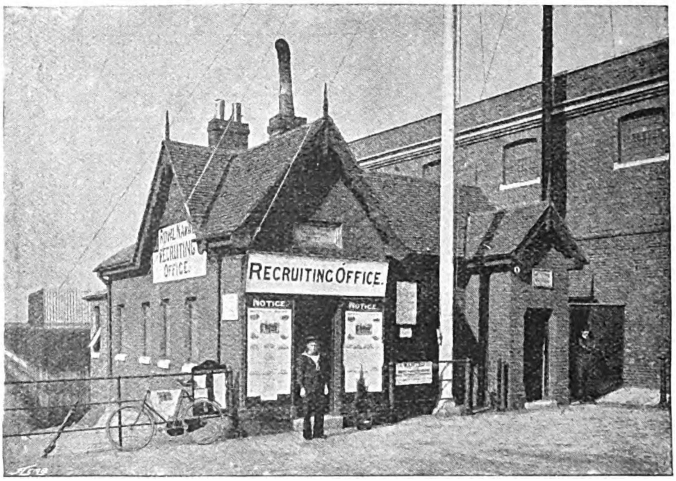
——and the postman of to-day.

How our milk is delivered at the beginning of the twentieth century.

Perhaps the most interesting of our contrasts is given in the two pictures at the head of this article. The one shows the Guards of a hundred years ago escorting the Government lottery wheel from Somerset House to Cooper's Hall to be drawn; the other, an emphatically modern snapshot, is silently eloquent. Times have changed indeed. Up to the year 1826 a Government lottery was a very popular method of raising money in England, and in France lotteries were not prohibited until twelve years later. Private lotteries, with the exception of the Royal Oak Lottery, were put a stop to in England as early as 1696, in spite of which the



Prison hulks on the Thames, off the Tower, for the reception of sailors seized by the press-gang.

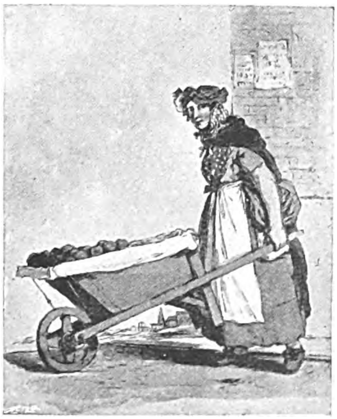


A modern Naval recruiting station.

Government, authorised by a special Act of Parliament, raised annually large sums by lotteries. The prizes given generally took the form of terminable or perpetual annuities. Men with red leather books—"morocco men," as they were called—travelled about the country selling the tickets, and the drawing generally extended over a period of forty days. From 1793 to 1824 the Government made an annual yearly profit of over £346,765; and some of the contractors are said to have spent £40,000 in advertisements in a single year!

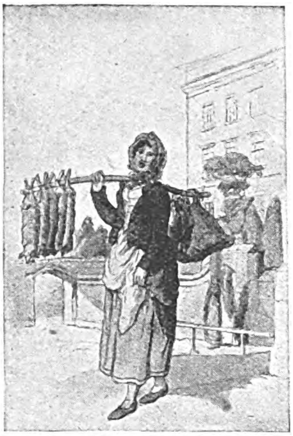
To-day we are a virtuous people; we strongly applaud our Government for prohibiting lotteries. But when any audacious individual starts a scheme perilously like lottery, if not lottery itself, calling it merely by another name, we back him up with the utmost enthusiasm. Yes, yes, we are a virtuous nation, and we hate anything approaching hypocrisy!

Another contrast worthy of attention is that on the present page. The upper picture shows a prison hulk on the Thames, off the Tower, that immediately below it, a Naval recruiting station. It was to such prison hulks as in the illustration that impressed sailors were incarcerated before being spirited away to the seat of war. The press-gang! It is indeed hard to imagine that less than a hundred years ago such a villainous body was abroad stealing, not mere silver or jewellery, but men—husbands from their families, sons from



The changes of a century in the costermonger's business. The up-to-date barrow is drawn by a donkey or pony, and its wheels have rubber tyres.

their parents! We have all heard of the press-gang and its exploits. How a man might leave his house at night to fetch a doctor for his wife or child, and suddenly vanish as though the earth had swallowed him, never to be seen again by his friends, never again to be heard of, except, perhaps, as having fallen in some battle in the Mediterranean or the far-off Indian seas. Well, recruiting is a very different matter to-day, and the wonder is that the nation should have stood the press-gang and its violent methods so long as it did.


At the beginning of the nineteenth century rabbit-women cried their wares in London streets.

In the old days watchmen, "Charleys," as they were called, had well nigh as many tribulations as the "Bobby" of our own times. Young bloods "flown with insolence and wine," made them the favourite object of all manner of pranks, that read, no doubt, very funnily, but were anything but funny to the unfortunate "Charley." But his worst foes were the so-called "Mohawks," equivalents of the modern Hooligans — roysterers who prowled the London streets in search of mischief or booty. A fashionable piece of villainy on their part was to overturn the box in which it was part of "Charley's" duty to sit at certain hours of day and night. And in more than one instance, when the box happened to fall on its face, it was found in the morning that "Charley" had died of suffocation during his hours of enforced imprisonment.

ULTERERS
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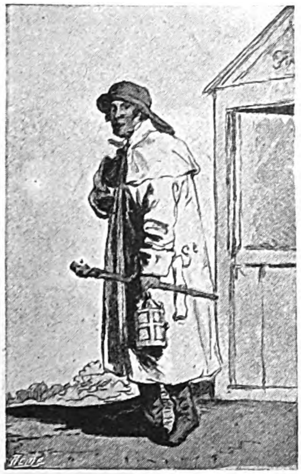
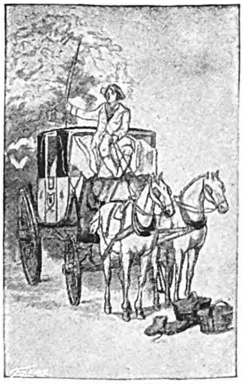
A modern rabbit shop.



One of the old "Charleys," or watchmen, with whom pranks were p'ayed, and the present day guardian of the peace.

What a quaint affair was the merry-go-round of the early century!—a hoop attached to a rough pole, with seats in the form of horses rudely carved—this was all, but observe the glee of the riders. No holiday-makers of to-day could be more enthusiastic in spite of gorgeous and elaborate machines that twist them round on rocking-horses to the appalling strains of a central orchestrion. How changed are those delicious country fairs of the early century when Darby and Joan put on their Sunday best and sallied forth to see the younger generation disporting itself among the booths on the village green! — booths that contained wonders from the deep seas and from "furren parts," mermaids and huge nuggets of gold, diamonds the size of your head, and talking-fish—all manner of curiosities that the simple folk would gape at with trustful eyes! We are wise men to-day and *blasé;* we would scorn a

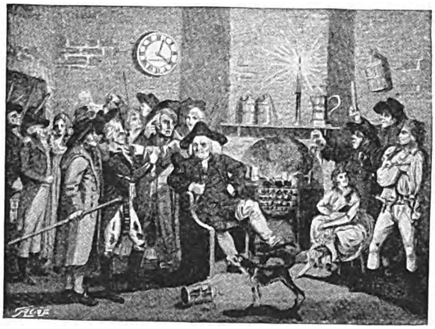


The motor cab has been seen in the streets of London, but it was not a success, and has disappeared for a time.

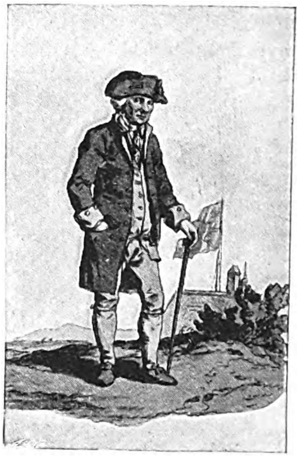
Hackney carriages at the beginning of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries.

merry-go-round, crude like the one in our print, and as for mermaids and other marvels, there are few villagers in England who would not lay hands on the showman of a mermaid and duck him in the nearest pond.

But to go through all the changes that have taken place in a century would need volumes upon volumes. What, in fact, is there that has not changed? Houses, food, amusements, locomotion, clothing, sermons, warfare, and a thousand and one things, have so altered as to be scarcely identified with their corresponding fellows of a century ago, and the illustrations which we give must be taken merely as typical of the multifarious changes which have been wrought in the course of the nineteenth century.

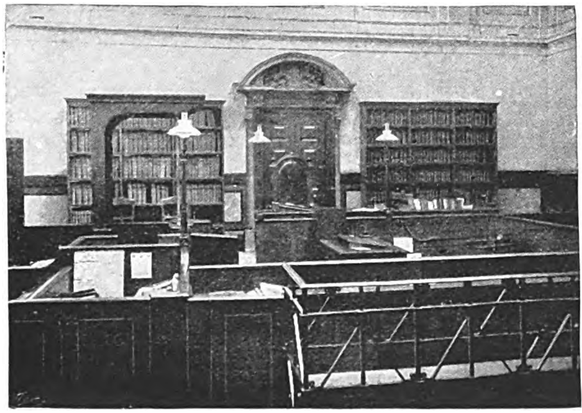


A watch-house 100 years ago.



A Chelsea pensioner in 1801——

And what will the next hundred years bring? The most ingenious prophet of the present time, Mr. H. G. Wells, has given us in his famous novel, "When the Sleeper Wakes," an imaginary picture of London after the lapse of two hundred years. And what a picture!—The upper classes hopelessly corrupted, and the lower classes crushed; all beauty and nobility vanishing away, and misery and vice rapidly on the ascendant. Let us hope that Mr. Wells is less brilliant as a prophet than a novelist.



The interior of Bow Street.

——and in 1901.

CHRISTMAS IN THE NAVY

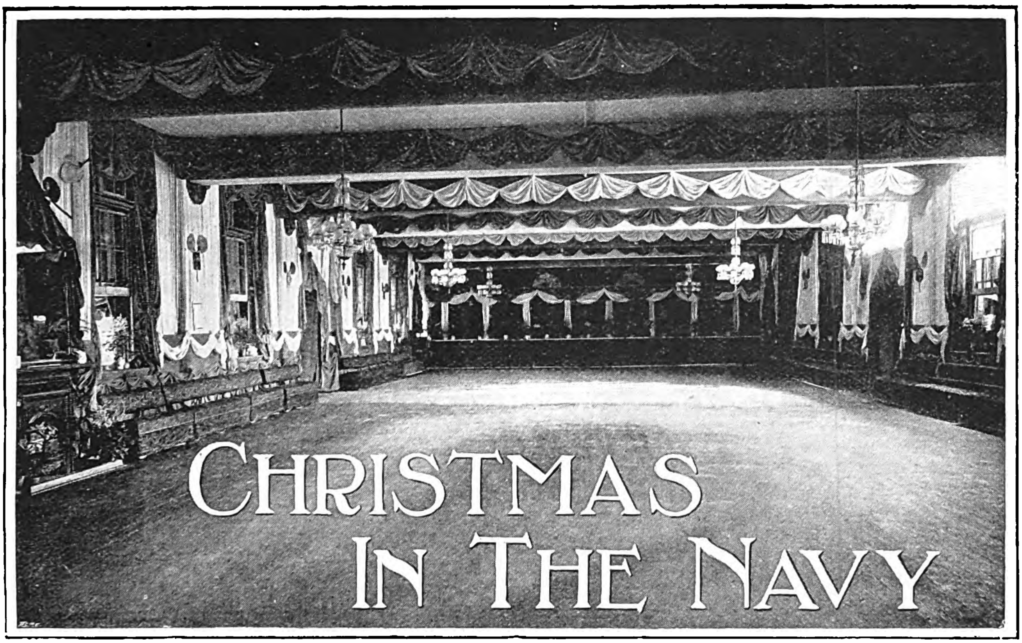


Photo by J. Russell and Sons.

The ball-room at the Gunnery School, Whale Island, on Christmas Day.

By Archibald S. Hurd.

Being the Eighth of a Series of Articles on "How the Navy is Run."

All the world over, wherever two or three Englishmen are gathered together, there Christmas is celebrated with the old customs that still survive, in spite of many changes. Nowhere is the season marked by more hearty rejoicings and a nearer approximation to the spirit of peace and goodwill than in the Naval and Marine barracks and on board Her Majesty's ships, whether it be the good fortune of the crews to belong to the Channel Squadron, in which case many of the officers and men are usually privileged to spend the holiday with their relatives and friends ashore, or to be cruising up some pestilential river in West Africa, broiling under a midsummer sun at the Antipodes, or banished thousands of leagues away to the Far East.

In our modern warship, however, the character of the celebration has been considerably varied since the period of the pig-tailed sailors, whose religion was to hate a "froggie," and whose favourite pastime was chewing tobacco. In those times there was much greater freedom permitted than is allowed in what is contemptuously called the "New Navy" by a few of those old salts who are still to be found on the modern lower deck. Christmas was then a time of license and excess, which often culminated in something akin to a riot, many bruises telling their tales of free fights. In fact, Christmas often caused dozens of a ship's company to figure in the "black list." Education and reform have altered all this, and although Christmas on board ship is not one whit less enjoyable to the higher type of men of the present day, the fun is more rational and less brutal in character than that indulged in by their sea sires.

Back in the fifties and sixties, even, it was the practice for officers to be carried round the decks on the afternoon of Christmas Day on the shoulders of their shipmates. The well-liked officers were cheered and praised and received every mark of respect; but anyone who, unfortunately for his peace of mind, had made himself obnoxious to the crew, was hissed and hustled and pelted with eggs and refuse, in a manner which was not only detrimental to discipline, but sometimes positively dangerous to his health and limbs. In this way did men square accounts and pay back old grudges.

In those days officers frequently found some excuse to absent themselves from their ship if it was in harbour, and if at sea,

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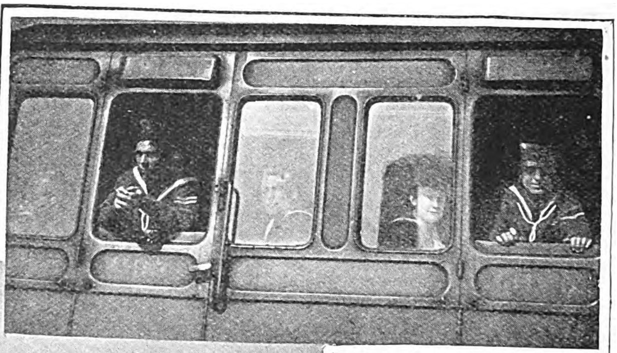
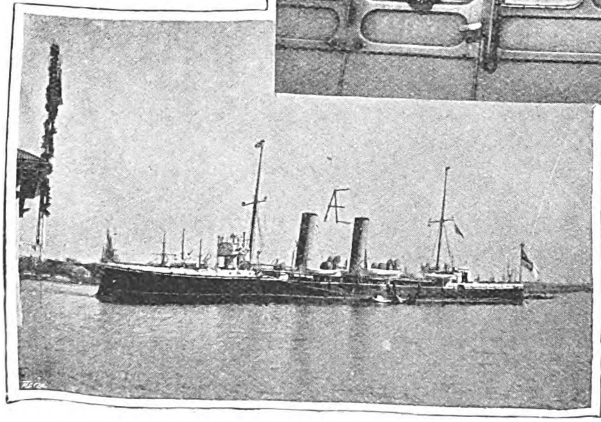


Jack off by train for his Christmas leave.

Photo by S. Cribb.



H.M.S. *Æolus*, decorated for Christmas.

Photo by J. Fuller, R.N.

locked themselves in their cabins to avoid being made the subjects of these popular, or unpopular, demonstrations, for both were unpleasant. The former method of avoiding the attentions of the men was generally effective, but locks and bars were no security against seamen determined to show their love or hatred; and the popular "First Luff," or uncongenial parson, or purser, was dragged willy-nilly from his hiding-place and carried round the decks in a procession headed by a loud and discordant, band consisting usually of big and little drums, a bugle, and an assortment of tin dishes energetically beaten with iron "gibbies" or spoons.

This practice of "carrying-round" their officers is still allowed in some ships in the modern Navy, but it is enjoined that no hostile demonstrations must take place, and this understanding between the Captain, who shuts his official eye, and the men who are thus able to exhibit the good feeling that exists between the ward-room and the lower deck is practically never broken. The music on such occasions is furnished nowadays by an efficient fife and drum, or string band, recruited entirely from the men.

On ships in harbour the Christmas festival begins on Christmas Eve, after the men have mustered at evening quarters. As in homes ashore, preparations have, of course, been made long before this, but, unlike the culinary artists on land, Jack does not cook his "Christmas duff," or plum pudding, before Christmas Day. Directly after dismissal from "quarters" the real business of preparing for the great festival is taken seriously in

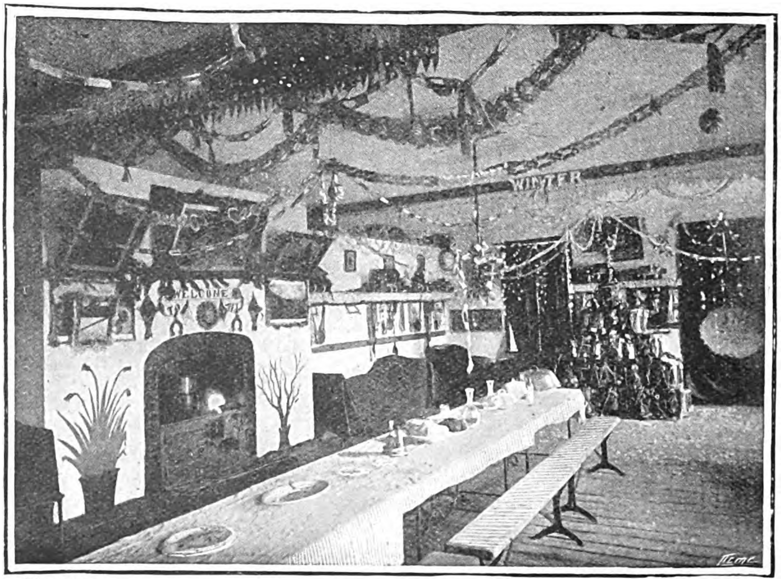


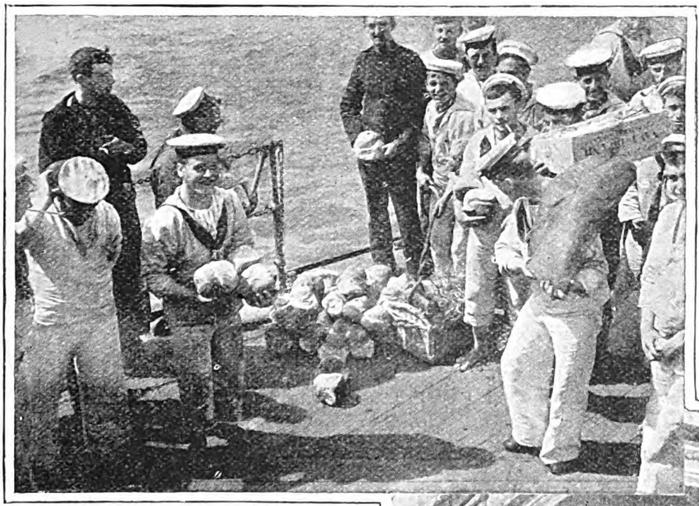
Photo by W. M. Crockett.

The drummers' room at the Royal Marine Barracks, Plymouth, on Christmas morning.

hand. Often by midnight the bare and sternly unattractive lower deck has been transformed by means of evergreens and coloured paper into a veritable fairy-land, full of delightful little alcoves, rigged and tricked out with lights and lanterns. Sometimes the masts and yards, if there are any, are also decorated.

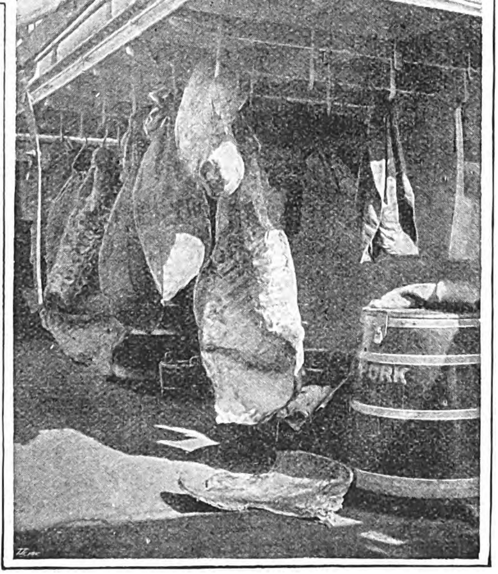
In this transformation of the lower deck the electric light is now made to play the part of the old Chinese lantern, but with much better effect, as the dynamo in the engine-room supplies a full current to all the additional lights which are specially fitted up for the Yuletide festival.

But a portion only of the men are able to engage in the pleasant task of decking their messes in this way. Others are at work preparing for the cook, and taking to the galley, substantial joints, and pies and puddings of all descriptions. In the ordinary way the sailors, each in turn, prepare the food, for the remainder of their messmates, and convey it to and from the galley, where it is cooked by the ship's cook and his mates. But at Christmas the old and most experienced pudding and pie makers in each mess willingly undertake to deal with all the viands for the morrow, and make pastry and "plum duff" in the very best and most approved lower deck style. The Navy has many excellent amateur cooks. Outsiders have been heard to say that Jacks' efforts are almost as successful as—sometimes better than—those of their mothers and wives and sisters on shore !



Bacon and eggs being taken aboard for Jack's Christmas breakfast.

Photos by S. Cribb.



Meat for the Christmas dinner of the lower deck.

At the galley the cook and his "upper yardmen," as the sailors delight to call the staff, are busy in snowy white caps and aprons, amid a cloud of steam, receiving and placing in the proper coppers the hams, "duffs," and other things as they are brought to them. The galley fire, which is put out before the "rounds" at 9 p.m. at ordinary times, is kept alight all night, and savoury smells float about the ship and tickle the nostrils of the men as they decorate their messes and busy themselves in the preparation of their food.

In the old days, before Jack's cooks were trained at a naval cookery-school as they are now, and grog was more plentiful on Christmas Eve, strange things happened to Christmas dinners. The cook, often a man "just a little fond of the bubbly," sometimes took more grog than was good for him, and fell asleep and let the "duffs" burn and the hams boil to rags. One story, not altogether apocryphal, if somewhat old, relates how on one occasion when the men turned up on

Photo by Cribb.
A concert party formed by men left behind at one of the naval establishments.

Christmas morning at the galley for their hams, the cook was found to have a large tub full of stuff which looked like desiccated soup. When the sailor cook of one mess called out "No. 4," the ship's cook replied, "No. 4 you had two. Two ladles full and two bones for No. 4; next mess, please!" and the cook of No. 4 had to take back two ladles of ham shreds and liquid, from which his messmates were compelled to make their breakfasts. Nowadays, however, with less grog and better cooks, the hams are sent back to their messes in good condition, savoury and appetising.

Christmas Day on a man of war really begins at midnight on the 24th of December, for as the sentry strikes the hour of midnight on the ship's bell, the band begins to play on the mess deck and marches round the ship. Sleep vanishes for that night for all residents of the lower deck, and there is considerable excitement and preparation until breakfast—which is a most substantial meal—is finished. After breakfast the mess tables are covered with white cloths, and groan under the very heavy load of good fare, which varies according to the station and port at which the ship is stationed if she is on foreign service. When this has been done the mess deck is finally cleared up, and the ship's company go to Divine service, which is the same as on Sundays and Good Fridays. The "Sky-Pilot" or "Padré," or the Captain, usually arranges that the service shall not be a long one, and Jack is free again shortly after eleven o'clock.

By noon all the food has been fetched from the galley and the band assembled outside the Captain's cabin. As the sentry sounds eight bells, the band strikes up once more, and the Captain, accompanied by his principal officers, starts out for an inspection of the messes, where they are heartily greeted by the men, and proudly proffered cake, pudding, or mince-pies as they pass from table to table, where men stand holding out plates of their Christmas fare. The men expect their officers, at least, to test the quality of the ample provision for the meal of the day, and they are not disappointed. When the last mess has been passed, the Captain gives the order to "pipe" to dinner, and the boatswain's mate fills the air with that strange and shrill combination of sounds called "piping to dinner."

Shortly after this grog is served. In the old days "the main brace was spliced" on Christmas Day—an extra allowance of grog

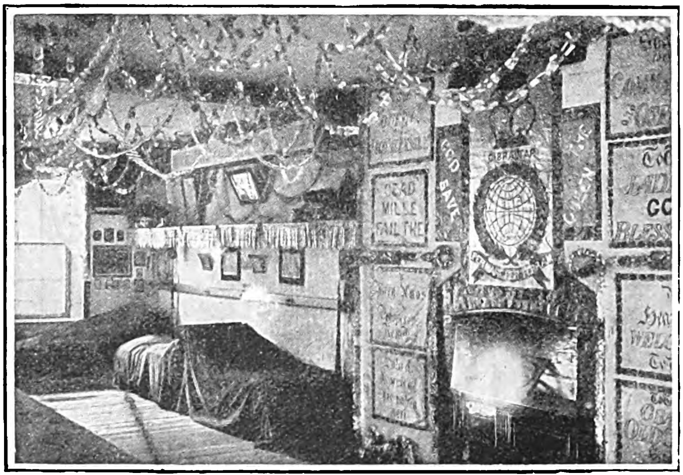


Photo by W. M. Crockett.
Christmas decorations at the Royal Marine Light Infantry Barracks, Plymouth.

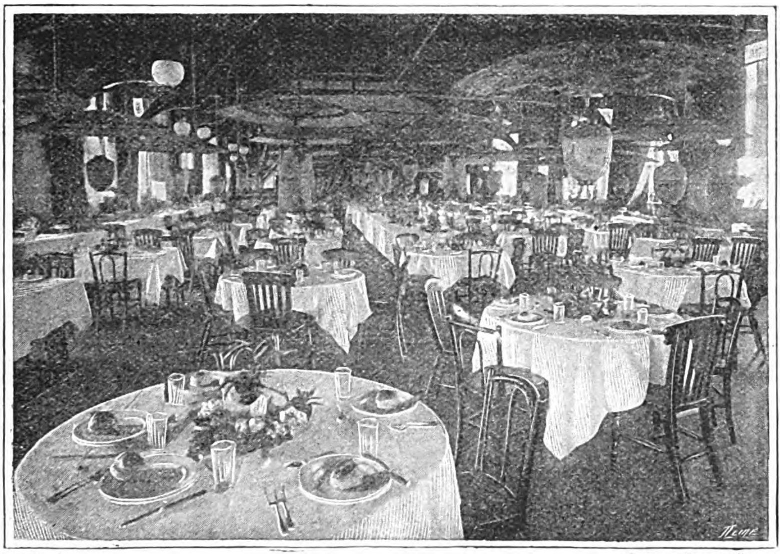


Photo by J. Russell and Sons.

The supper-room at Whale Island decorated for Christmas.

was served out after dinner—but this custom has largely fallen into disuse since the festival has ceased to be the excuse for an orgie. An extra pint of beer per man can be drawn from the wet canteen, when one exists on the ship. At Christmas, also, in the modern ship, various presents are made from the profits of the canteen to the messes, generally consisting of such things as raisins, currants, spice, flour, and eggs for "duffs" and cakes, and, if procurable, milk and other accessories for the festival. As Jack has to pay throughout the year the prices which result in profits for such a purpose, perhaps, after all, these *gifts* are compliments of a doubtful kind, but they happen to come at an opportune moment. In fleets abroad, in isolated places, one of the smaller ships is sometimes detailed to act as "bum-boat" to the other ships just before Christmas, and is sent to the nearest large port where food stuffs can readily be obtained.

One Yuletide privilege the men greatly appreciate on this day of days. Usually they may smoke only at specified times and places, but after dinner has been piped on Christmas Day they are at liberty to enjoy the weed on the mess decks until midnight. Boys under eighteen, who are forbidden to drink grog or to smoke, may use the pipes most of them conceal in ordinary times and join their seniors until the hour of midnight, when the privilege ends.

During the afternoon on Christmas Day, when a ship is in port, it is usual, should it be anchored at a place where leave can be given, to grant a "free gangway." This enables the men to go ashore any time they think fit, the same privilege being also extended to all those who have had their ordinary leave stopped as a punishment.

Photo by S. Cribb.

A Christmas party of stokers and marines.

Topsy - turvydom on Christmas Day—a sailor boy serving out the grog.

Photo by J. Fuller, R.N

THE PURPLE CLOUD

By M.P. Shiel

Illustrations by J.J. Cameron

I.

Well, the memory seems to be getting rather impaired now, rather impaired. What, for instance, was the name of that parson who preached, just before the *Boreal* set out, about the wickedness of any further attempt to reach the North Pole? I have forgotten. Yet four years ago it was familiar to me as my own name.

Things which took place before the voyage seem to be getting a little cloudy in the memory now. I have sat here to write down some sort of account of what has happened—God knows *why*, since no eye can ever read it—and see, at the very beginning, the memory breaks down.

I can't remember the preacher's name. He was a most strange sort of man, a Scotchman from Ayrshire, big and gaunt, with tawny lion's-hair. He used to go about London streets in rough-spun clothes, a plaid flung from one shoulder. Once I saw him in Holborn with his rather wild stalk, frowning, and muttering to himself. He had no sooner come to London and opened chapel, I think in Fetter Lane, than the little room began to be crowded; and when he moved to a big establishment in Kensington, all sorts and conditions of men flocked, even from America and Australia, to hear the thunder that he talked. His was not an age apt to fly into enthusiasms over this sort of word-of-mouth prophets and prophecies; but this particular man certainly did stir the dark, strong feelings which sleep in the heart. His eyes were very singular and powerful; his voice muttered and gathered and crashed as I have heard the pack-ice when in commotion far yonder in the North; while his gestures were as uncouth and gawky as those of some wild man of the primitive ages.

Well, this man—what *was* his name?—Macintosh, Mackay—that was it! *Mackay*. Mackay saw fit to take offence at the new attempt to reach the Pole in the *Boreal;* and for three Sundays, when the preparations were nearing completion, stormed against it at Kensington.

The excitement of the world with regard to the North Pole had, at this date, reached a pitch which can only be described as *fevered:* for the abstract interest which mankind, in its hunger for knowledge, had always felt in this unknown region, was now a thousand and one times intensified by the mingling with it of a new, concrete interest—a tremendous *money* interest.

And the new zeal had ceased to be healthy in its tone, as the old zeal was: for now the demon Mammon was making his voice heard in this matter.

Within the ten years preceding the *Boreal* expedition, no fewer than twenty-seven expeditions had set out, and failed.

The secret of this new rage lay in the last will and testament of that king of faddists, Mr. Charles P. Stickney of Chicago, supposed to be the richest individual who ever lived; he, just ten years before the *Boreal* undertaking, had died, bequeathing 175,000,000dols. to the first man who reached the Pole.

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Such was the literal wording of the will—"*the first man who reached.*" This loose method of designating the person intended had immediately given rise to a prolonged heat of controversy in England and America as to whether or no the testator could have meant *the Chief* of the first expedition which reached; but it was finally decided on high legal authority that, in any case, the actual wording of the document held good; and that it was the *individual*, whatever his station, whose foot first reached the Pole, who would have title to the fortune.

At all events, the ferment of the public mind had risen, as I say, to a pitch of actual fever; and as to the *Boreal* in particular, everyone knew the details of her fitting, the papers daily discussed the progress of her preparations, and the excitement about her was general; for now—at last—it was felt that success was probable. So Mackay had an acutely interested audience, if a somewhat startled, and a somewhat cynical, one.

A truly lion-hearted man this must have been to dare proclaim a point of view so at variance with the spirit of his age! People used to call him "John the Baptist Redivivus," and without doubt he did suggest something of that sort.

On the third Sunday night of his denunciation of the *Boreal* I was there in that Kensington chapel, and I heard him, and the wild talk he talked! He seemed like a man delirious with inspiration.

His listeners sat really spell-bound, while Mackay's prophesying voice ranged up and down through all the modulations of thunder, from the hurrying mutter to the reverberant climax, and those who came to scoff remained to wonder.

Put simply, what he said was this: That there was undoubtedly some sort of Fate, or Doom, connected with the Pole in reference to the human race; that man's continual failures, in spite of continual efforts, to reach it, abundantly and superabundantly proved this; and that those failures constituted a lesson, *and a warning*, which the race disregarded at its peril.

The North Pole, he said, was not so very far away, and the difficulties in the way of reaching it were not, on the face of them, so very great; human beings had achieved things a thousand times more difficult; yet, in spite of over half-a-dozen well-planned efforts in the nineteenth century, and thirty-one in the twentieth, man had never reached the Pole; always he had been baulked, baulked, baulked, by some seeming chance—some restraining Hand: and herein lay the lesson, *herein the warning*. Wonderfully—really wonderfully—like the Tree of Knowledge in Eden, he said, was that Pole; all the rest of earth lay opened and offered to man—but *that* was persistently veiled and forbidden. It was as when a father lays his hand upon his son, with a—"Not here, my child, not here."

But human beings, he said, were free agents, with power to stop their ears, and turn a deaf consciousness to the whispers and warning indications of Heaven; and he believed, he said, that the time was now come when man would find it absolutely in his power to stand on that 90th degree of latitude, and plant an impious right foot on the apex of the earth, just as it had been given into the absolute power of Adam to stretch an impious right hand and pluck of the Fruit of Knowledge; but, said he—his voice pealing now into one long proclamation of awful augury—"just as the abuse of that power had been followed in the one case by catastrophe swift and universal, so, in the other, he warned the entire race to look out thenceforth for nothing from God but a lowering sky, and thundery weather."

The man's frantic earnestness, his authoritative voice, his savage gestures, could not but have their effect upon his hearers. As for me, I declare I sat as though a messenger direct from Heaven addressed me. But I believe I had not yet reached home, when the whole effect of the discourse had passed from me like water from a duck's back; and probably the same thing was true of his entire audience. The prophet in the twentieth century was not a success. I dismissed Mackay from my mind with this thought: "He is behind his age, I suppose."

But I have thought differently of Mackay since!

* * * *

Three weeks—it was about that—before that Sunday night discourse, I was visited by Clark, the chief of the coming expedition—a mere visit of friendship. I had then been established for about a year at No. 11, Harley Street, and, though only twenty-five, had, I suppose, as *élite* a practice as any doctor in Europe.

Élite—but small. I was able to maintain my state, and move among the great; but now and again I would feel the secret pinch of moneylessness.

In the course of our conversation, Clark said to me, talking in his light, haphazard way:

"Do you know what I dreamed about you

last night, Adam Jeffson? I dreamed that you were with us on the expedition. And never had I so clear a dream."

I started. On the same night I had myself dreamed the same thing; but not a word said I about it now. There was a stammering in my tongue as I answered:

"Who, I?—on the expedition?—I would not go, if I were asked."

"Oh, you would."

"I wouldn't. You forget that I am about to be married."

"Well, we need not discuss the point. You are not likely to be asked, since Peters is not going to die; but if anything *did* happen to him, you know, it is you I should come straight to, Adam Jeffson."

"Clark, you jest," I said; "I know very little of astronomy, or magnetic phenomena. Besides, I am about to be married."

"But what about your botany?" answered Clark. "*That* would be the thing we should want from you. And as for nautical astronomy, a man with your scientific habit would pick all that up in no time."

"You discuss the matter as gravely as though it were a possibility, Clark," I said smiling. "Such a thought would never enter my head. There is, first of all, my *fiancée*—"

"Oh, the all-important Countess—well, but she, as far as I know the lady, would be the first to force you to go. The chance of stamping one's foot on the North Pole does not occur to a man every day."

"Do talk of something else," I said with a laugh. "There is Peters—"

A laugh! But I knew, even *then*, deep in my heart, that a great crisis was occurring in my life. And I knew that this was so, firstly, because of two dreams, and secondly, because when Clark had gone, as I was drawing on my gloves to go to see my *fiancée*, I heard distinctly the old two voices talk within me; and one said: "Go not to see her now!" And the other: "Yes,—go, go!"

The two voices of my life! A person, reading these words, would imagine that I only mean two ordinary contradictory impulses—or else that I am mad. For what modern man could ever dream how *real* were those voices, how loud, and how, ever and anon, I heard them contend within me with a nearness impossible to any ear of flesh?

At the age of seven it happened first to me. I was playing one summer evening in a pinewood of my father's; half-a-mile away was a cliff; and as I played it suddenly seemed to me as if someone said to me, inside of me: '*just take a walk toward the cliff;*' and as if someone else said: "*do not go that way at all!*" Mere whispers *then*—which gradually, as I grew up, swelled to cries of wrathful contention! I did go toward the cliff; it was steep, 20ft. high, and I fell. Some weeks later, on recovering speech, I told my astonished mother: that "*someone had pushed me*" over the edge from behind; and that someone else "*had caught me*" at the bottom!

One night soon after my eleventh birthday, lying in bed, the thought struck me that my life must be of immense importance to some Thing, or Things, which I could not see; that two Powers, which hated each other, were always after me, one wishing for some reason to kill me, and the other for some reason to keep me alive, one wishing me to do so and so, and the other the opposite.

When I had to decide as to my profession, who could have suspected the tremendous conflict that transacted itself in my soul, while my brain was indifferent to the matter—that agony of strife with which the contending voices shouted, the one, "Become a scientist—a doctor," and the other, "Be a lawyer, an engineer, an artist—be *anything* but a doctor!"

A doctor I decided to become. And because of that decision I went to what has become the greatest of medical schools, Cambridge.

* * * *

But I have made a digression. I was saying that when Clark had left me, I was putting on my hat and gloves to go to see my *fiancée*, the Countess Clodagh, when I heard the two voices; and one said: "Go, go," and the other, with intense warning persistence, "Not now!"

I went. Sometimes the urgency of one or other of the two impulses is so overpowering, that it is impossible to resist. It was so then—and I went.

I had to traverse the distance between Harley Street and Hanover Square, and *all* the time it was as though something was thundering into my physical ear: "Since you go, breathe no word about the *Boreal*, and Clark's visit;" and as though something else commanded me: "Yes, tell, tell—hide nothing."

That struggle of prompting voices seemed to last an age, yet it was only three or four minutes before I was in Hanover Square, and Clodagh in my arms.

She was, I think, the most superb creature I ever saw—that haughty swan-neck, which seemed as if always scorning something just behind her left shoulder. Superb! but ah!—I know it now—a godless woman, Clodagh, a bitter heart.

Clodagh once confessed to me that her favourite character in history was Lucrezia Borgia, and when she saw my horror, immediately added, "Oh, no, I am only joking!" Such was her duplicity; for I see now that she lived in the constant effort to hide her heinous heart from me. Yet how Clodagh fascinated and enthralled me!

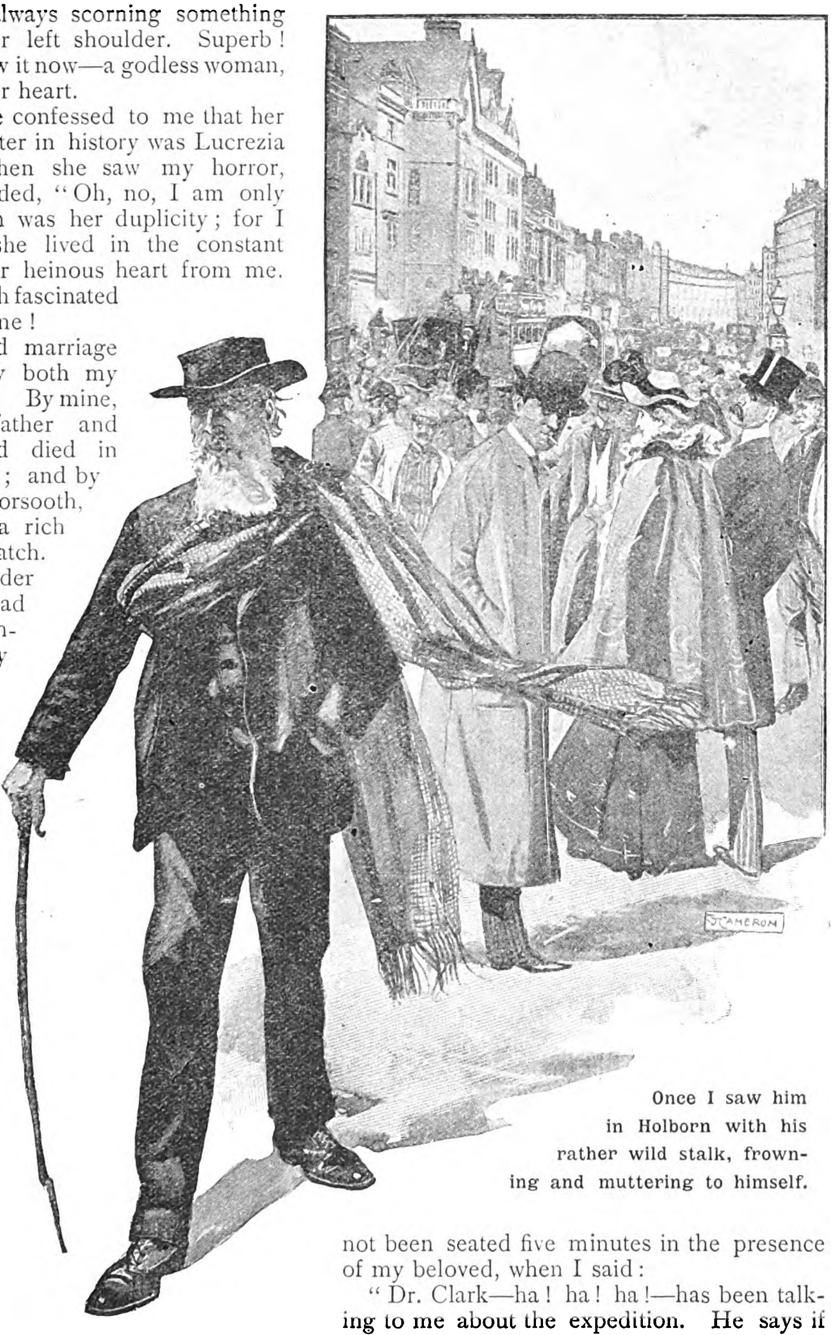
Our proposed marriage was opposed by both my family and hers. By mine, because her father and grandfather had died in lunatic asylums; and by hers because, forsooth, I was neither a rich nor a noble match. A sister, much older than herself, had married a common country doctor, and this made the so-called *mésalliance* with me doubly detestable in the eyes of her relatives. But Clodagh's extraordinary passion for me could be stemmed neither by their threats nor prayers. What a flame was Clodagh! Sometimes she frightened me.

She was at this date no longer young, being by five years my senior. She was by also five years the senior of her nephew, born from the marriage of her sister with the country doctor. That nephew was Peter Peters, who was to accompany the *Boreal* expedition as doctor, botanist, and meteorological assistant.

On that day of Clark's visit to me I had not been seated five minutes in the presence of my beloved, when I said:

"Dr. Clark—ha! ha! ha!—has been talking to me about the expedition. He says if anything happened to Peters, *I* should be the first man he would run to. He forgets my marriage. He has had an absurd dream—"

The consciousness that filled me as I spoke these words was the *wickedness* of me, the crooked wickedness. But I could no more help it than I could fly.



Once I saw him in Holborn with his rather wild stalk, frowning and muttering to himself.

Clodagh was standing at a window with a rose at her face. For quite a minute she made no reply, and then she said in her cold, rapid way:

"The man who first plants his foot on the North Pole will certainly be made an earl. I say nothing of the many millions he will inherit. I only wish I were a man!"

"I don't know that I have any special ambition that way," I rejoined. "I am very happy as I am in my warm Eden with my Clodagh. I don't like the outer cold."

"Don't let me think little of you!" she answered pettishly.

"Why should you, Clodagh? I am not bound to desire to go to the North Pole, am I?"

"But you *would* go, I suppose, if you could?"

"I might—I doubt it. There is our marriage——"

"Our marriage! It would be the one thing to transform our marriage from a sneaking difficulty into a ten-times triumphant event."

"You mean if *I*, personally, were the first to stand on the Pole. But there would be others on the expedition, even supposing I went. It is very unlikely that *I*, personally——"

"For *me* you would, Adam," she answered with absolute cool confidence. "You will outstrip your companions, thinking of me; *they* will be blue and dying, you all warm with the thought of what I expect of you——"

"Do you say 'will'?" I interrupted, "there is not even the slightest probability, my dear Clodagh——"

"But why? There are still three weeks before the start. They say——"

She paused.

"What do they say?"

Her voice dropped.

"That Peter takes atropine."

I started. She moved from the window, sat, and turned the leaves of a book. There was a silence. Then she laughed drily a little—a dry, mad laugh.

"Why did you start when I said that?" she asked, reading.

"I? I did not start, Clodagh! I did not start! Who told you that Peters takes atropine?"

"He is my nephew; I should know. But do not look dumfounded in that fashion: I have no intention of poisoning him in order to see you a multi-millionaire and a peer of the realm——"

"My dearest Clodagh!"

"I easily might, however. He will be here presently. He is bringing Mr. Wilson for the evening." (Wilson was going as the electrician of the expedition.)

"Clodagh," I said, "believe me, you jest in a manner which does not please me."

"Do I?" she answered with that haughty half-turn of her long throat, "Well, thank Heaven, it is only a jest. Women are no longer admired for doing such deeds."

"Ha! ha! ha!—no—no longer admired, Clodagh! O heaven! let us change this talk——"

But she could now talk of nothing else. She got from me that afternoon the history of all the Polar expeditions of late years, how far they had reached, and by what means, and why they had failed. Her eyes shone; she listened greedily. Before this time indeed she had been interested in the *Boreal*, knew the details of her build and outfit, and was acquainted with several members of the expedition. But now, suddenly, her mind seemed wholly possessed by the subject; my mention of Clark's visit had apparently set her a-burn with the Pole-fever.

The passion of her kiss as I tore myself from her embrace I shall never forget. I went home with a heavy heart.

The house of Dr. Peter Peters was only three doors from mine. Toward one o'clock that night, a breathless footman ran to knock me up with the news that Peters was ill. I hurried to his bedside, and guessed by the first glance at his staring pupils that he was poisoned with atropine.

Wilson, the electrician, who had passed the evening with him and Clodagh at Hanover Square, was there.

"What on earth is the matter?" he said to me.

"He is poisoned," I answered.

"*Poisoned?* What with?"

"Atropine."

"Good God!"

"Don't be afraid; he will recover."

"Is that certain?"

"Yes—that is, *if he leaves off taking the drug*."

Two hours I remained there, and, God knows, toiled hard for his life. When I left him in the dark of the fore-day my mind was at rest: he would recover.

I slept till eleven a.m., and then hurried over again to Peters. In the room were two nurses, and the Countess Clodagh.

My beloved put her forefinger to her lips, whispering: "Sh—h—! he is asleep."

She came closer to my ear and said: "I heard the news early. I am come to stay with him till—the last—"

We looked at each other—eye to eye, steadily—till mine dropped before hers. A word was on my mouth to say, but I said nothing.

The recovery of Peters was not so steady as I had expected. At the end of the first week he was still prostrate.

The man grew sick on that bed. The second week passed, and only ten days remained before the setting out of the expedition.

At the end of that second week, Wilson, the electrician, was one evening sitting by Peters' bedside when I entered.

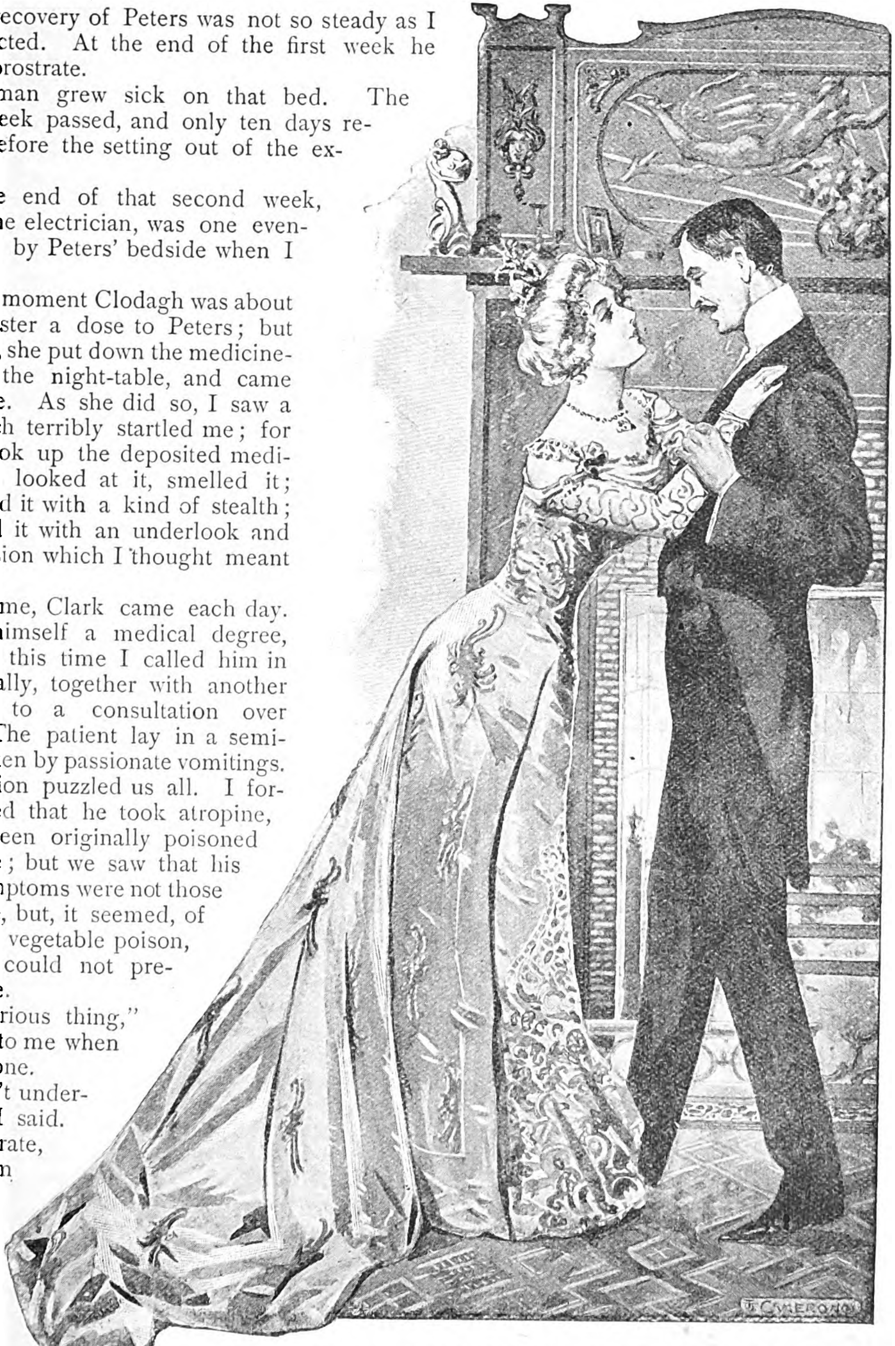
At the moment Clodagh was about to administer a dose to Peters; but seeing me, she put down the medicine-glass on the night-table, and came toward me. As she did so, I saw a sight which terribly startled me; for Wilson took up the deposited medicine-glass, looked at it, smelled it; and he did it with a kind of stealth; and he did it with an underlook and an expression which I thought meant distrust.

Meantime, Clark came each day. He had himself a medical degree, and about this time I called him in professionally, together with another colleague, to a consultation over Peters. The patient lay in a semi-coma, broken by passionate vomitings. His condition puzzled us all. I formally stated that he took atropine, and had been originally poisoned by atropine; but we saw that his present symptoms were not those of atropine, but, it seemed, of some other vegetable poison, which we could not precisely name.

"Mysterious thing," said Clark to me when we were alone.

"*I* don't understand it," I said.

"At any rate, my dream about you comes true, Jeffson. It is clear that Peters is out of the question now."



The passion of her kiss as I tore myself from her embrace
I shall never forget.

I shrugged my shoulder.

"I formally invite you to join the expedition," said Clark. "Do you consent?"

I shrugged again.

"Well, if that means consent," he said, "let me remind you that you have only eight days, and a world to do in them."

This conversation occurred in Peters' house. As we passed through the room-door we saw Clodagh gliding down the passage—rapidly—away from us.

I said nothing to her that night about Clark's invitation to me. Yet I asked myself repeatedly, did she not know of it? Had she not *listened*, and heard?

However that was, about midnight, to my great surprise, Peters opened his eyes, and smiled. By noon the next day, his wonderful vitality, which so fitted him for an Arctic expedition, had manifested itself. He was then leaning on an elbow, talking to Wilson.

Except his pallor, and strong stomach pains, there were now no traces of his late approach to death. For the stomach pains I prescribed some quarter-grain tablets of sulphate of morphia, and went away.

Now, David Wilson and I never greatly loved each other, and that very day he brought about a painful situation as between me and Peters, by telling Peters that I had taken his place in the expedition.

Peters, a touchy fellow, at once dictated a letter of protest to Clark, and Clark sent Peters' letter to me marked with a note of interrogation in blue pencil.

All Peters' preparations were made; mine were not; and he had six days to recover himself. I therefore wrote to Clark saying that the changed circumstances of course annulled my acceptance of his offer, though I had already incurred the inconvenience of negotiating with a *locum tenens*.

This decided it: Peters was to go, I to stay. The fifth day before the departure dawned. It was a Friday, June 15th. Peters was now in an armchair. He was cheerful, with a feverish pulse, and still the stomach pains. I was giving him three-quarters of a grain of morphia a day. That night at 11 p.m. I visited him, and found Clodagh there, talking to him. Peters was smoking a cigar.

"Ah," Clodagh said, rising, "I was waiting for you, Adam. I did not know whether I was to inject anything to-night. Is it yes or no?"

"What do you think, Peters," I said. "Any more pains?"

"Well, perhaps you had better give me another quarter-grain," he answered. "There's still some trouble, off and on."

"A quarter-grain, then, Clodagh," I said.

As she opened the syringe box, she said with a pout: "Our patient has been naughty; he has taken some more atropine."

I became angry at once.

"Peters, you know you have no *right* to be doing things like that without consulting me!" I cried. "Do that once more, and I have nothing further to do with you!"

"Pooh!" said Peters, "why all that unnecessary heat? It was a mere flea-bite. I felt that I needed it——"

"He injected it with his own hand," remarked Clodagh.

She was now standing at the mantel-piece. She had lifted the syringe box from the night table, taken from its velvet lining both the syringe and the vial containing the morphia tablets, and had gone to the mantel-piece to melt one of the tablets in a little of the distilled water there. Her back was turned upon us. I was standing: Peters, in his armchair, smoking. As Clodagh stood there, she began to talk about a Charity Bazaar which she had visited that forenoon.

She was long, she was long. The wild and crazy thought passed through some dim region of my soul: "Why is she so *long?*"

"Ah, that was a pain!" cried Peters. "Never mind the Bazaar, Aunt—think of the morphia."

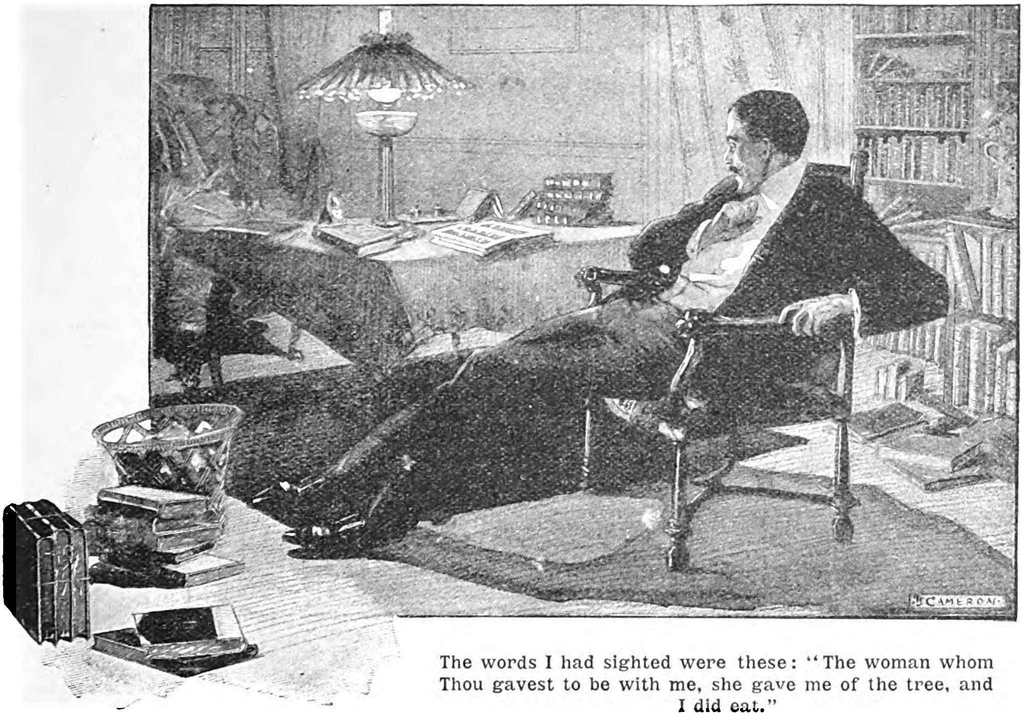
Suddenly an irresistible impulse seized me—to rush upon her—to dash syringe, tablets, glass, and all from her hands. I *must* have obeyed it—I was on the tip-top point of obeying it—my body already leant prone. But at that instant a voice behind me at the open door cried:

"Well, how is everything?"

Wilson, the electrician, stood there. With lightning swiftness I remembered an under-look of mistrust which I had once seen on his face. Oh, I *could* not!—she was my love—I stood stricken into marble . . . .

Clodagh came to meet Wilson with frank, right hand. In her left was the fragile glass containing the injection. I fixed my eyes upon her face: it was full of reassurance, of free innocence. I said to myself: "I must surely be mad!"

An ordinary chat began, while Clodagh turned up Peters' sleeve, and, kneeling there, injected his fore-arm. As she rose, laughing at something said by Wilson, the drug glass dropped from her hand, and her heel trod on it. She put the syringe among a number of others on the mantelpiece.



The words I had sighted were these: "The woman whom Thou gavest to be with me, she gave me of the tree, and I did eat."

"Your friend has been naughty, Mr. Wilson," she said. "He has been taking more atropine."

"Not really?" said Wilson.

"Let me alone," answered Peters. "I am not a child."

These were the last intelligible words he ever spoke. He died shortly before one. He had been poisoned by a powerful dose of atropine.

From that moment all the world was a mere tumbling nightmare to me. In it I remember the inquest, and how I was called upon to prove that Peters had injected himself with atropine. This was corroborated by Wilson and by Clodagh, and the verdict was in accordance. And in all that chaotic hurry of preparation three other things, with clear distinctness, I remember.

The first—and chief—is that tempest of words which I heard at Kensington from the mighty-mouthed Mackay on the Sunday night. What was it that led me, busy as I was, to that church that night? Ah, I know well! It was *Thou.*

There I sat and heard him. Distinctly still I remember, and often repeat, the very words of his peroration, when, rising to a passion of prophesy, he shouted:

"And as in the one case transgression was followed by catastrophe, swift and universal, so, in the other, I warn the entire Race to look out thenceforth for nothing from God but a lowering sky, and thundery weather!"

But a *second* thing I remember: that on reaching home, I walked into my disordered library (for I had had to hunt out certain books for the voyage) where I met my housekeeper in the act of re-arranging things. She had apparently lifted an old Bible by the front cover to fling it on the table, for as I threw myself into a chair, my eyes fell upon the open text—it was near the beginning—the print was large, the lamp cast a white ray full upon it. I had been hearing Mackay's comparison between the Pole and the Forbidden Fruit, and *that*, no doubt, was the reason why I jumped now with so horrid a start. For the words I had sighted were these:

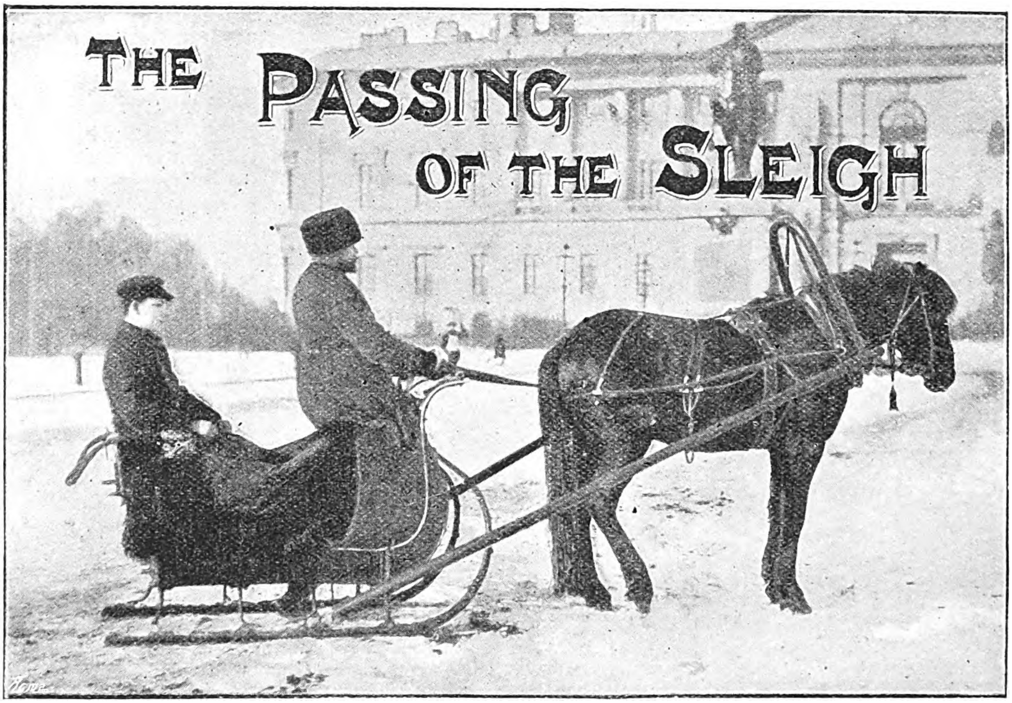
"The woman whom Thou gavest to be with me she gave me of the tree, and I did eat."

And a *third* thing I remember in all that turmoil of doubt and flurry: that a note was handed me; it was a last word from Clodagh, and it said:

"*Be First at the Pole—for Me.*"

(*To be continued.*)

THE PASSING OF THE SLEIGH

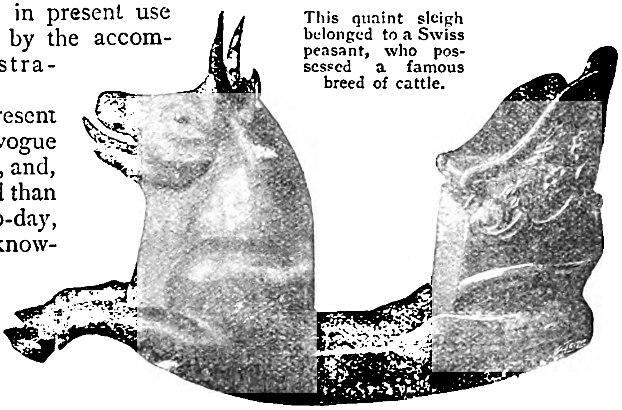


An ordinary Russian sleigh.

By Mrs. J. E. Whitby.

The sleigh alas is fast disappearing! The iron foot of the railroad steed is chasing this, as it has so many other conveyances, from the road; and seldom is the sleigh to be met with now as a necessity except in those few remaining places not served by trains, and remote from the centres of civilisation. It is, of course, greatly used as a pastime in those countries where winter permits, but how much the modern desire for speed has done to change the models of other days to those in present use may be seen by the accompanying illustrations.

These represent forms once in vogue in Switzerland, and, if less practical than the style of to-day, it must be acknowledged they are far more picturesque and interesting. All these vehicles were made of wood, shod with iron, and many of them were undoubtedly home-made. Paint and gilding were lavishly used, and those that have come down to us are so quaint-looking and original that it seems a pity that they should have been relegated with so many other old-world curiosities to lumber rooms or museums.



This quaint sleigh belonged to a Swiss peasant, who possessed a famous breed of cattle.

The sleigh at the bottom of the second page of our article is one which belonged in the early days of the seventeenth century to a Swiss farmer. He lived in the Canton of Appenzell, which has always been famous for its rich pasture lands, and, as a consequence, for milk and butter. It is not difficult to picture the old brown farmhouse, with its deep, overhanging eaves and its many verandahs,

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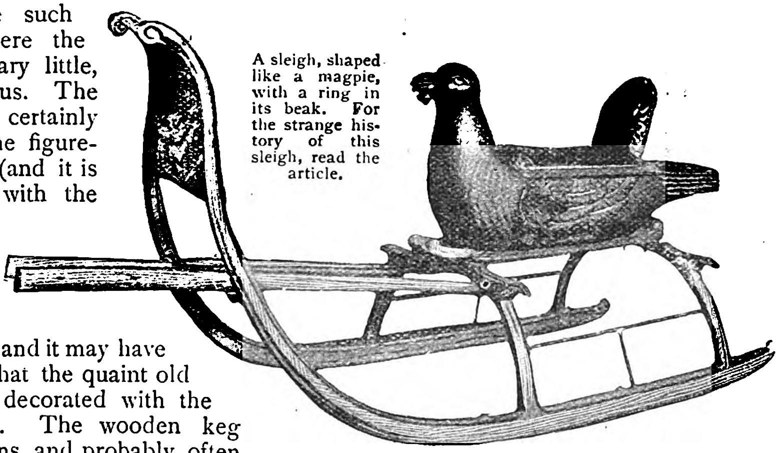
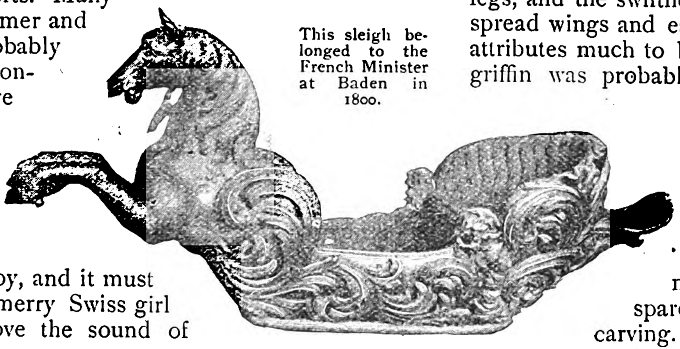


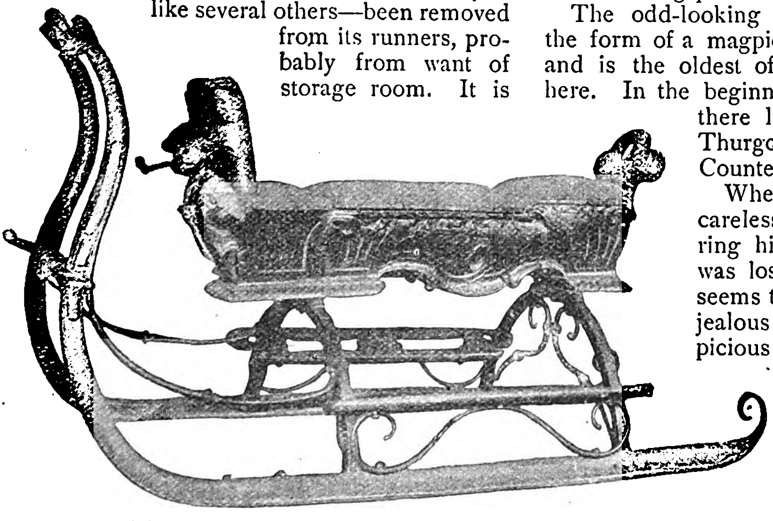
A sleigh, shaped like a magpie, with a ring in its beak. For the strange history of this sleigh, read the article.

for travel has made such sights, in a land where the fashions in houses vary little, familiar to most of us. The owner of the sleigh was certainly a dairy farmer, for the figure-head represents him (and it is probably a likeness) with the wooden receptacle used for carrying milk on his back. Perhaps he had daughters who were famous butter-makers, and it may have been in their honour that the quaint old sleigh was built and decorated with the image of a milkman. The wooden keg behind the figure opens, and probably often contained some warming cordial in queer shaped bottles. The bodies of the sleighs were always arranged as receptacles for creature comforts. Many a jaunt the farmer and his family probably had on this conveyance, and we may be sure that they made the hills resound with their cries, for the merry Swiss boy, and it must be owned the merry Swiss girl also, dearly love the sound of their own voices.



This sleigh belonged to the French Minister at Baden in 1800.

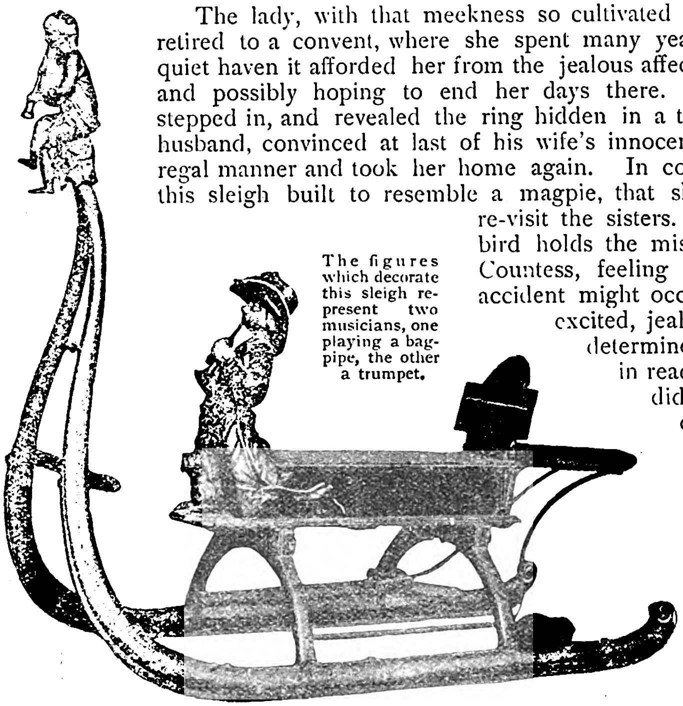
The remarkable-looking sleigh at the end of the article has, unfortunately—like several others—been removed from its runners, probably from want of storage room. It is shaped like that fabulous animal, the griffin, an excellent symbol for a sleigh, where the strength denoted by his leonine body and legs, and the swiftness by the outspread wings and eagle beak were attributes much to be desired. A griffin was probably the owner's crest, and the sleigh, no doubt, belonged to some rich and noble family, for no trouble was spared in its skilful carving. This sleigh comes from the Canton of Zurich, and was intended for two riders, a servant being perched behind.



A Swiss farmer owned this sleigh early in the century before last.

The odd-looking little carriage made in the form of a magpie has a curious history, and is the oldest of the sleighs illustrated here. In the beginning of the last century there lived in the Canton of Thurgovie a certain Count and Countess Towenberg.

Whether the Countess was careless regarding her wedding ring historians say not, but it was lost. The husband, who seems to have been of a fiercely jealous and extremely suspicious nature, accused his wife of infidelity, and as she failed to produce the missing wedding ring, commanded, like Hamlet, "get thee to a nunnery."



The figures which decorate this sleigh represent two musicians, one playing a bagpipe, the other a trumpet.

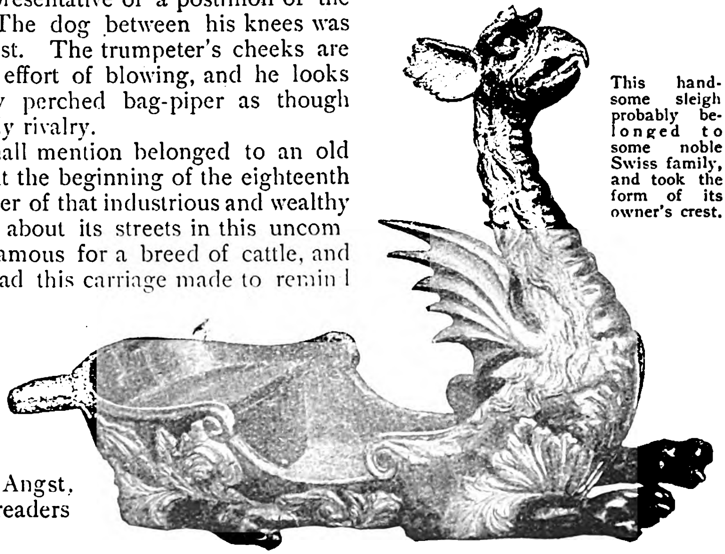
The lady, with that meekness so cultivated by old-fashioned wives, duly retired to a convent, where she spent many years, perhaps thankful for the quiet haven it afforded her from the jealous affection of her lord and master, and possibly hoping to end her days there. Fate, however, maliciously stepped in, and revealed the ring hidden in a thieving magpie's nest. The husband, convinced at last of his wife's innocence, pardoned her in a truly regal manner and took her home again. In commemoration the Count had this sleigh built to resemble a magpie, that she might when she pleased re-visit the sisters. It will be noticed that the bird holds the missing ring in his beak. The Countess, feeling probably that some similar accident might occur to again rouse the easily-excited, jealous temper of her husband, determined to found another convent in readiness nearer home, which she did at Fishengen, on the slopes of the Hörnli. The panel on the front of the sleigh (which certainly offers a very cramped looking seat) bears on the one side a painting of the convent, on the other, the castle and village.

The very handsomely carved and gilded sleigh decorated with a prancing horse, belonged to the French Legation at Baden in 1800, and was probably made for the French Minister to the Grand Ducal Court of Baden. The times were very troubled when this sleigh skimmed over the frozen roads. The star of Napoleon was rising fast, he was daily increasing in power, watched uneasily by the various rulers of Europe, and it was therefore probably a very proud if somewhat anxious Minister that took his winter rides in this chariot.

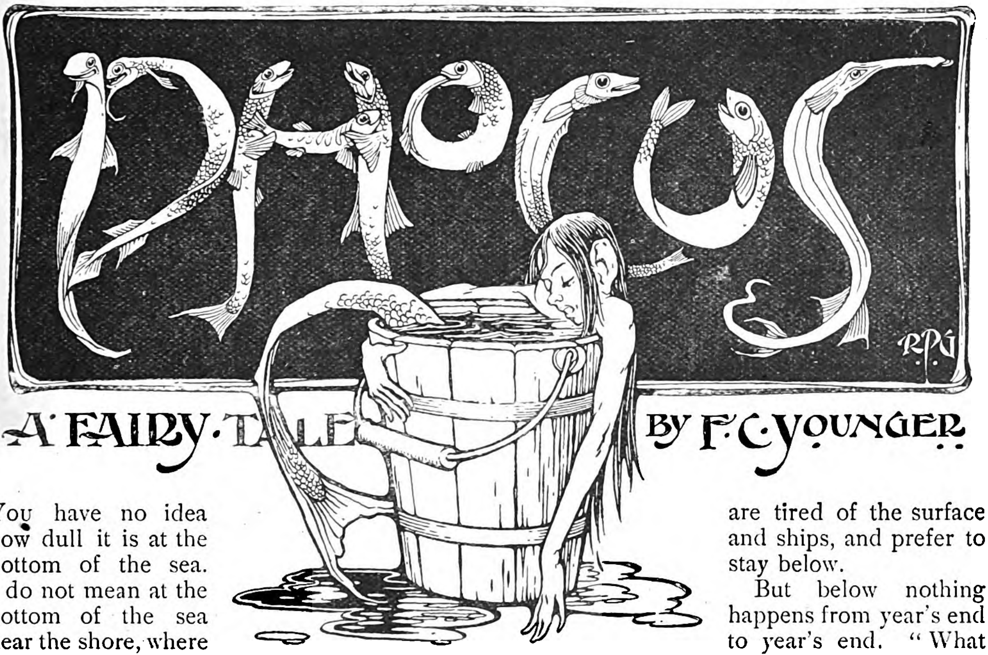
The sleigh portrayed above, with its two curious-looking figures, evidently belonged either to a family of musicians, or to people very fond of music, for they have decorated their carriage with both a bag-piper and a trumpeter. The kneeling figure is a very quaint representative of a postillion of the time and the country. The dog between his knees was most likely the family crest. The trumpeter's cheeks are fully distended with the effort of blowing, and he looks up at the uncomfortably perched bag-piper as though challenging him to friendly rivalry.

The last sleigh we shall mention belonged to an old farmer of Winterthur. At the beginning of the eighteenth century he was burgomaster of that industrious and wealthy town, and loved to drive about its streets in this uncommon carriage. He was famous for a breed of cattle, and so proud of it that he had this carriage made to remind everyone who saw it of his celebrated oxen.

All these curious souvenirs are treasured in the National Museum of Zurich, and it is through the kindness of the Director, Herr Angst, that we can present our readers with the photographs.



This handsome sleigh probably belonged to some noble Swiss family, and took the form of its owner's crest.



PHOCUS

A FAIRY TALE

BY F. C. YOUNGER

You have no idea how dull it is at the bottom of the sea. I do not mean at the bottom of the sea near the shore, where—if the water is still, and the day bright—you can see the jelly-fish many feet below the surface, and where the Mermen and Mermaidens can come up whenever they feel inclined (which is not often) to watch the ships go by, and the light-houses light up; but down at the bottom of the deepest sea. There it is always a dull green twilight, and nothing happens from year's end to year's end. The great rollers boom and crash far overhead, but they are such a long way off that their noise never sounds louder than a gentle murmur. Sometimes, too, wrecked ships sink slowly down into the depths; but this happens seldom, and yet has happened so many times in the centuries that the People of the Deep Sea live, that the novelty has quite worn off. The Mermen and Mermaidens of the deepest sea get terribly bored.

"There is nothing new under the sea," they say, "and even if we go to the surface, which is a long and tiring journey, there is nothing to see but ships. And nowadays the very sight of them makes us angry; for, though there are a hundred where there used to be but one, the men that build them have grown so wise, that the Sea seldom gets its due. We will stay below."

And this is the reason why no one now sees Mermen and Mermaidens in the Deep Seas. It is not because there are no such things, as some people say, but because they are tired of the surface and ships, and prefer to stay below.

But below nothing happens from year's end to year's end. "What do the People of the Land do all day?" the People of the Sea asked Phocus, a little shrivelled Merman whose hair had long grown green (which is a sign of age under the sea).

Phocus was the most experienced of all the People of the Deep Sea. Years before, when he was young and rash, he had ventured too near the shore, and got caught in a trawling net. Of course, he was not good to eat, as the fishermen who drew him up well knew, but they were delighted to get hold of him all the same. For many weeks he spent a weary time, gasping all day on a hand-barrow, which the fisherman wheeled about the seaside town in which they lived. Crowds of people came to stare at this queer curiosity, and to giggle, and make remarks on him, and sometimes drop a penny into the bag his captors handed round. At night he lay in a bucket of salt water under the hand-cart in a back-yard, and longed for the deep sea. At last one happy day he managed to flop off the hand-cart as it was being wheeled along the esplanade at high tide into the water, and made all speed home.

He had had too sharp a lesson to be caught twice. Still he had spent two months among the People of the Land, and that was more than any other of the Sea-Folk had done. He took care not to tell his friends how miserable he had been, but did not forget to tell them how crowds had come to

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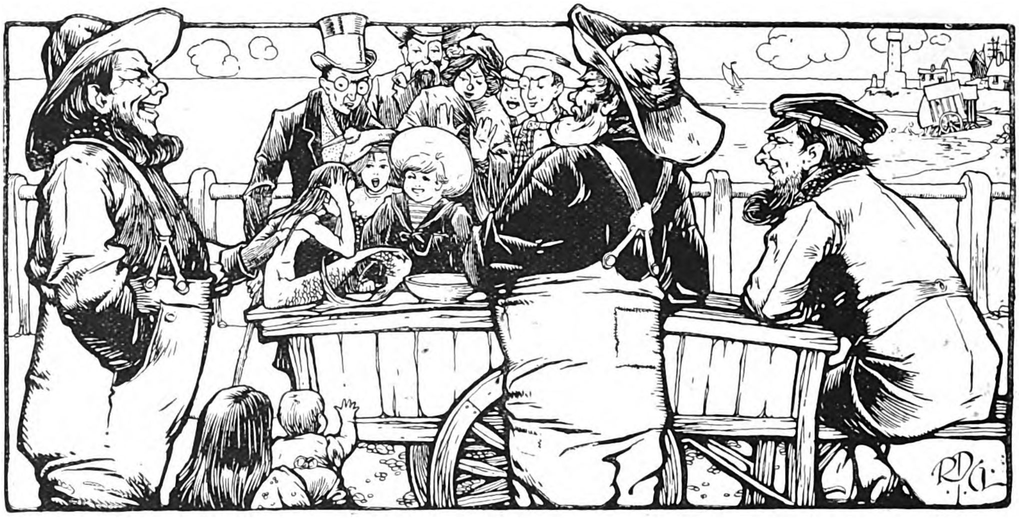


Crowds of people came to stare at this queer curiosity.

gaze at him, and what queer things he had seen the People of the Land do. He had been a nine days' wonder at the bottom of the sea, until they had heard all his stories several times. Then they grew tired of them, as they had grown of everything else.

But now, when Aglaia, a little sea-woman with long brown hair that floated up in the water above her head, asked him what the People of the Land did all day long, the other Sea-folk turned on the beds of seaweed on which they lay yawning, and peered over the rocks to hear his answer.

"They eat and drink," said Phocus, "and talk."

"So do we," said Peleus, Aglaia's husband languidly. "At least, we don't drink, and we only eat to amuse ourselves, not because we cannot live without food like the People of the Land. What else do they do, and how do they pass the long hours?"

"They work to make things," said Phocus.

"What sort of things?" asked Coclea, a pert little Mermaid.

"Things to eat, and clothes, and houses," said Phocus.

"What do they do when they get bored?" asked Aglaia.

"Talk about the Weather," said Phocus.

"What *is* Weather?" asked Peleus; "I never heard of it."

For you must know that there is no Weather at all at the bottom of the Deep Sea, and that is the real reason why the People of the Land cannot live when they get there. Moreover, since the People of the Deep Sea have given up coming to the surface they have quite forgotten what Weather is like.

"Weather is rain," said Phocus, "and storms, and sunshine and mist, and . . . all that sort of thing you know."

"All *what* sort of thing?" asked Aglaia. "You haven't explained a bit. We don't know in the least what you mean by rain, and sunshine, and mist."

"Well, I can't explain any more!" said Phocus crossly. "To know what Weather is, you must feel it; it's a thing you can't explain."

"Look here!" said Peleus suddenly. "I've an idea!"

This statement created a great sensation, for ideas are as rare as tomatoes at the bottom of the sea. Everyone crowded round Peleus to hear it. He cleared his throat, and looked very important.

"Suppose," he said slowly, "as Phocus can't explain Weather, he fetches some of it, and lets us feel it."

It was a brilliant idea, so brilliant that at first all the People of the Sea were dazzled by it, and could only gasp open-mouthed at Peleus. But when they got their breath again they were loud in their expressions of delight. It was just the thing—something that had never been known under the sea before! They felt they could not exist another day without Weather. They must have it at any price, and Phocus, of course, must get it for them. The only person who was not enthusiastic about the new idea was Phocus himself.

"You won't like it at all," he said, "when you do get it; and you get on very well without it."

"You say that because you're lazy," said Coclea severely; "and don't want the trouble of fetching it."

"Why should I fetch it?" asked Phocus. "Your tails are all younger than mine."

"Why, you are the only one of us who knows what it is," said Peleus. "The rest of us wouldn't know it if we saw it."

This was quite true. Even Phocus himself saw that if the People of the Sea were to have Weather at all, he was the only man who could get it for them. So he agreed with a sigh, and sat down to think of a way to get it. He thought and thought for six days without stopping, and yet he could not think of what he wanted. Perhaps he would be thinking still, and the people of the Deep Sea would still be waiting for their Weather, if an aged shark who had travelled everywhere had not heard of his difficulty, and offered to tell him where Weather was made and how to get there. Of course Phocus was only too glad of this help, though he was not pleased when he heard that the Weather Factory was ten day's journey from the edge of the sea. Still one must take a little trouble when one wants a thing badly, as all the other People of the Sea took care to tell him. So he started.

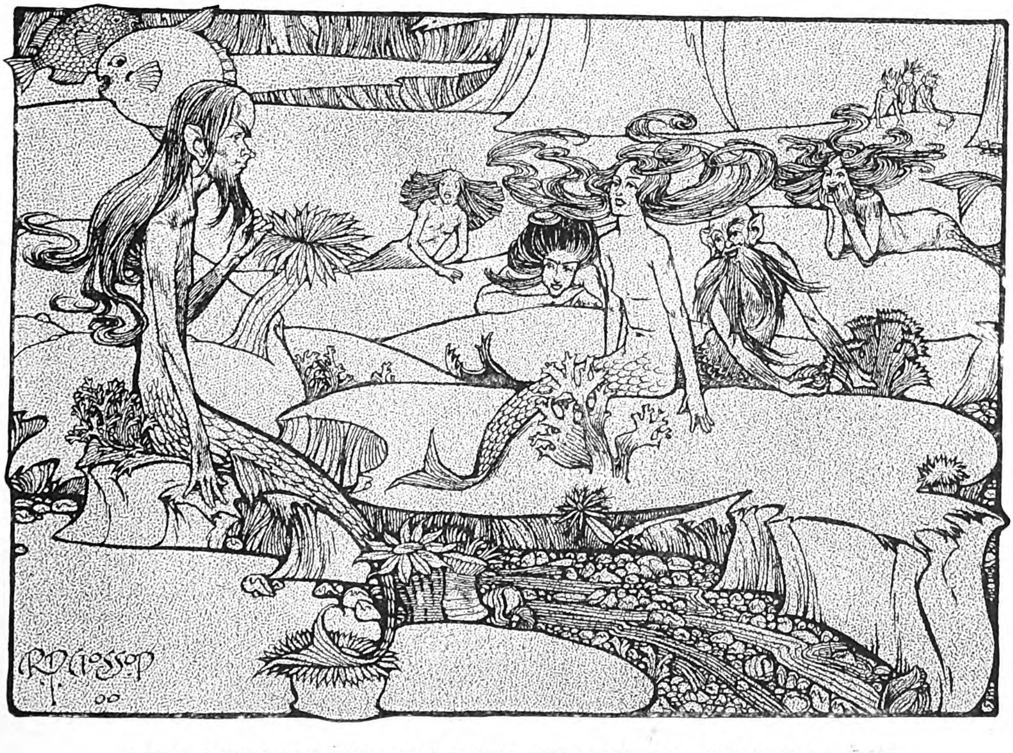
The shark's directions were not very clear and he lost his way more than once. Besides, out of water a Merman finds it very hard to travel, because he has no legs to walk with, and so can only flop himself along slowly. Altogether it took Phocus quite three weeks to reach the Weather Factory.

When at last he did get there, he was so dry (from having been out of the water for a fortnight) and so husky that the porter could hardly understand what he wanted. When he discovered it, however, he handed Phocus over to a Junior Clerk of the Weather, who took him into the sample-room where tubs of all kinds of weather stood round the walls on long shelves, and one could pick out any sort one wanted. But the great difficulty was that Phocus did not exactly know what kind he wanted.

"Take an assorted variety," suggested the Junior Clerk.

"I don't know that sort," objected Phocus, "I'd rather take something I did, such as hail-storms, or fogs." The clerk grinned.

"Take a little of everything, I mean," he



"Why should I fetch it?" asked Phocus. "Your tails are younger than mine."

exclaimed. "A little rain, a little hail, a little sunshine and so on."

"Why didn't you say so at first," snapped Phocus angrily, for even a green-haired seaman does not like to appear ridiculous.

However, he decided to take the Junior Clerk's advice, and the next thing was to choose the different kinds of Weather he would take. After a great deal of talking he fixed on a small barrel of sunshine, another of rain, one of hail, one of snow, one of East wind, a thunder-storm, and a fog.

All the little barrels were packed in one large barrel, and labelled "Weather Uncertain," which is the way the Weather is usually sent to the English Weather office. Phocus was puzzled to find a way to get the barrel to the bottom of the sea. The Junior Clerk, however, offered to send messengers with it to the top, and assured Phocus it would find the rest of the way quite easily by itself (and how easy a way it is to find, you will soon discover when you first try to learn to swim). He was quite right: indeed, the big barrel went so quickly from the top to the bottom of the sea that it got there a whole day before Phocus did.

This was rather unfortunate, as the People of the Sea were so curious to see what Weather was like, that they opened the big barrel and three of the little ones in it before Phocus arrived to explain to them their proper uses.

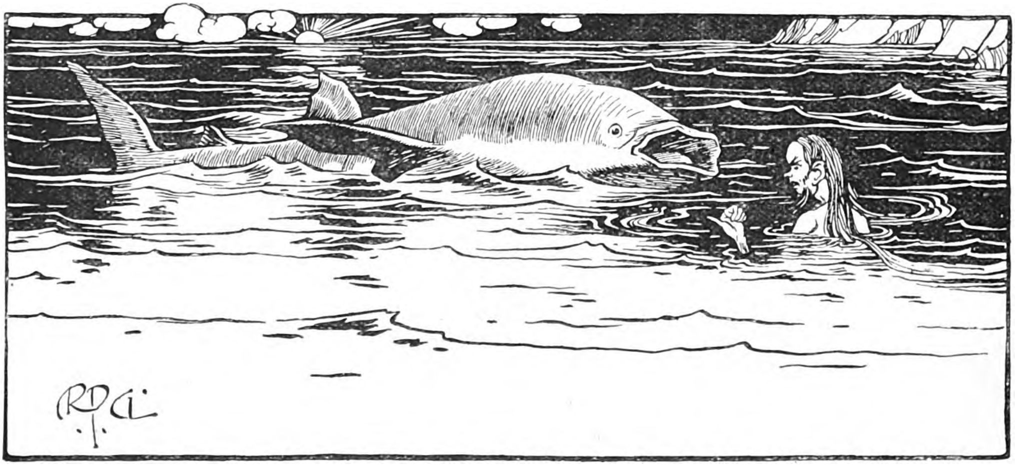
The first they opened was the barrel of Sunshine, the contents of which were so light that they rose to the surface at once, in spite of the Sea-folk's efforts to catch them again. So the People of the Deep Sea do not yet know what Sunshine is.

The second barrel they opened contained the hail-storm. It frightened them very much, and I can assure you that a hail-storm at the bottom of the sea is no joke at all, but quite the reverse. But when it was all over, and the Sea-folk had crawled out trembling from the rocks under which they had hidden, the little sea-boys discovered that the hail-stones (which for some reason did not melt as they do on land) made much better marbles than the dried crab's eyes they generally used for that purpose, and so they were very happy for a time.

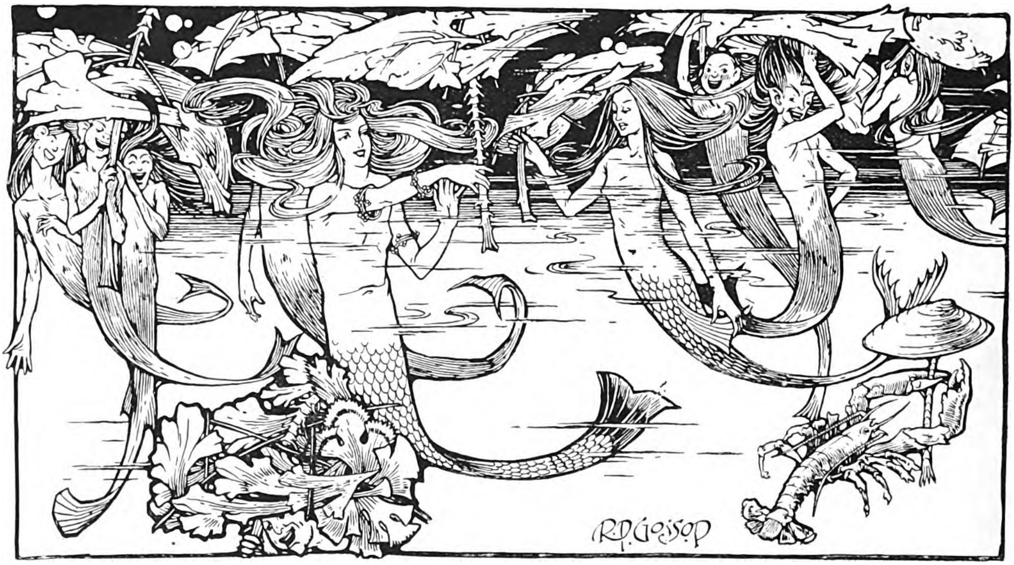
But when Phocus reached the bottom of the Sea, he found that most of the people were not happy at all. They had opened the Thunderstorm barrel. Now each separate peal of thunder in it was wrapped in lightning, and packed in neatly; and they looked so much like toffee (for the People of the Sea mistook the lightning for silver paper) that everyone felt sure they were good to eat. They ate it accordingly and quickly found out their mistake; for the thunder gave them the most terrible stomach-aches that have ever been felt, and as stomach-aches are unknown under the sea, they were frightened almost out of their wits.

"We have felt Weather now," they said to Phocus, "and we quite understand it, but we don't like it at all."

"Nonsense!" cried Phocus, who was very cross because three of his best Weather specimens had been wasted. "You don't take it the right way. Let *me* show you!"



The people of the Deep Sea would still be waiting for their Weather if an aged shark . . had not offered to tell Phocu . . . . where to get it.



Every Mermaid and Merman was going about with an umbrella.

"What nonsense!" cried Coclea. "We've lived in the sea all our lives, and we've never felt wet till this Rain came. And I can tell you, we don't like it at all now we do feel it. Tell us what the People of the Land do to avoid getting wet."

"They go into their houses," said Phocus.

"Well, we can't do that," said Peleus, "because we have no houses to go into; we're not crabs. Don't they do anything else?"

"Yes, I know!" cried Phocus. "They put up umbrellas!"

"Put up *what?*" asked all the People of the Sea together.

"Umbrellas!" shouted Phocus, "silk covers on frames, you know. They hold them over their heads at the end of sticks and they keep the rain off."

"Make us one to show us what they are like," said the People of the Sea.

Phocus hesitated. It was very undignified for the Manager of the Weather under the Sea to turn umbrella-maker. But his friends were very pressing, and half hinted in answer to his objections that he didn't know how to make an umbrella, and was trying to excuse himself. After that he felt he must make one if only to show them that he could; so he set to work. Fortunately he had plenty of materials ready to hand, for you can get whale-bone from dead whales for the frames (or even from live ones, though it is a little risky to try), and there are plenty of wide green and purple weeds under the sea to cover them with, and, as for handles, what could be better than the backbones of dolphins or sharks? At any rate, the people of the Sea were delighted with the umbrella Phocus managed to fashion out of these materials. They are handy people, although they seldom trouble to make anything, and they set to work to copy it, and succeeded so well that soon every Merman and Mermaid for miles around was going about with an umbrella over his or her head, and feeling very conceited about it.

"Don't they keep off the rain beautifully?" cried Aglaia, delighted.

"They would, if there were any rain to keep off," said Peleus discontentedly; "but the barrel was empty long ago."

"Then tell Phocus to turn on some more," cried Coclea.

But unfortunately this was just what Phocus could not do, as he had no more rain to turn on. The People of the Sea, who (as you will have seen by this time) are sometimes unreasonable and a little exacting, were quite cross.

"What is the use of umbrellas when there is no rain to keep off?" they asked Phocus angrily.

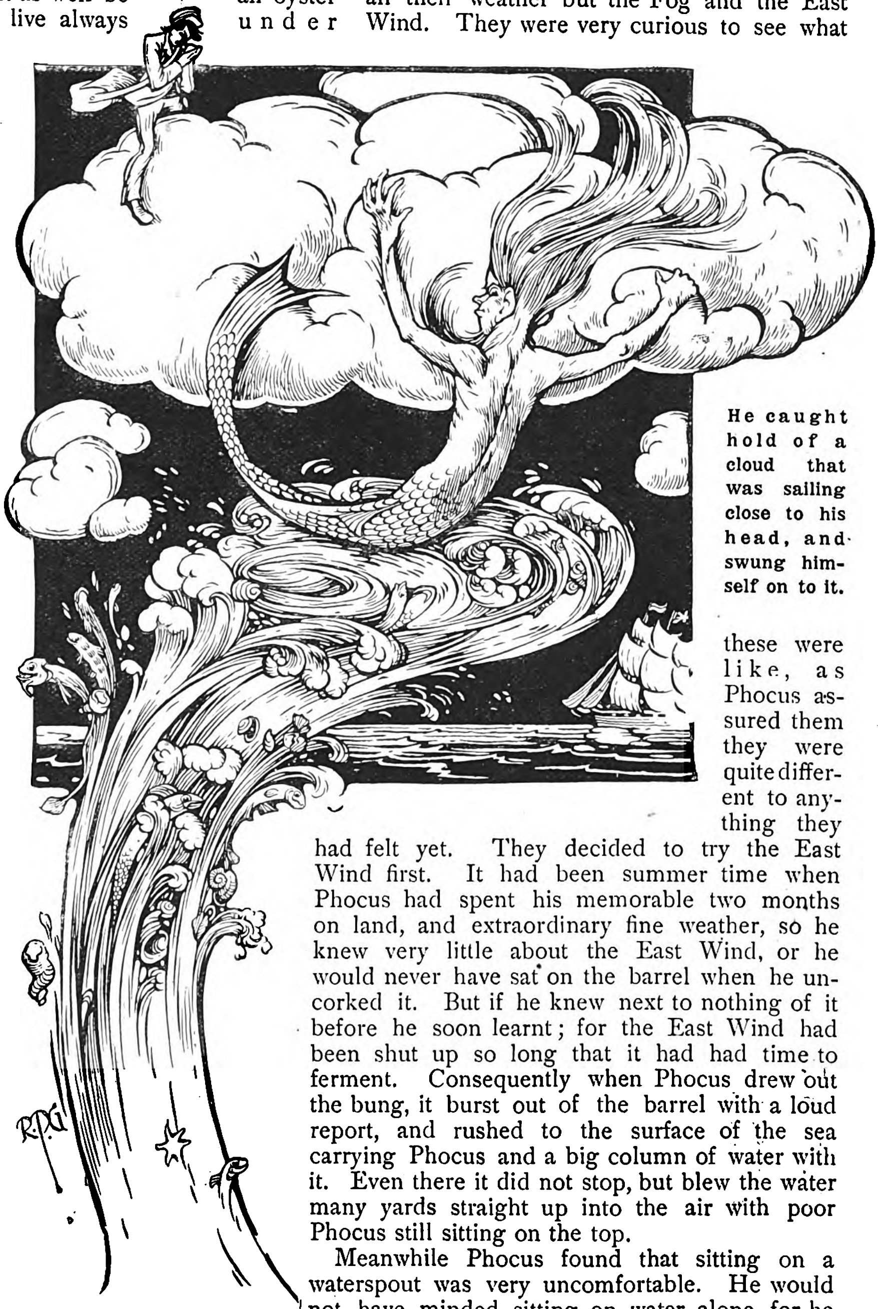
"I will turn on some snow," said Phocus. "It is almost as good as rain."

The People of the Sea were delighted with the snow. It looked, they declared, like flocks of tiny white birds. They all lowered their umbrellas to watch it descend, until it reached their faces, when they discovered it was very cold and wet. Up went their umbrellas again, and they shrieked with pleasure when they saw that the snow-flakes lit on their seaweed covers and could go no further. But even the snow-storm could not last for ever, and as for their umbrellas, the People of the Sea soon grew tired of them.

"One might as well be an oyster at once as to live always under these things," they said as they tossed them aside.

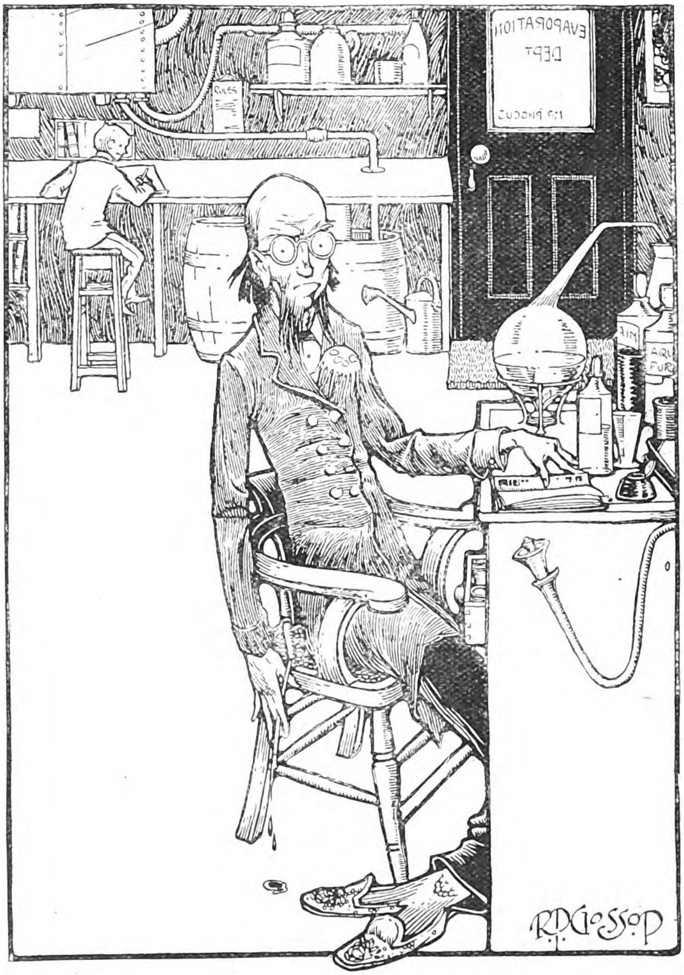
Now Phocus was a very clever Merman, but he had not made his umbrellas to shut up; so when the People of the Sea loosed their hold on them, the umbrellas floated up to the surface of the sea and sailed off in different directions. Many of them went to pieces, one or two were broken up by the screw of a passing steamer, and two more were fished up by a learned professor on board of her, who declared they were a new kind of nautilus, and gave them several long Latin names, and examined them under a microscope, and finally wrote a pamphlet on them, and presented them to the museum of the first large town he came to. But if ever you come across them, you will know directly that they are not a kind of nautilus at all, but merely the umbrellas Phocus made to keep the People of the Sea dry.

The People of the Deep Sea had used up all their weather but the Fog and the East Wind. They were very curious to see what these were like, as Phocus assured them they were quite different to anything they had felt yet. They decided to try the East Wind first. It had been summer time when Phocus had spent his memorable two months on land, and extraordinary fine weather, so he knew very little about the East Wind, or he would never have sat on the barrel when he uncorked it. But if he knew next to nothing of it before he soon learnt; for the East Wind had been shut up so long that it had had time to ferment. Consequently when Phocus drew out the bung, it burst out of the barrel with a loud report, and rushed to the surface of the sea carrying Phocus and a big column of water with it. Even there it did not stop, but blew the water many yards straight up into the air with poor Phocus still sitting on the top.



He caught hold of a cloud that was sailing close to his head, and swung himself on to it.

Meanwhile Phocus found that sitting on a waterspout was very uncomfortable. He would not have minded sitting on water alone, for he



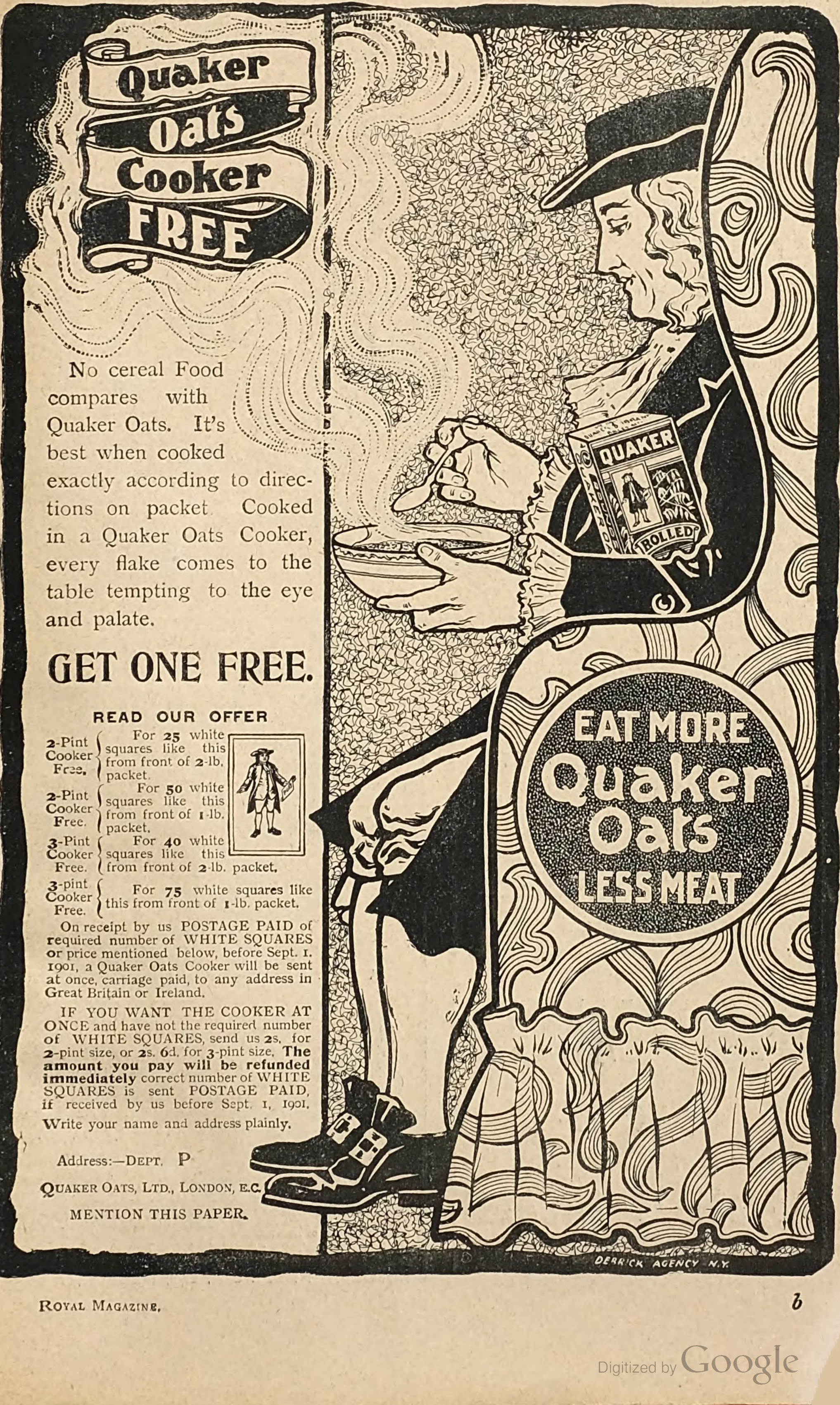
We may feel sure that he manages the Evaporation Department a great deal better than he did the Weather under the sea.

was a Seaman, and so had been used to that as long as he could remember; but sitting on water mixed with East Wind was quite a different thing. Besides, when he tried to imagine what would happen when the East Wind subsided and the water-spout sank, he was very unhappy. It was a very long way to fall from where he was to the bottom of the sea, and even if he reached it in safety, he doubted whether the Sea-folk would receive him kindly. They were sure to be angry about the East Wind, and they were sure to say it was all his fault.

On the whole, Phocus felt he would rather stop where he was; and as he was certain he would not do so long, if he continued sitting on the water-spout, he caught hold of a cloud that was sailing close to his head, and swung himself on to it. As good luck would have it, a little errand-boy was returning on this cloud to the Weather Factory from Greenwich, where he had been delivering a ten days' supply of Mixed Weather. Phocus told him his story, and the errand-boy took him to the Weather Factory, and introduced him to the Head Clerk. The Head Clerk took a great fancy to Phocus. He said he was a man of enterprise, he had never heard of anyone taking Weather to the bottom of the sea before. He took him into the Weather Factory, and made him Manager of the Evaporation Department, the business of which is to draw up water from the sea to make rain, hail, and snow from. Phocus had certainly fallen on his feet, if one may use such an expression about a Merman; and from the quantity and quality of the rain, hail, and snow he has supplied us with during the last year or two, we may feel sure he manages the Evaporation Department a great deal better than he did the Weather under the sea.

As for Aglaia, Peleus, Coclea, and all the other People of the Deep Sea, they had been terribly frightened by the East Wind. When they had recovered a little from their fright, they agreed that they had had quite enough of Weather, and if the People of the Land could not do without it, the People of the Deep Sea could and would do so for ever.

This resolution was a very wise one, especially as they had no one (now Phocus had gone) who could get them any more. They buried the barrel of fog, which they were afraid to use, in the sand, and there, no doubt, it is still.



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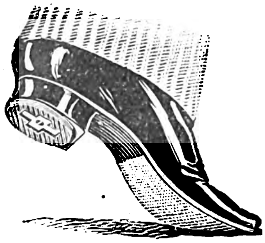

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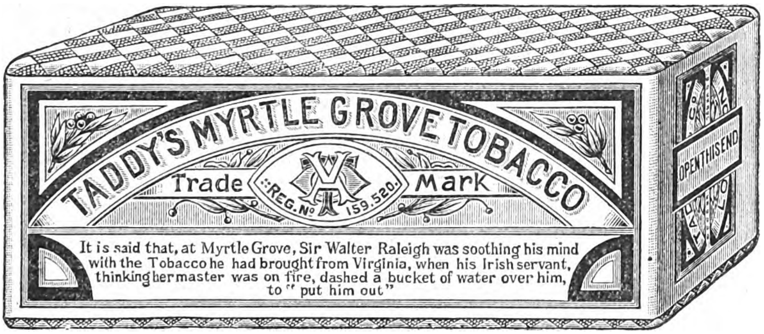
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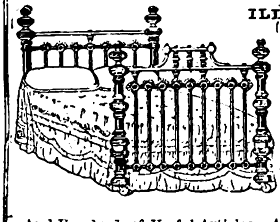

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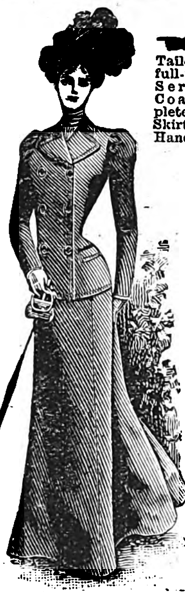

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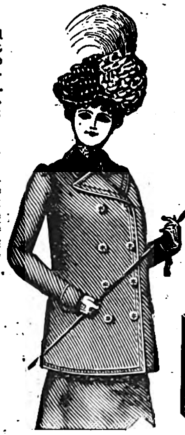

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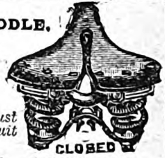

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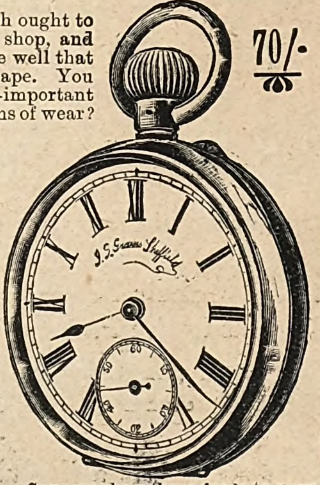

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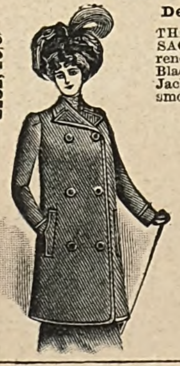
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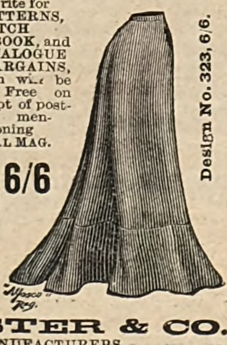
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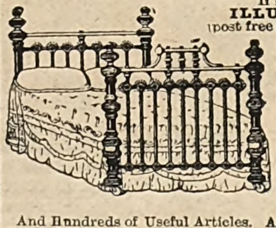

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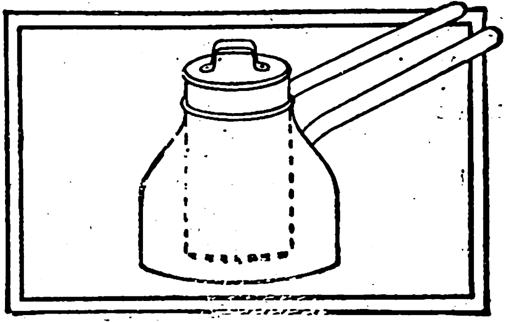

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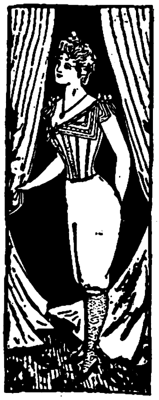

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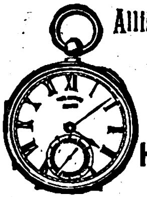

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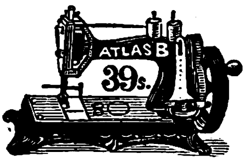

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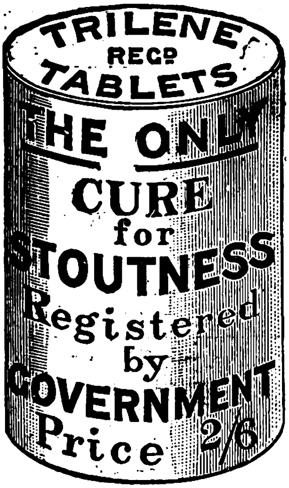

for a few weeks. They will safely REDUCE WEIGHT and CURE CORPULENCY PERMANENTLY, whether Abdominal or General. They are small, agreeable, harmless, sent privately, and never fail to improve both Health and Figure without change of Diet.

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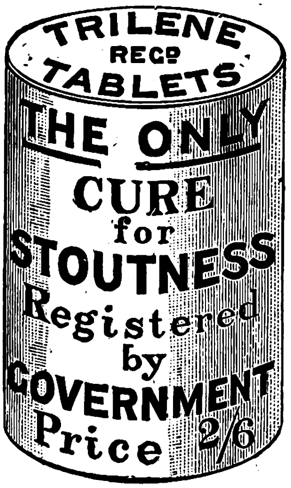
Send 2s. 6d. to Mr. M. Wells, The Trilene Association, 66, Finsbury Pavement, London.

An Interesting Book on Obesity accompanies each Box.



SAMPLES OF TESTIMONIALS.

Countess Seckendorff, of Berlin, writes: "I have taken Tablets with success, and am recommending them to friends."

Mrs. Drew, of 1, Bellevue Gardens, The Nursery, Devizes, writes: "I took Tablets some years ago; they soon reduced me, and I have not got stout since. Send a box for my mother."

Colour-Sergeant Whittle, of East Lancashire Regiment, Burnley, Lancs., says: "A man in our regiment in 1891 lost several stone from taking your Tablets."

Mrs. Darnley Smith, of Landscove Vicarage, Ashburton, writes: "Trilene Tablets have reduced my weight very much. I am so much lighter in every way, and better in health."

"87, Alexandra Road, Norwich, 19th Oct, 1896.

"Gentlemen,—In reference to Trilene Tablets, I may say that my wife found the greatest possible benefit from the use of them, and their action was rapid, as my wife was for many years growing too stout, but the Tablets soon reduced the same completely.

"Yours faithfully, **J. R. Canham.**"

Princess Liechtenstein of Landsberg, Austria, writes: "Pray send me your Tablets directly."

Lady Constance Conrad writes from Wiesbaden: "I am highly pleased with your Tablets."

Countess Furstenberg writes: "The Tablets act speedily and well."

Extract from "The Lady," 3rd Sept., 1896: "Many stout persons have suffered untold agonies in unavailing efforts to reduce their bulk, either by means of severe dieting or by taking more or less deleterious drugs; but all these pains would have been saved if they had only invested in a case of the wonderful Trilene Tablets, which are guaranteed absolutely harmless, containing neither mercury, arsenic, nor any other mineral poison, and which are an unfailing Cure for Obesity."

Mrs. T. Boston, Cambridge Villas, Clifford Street, South Wigston, says: "I congratulate you on your wonderful Tablets. My weight at first starting them was 11st. 7lb., and I now weigh 9st. 11lb."

Mrs. Fenton, 11, Wood Street, Tyldesley, writes: "Been fat all my life, but now your Tablets tell a tale. I have lost 17lb. already, and am delighted. Suffered untold trouble previously, but now do my work with pleasure."

Mrs. Boulton, of Filton Laundry, Filton, Bristol, says: "I am much better, my heart more regular; also Tablets reduced me greatly round hips and stomach."

Mrs. C. Sharp, of Grange Farm Cottage, Wellingborough, says: "Your Tablets have made me very much thinner. All my friends notice the great reduction in weight."

West Cornforth, Ferryhill.

Mr. William Usher says: "A sister of mine, who was 17st., was greatly reduced by your Tablets to 15st."

"77, Hindhill Street, Heywood, 5th February, 1898.

"Gentlemen,—Your Tablets work wonderfully in curing obesity. I have not quite finished the box, and am 21lb. lighter. The change is so great that several friends have begun the treatment, which not only reduces fat, but strengthens rheumatic joints—at least, such has been the case with me. "(Signed) **M. A. Heywood (Miss).**"

Mrs. Weaver, of Greenpits Villa, Station Road, Ross, Hereford, says: "I wish to say I have been reduced from 13st. 8lb. to 11st. by your Tablets, and can recommend them highly. You can use this publicly if you wish."

G. A. Gale, Esq., of Bothenhampton, Bridport, says: "Tablets most beneficial, and greatly reduced my weight. I feel better generally."

Father T. M. Byrne, of Holy Cross Abbey, Sligo, writes: "When I began your Tablets I was 12st. 5lb.; I now scale at 10st. 11lb.—my case, too, is hereditary."

Mrs. Mary Williams, of Old Yard, near Bedol, Bagillt, Wales, writes: "I have lost 28lb., and will do my best to make them known."

Miss Patient, of Woodberry, Theydon Bois: "Feel great benefit from Tablets. I have lost 2st., and am sufficiently reduced."

Mrs. James Smith, of Cowell Terrace, Soham, says: "Your 2s. 6d. box of Tablets reduced my weight 12lb."

Mrs. Crossley, of Rose Hill, Torver, near Coniston, says: "There is a very decided diminution of fat. I am delighted. I cannot praise Tablets too highly. My heart is better, and I can breathe so much easier. You may refer to me as often as you like."

Mrs. W. A. Radford, High Street, New Brinsley, Eastwood, says: "Before taking your Tablets, I was 46in. round waist. I am now 32in., and can get about in comfort, and hope soon to be 24in. You may use this as you please."

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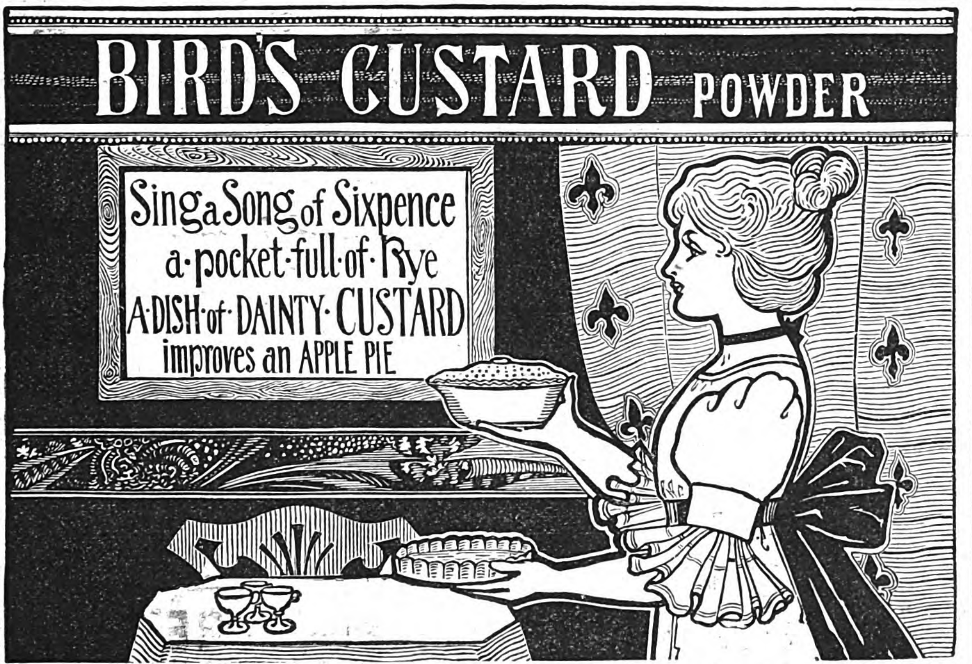

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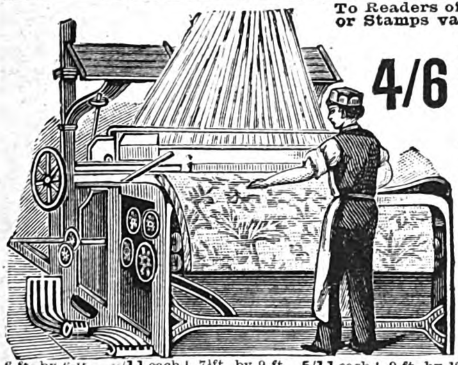

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To Readers of "**The Royal Magazine,**" **1/2/1901, on receipt of Postal Order or Stamps value 4/6** (Regd.), we will send you the **Largest Genuine Reversible Carpet in Brussels Finish, with Rug,** ever sold at the Price direct from the Looms to any address on receipt of amount. Suitable for drawing room, dining room, bedroom, &c., bordered and woven in Brussels Patterns, as an advertisement for our goods, thus saving any middle profit. Remember these are woven, and are made of a material almost equal to wool. **Thousands of these Carpets have been already sold at double these prices.** *Cut this out.*

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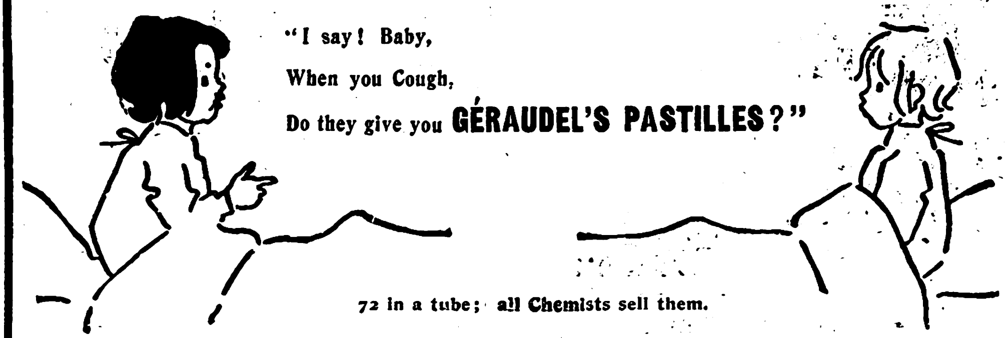

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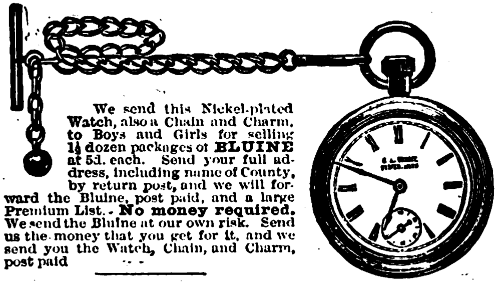

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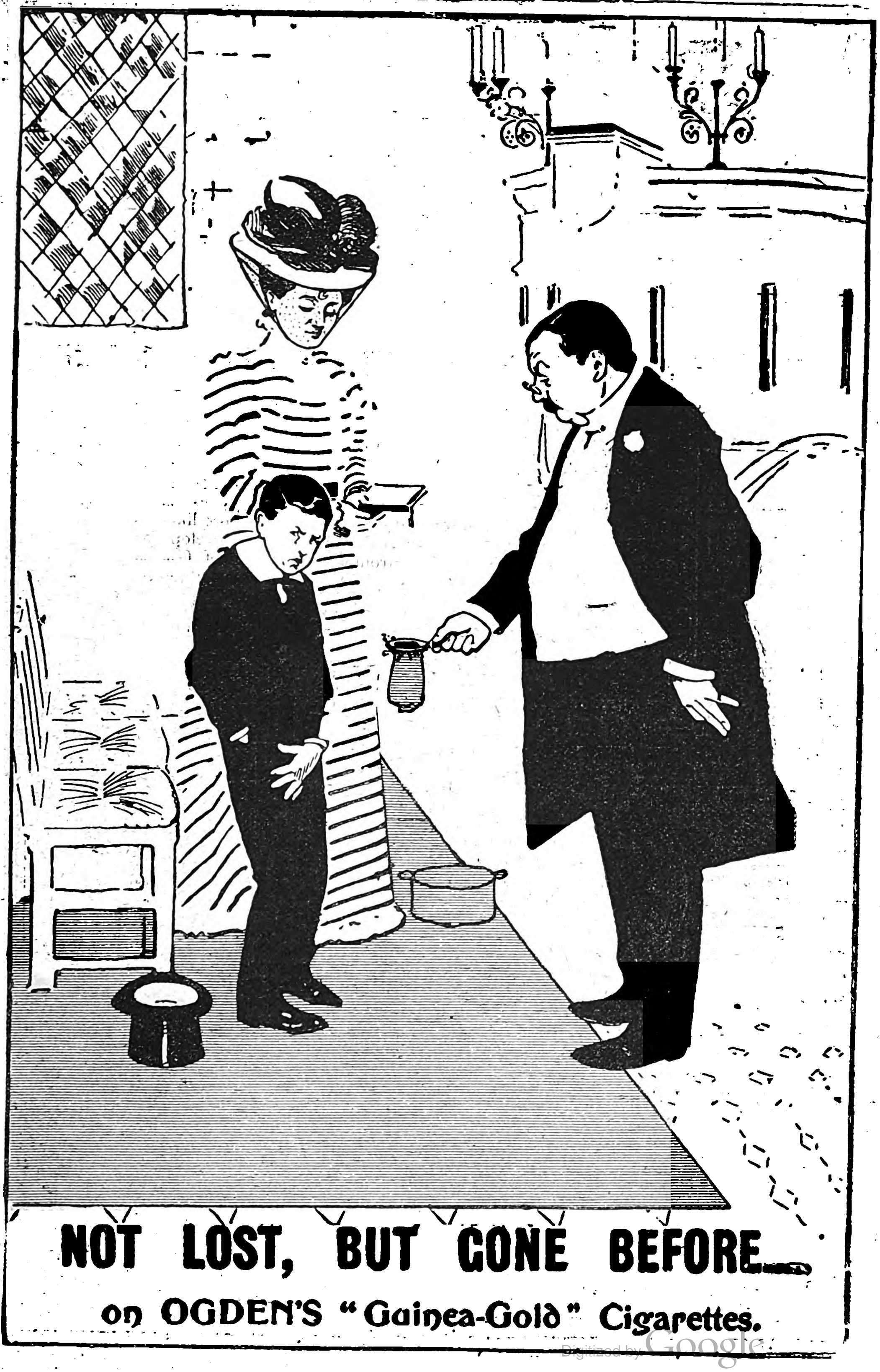
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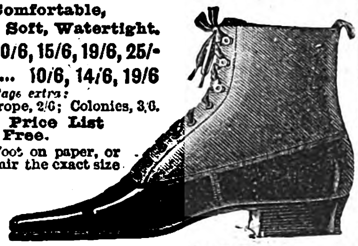

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THE ROYAL MAGAZINE.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

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OUTSIDE COVER designed by S. Nation.

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The Editor will always be ready to consider contributions, whether literary or pictorial, and, where stamps are enclosed, will make every endeavour to ensure their safe return in the event of their proving unsuitable, although he cannot hold himself responsible for any MSS. or drawings or photographs sent on approval.

Cases for the first three half-yearly Volumes of THE ROYAL MAGAZINE are now ready, and can be obtained at the Publishing Office, price 1/- each, or post free, 1/2.

Bound Volumes of the first and second six months are also ready, price 3/6 each, post free, 4/-; third and fourth six months, 4/- each, post free, 4/6.

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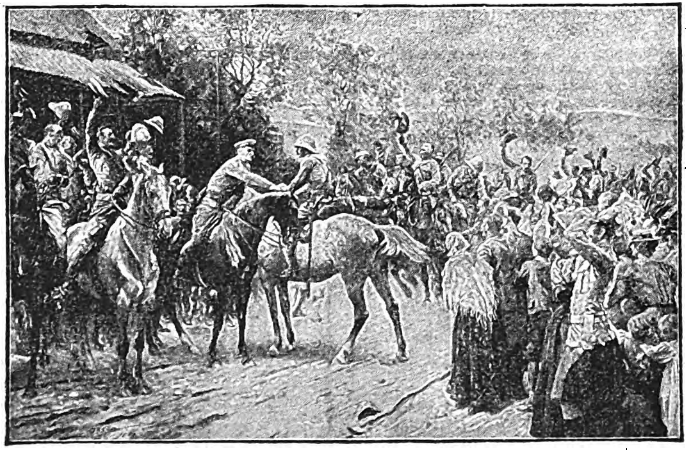

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Photo by Lambert Weston & Son.

THE ART OF THE CAMERA

By Roderick Grey.

"Waste not, want not."

NOTHING in this world ought to be wasted. Waste products are the bane of some great industries, whilst, on the other hand, the advantageous use of waste products has proved the salvation of more than one big business.

The amateur photographer, in his humble way, has many opportunities for turning waste products to a profitable use. Of course, I scarcely mean by "profitable" saleable. But I do mean that, instead of filling the waste-paper basket with it, he can make good use of that which he was inclined to regard as waste. The amateur who uses a Kodak must more than once have regarded the throwing away of the black film backing as so much waste. Possibly he may have wondered if there was any good use to which it might be turned.

My answer is that there is, particularly for the amateur who makes a specialty of lantern slides. To begin with, the backing may be used for making lantern slides in the following way:—The paper is cut to the size of the slide, namely 3¼in. by 3¼in., and the size of the desired opening carefully marked out. This piece is then cut out on a slab of glass, an old negative answering well, to insure a clean cut. The mask is then sandwiched between the transparency and plain glass in the usual way.

A second use for the opaque packing is for obtaining a black margin on a print, which in some cases is very effective and helpful to the spirit of the picture. To do this, measure the exact size you wish your picture to appear, and cut the piece out of your backing paper. Having made your print, this latter is then placed over it, and the two are put on a piece of clear glass in a printing frame, the border being allowed to blacken in a strong light.

Quite wake !

Photo by Valentine & Sons.

Winter Photography.

SHORT days and long evenings are still with us, and there is a considerable limitation to what a photographer can do. A great many amateurs proceed to develop and print the pictures they have secured during the summer months. Developing at night has advantages, perhaps, over developing in the daytime. Some rough and ready dark

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Vol. V.—February, 1901.—No. 28.

Photo by W. & D. Downey.

HARMONY.

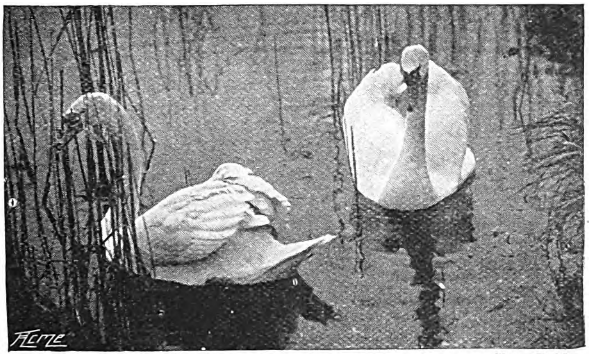


Photo by Chas. Reid.

Among the Bulrushes.

rooms are quite serviceable at night, but of little use during the day.

In the matter of printing there are several gas-light papers on the market that are simple and easy of manipulation. Indeed, the effects to be attained with some of these papers are really beautiful. They are almost more than mere rivals of the daylight printing-out papers.

But the advent of the long evening and the short winter day by no means necessitates the abandonment of the camera. There is such a thing as flash-light photography.

I can almost hear my various readers mutter all sorts of ejaculations against flash-light photography. Visions of screwed, blinking faces, with extremely white features and no eyebrows, and heaps of jet black shadow possibly arise. I know the sort of photos that they mean.

But a picture can be made with the flash-light; and a really artistic picture that could scarcely be treated otherwise than by flash-light.

A Lamplight Effect. TAKE a room and a man or woman seated at a table, upon which is a lamp with a big shade. We all know the beautiful effect of such a picture. The Dutch artists have shown us, with paint and by brush, what beautiful lights and shadows there are. The camera, too, can tell the story, and if not with any wealth of colour, at least with much excellent effect. Take your subject, and having seated him or her at the table reading, writing, sewing, or what not, place the lamp so that the light from under the shade falls as artistically as you can manage to make it. Then hang some 4ins. or 5ins. of magnesium ribbon inside, under the shade. When every preparation has been made, uncap your lens and light the magnesium ribbon.

The result ought to be most charming.

Photo by Ramsden, Leicester.

January.

Photo by Madame Lallie Charles.

ATTENTION!

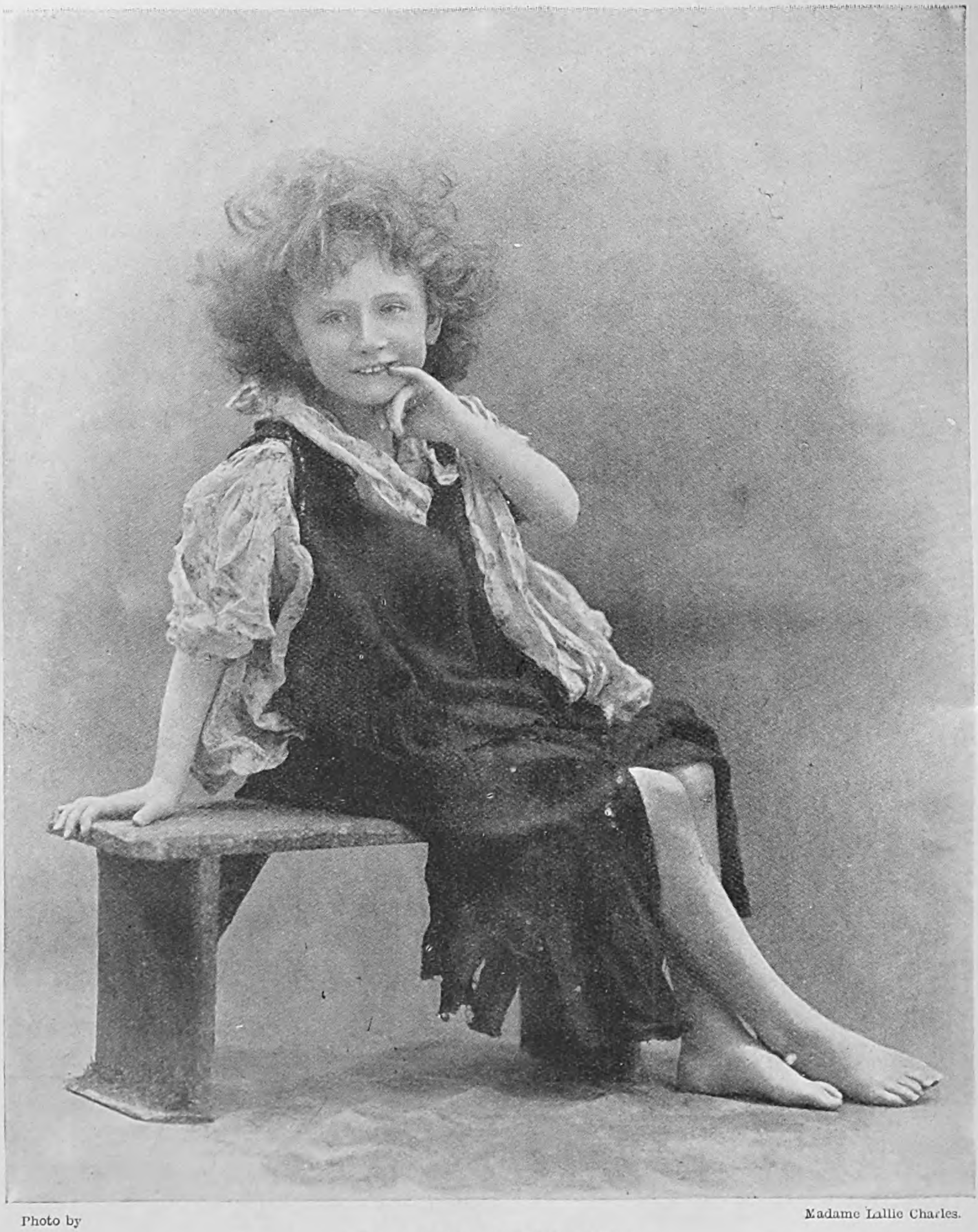


Photo by Madame Lallie Charles.

THE LITTLE GUTTER-SNIPE.

Photo by C. F. Inston.

Buying Fish.

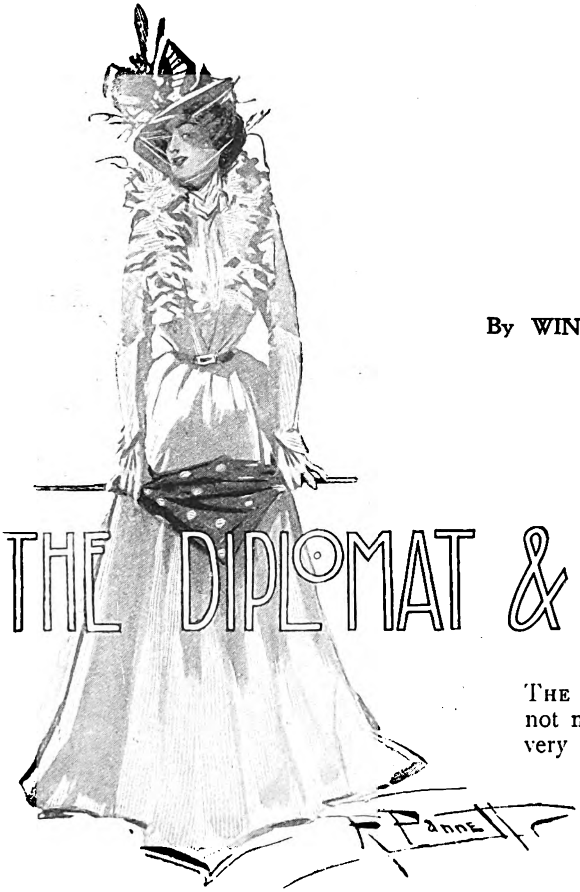
thoroughly dry, the surface of the photo will be almost, if not quite. the same as when it left the ferrotype. The print may be immersed in water for mounting if desired, and it will still retain a large proportion of its gloss. Should any fluff from the blotting-paper adhere to its surface, it can easily be rubbed off when the photo is thoroughly dry.

Waxing Prints. It has often been advanced against photographs that they fade or grow spotty. Insufficient washing is, as a general rule, the primary cause. Still, apart from the question of washing, there is a great deal to be said in favour of waxing a print. It has been proved many times that the life of a silver print is greatly lengthened by keeping it from the air. There are many ways of doing this—among others, airtight frames, varnishing, and finally waxing. This last-named process is very simple, but extremely effective. The following is an excellent method: mix equal parts of white wax and spirits of turpentine by putting them in a jar and standing it on the hob for a short time. Now, when the mixture is cold, take a perfectly clean piece of flannel, and with it smear the wax across the print. This must be done carefully, and be sure not to put too much wax on. Having completed this part of the operation, make another piece of flannel into a pad, with which you polish the surface with a light and circular motion until it is quite glossy once more. This gloss protects the print from the air.

An Anecdote. A CONTEMPORARY tells the following story:—"During an audience held by the Austrian Emperor at the palace overlooking the Danube, a Magyar blacksmith approached him, and, drawing from his pocket two photographs, asked for the signatures of the Emperor and Empress. 'The Empress is not here,' said the Emperor, 'and I have neither pen nor pencil.' 'I have brought a pencil with me,' said the smith. The Emperor did as his subject wished, and handed back the photograph. But the smith making no attempt to retire, the Emperor said: 'Is there anything else I can do for you?' 'Yes, I am waiting for my pencil.' The Emperor searched his pockets, found that he had appropriated it, and then returned it with a laugh."

Photo by J. M. Bathgate.

A Masterpiece.



By **WINIFRED BOGGS.**

Illustrated by R. Pannett.

THE DIPLOMAT & THE DIMPLE

The Chief had left me in possession. I do not mean to imply that I am one of those very unwelcome gentlemen "put in" by a creditor, or that I was at liberty to make hay among the Head of the Department's private papers, and inveigle from locked drawers, secrets of national importance, but simply that, during his temporary absence on urgent matters of State (there *was* a cricket match at Lord's), I was in charge. The chairs were not as comfortable as they might be; the cupboard with the whiskey was locked, and the cigars were not to be found—a condition of things I mean to alter when *I* become a diplomat—but by putting my feet on the table (and upsetting the ink) I managed to get tolerably comfortable.

I then fished my French novel out of its hiding-place—French was one of the few things I'd had to mug up that came in useful; that novel would have been considerably calmed down in the English version. It gave a good idea of Parisian life; I made up my mind that when I became Chief of Department important matters of State would frequently take me over to that gay city. There is no place like Paris to enjoy oneself in, and the happy-go-lucky society described in the book is just the society I like best.

The tale was about a silly young chap getting fooled by a woman—I'd like to see one that would fool me!

I finished the book, and for lack of employment completed a report I was copying. Then I began to meditate. I thought of all sorts of things, some of them jolly clever ones, I can tell you. It was a slack day, and I felt pretty sure of being undisturbed. The Chief—whose manners aren't up to much—had as good as said before he left, that *any* fool could stew in the office for the rest of the afternoon, as the only thing to be done was to give Mr. Gudelane, if he called, the paper with the red seal, being careful to lock the box again, as it contained the plan of the new gun-boat, which was unique in its way, and would probably be accepted by the Government if the inventor's terms were not too exorbitant. There was a rival man in the business, but though his terms were lower, his invention was less perfect in one particular. He had tried hard to find out where the other man excelled, but the chief was not *that* sort, and he must have seen it was no good coming to *me*. Unless he hit on the same idea as the other chap, his plan was knocked out. The word for opening the lock was "cherry." I wondered why it wasn't "wicket."

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Sir William didn't give me much show, but all the same I really think he was beginning to realise I was a smart young chap. What a good time I would have when I got to the top!

Mr. Gudelane came in and interrupted my dreams of the future by demanding his papers. I blessed him in my heart, but fished out the dusty old box, and turning the lock round to "cherry," gave him the desired documents. He was an influential sort of Johnny, so I did the civil in my best manner, but he didn't stay long. I was on my knees, preparing to shut the box when the telephone bell started ringing violently. "Hang it!" I said, scrambling hastily up, and answering it.

"A lady to see Sir William."

"He's out—important duty—and won't be back till late," I returned.

"The lady says anybody will do. She's coming up."

"The deuce take her!" I muttered. *I* didn't want to be bothered with the Chief's old women. However, there was no help for it, so I was prepared with the newest things in bows, and a dignified smile, but when I saw the radiant vision that entered, I had hard work to recollect my part. I was glad to think afterwards that my manner did me credit.

Oh, she *was* pretty! I'm not a susceptible sort of man, but she fairly bowled me over at first sight.

"So sorry Sir William is out! What can I have the pleasure of doing for you? Terribly hot weather, isn't it?" I panted out, rushing for a chair.

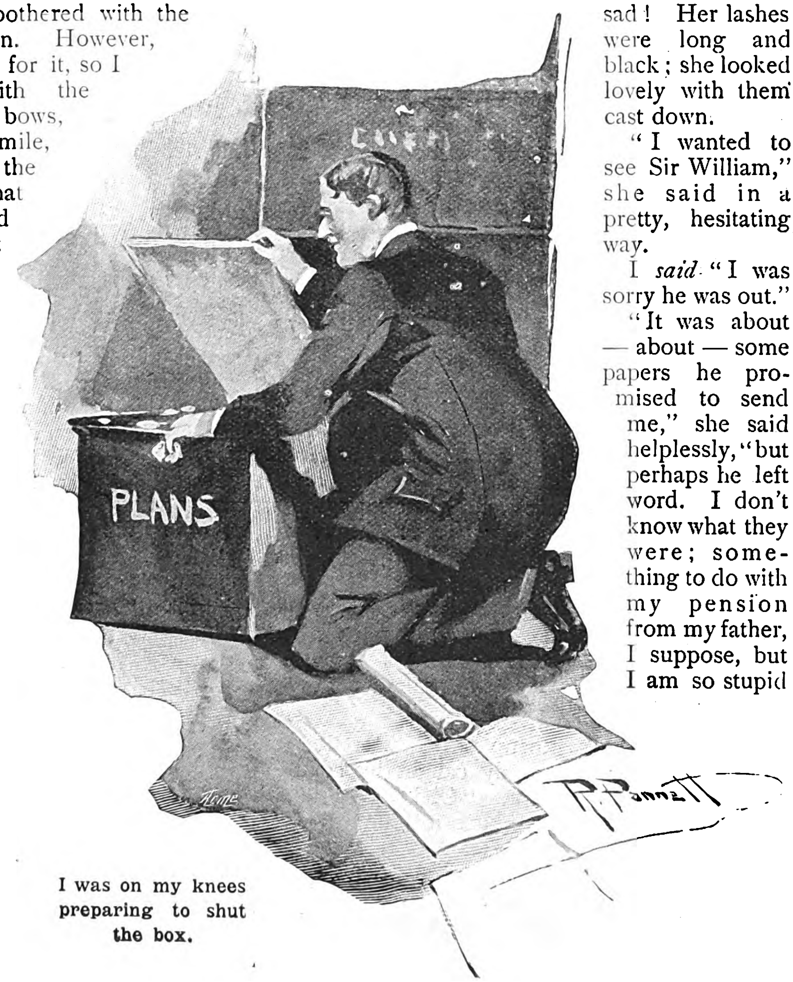
She was dressed all in white fluffy stuff, with a sort of trainy, crinkly thing all round, don't you know; she'd a white hat, white veil, with a white bow tied under her chin. Oh, she was a stunner, I can tell you! Quite a young girl, with lovely pink cheeks, goldenny hair, and a mouth just like cherries, so red—and—tempting. I wondered if she was engaged. I *did* hope not!

"Thank you so much!" she said with a heavenly smile, and such a bewitching dimple came at the corner of her mouth; not one of that sort of dimple that Dr. G., the beauty specialist, puts in at five guineas a dimple, like my sister—the fashionable one—had made, and then said she'd fallen off her bicycle and chipped the bit off against the pavement; other girls' brothers might swallow that fairy tale, I didn't. No, my lady had the genuine unpurchasable article. The more you looked at her the prettier she seemed, and—*I* ought to know. She was so shy and modest, such a helpless little thing, and her eyes, they were so blue and innocent, just like a child's, and dark all round, as if she was sad! Her lashes were long and black; she looked lovely with them cast down.

"I wanted to see Sir William," she said in a pretty, hesitating way.

I *said* "I was sorry he was out."

"It was about — about — some papers he promised to send me," she said helplessly, "but perhaps he left word. I don't know what they were; something to do with my pension from my father, I suppose, but I am so stupid



I was on my knees preparing to shut the box.

about business matters. Perhaps I can look for them?" innocently.

I could hardly help smiling at her notions of such matters. The idea of her rooting among priceless papers on her own account!

"I daresay I could find them," I suggested, resolving to take some time over the matter.

"I'm afraid I'm giving you a lot of trouble, and what are my trivial little matters in comparison with State secrets? Oh, how clever you must be, and what a head and brain to carry the affairs of nations in it! I've never seen a real diplomat before, though I have often wanted to!"

I didn't think it necessary to spoil her simple pleasure by enlightening her ignorance on the matter of my importance and actual position. Instead, I gave rather a tired smile. "It *is* rather exhausting sometimes," I confessed.

"And how strange you must feel sitting in this queer little place, ruling the world behind closed doors, as it were!"

"Oh yes, yes," I returned doubtfully, "I do. . ."

"What a dear, funny little box!" dropping on her knees beside the Chief's cash box, and preparing like some playful kitten to meddle with the papers.

"I'm sorry," I said hastily, "but I was just shutting that when you came in. It's rather important; excuse me."

She looked disappointed—poor little thing—at being thwarted in her childish curiosity. "Horrid State secrets again, I suppose," she said with a charming pout. "What was that paper with the funny drawings?"

"Oh, nothing much," I returned indifferently; "merely the plan of a gun-boat contemplated by the Government."

"How dull!" with a little grimace. She watched me with eager delight as I pushed the box away. "What a strange lock! Just like uncle's. You make it open with a word, don't you? What's yours? His was my name—Kitty."

What a sweet name—how perfectly it suited her! "This is 'cherry,'" I answered. I bit my lip as the word escaped. How careless of me! What a mercy only my pretty little lady was present!

She did not seem to note my indiscretion; her attention was already caught by some other object in the room. "Oh!" she cried dimpling all over. "What a funny little table! Do you ever have tea here? What a joke it would be!"

Dare I send out for tea? How delightful it would be to see those dear little hands playing among the tea cups; it would be just like a doll's tea party; I didn't believe she could take anything really seriously, she seemed such an irresponsible baby.

"Tea might be managed," I said cautiously, "but you must never tell anybody, you know."

She clapped her hands delightedly. "Oh may I really have tea with you here?" she cried, coming quite close to me, and in her eagerness laying her gloved hand upon my arm. I noticed it was burst in two places—the glove I mean—*dear* little bursts!

"Yes, indeed you shall," I replied, quite reckless now, capturing her hand. She didn't seem to notice, she was such an innocent trustful little darling!

"And, oh *please*, will you get me some of those chocolate cakes from Parrs'?"

Parrs was quite a long way off. "I'll send for some," I answered gazing blissfully into her eyes, "but won't Harris's do, it's much nearer?"

"Oh, no indeed," turning away with a pout, "they aren't at all the same thing there, not a bit nice!"

"Well you shall have them if I have to send to the North Pole for them," I answered tenderly, establishing her in the least uncomfortable chair. I still held her hand, and dropped on my knees beside her to pick up something from the carpet that wasn't there. She was looking very shy, and—yes, quite as if she was beginning to like me a little. The dimples were more distracting than ever. I could not forbear placing my hand upon hers, and I think she looked a little startled for the moment. I thought she was going to draw her hand away—but she didn't. She let it lie still on her lap. She really *was* a sweet confiding little creature!

She was looking very pensive; I was just going to ask her what wonderful sweet fancies were passing through that dear little head, when she said slowly: "Captain Hartman always goes *himself* to pick out my favourites for me."

"To pick out what?" I inquired blankly, hating the brute, whoever he might be, with a deadly hatred. What business had he to give her tea? Had he *no* idea of propriety?

"The chocolate cakes, of course," surprised at my density.

"Of course, if you'd rather I fetched them myself, I'll do so," I said rather unwillingly, hoping she would reply it was not at all necessary, but, on the contrary, she seemed so pleased at this proof of my devotion, that I began to regard my errand less unfavourably. "I won't be long," I said, getting up very reluctantly, "a hansom will do it in five minutes."

Great Scott, if I was caught out though!

"Oh, promise me you won't hurry the poor horse!" she cried imploringly. "It's so hot, and I belong to the Prevention Society, and it wrings my heart the way they are overworked!" tearfully. "Promise to make the man drive slowly, say you promise!" clasping my hand, and looking up at me with great pleading eyes.

I promised. I said the request did her honour. I said other things, too, but they belong to quite a side issue. The Chief is always going on about my fatal habit of digressing. "Stick to your wicket," he says, "and when your time comes, bowl straight, and don't send down wides."

Therefore, to keep to the point, I did finally get into a hansom and *did* tell the man not to hurry. I arrived back after ten or fifteen minutes laden with Parrs' famous chocolate cakes—enough to stock an army. My visitor had said they were famous, and being a lady would, of course know, but I'd always been under the impression that Harris's were considered first class, and certainly their things looked more tempting. Parrs' I considered messy; anyway, the heat had melted some of the stuff, and my suit was the sufferer. But these are trifles where a lady is concerned, and such a vision as the one who awaited me. I had bought her the largest box of bon-bons I could find. I meant to ask her if she was engaged during tea.

I couldn't see her at first when I got back, or afterwards either; as a matter of fact, she wasn't there to see. I could not understand it.

I rushed to the telephone and made enquiries. "Where has she gone—what has happened?" I demanded wildly.

The man at the other end was a fool; he did not understand; but after heated explanations on both sides, I discovered that a gentleman had called for Kitty, and that she had been obliged to go, but had left a note for me.

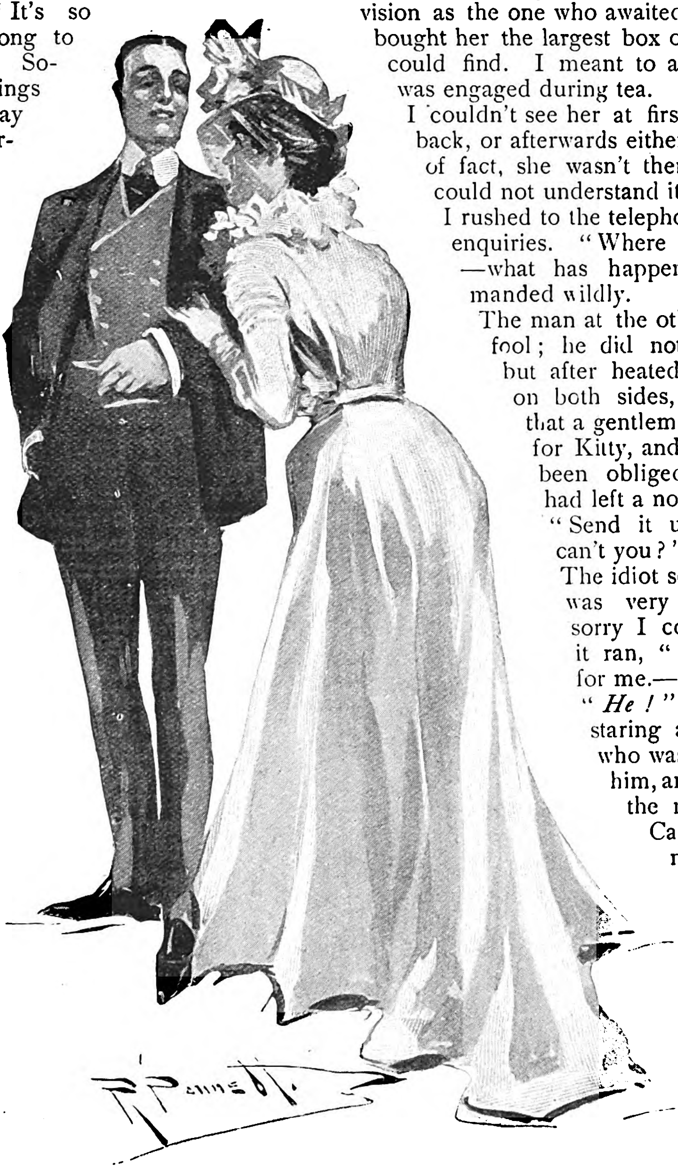
"Send it up, you idiot, can't you?" I snarled.

The idiot sent it up. It was very brief. "So sorry I couldn't wait," it ran, "but he called for me.—K."

"*He!*" I echoed, staring at it in frenzy, who was he? Bother him, anyway! Then the name of that Captain Hartman flashed across me. Was he her *fiancé?* I'd *fiancé* the brute if I ever got a chance!

Perhaps in one way it was as well that my dear little dimpled Kitty had gone, for the Chief turned up earlier than I expected (it had come on a regular soaker), and as a third he would have been disturbing.

"Anyone been?" he asked.



"Oh, may I really have tea with you here?" she cried, coming quite close to me, and . . . laying her hand upon my arm.

"A—a—lady," I returned.

"What was her name?"

"Kitty," I replied unthinkingly, "And oh——!" I stopped, colouring like a fool. The Chief was staring at me.

"What?" he shouted. "Speak out, can't you? What tomfoolery is this? How dare you talk of your Kitties to me when I ask a plain question! This impertinence will be reported, sir! The lady's name?"

"She *told* me Kitty," I replied sulkily.

"Great Heavens! Am I mad as well as you and your precious visitor? What did she want? Can you tell me *that*?"

"It was something about pension papers."

"And what have I to do with pension papers? I don't keep a nursery for pensioned orphans. Why didn't she go to Sir Malden? It's not my department. What fools women are!"

I suppose the rain must have jiggered the match at rather a critical stage. It was only on such like occasions that the Chief returned with a temper the worse for wear.

"She wasn't a woman," I returned hotly. The idea of calling that sweet little girl—scarcely more than a child—a "woman!"

Sir William turned round like a gobbling turkey cock. "Didn't you say yourself, a few minutes ago, that a woman had called?" he bellowed. "What are you contradicting yourself like this for? Been up to something when my back was turned, I suppose. Out with it. Who was your visitor, and *what?*"

-"I said a lady—a young lady, sir," I replied with emphasis. "She came about her father's pension papers."

"Ump! Told you her name was Kitty, did she—anything else? Forward young minx. Hoped you packed her off pretty quickly!"

"She went herself," I returned resentfully.

"Well, it's a queer business. I can see you are keeping something back, but it'll come out sooner or later; it always does. In the meanwhile get me—Good Heavens! what's this vile sticky mess I'm sitting on?"

"*Sitting* on!" I echoed blankly. I had forgotten all about those chocolate abominations I had left in his chair. It was just like the old buffer to go and sit on them. Well, I was in for it now, and no mistake.

"Yes, sitting on, *sitting on!* are you deaf as well as demented? Can't you see I'm all over the stuff! Upon my word, sir, I'll teach you and your Kitties to play practical jokes! Why, I'm—I'm a—a horrible, disgusting, loathsome spectacle! I'm all over the beastly stuff! Speak, can't you, what is it? Get it off at once, do you hear, and don't stand gaping there like a moon-struck calf!"

I sent for water and towels and sponged him down as well as I could between his dancing feats. (Oh, Kitty, Kitty!)

It was useless trying to calm him; he was quite unreasonable.

"What *is* the stuff?" he kept shouting.

"Chocolate cakes, sir," I was obliged to answer.

He was speechless. "Explain!" he spluttered at length.

"I was hungry——" I began; then I remembered that I must not own to playing truant in his absence. "Ki—— the lady left them behind by mistake," I corrected hastily.

"She came here by mistake, found *me* out, and *you* in—by mistake; told you her name was Kitty—by mistake; left her cakes behind her, equally, by—mistake. Any *other* mistakes, sir?"

"I did not notice you were sitting on them, I'm very sorry; I don't think your clothes look any the worse" (they *couldn't*), I said soothingly.

He grunted, but grew calmer. "Get me the plan of the gun-boat out of the box," he said, "I want to run my eye over it."

I did as I was bid.

"Lock the box!" he cried sharply, as I was getting up, thinking, that as he would want to return the document in a few minutes, it was hardly worth while closing the receptacle. "Will you *ever* learn discretion? In the merest trifles a diplomat must act as if the whole world were trying to rob him of his secrets. Suppose the place got on fire, that there was an alarm, burglars—anything—why, anybody coming in would be free to rifle the box of everything it contained."

"Rot!" I thought to myself; what a fussy old woman the Chief was to be sure, but I obediently locked the box. What would he say if he knew the "open sesame" had slipped from me unawares? Oh Kitty, what a lot you have cost me, you and your favourite chocolate cakes!

"Cherry"—what a pair of "double cherries," as some writer fellow says, were her lips! And her dimples!—I was lost in contemplation of those dimples till the Chief's irascible voice recalled me to myself. "May I ask what you're mooning about?" he asked rudely.

I hurriedly closed the box and rose to my feet.

For a little space there was a blessed silence, while the Chief read the particulars on the plan, and I busied myself very hard over some papers.

"Ah!" he exclaimed at length in high good humour, "this is just what we want! What a pity the rival man, Priest, didn't hit on the same little idea for the cylinders, his terms were lower. Ought to do a good twenty-five knots. Priest was very keen to get the order, it would mean fame and fortune, so no wonder they are so eager. Reach me up the box, will you, Castle?"

I did as I was desired.

He began turning the letters of the lock round, while I watched him aimlessly. He turned them round more than once without result, then he grew fussy and changed them several times, but the lock remained fastened. I began to feel queer.

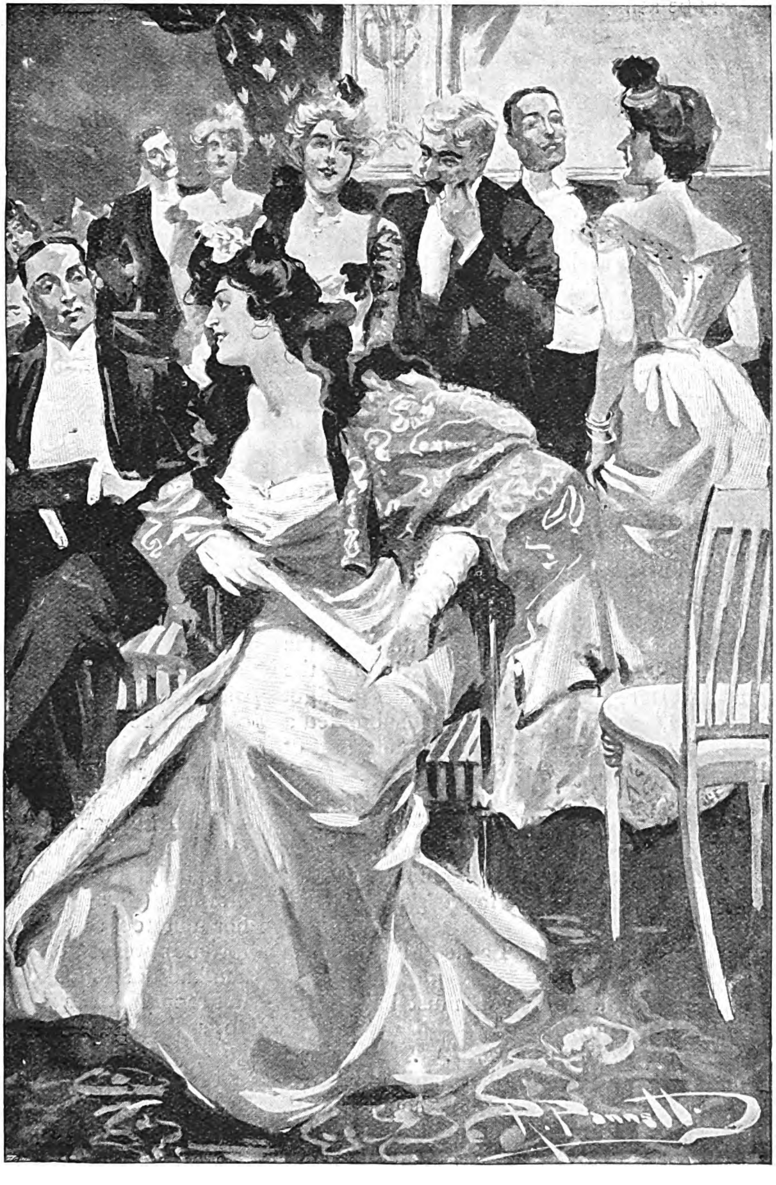
His face was very red when he glanced up at me. I—I—sort of felt I'd rather look at something else.

"What the blazes have you done to this lock, you young fool, you?" he demanded furiously, "it won't open."

"Have you tried 'Cherry,' sir?" I asked nervously.

"Have I tried. . . !" Another explosion of wrath. Well I should be ashamed to say such things if I were a diplomat!

"Perhaps it's—it's—er—Kitty, sir," I blurted out; this time it was *my* face that partook of a scarlet hue.



It was at a big reception, and I was talking to a lady friend.

He did not say anything—I rather wished he would, somehow—but he tried "Kitty."

"Have you any other suggestion?" he asked in more polite tones than I had ever heard him use before—I'd rather he'd been rude. A ghastly recollection flashed upon me. I fumbled nervously with my cuffs, but lacked courage to speak.

"Is it 'darling,' or 'dearest,' or any such charming word?" he asked with a sneer (I should be ashamed to sneer like that if I were a diplomat). Then, as I remained silent, he went on in a nasty spiteful tone, "perhaps its 'idiot' or 'fool' or—"

"It's Dimple," I broke in hurriedly. Well, the murder was out at last, but oh, how hot and foolish I felt when he looked at me with a smile!

"All would have been equally suitable, it appears," he said drily.

I got home at last, and had time to think matters over without his making me feel doubtful whether I stood on my head or my heels. I tried hard to find my Kitty and that Hardman, but without success.

I went everywhere in the hope of seeing her. I frequented the most extraordinary places; I even looked up Kitties, Catherines, and Kates in the directory, but my finds always turned out disappointments. There were such crowds of Catherines, and, besides, as a daughter of the house, *my* Kitty would not be down. It was only the chance of her being called after her mother, who was evidently a widow.

Even now I do not like to think of the sequel of that affair. You see, it and the gun-boat were mixed up together. Priest got the order, as, strange to say, he submitted a fresh plan, which was the very counterpart of the other which he underbid.

Shortly after all this had been arranged, I met my Kitty at last. It was at a big reception, and I was talking to a lady friend who knew everybody (and the things least to their credit), when my heart gave a great jump, for I saw *her*.

"Who is that lady?" I asked Mrs. Gregson excitably.

"Jane Priest, surely you must have come across her before?"

"No, that is yes, I mean. . . . Priest's daughter, I suppose, but her name is Kitty."

Mrs. Gregson stared and then laughed. "I see you and Mrs. Priest are acquaintances after all. Are you one of her numerous victims? But *why* call her Kitty?"

The room started jumping about in a most unpleasant manner. "Mrs.—Jane!" I murmured incoherently. "I'm afraid I do not understand——"

"There is nothing *to* understand. Mrs. Priest, christian name Jane, is the wife of the famous inventor of the new gun-boat; we were at school together, so I ought to know her cognomen."

"Have they been married long?" I asked faintly. Something was going round in my *head* now; daylight was breaking upon me.

"Seven or eight years," I heard as if from a long way off.

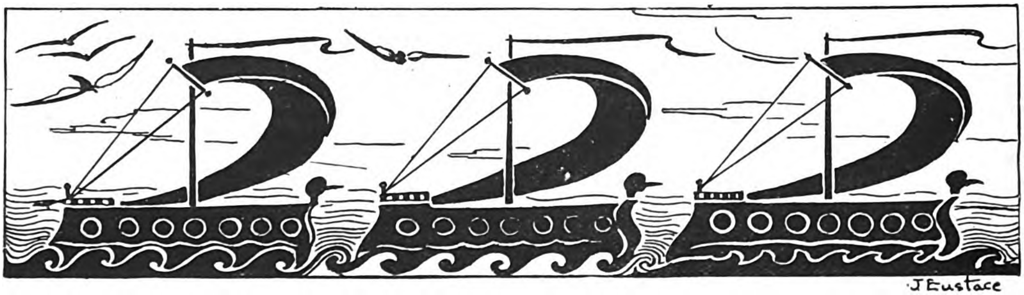
"She looks very young!" I said, sitting heavily down by my lady friend, and closing my eyes with a shiver. *Jane!*

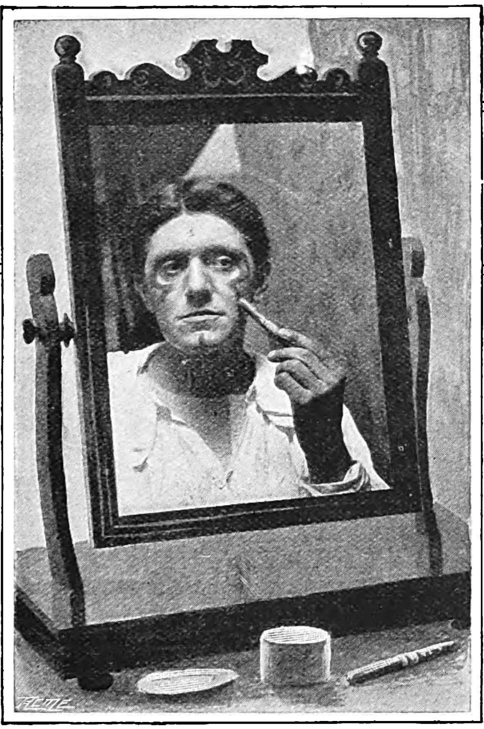
Mrs. Gregson glanced at me disdainfully. "You men are so easily taken in!" she said with scorn. "Mrs. Priest is nearer thirty than twenty; art has its uses outside the academy."

"Oh, Kitty, Kitty, now I know why you wanted those cakes fetched from Parrs', why you belonged to the Prevention Society, why you wanted to know the name that opened the lock! In fifteen minutes a neat little copy had been made of the gun-boat. Well, after all, she was a clever girl—woman, I mean."

Then I caught Kitty's eye—hang it, Jane's, I suppose I should say—she was smiling warningly as she came towards me; her dimples (those same dimples had brought her not too scrupulous husband fame and fortune) were more maddening than ever; she had diamonds to set her beauty off now, but though her eyes were as child-like as of yore, the charm of them—and Jane—was gone for me. I turned and fled.

It's rough luck on the other inventing beggar, but, oh, thank *Goodness*, the Chief doesn't know!





An actor as he sees himself in the looking-glass while "making-up."

HOW I MAKE UP.

By A Well-known Actor.

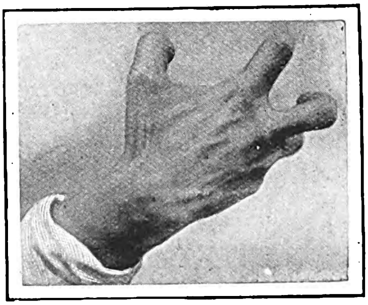
(Illustrated by Frank Foulsham.)

At the present day, to be an actor pure and simple is but an ordinary proceeding; one must have a knowledge of half-a-dozen other different professions, and so use them that they shall serve as a background to the histrionic art—that is, if you wish to make money out of it.

To commence with, you must know how to sketch in order that you may design your own make-up; for the design of a really good disguise is as intricate as an architect's plan of a public building. Full face, profile, top and back—all are drawn to the minutest detail. You must have a rudimentary knowledge of tailoring, that your dresses may be perfect, of wig-making and facial anatomy. And lastly, should you specialise in character sketches, you must possess a profound knowledge of our greatest novelists, together with the power of viewing their characters as they themselves wish them to be viewed.

With reference to the designing of makes-up, it is interesting to note that several of our actors, being unable to sketch themselves, commission great painters, such as Sir Philip Burne-Jones, or Sir Alma Tadema, to design their "make-ups" and dresses for them. Beerbohm Tree's Svengali, for instance, was copied from Du Maurier's book; it was first sketched with grease paints upon a looking-glass, which was afterwards varnished. From this crude picture Mr. Tree made himself up, and so pleased was he with the result that he framed the sketch and hung it in a place of honour in his dressing room at Her Majesty's Theatre, where it remains to this day.

It must not be supposed that the grease paint is or can be made wholly the means of a disguise or imitation. The facial expression of the actor plays an equally important part. It would be of not the slightest use, for example, if Mr. Bransby Williams, the well known actor-mimic, merely placed the lines and colouring in their required positions on his face. The whole effect would fall flat, and bear about the same resemblance to the part he wished to portray as does black to white. My meaning will be made more clear by comparing two photographs on the fourth page of this article. Both are exactly alike so far as the make-up is concerned, a careful look will show that the lines are similar in both illustrations. But whereas the one might represent anyone or no-one—the other is the very image of Dan Leno. All of which is entirely due to the clever facial assistance which Mr. Williams gives to his paints.



A "made-up" hand—that of Fagin the Jew.

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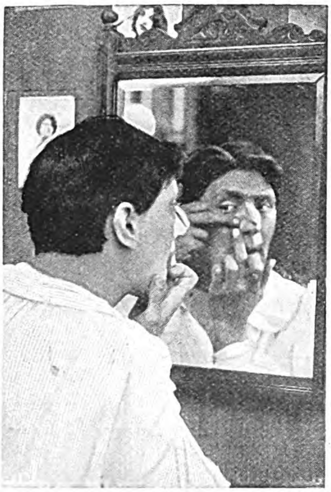
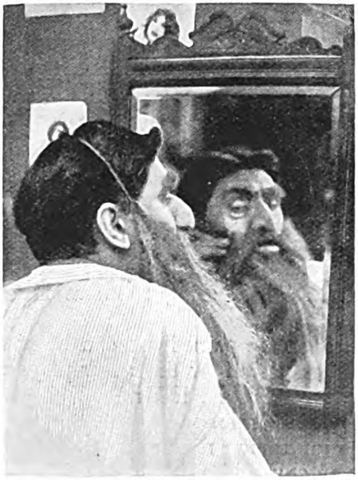


Making-up to represent Fagin the Jew. First step, the modelling of a Hebraic nose.

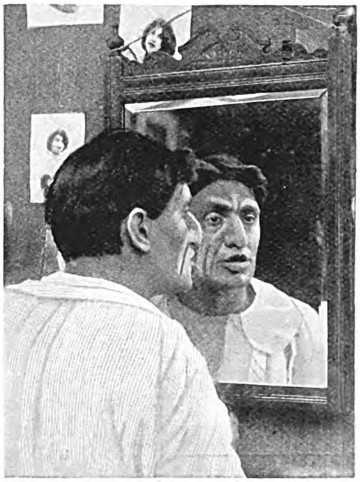
To watch a really good make-up being put on is a revelation to the uninitiated; for if an actor be adept in his art, he will succeed in changing his face beyond all recognition in a few minutes. Of lightning change artists the world has had enough; their disguises merely take the form of enveloping their heads in what is practically a mask.

A more interesting man than this is he who by merely turning his head from the audience for a few seconds, and scoring in a line here and a line there, changes his whole aspect. And how this is done will be shown in the course of this article. So complete an exposure has probably never before been made.



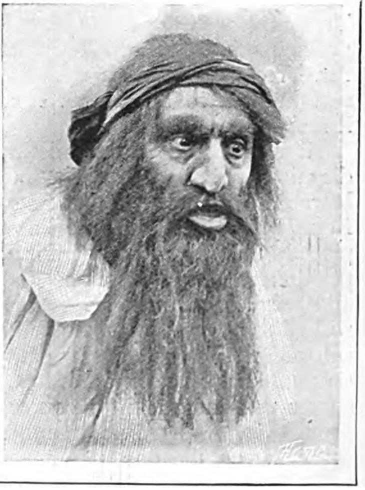
Putting in the wrinkles needs the greatest care.

Every actor has some particular secret of his own by which he swears. In portraying the part of the young hero, for example, I make up my face with only two different colours—a No. 3 stick and carmine. By day, stick No. 3, being a sort of bronze tint, makes one look like a Cherokee Indian—an effect which is heightened by the carmine. By night, however, it gives you a more or less pale and cultured expression. The whole art lies in toning the two colours so that no hard line exists. Amateurs are apt to put the red on in patches, the wrinkles in blotches, and the dimples in meaningless masses. In intricate disguises two or three colours should be mixed upon the palm of the hand until the desired "ground" be obtained. Having smeared this evenly over the whole face, we are now ready for the more delicate operations that follow.

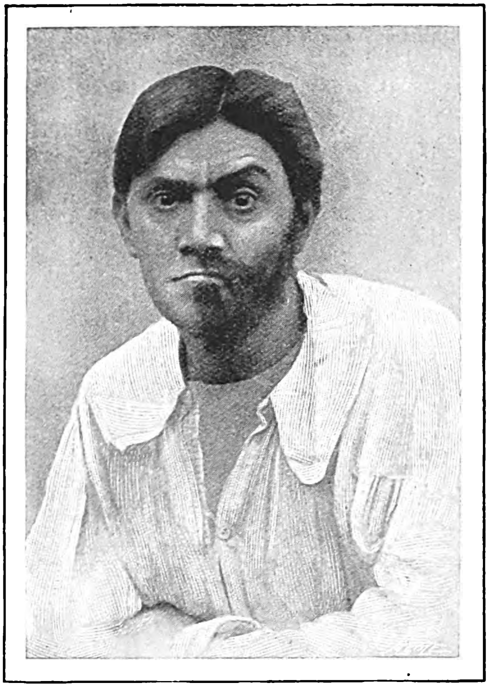


"Building" a heavy under-lip.

Let us take as our model "Fagin" the Jew, from Charles Dickens' "Oliver Twist," and see how nearly we can reproduce him in life. Unfortunately—or rather fortunately for us—our nose does not bear the required hook. A new one must therefore be made, and to get it exactly right we must make it ourselves. It is quite easy; all that is needed, is a piece of pink grease paint and some cotton



The finished make-up of Mr. Williams as Fagin the Jew. No resemblance to the actor-mimic can be traced.



Only one half of the face is here made up. A comparison of the two sides, by alternately covering each, will show what a marvellous change can be made by a clever actor.

Washing off the paint after removing make-up accessories.

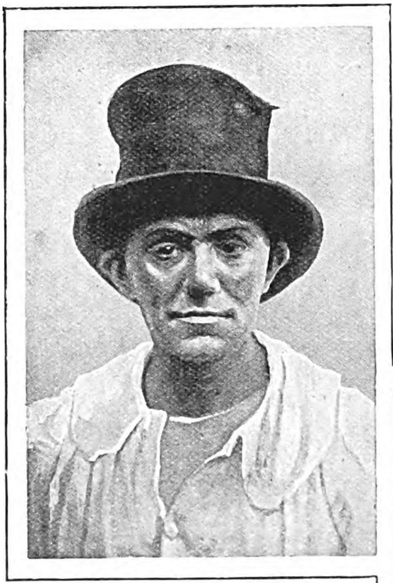
wool. These, rolled together in the hand, form a putty-looking mixture that can be placed upon the nose with spirit gum. It also has the advantage of being pliable, and can be moulded to the desired shape. A little careful modelling and a judicious amount of "ground" colour gives us a typical Hebraic nose. The same preparation tinted with carmine, remedies our lack of the heavy under-lip. Care must again be taken to shade off the lines which show the boundary between the false and the real; care must also be taken in putting in the wrinkles and lines to place them *naturally*—in other words, to place them where your own will come in later years. These may be discovered by frowning and screwing up the face in various positions. By noting where the wrinkles appear, and accentuating them with a black pencil, a far less artificial appearance will be obtained. Shaggy eyebrows, made of what is called "plaited hair," are carefully attached, and the long, straggling beard bound round the chin to the head above. The wig is then put on, and the finishing touches given — a dash here, a suspicion there, a little darkening under the eyes—until at length everything is perfect. The responsibilities of the make-up do not end with the face, and here, again, the average actor fails. The ears, the neck, the hands, all in their turn need a proportionate amount of trouble; it is the attention to these apparently trivial details that makes the great artist. Mr. George Alexander may be distinguished from most actors by the carefulness with which he prepares his hands to suit the part he is taking. If he is portraying an old man, the make-up of his hands will be every whit as good as that on his face; and so it is with all his characters. In this instance, again, expression is all important as an aid to the paint. It is of no use lining the hands with veins and whitening them for an "old" part if you grasp things with the strength of a gorilla. They must be palsied and feeble. However well a miser's hands may be made up, all will be wasted unless the *expression* be claw-like and grasping.

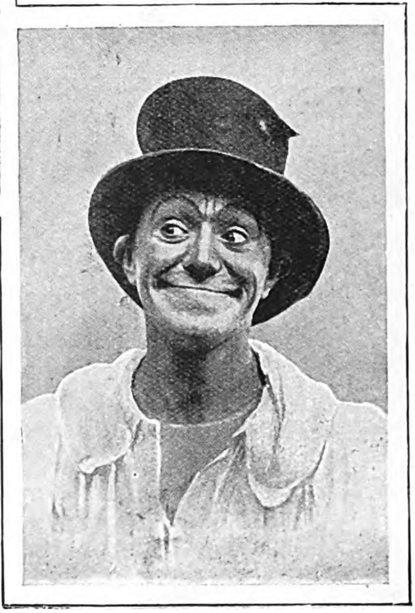
To get this expression to perfection all our best known actors have rehearsals both of their plays and their makes-up. Two or three times before the actual performance takes place they will go through their makes-up to the most trivial detail.

It is the study of a lifetime to learn how the different effects may be obtained; how a man with a lean, hatchet face may turn himself into a florid countryman and *vice-versâ*. To obtain the effect of breadth, the best way is to get the false beard made so that the hairs appear to grow thin towards the ears, leaving the cheek bones and the greater part of both cheeks exposed to view. In the same way the wig should be left entirely bald round the temples, thus giving the appearance of great width of forehead. If your own face be particularly hollow, it is as well to fill the cheeks in with the mixture of cotton wool and paint. When this has all been carefully touched up, the audience will measure the width of your face, not as is usual, by the distance from nose to cheek bone, but from nose to ear, which method of measurement makes the face twice as broad.

With reference to beards and moustaches, it may not be generally known that there are three principal ways of making these. The most common method is to knot real hair into thin silk gauze and gum or tie it on to that part of the face it is intended to adorn. The second way is to use crêpe hair—a fuzzy, plaited-looking imitation—which must be stretched out and stuck on as thickly or as sparsely as the occasion demands. Lastly, the hairs may be painted in, but this latter method is not to be recommended by itself; used in connection with the other two disguises, it is excellent. In other words, it should only be used as a kind of finish to the edge of a false beard.

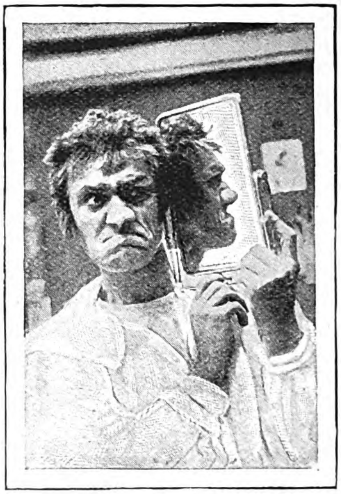
I remember once using a fourth way, a way, by the bye, which I should not advise many people to use, though in my case it served its purpose. I once had to play a part in which, as leading character, my face had to have the appearance of being covered with hairs. To paint them in would not have looked well, while a wig to cover the whole face was out of the question. For some time none of us could hit upon the correct thing to do; then at length a useful expedient occurred to me—I simply painted every feature with spirit gum, and sprinkled *chopped hairs* over my whole face.





The make-up in these two photographs is exactly alike, but while the first represents no one in particular, the other, by marvellous facial expression, is a living portrait of Dan Leno.

Curious ways of wearing moustaches are peculiar to the artiste who impersonates well-known men. In the few seconds that they have to make up in it would be impossible carefully to fix on the moustaches with gum. The two alternatives are to clip them on to the nose with invisible clips, or to have a little piece of wire which enters the mouth and attaches itself to the roof. This ensures instantaneous action and an effect as good as if it had been affixed by surer means.



An actor's reflection in a looking-glass, showing how by means of a second glass he can see the side of his face.

It is well to note that the more characteristic your disguises are, the better your chance of making "a hit." A touch of originality is bound sooner or later to be noticed by audience and critics alike. An instance in point is

Madame Sarah Bernhardt. Most actresses colour the palms of their hands pink or red; not so the "divine Sarah." To be out of the common, and at the same time to gain a good effect, she paints her palms *saffron.*

Actors have to undergo a double strain in their work; the strain of making up and the strain of acting. Needless to say, the latter tells more upon the constitution, but, at the same time, the former strain helps "the last straw that breaks the camel's back."

Mr. Bransby Williams, to whom I have already referred, has, perhaps, tested this strain to the greatest extent. In taking the part of "Fagin the Jew" (the illustrations give a very good idea of the tedious and intricate make-up described) he has to half throttle himself with a neckerchief. The contortions simulating death, the emotions of hope and despair, combined with the worry of disguise, so upset him, that I have known him come off the stage and literally faint from sheer weakness.

To show the power of a really good make-up, Mr. Williams tells of how he was one day taking the part of little Nell's grandfather in the "Old Curiosity Shop." The part, as all who have read Dickens know, is pathetic in the extreme; and when the actor had finished the play, he was accosted by a poor old man outside the stage door, who said that he had just lost his little girl, and that Mr. William's acting had reminded him of his own emotions. A pretty story, truly, and an eloquent testimonial to the actor's art.

In conclusion, I will add a little adventure which befell me in the provinces. I was doing a series of character sketches, and had all the wigs and necessary appliances—as I thought—on a table at the back of the stage. Half way through the performance I discovered, to my horror, that a moustache was missing. Having just finished one sketch, I was making up for the next in full view of the audience; the time allowed me to make-up in was about forty seconds. Quite thirty-five seconds had gone, and I was still flinging grease, paints, and wigs to right and to left, trying to find this wretched moustache. The time was up—I was as far from my prey as ever. Suddenly an idea seized me, and catching up a new wig I tore out a lock of hair and gummed it to my lip. The applause of the audience was sufficient to show me that my ruse had succeeded.

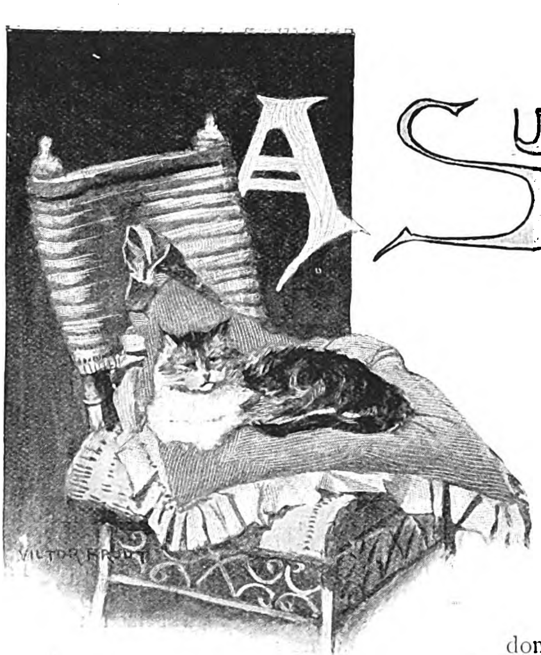
THE BLACKBIRD'S NEST.

LEAFLESS and bare the shivering wood
With fingers lean and gaunt arms stood,
  Save where with silvery tassels hung
The slender boughs spring's advent told.
  Or where all sere and shrivelled clung
A mantle that once gleamed with gold,
  Closer around a brush that bent
  Before the wind's fierce discontent.

There once while Chloris stayed to rest
I found for her the blackbird's nest,
  Whose trellised grass and wool concealed
The silken-vestured tender young.
  Unskilled till then in song to yield
Those harmonies their parents sung,
  They found her dear eyes' gentle gaze
  Inspired their earliest hymn of praise.

Last night within the woods I heard
No minstrelsy of bee or bird,
  Only the storm made music shrill;
No more the fluttering wind-flowers shook,
  No primroses festooned the hill,
One robin only by the brook,
  (A last lone sentinel was he),
  Peered forth in wonderment at me.

BERNARD PIKE.



A SUBURBAN COURTSHIP

TOLD BY THE CAT.

By F. C. Younger.

I.

I never can understand why people always grumble at suburban residences. *I* can see nothing wrong with our house; but my mistress says the windows don't fit, and the door won't shut, and there's always a draught from somewhere. What does that matter? If you choose the warmest corner of the mat before the fire (as I always do) doors and windows are not worth considering. She says there's only one place in the dining-room that's really warm. Well, that's quite enough for me. As to the doors, I rather like a door myself that doesn't shut; you can always get in without the trouble of sitting on the mat, and mewing until someone comes to open it for you.

The society, too, is charming—that is, the cat society. I can't say as much for the human. All my feline acquaintances belong to the upper classes, of course. I am a Persian myself, and that makes me exclusive. I never associate, for instance, with the cat from the fried fish shop in the next street (that is, unless he has any fish bones). We have just formed a Cats' Amateur Vocal Society, and hold nightly *soirées*. Unfortunately the men and women about here are terribly unmusical; they don't appreciate our efforts at all.

No; I think that what spoils suburban villas is the young people. The old ones understand that you want to sit before the fire and wash occasionally in quiet, and there are no children at our house.

There are three girls, though, and one young man, and you would think the house was made on purpose for those four, and the cats and furniture and everything in it, if you saw the way they went on. The young man is called Fred, and he has only one good point, namely, that he is away at a place called the "University" half the time. His mother and sisters think he's perfect, but *I* don't approve of him.

They had a party here last night because Fred was at home. There were seven or eight young men, and a few girls. They had fish for dinner, my favourite sort, and they turned me out of the room because I called their attention to the fact that they hadn't served me. When the ladies had gone to the drawing-room, and all the young men were smoking, I got into the dining-room again. Such a collection of boots on the hearth-rug and fender, and even on the mantelpiece! There was hardly any room for me, and when I did find a corner I wasn't allowed to sit quietly.

They stroked me the wrong way to "get sparks," and puffed smoke in my face to see how disgusted I was. I lost my temper at last, and used strong language. Would you believe it, they were delighted, and tried to make me do it again? I couldn't stand such depravity, and went upstairs to the young ladies. Our girls jumped up directly and said, "Oh, the cat isn't allowed in the drawing-room," and wanted to turn me out.

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Such injustice! If I *do* like to lie on the best cushions and rugs I don't make such big dents in them as they do. But they have no common sense, most of them.

But there was one girl in a pink blouse, called Molly, who said: "Oh, let her stay; I'll nurse her, and see she does no harm. I love cats."

I rather like that girl; she has soft little hands, and knows how to stroke properly. I really was beginning to enjoy myself when those horrid young men came up and disturbed everything.

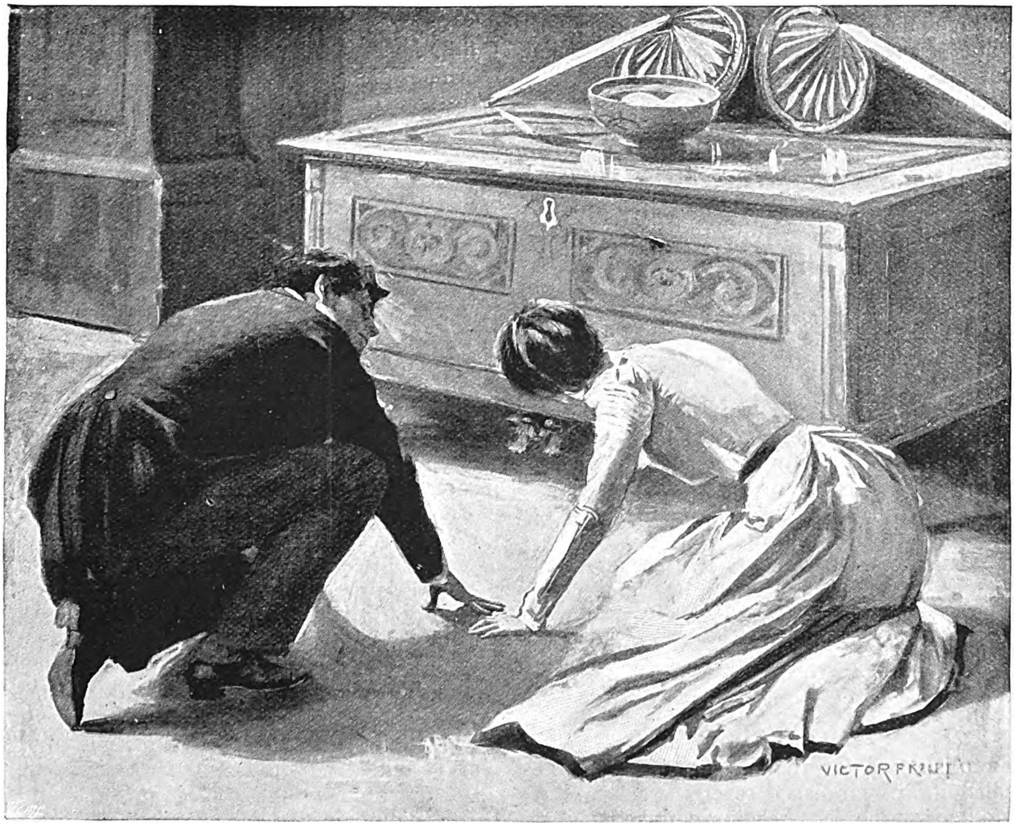
Fred must needs come and try to stroke me, too, with his great, clumsy hands, and talk to Molly as if *he* loved cats. Then he said: "Come and sing to me, Miss Molly, *do!* We're dying to hear you," (which I know was not true—he hates music, and talks of "caterwauling" when I sing.)

Molly said: "But I can't leave poor Puss. I promised to look after her."

"Oh, the cat!" said Fred, as if I was of no consequence. "Here, Edith, nurse her a bit for Miss Molly," and he chucked me, literally *chucked* me, to one of his sisters, who has slippery knees, and doesn't know how to stroke at all.

I rather liked Miss Molly's singing, but when she had done she made him sing a dreadful song about "Wanting to be Popular." If he had asked me, I should have told him he never would be popular while he sang like that.

The noise was something awful! I thought I should go mad when they all shouted the chorus. I scrambled off Edith's lap, and went out of the door like a flash of lightning. They all seemed to consider it a joke! I could hear them roaring with laughter as I crouched under the old oak chest in the hall palpitating with terror. By-and-bye the drawing-room door opened, and Miss Molly came into the hall looking for me. But I wouldn't come out even when she crouched down on her hands and knees and said:



Their four eyes were peering at me—at least, Miss Molly's were; Fred looked at her quite as much as at me.

"Poor Puss, was it frightened out of its little life then."

What made that Fred come and look under the chest too, I can't imagine! He doesn't usually care much about my feelings, but last night you would have thought I was his dearest friend. There were their two heads almost touching, with their four eyes peering in at me—at least Miss Molly's were; Fred's looked at her quite as much as at me. At last he put in his long arm to catch me, and then I disappeared quickly enough, I can tell you. I didn't want him to seize me by the scruff of my neck and haul me out. The last thing I saw as I rushed into the garden was Fred helping Miss Molly up very carefully. He can be polite sometimes; he never takes *her* by the scruff of the neck.

Presently, as I sat on the fence talking about our next concert to a friend, all the humans came into the garden. The girls had antimacassars over their heads, and the men were smoking again. They strolled about and admired the moon and stars and trees, and everything but the cats. Fred was walking about with Miss Molly, who had a white shawl on, and looking at her as he never looks at me.

He was very interested in some picnic she went to the summer before last; at least he *said* he was, but he kept calling Brighton "Brompton" when he asked about it. Miss Molly laughed at him for it, and I was very glad, for he is dreadfully conceited. But what surprised me was that he seemed to like it, though when his sisters laugh at him, he gets quite angry. Men are incomprehensible. Their talk was so uninteresting that I left them at last, and went for a walk over the roofs.

A few hours later, when they were all in bed, I was sitting on the tool shed roof under Fred's window quietly practising one of the songs without words for our next *soirée*, when he opened the window and threw a boot at me, and said "Hang that cat."

Men are so absurd. He never said "Hang" once to Miss Molly while they talked in the garden, and he doesn't throw boots at *her* when she sings, though I'm sure you can't hear the words any better than if there were none.

II.

Fred is home for the "Easter Vac.," as he calls it, which lasts several weeks. His mother says he is "reading very hard," that is, he sits for ever so long in a big chair with a big book, and smokes. But as for reading! I know better. I sat on the rug at his feet all the afternoon yesterday, and he never turned a leaf. It's my belief he's thinking of all sorts of other things; those horrid songs of his, perhaps. He's always whistling them, and yesterday he told Edith that he had got another. "Why don't you ask Miss Molly here one evening?" he said this afternoon. "She likes singing, and none of you girls can accompany properly."

I could see Edith didn't like this, but *I* think it shows more sense than I should have given him credit for; she likes cats, and I can go into the garden when they begin to sing.

Presently Edith, who had been called away, came back and said: "Fred, some callers are here. Mother wants you to come in and hand tea."

"Oh, bother!" said Fred. "Who are they?"

"Captain and Mrs. Jones, and Mrs. Crosley," said Edith.

"A lot of old fogies!" said Fred. "Anyone else?"

"No, only Molly Summers!" answered Edith.

Fred bounced up. "All right, I'll be with you in a minute." He spent that minute in brushing his coat and straightening his tie; then he went into the drawing-room, and I followed him.

Miss Molly was talking to Mrs. Crosley when we went in, and she took no notice of Fred, though she stroked me when I jumped on her knee. But of course he had to interfere directly, and bring her heaps of bread and butter that she didn't want, and tread on my tail.

"It's only the cat!" he said when I called out. Only the cat, indeed!

Miss Molly gave me cake to console me, "on the drawing-room carpet too," as the mistress said afterwards.

Fred looked very curious, sometimes I think he must be troubled by some secret disease.

"I only wish you would treat me as well as you do that cat, Miss Summers," he said.

"What! Give you cake?" retorted Miss Molly laughing, and then he blushed! I would almost as soon have expected to blush myself.

"You girls might get the tennis-court marked out," said Fred after she was gone. "It's quite fine enough to play, and we could have some people up one afternoon."

"What people?" asked Edith, "we don't know ten decent players," "We don't want ten decent players," retorted Fred, "only a few girls and men. Miss Summers is very fond of tennis, only she hasn't anywhere to play."

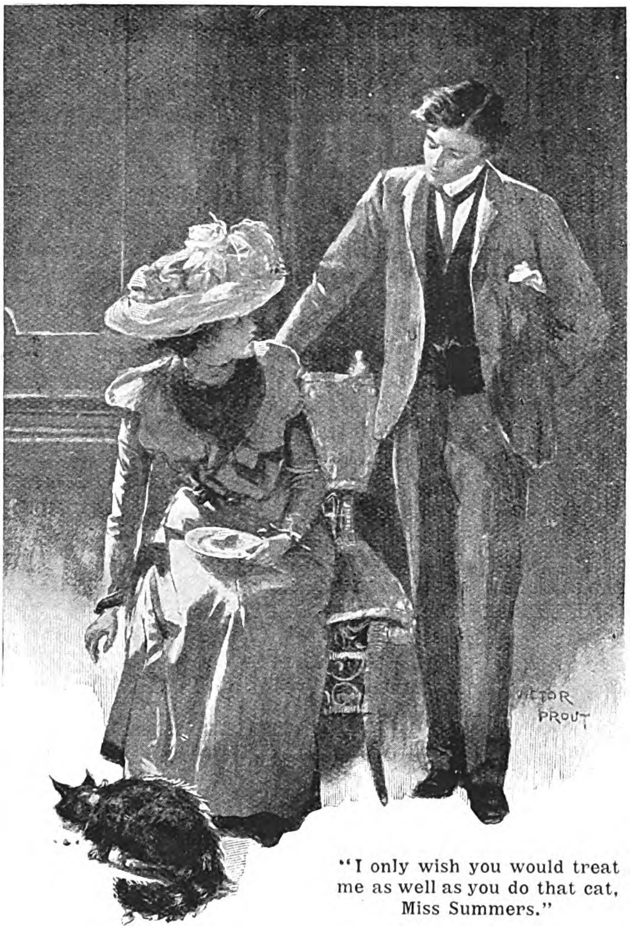
"Why didn't you say what you meant at first?" said Edith, and then he told her not to be a goose.

When we were alone he took me up and said to me: "What idiots people are, puss! Why can't they do it without telling?

"It takes three men and a boy to get a new idea into the heads of any member of this family except myself. The old people think we're babies for ever, and as for the girls——"

I really think he's not well.

The tennis-party is next Friday. Our girls are making cakes and things for it. They don't get on very well, and whenever a cake gets too burnt or too heavy, they say: "Oh, the cat will eat it!" The cat won't! She prefers sparrows, and then they say I'm dainty! Fred has given up "reading hard," he sings and practises all day ready for next Friday.



"I only wish you would treat me as well as you do that cat, Miss Summers."

III.

The tennis-party is over. There were seven girls and only two men counting Fred, so five of the girls sat drinking tea and talking while the others played. I considered I had a right to some good cake, after all the failures they had given me, and I joined the tea-table party. The way these girls talk is very funny.

"Who is this Molly Summers?" asked Edith's great friend, a girl with frizzled hair just like singed fur. "Where did you meet her?"

"At school in Germany," answered Edith. "She was rather nice then," she added apologetically.

"Well, she's not now," said Frizzly decidedly. "I think she aims at being a new woman. She attends hygiene classes, and actually *takes an interest* in the horrible things they show you."

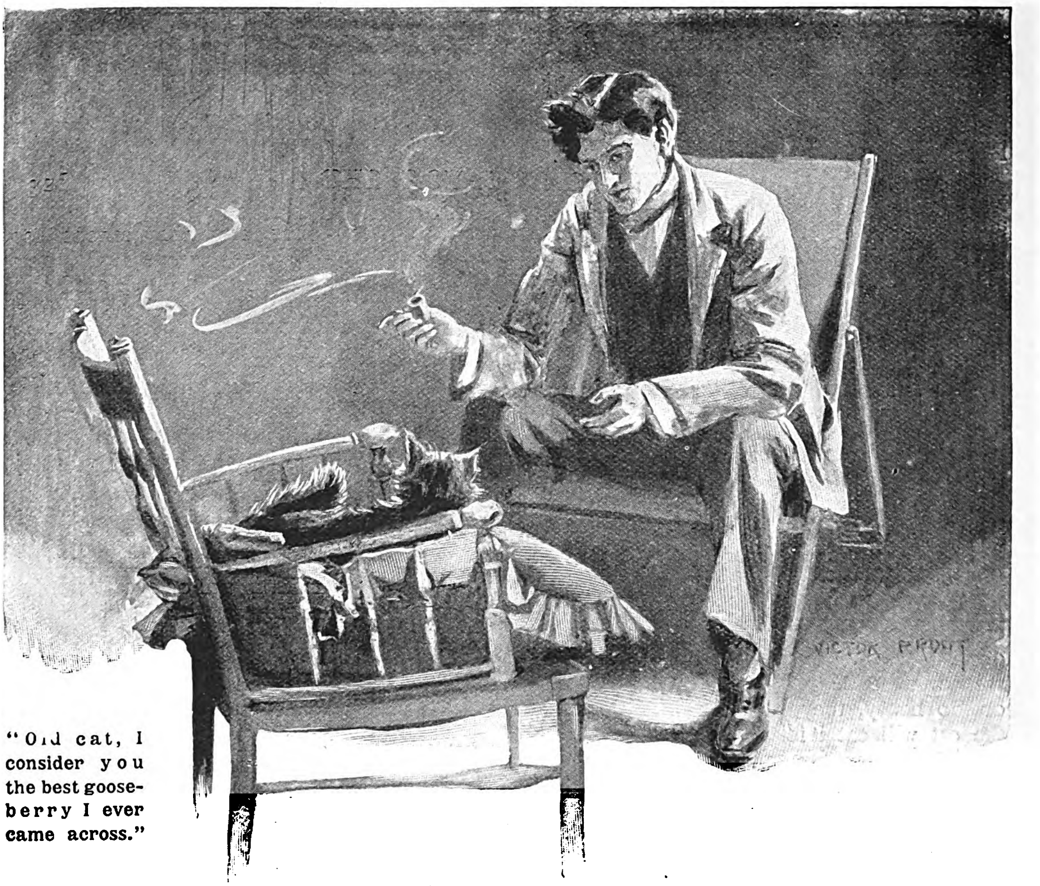
"You attend the classes too," said another.

"Yes, but I shouldn't have if I'd known about the horrors," retorted Frizzly. "Just fancy, my dear, *the insides of sheep!* We were all disgusted, but she actually poked them about, and wanted to see the ventricles, and all that!"

Now what possible objection can there be to the insides of a sheep? I'm rather partial to them myself, though I don't know anything about the ventricles; in fact, I prefer them to cake. But those girls all said "How horrid!" and Frizzly went on. "When I asked her how she could, she actually said: 'Well, we have insides ourselves, I suppose, and we must learn what they're like, so as to keep them in order.'"

"It's my opinion," said another, "that she's a flirt. Look at her now."

Miss Molly and a great fellow with a big voice who had been playing with her were coming up, and I went to meet them. Fred was behind with the tennis-balls and the other girl. I am sure he is ill, he looked



"Old cat, I consider you the best gooseberry I ever came across."

so peculiar, quite savage in fact, especially when the other fellow took Miss Molly's racket and found her a garden chair. I sat on her lap and washed my face, as I always do when I'm particularly happy.

"We won," said Molly triumphantly, "Mr. Fred, I thought you were such a good player?"

"I'm out of practice," said Fred looking glummer than ever, and pulling my tail.

"Do leave the poor cat alone," said Molly. "Isn't anyone going to get me any tea? I'm quite exhausted."

The other fellow sprang up before Fred had time to answer, and brought her a table and tea and cake. When Fred arrived with some bread and butter, she had everything she wanted, thank you, and was quite comfortable. I was glad to see her treat him like that, for he is much too conceited.

By and bye some of the other girls played and Fred picked up their balls while the other fellow talked to Molly. She had to go away early, and the other fellow saw her home.

Fred was crosser than ever when she was gone.

"You girls always arrange things so badly," he said, standing on the hearthrug with his back to the grate.

"Fancy asking five girls, and only one man, and that insufferable fellow of all others. I never was at such a slow affair before; and why you need sit half the afternoon talking scandal with that Miss Frizzles I can't understand! You should see Molly Summers entertain. *She* always makes things go."

"She didn't make it go this afternoon," objected Edith.

"How could she, when none of you backed her up?" said Fred, and then Edith said Oxford had not improved his manners, and marched out of the room with her head in the air.

IV.

Fred has been very low spirited. If he were a cat I should expect him to shed his coat. As it is he hasn't taken it off once (except at night) since the tennis-party, for he doesn't seem to care to play. His taste in music however, is improving; he never sings those horrid songs, and he threw no boots at us even when our annual concert was held under his window last night. He smokes furiously, and reads until his mother says, "My dear, you are overworking, you really must take rest and exercise." But I don't believe he gets beyond one page. Yesterday he told me "the world was a hollow mockery," which would be interesting if I knew what a "mockery" was. Perhaps it is something to eat, in which case I am not surprised that he was vexed because it was "hollow."

This afternoon Miss Molly called to see the girls. Everyone was out but Fred, and the housemaid (who did not know it) showed her into the room where he was reading. He jumped up when she came in and looked queer again.

"Miss Summers," he exclaimed, blundering across the room to get her a chair. "Do sit down and excuse the state I'm in."

I was very offended, because he had forgotten that I was on his knee when he sprang up, but I couldn't help smiling at this, and no more could Molly. He certainly did look queer. He wore an old blazer covered with tobacco ash that he had spilt in pocketing his pipe, and his very oldest slippers, his hair was on end, and his pince-nez askew.

"I suppose you were reading," said Molly. "Don't let me disturb you. Are they all out?"

"Not at all!" said Fred (though whether he meant "not at all out," or what, I could not discover) "I'm delighted to see you, do sit down."

She took me on her lap, and there was a silence, except for my purring.

"I wanted to tell your sisters how I enjoyed the tennis-party," said Molly at last.

"Did you enjoy it?" said Fred gloomily; "it's more than I did."

"Oh; but you ought to have enjoyed it," returned Molly; "it was awfully nice."

"Awfully nice if you could play with and talk to the one you wanted all the time," said Fred.

"And didn't you?" said Molly, very busy stroking me. "I saw you talking to Edith's friend with the frizzly hair a great deal."

"Oh, hang her!" ejaculated Fred with great emphasis. "Miss Molly, why wouldn't you talk to me?"

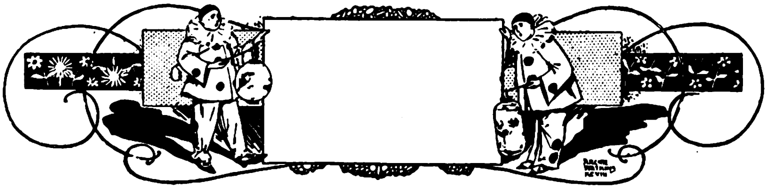
Molly put me down on the floor and said: "Puss, go and tell him I never had a chance to."

"And look here, Puss," said Fred, "tell her to give me a chance now."

I can't imagine why they wanted me to say all this. They never understand me when I say, "There's a mouse in the pantry," or "Give me some fish," or anything sensible. So I jumped on the sofa because I was tired of being put off their laps, and went to sleep on a cushion. When I woke, Fred was sitting on the arm of Molly's chair. I told them that the mistress said it spoiled the chairs, and that there were plenty of others in the room, but they took no notice, even when I jumped on the back.

Now Miss Molly comes here at least once a week, and wears a horrid little ring that spoils her stroke. They neglect me shamefully, and sing lots of songs. Yesterday Fred said to me:

"Old cat, I consider you the best gooseberry I ever came across," which I consider an insult. In the first place, I am not old, and in the second I am not a gooseberry. I hate gooseberries. I am a respectable, middle-aged cat.



A CENTURY OF ASSASSINATIONS.

"UNEASY LIES THE HEAD THAT WEARS A CROWN."

BY EDGAR MELS.

A LIST OF THE WORLD'S RULERS WHO HAVE BEEN ATTACKED BY ASSASSINS DURING THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

George III. of England, attacked twice, May, 1800.*
Napoleon I., attacked while First Consul, December 1800; twenty killed and fifty-two wounded.*
Louis Philippe, King of France, shot at while driving along the Boulevard du Temple; forty killed.
Queen Isabella of Spain, stabbed, February 2, 1852.
King Victor Emmanuel of Italy, shot at, 1853.
Ferdinand Charles II., Duke of Parma, shot at, March 27, 1854.
King Ferdinand of Naples, stabbed by a soldier, December 8, 1856.
Napoleon III., attacked by Orsini and others, many killed, January 14, 1858.
Prince Daniel of Montenegro, killed, August 13, 1860.
King Otho of Greece, shot at by a student, 1862.
President Lincoln, mortally shot in Ford's Theatre, Washington, April 14, 1865.
Prince Michael of Servia, shot and killed, June 10, 1868.
Abdul Aziz, Sultan of Turkey, killed with scissors, June, 4, 1876.
King Alfonso of Spain, shot at, October 25, 1878, and December 30, 1879.
Emperor William I. of Germany, shot at by Hoedel, May 11, and by Dr. Nobeling, June 2, 1878.
Alexander II., Tsar of Russia, blown to pieces with nitro-glycerine while driving through St. Petersburg, March 13, 1881.
President Garfield, shot and killed by Guiteau in Washington, July 2, 1881.
President Carnot of France, stabbed to death by Cæsario, or Pietro, Santo, June 24, 1894.
Nasr-ed-Din, Shah of Persia, killed, May 1, 1896.
King Humbert of Italy, attacked by Pietro Acciarito, April 22, 189 .
President Faure of France, attacked with dynamite bomb, June 13, 1897.
Prime Minister Canovas del Castillo of Spain, stabbed and killed by Rinaldi, August 8, 1897.
General Borda, President of Uruguay, killed, August 26, 1897.
President Barrios of Guatemala, killed, February 9, 1898.
Empress Elizabeth of Austria, fatally stabbed while walking from her hotel in Geneva to the lake boat, September 10, 1898.
King Humbert of Italy, shot three times and killed at Monza, by Gaetano Bresci, July 29, 1900.*
Three attempts were made to kill Queen Victoria and two to kill the Prince of Wales, but in no instance was any one injured.

Paul I., Tsar of Russia, was assassinated during the night between March 23rd and 24th, 1801; but this murder cannot be classed among anarchical or nihilistic crimes, as the murdered monarch was killed by adherents of the court, at the instigation of certain members of the Royal Family.

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* It will be objected that these three affairs cannot possibly have occurred during the nineteenth century. The author has included them in his list in order to conciliate both parties—those who hold that the century does *not* begin with its first year and those who hold that it does.

THE business of being a ruler over a nation is not as pleasant as would appear at first glance. What with external complications, a dissatisfied people, and the probability of assassination, the head that wears a crown lies most uneasy. This assertion is emphasised by the record of the killing of rulers and attempts on their lives during this enlightened nineteenth century.

"Not that I loved Cæsar less, but Rome more," as Brutus is said to have exclaimed, savours strongly of patriotism, but no such key-note has been struck when the thirty-odd attempts were made upon the lives of rulers, chronicled during this century. Fanaticism, degeneracy, and anarchy have been the underlying causes of all these assasinations. In not one instance was the life of a despot attempted, unless the first Napoleon and the Sultan of Turkey be placed in this category. Alexander of Russia freed the serfs, and was blown to pieces with nitro-glycerine; the first Napoleon raised France to a pinnacle of glory which she is not likely to reach again; Humbert made united Italy, and was shot; Lincoln saved the Union, and received his death wound from the pistol of a crazy actor.

Formerly, the ruler of a nation had to deal only with individuals; now secret societies, for the extermination of all rulers, with an attendant era of chaos and anarchy, confront the head of nearly every government in the world. This would not be a very serious matter in itself, for no man is indispensable.

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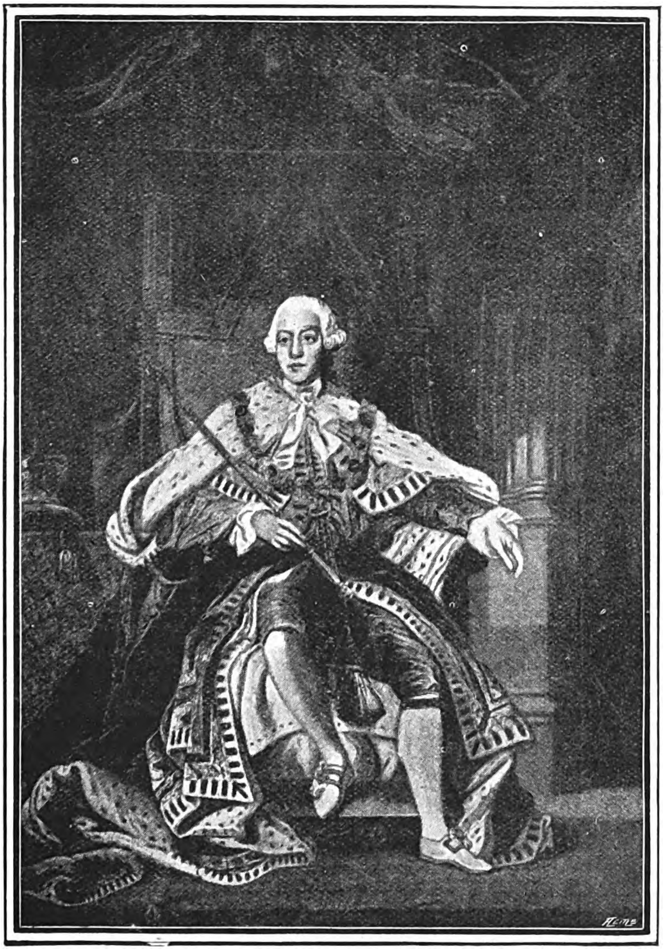
The danger lies in the fact that the aggregation of anarchists or nihilists, which strikes at rulers, does so to emphasise its objects —the total abolition of society as sane peoples see it, and the absolute extermination of all forms of government. Both anarchy and nihilism mean the same thing—the abolition of government. Both societies aim at the same thing, although it must be said. in justice to nihilism, that it originated in the worthy attempt to abolish serfdom and the horrors of Siberia, whilst anarchy consists merely of a band of assassins, international degenerates, brought together by a common desire to kill whosoever is in power, irrespective of the justice or rhyme or reason of the act. Anarchy and nihilism are modern, and both are offsprings of social democracy —the insane children of a more or less Utopian idea.

The first attempt at regicide recorded during the last hundred years took place in May, 1800, when someone, unknown to this day, shot at George III. of England while the king was driving through Hyde Park, London. The same night, while attending a play at Drury Lane Theatre, a man, later proven a lunatic, while standing in the pit, fired a shot at the king. His Majesty was not hurt. His assailant was placed under restraint, and kept confined for forty years, until death came to his release.

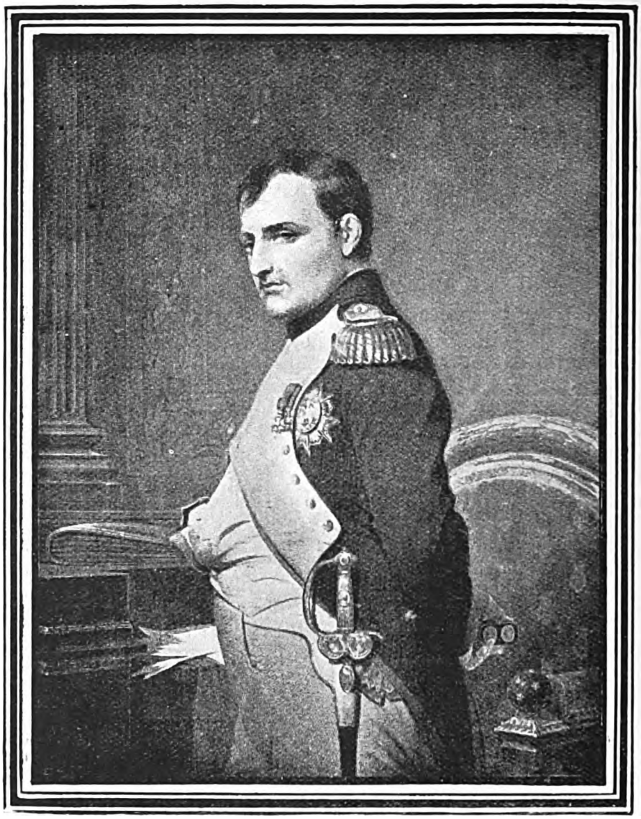

George III.

Shot at twice in one day, May, 1800

The first attack upon Napoleon I. is, perhaps, the most interesting, for it shows the Corsican, then merely First Consul and at the very threshold of his career, in a typical attitude—that of *poseur*. Owing to his lack of popularity, a number of Parisians decided that the welfare of their country demanded the forcible removal of the Buonaparte, and accordingly two of their number were deputed to kill him. Having learned that the First Consul was to drive through the principal streets of the French capital one day in December, 1800, they drove a cart to a convenient spot, and placed a barrel of powder aboard. One of the conspirators, St. Regent by name, remained on the cart, ready to apply the match at the proper moment. His confederate was stationed at the Tuileries, and the moment Napoleon left the palace in his carriage the assistant conspirator ran as fast as he could to warn St. Regent. It so happened, however, that Napoleon's coachman was addicted to the wine that is red, and having taken a trifle too much on this occasion, he drove the horses at a terrific speed through the streets. The result was that the carriage arrived at the fatal spot sooner than was anticipated. St. Regent, seeing the First Consul at hand, applied a slow match and ran. A terrific explosion followed, but not until after the carriage containing Napoleon had passed the danger zone. Twenty were killed and fifty-two wounded, including St. Regent.

The moment the explosion occurred, Napoleon, true to his instincts, arose to his diminutive height, and exclaimed, "Charge — for the glory of France!" explaining afterwards that he had been dreaming of battle, and that the explosion had aroused him to the confused idea that he was leading a charge.

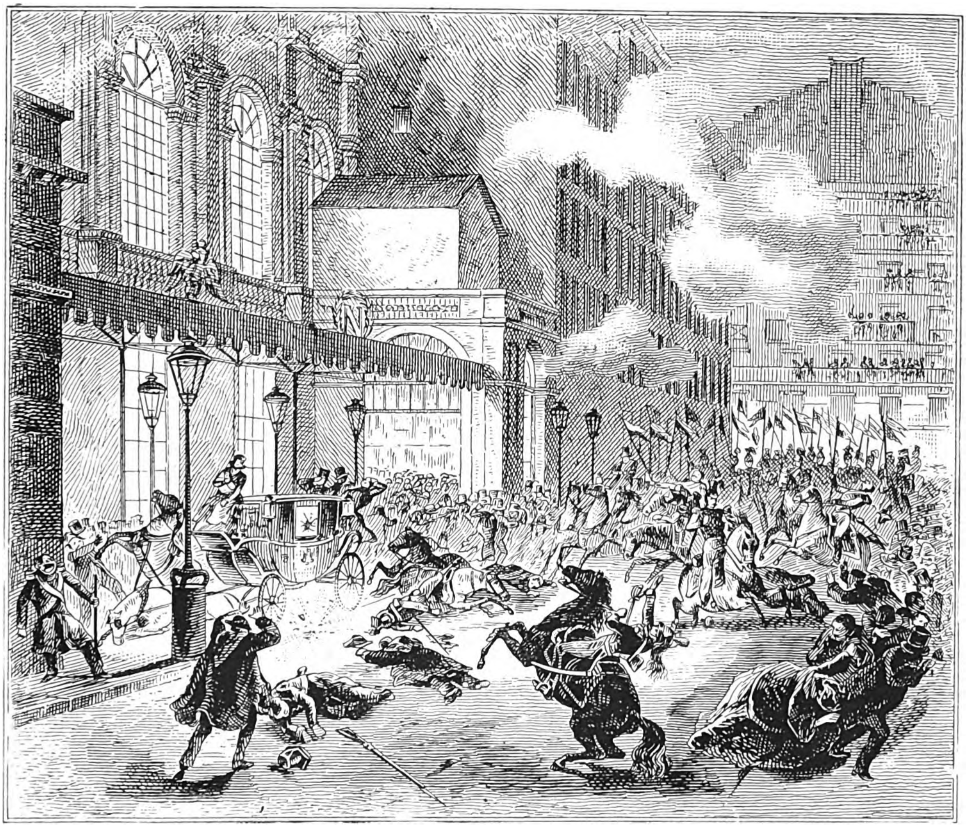
About a year later another attempt, known only to a few of his intimates, was made. He was invited to attend some electrical experiments with a galvanic battery of great power. After inspecting the laboratory he was asked to look at the battery itself. Unknowingly he stepped on a metal plate immediately in front of the table on which the battery stood, and was about to touch the battery itself, when his aide-de-camp gave him a violent push, sending him away from danger. Without a word Napoleon left the room—he had understood. The next day four scientists were removed from all possible intercourse with the scientific world.



Napoleon I.
Attacked while still First Consul, December, 1800.

Possibly the most remarkable of all attempts at regicide was that made on the life of Louis Philippe of France in 1835. On July 28 of that year, Joseph Marie Fieschi, a Corsican adventurer, opposed to the *régime* to which Louis belonged, decided to kill the king. Knowing the uncertainty of aim at crucial moments, Fieschi determined to construct a gun that would shoot in all conceivable directions at once. So he built a weapon of his own pattern to accomplish his designs. It consisted of twenty-five rifle barrels inserted in a huge wooden stock so as to point outward, fanwise. In addition, some of the barrels were depressed, while others were raised. Having finished this infernal machine, Fieschi placed it in the window of a house in the Boulevard du Temple, knowing that the king would pass along that thoroughfare, on July 28, to commemorate his accession. Each barrel was loaded with four balls, making a total of one hundred rifle balls aimed at the annointed head of the citizen king. When Louis passed, Fieschi applied a match, and a leaden hail rained upon the king. When his entourage recovered their respective senses, it was discovered that forty persons had been killed and many more wounded. Louis had escaped injury, although one of the bullets had grazed his sleeve, imbedding itself in the neck of one of the horses of his carriage. Three other attempts were made to kill Louis: by Alibaud in 1830, by Damiens in 1840, and by Lecomte and Henry in 1846,

Almost as dramatic was the attack upon Isabella II. of Spain, February 2, 1852. The Queen had just recovered from an *accouchement*, and was on her way to the Church of our Lady of Allocha to a thanksgiving service, as has been the old custom of

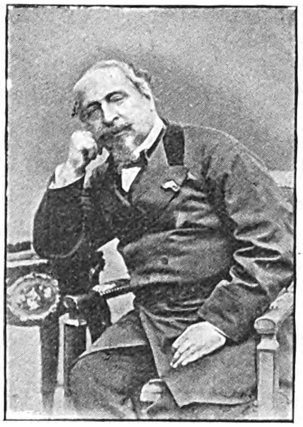


Orsini's attempt on the life of Napoleon III.

(Reproduced from a contemporary engraving.)

Spanish Monarchs. The Queen was attended by her husband and the members of her family, as well as the entire Court. She walked, while a lady-in-waiting just behind her carried the infant. As she reached a spot a few yards from the church, a man dressed in clerical garb threw himself at her feet, as if to present a petition. The Queen turned, and at that moment a man struck at her with a dagger. As he did so, he exclaimed: "*Toma, ya tienes bastante!*" (Take it, you have now got enough.) The weapon penetrated the velvet cloak the Queen was wearing and cut into her left side above the heart.

Instantly the King Consort drew his sword and rushed upon the would-be assassin. The latter was, however, saved by quick action on the part of the Duke de Tamanes, who spirited him away. Three days later he was garroted. The wounded Queen was removed to her palace, where it was found that her injury was not serious. Inquiry revealed that her assassin's name was Martin Merino, and that he was an ex-friar of the San Franciscan Order, sixty-three years old, from the province of Logroño.



Napoleon III.

The following year an attempt was made on the life of King Victor Emmanuel of Italy.

The next monarch to be attacked was King Ferdinand of Naples, a most unpopular ruler. He was shot at by a soldier, Agesilao Milano, and because of this attempt and

ELIZABETH OF AUSTRIA *

VICTOR EMMANUEL I. of ITALY.†

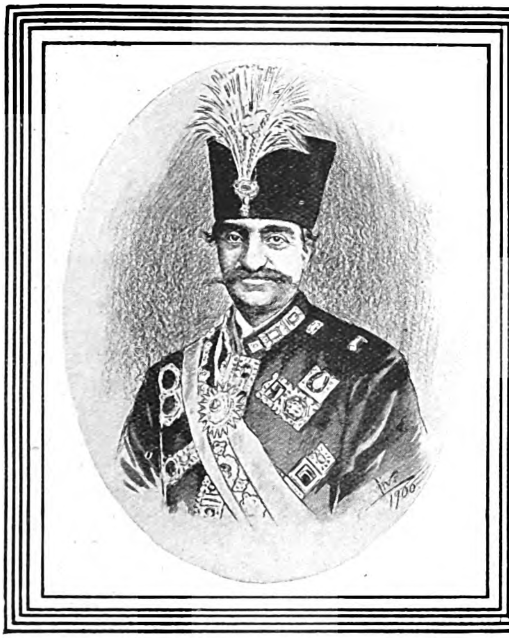
WILLIAM I. OF GERMANY.‡

ISABELLA II. OF SPAIN. §

* Stabbed to death, September 10th, 1898. † Shot at in 1853 ‡ Shot at twice in 1858. § Stabbed, February 2nd, 1852.

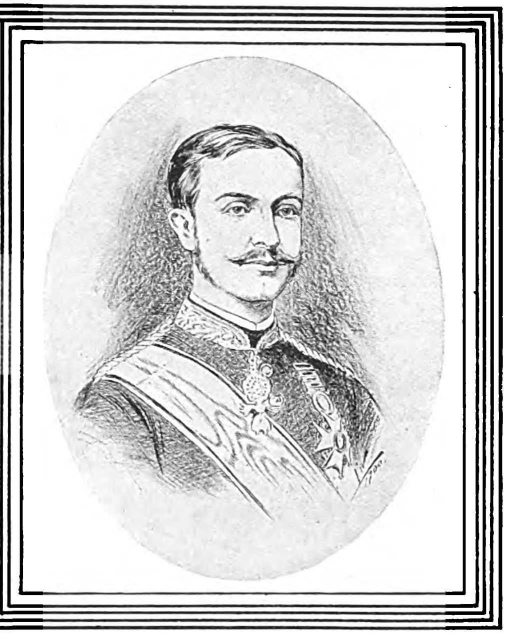
many threats, renounced the crown and fled from Naples.

Napoleon III. was attacked several times, but escaped injury. The most determined attempt was that of Orsini, assisted by Pierri, Gomez, and Rudio, January 14th,



Nasr-ed-Din, Shah of Persia.

Killed, May, 1896.



King Alfonso of Spain.

Shot at, October 25th, 1878.

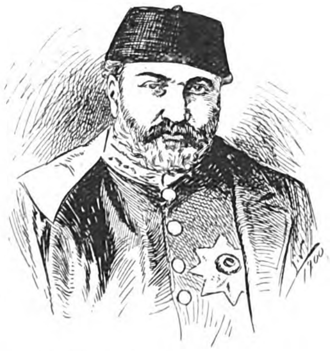
1858. After Orsini's death Napoleon educated his children and aided his family financially.

Prince Daniel of Montenegro was killed August 14th, 1860, and opinions differ as to whether or not he deserved death.

The next assassination was that of Abraham Lincoln, who was shot by John Wilkes Booth in Ford's Theatre, April 15th, 1865. Booth was a fanatic, on the verge of insanity. He was killed, resisting capture.

Prince Michael of Servia ruled his people with considerable ability, considering the fact that his immediate ancestors were swineherds in the mountains of his native land. He was walking in the Topschider Park, attached to the palace at Belgrade, when a shot cut short his career, June 10th, 1868.

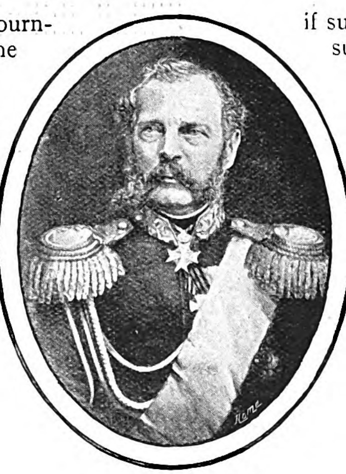
One of those assassinations full of mysterious happenings is the taking off of Abdul Aziz, Sultan of Turkey and Ruler of the Faithful, etc., etc. As a Sultan, Abdul Aziz was far in advance of any of his predecessors, for he was intelligent, strangely honest for an Oriental, and progressive. His first step upon coming into power was to decimate the imperial harem, and to reduce expenses in every possible way. This earned for him the dislike of certain members of the government, and accordingly a number of high officials plotted to remove him from further participation in the direction of the harem or other earthly affairs. At the head of the conspiracy were Hussein Pasha, Midhat Pasha, Mehemed Ruschdi, and others. Through bullying tactics they forced the Sultan to abdicate, May 29th, 1876. Six days later Abdul Aziz was found dead in his kiosk in the palace gardens, with the wrist slashed, bathed in blood, and dead. "Suicide" was the news sent broadcast, but the world only smiled, for it knew the ways of the unspeakable Turk. Five years later Midhat Pasha and Mehemed Ruschdi were tried for murdering Abdul Aziz, and sentenced to death, but were finally exiled.



Abdul Aziz, Sultan of Turkey.

Killed with scissors, 1876.

Alfonso of Spain, father of the present king, had a narrow escape. Ten months after his marriage to Mercedes she died, and left him, for the time at least, an inconsolable



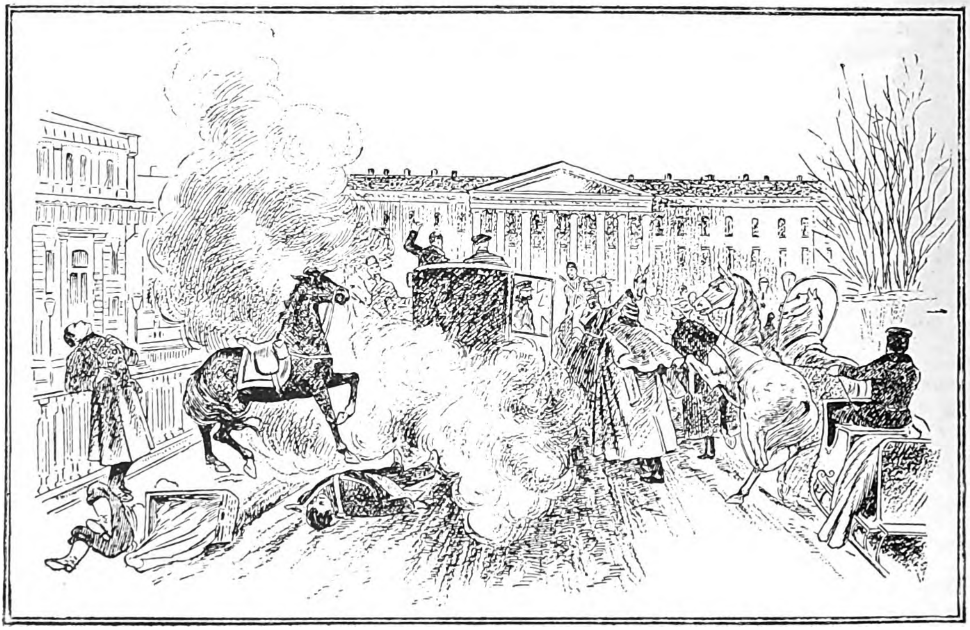
Tsar Alexander II.

widower. After a period of mourning he returned to Madrid. The day was October 25th, 1878, and the king was riding at the head of a cavalcade towards his palace. When in the Calle Mayor, a young fanatic drew a revolver and fired at the king's breast. Alfonso showed great coolness under the circumstances, and, without even turning his head, rode on. The assailant, Juan Oliva Moncassi, was executed a few days later.

December 30th of the following year Gonzalez, another fanatic, made a similar attempt with no damage to the royal person.

Another ruler subject to assassins' attempts was Emperor William I. In 1878 he was attacked twice, the first time by Emil H. M. Hoedel, May 11, and the second time, June 2, by Dr. Nobeling. In the latter instance he was wounded in the hand, but not seriously.

Aside from the assassinations of King Humbert and Empress Elizabeth, recent assassinations have not been very spectacular, if such a word can be applied to such horrible deeds. The only one surrounded with a halo of sensationalism was the brutal killing of Alexander II., Tsar of Russia, the man who had freed the Russian serfs, and had done more to establish personal freedom in Russia than all his predecessors put together. His assassination was even more unjustifiable than such happenings usually are, and aroused a storm of revengeful indignation among all decent and sane peoples. The plot to kill Alexander was hatched in the Imperial School of Mines in St. Petersburg, a pupil named Russakoff being the head schemer. He had been a friend of Solovieff, who attempted the life of the Tsar in 1879, and was executed two weeks later. Russakoff was assisted in his plotting by two women, Sophie Peroffskaja and Jessie Heljmann, and the following men: Risakoff, Jelaboff, Kibaichick, and Michailoff. The conspirators prepared a number of bombs filled with broken glass and dynamite. On



The assassination of Alexander II. with nitro-glycerine.

(Reproduced from a sketch made by an eye-witness)

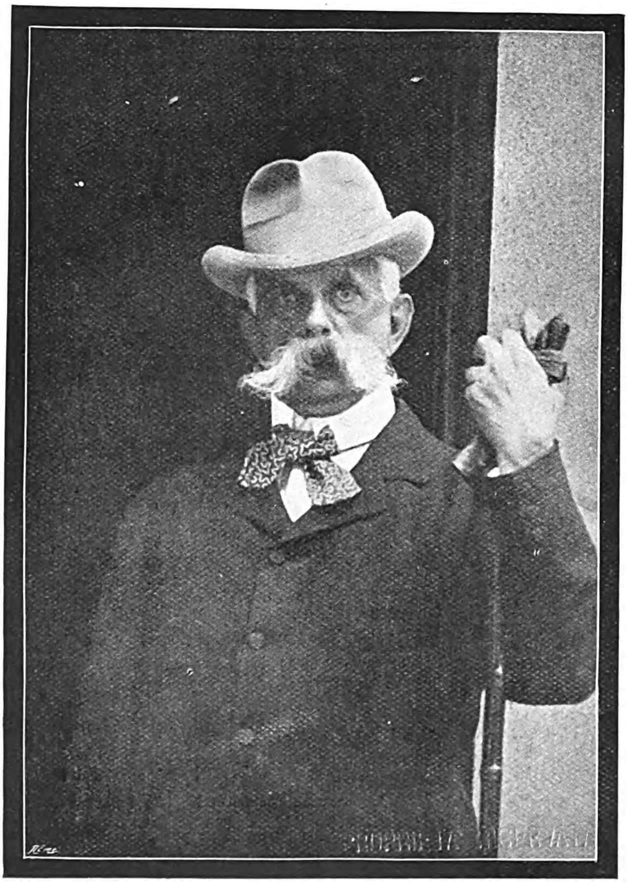
was taken to the Winter Palace, where he expired soon after. All the conspirators, save Risakoff, were executed. Risakoff was sent into exile with hundreds of others.

Four months later, the insane Guiteau shot President Garfield in the Baltimore and Ohio railroad station in Washington, D. C. Then came an hiatus of a decade during which royalty had a breathing spell. Then the assassin turned again to the head of a republic, and President Carnot of France met his death at the knife of Cæsario Santo.

Very little is known of the death of Nasr-ed-Din, Shah of Persia, for his country did not and does not believe in publicity in matters of this kind. The only positive knowledge the world had of the happening was the public hanging of the Shah's assassin, an affair which several Europeans witnessed.

Queen Victoria has been assailed three times. The only serious attempt was that of Oxford, who jumped upon the steps of her carriage and waved an unloaded pistol. The Prince of Wales has been twice attacked, the last time being by Sipido in Brussels.

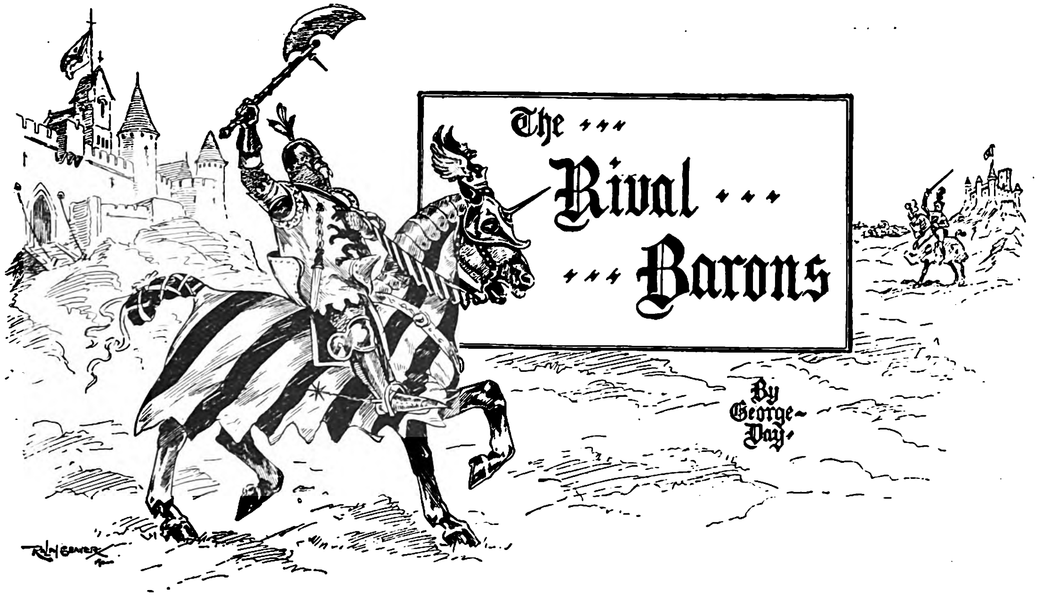
The last two victims of anarchy were the Empress Elizabeth of Austria and King Humbert of Italy. The former was stabbed to death with a file by Luccheni, while walking from her hotel in Geneva, Switzerland. King Humbert was shot and killed by Bresci.



King Humbert of Italy.

Killed by Bresci, July 29th, 1900.

Is anarchy increasing? At first thought, and when one remembers the assassinations of, and all the attempts at assassinating, prominent persons which have occurred during the last few years, one might feel inclined to answer the question in the affirmative. But mature consideration convinces me that this is not the case. Serious anarchy, serious Nihilism, are no longer so widespread as they were, and for the simple reason that the *raison être* for their existence is decreasing day by day. The welfare of European countries—with the possible exception of the Russian Empire—is no longer in the hands and at the mercy of a single man, and, with the exception of compulsory service — that scourge of Continental Europe — the individual is left nowadays to do pretty much as he likes. There are but few fearful wrongs to be avenged, or shameful abuses which only drastic measures have the power to change. The murders of the Empress of Austria and the King of Italy were due not to Nihilists or anarchists, but to madmen —brain-sick fanatics, who were scarcely responsible for what they did. And we may be sure that, as time goes on, the few possible excuses still in force for the existence of the anarchist will cease to be—for all things are continually, if slowly and obscurely, improving, the general government of the world among others.



The Rival Barons

By George Day

No period of Germanic history is more full of incident than that known as the Interregnum, and especially the earlier portion of it before the foundation of the Hanseatic League, somewhere about the year 1245. For years there had been no king, no chief ruler; robbery and lawlessness of every kind were rife, and every baron in his castle regarded himself as king of his immediate surroundings and was a law unto those who owed allegiance to him, and unto everybody else who was not sufficiently lucky to keep out of his clutches.

Neighbouring barons amused themselves by making war upon one another when there was nothing more stirring going on; they would band together to resist the invasion of a distant lord, or to make a raid upon that lord's territory, and when that little diversion was over they would resume their old mode of amusement and fall foul of one another to work off superfluous energy and keep their hands in.

Baron Rudolf von Dummkopf and Baron Arno von Hartstein were neighbours. After the remarks made in the preceding paragraph it is scarcely necessary to introduce them more elaborately to the reader. Each was a constant thorn in the side of the other, and it is safe to say that there was no livelier corner of old Wurtemburg than that which contained the dwelling places of these Kinglets.

For the sake of security, castles were built on hills or elevated ground. The residential fortresses of the Barons D. and H. were very favourably situated; each reared its head aloft from the summit of a rock. They were, about two miles apart, opposite each other, and with pasture land and wood between. The boundary of the respective territories was formed by a strip of forest. At the back of each fortress there stretched a wild country, and from the east side there ran a road to the nearest city. When the two lords united to defeat foreign invasion, they occupied an almost impregnable position; and when they desired to make things exciting for one another, the low lying land between the castles afforded them full scope for the attainment of this object.

Baron Dummkopf hated Baron Hartstein cordially, and the sentiment was fully reciprocated; it would have puzzled both of them to state the precise reason of this enmity, but that only made the enmity more intense and interesting. Baron H. had got it into his somewhat unkempt head that his rival was determined to obtain possession of Hartstein Castle, because the possession of both fortresses would make a powerful man of the owner. On the other hand, Baron D. had had it on the authority of an infallible female soothsayer that the House of Dummkopf was destined to rule over Hartstein, and, as he always implictly believed in any prediction that was favourable to himself, he conceived it to be simply carrying out his destiny to take advantage of every opportunity that presented itself for gaining possession of

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the desirable hill-top residence over the way.

Baron Dummkopf sat in his castle, moody and wrathful. It was time that he did something to put an end to the present condition of things, and made a mighty effort to oust his rival. He had just received tidings of a raid made by the Hartsteiners on his flocks; this was the third time that they had made successful raids. It was proved that he himself had begun the diversion by seizing a favourable opportunity for transfering similar moving and movable property from one side of the wood to the other, but for his enemy to do the same thing three times in succession, was hardly fair, he thought. Each time the raiders had been more daring, and it was quite on the cards that the Hartsteiners might make an attack on his fortress.

While he was thus reflecting, the door opened and his daughter entered. Ulrica was a maiden fair to set eyes on, the apple of her father's eye, and his brow cleared as she came to his side and kissed him.

"Father, when is this dreadful fighting between the Hartsteiners and ourselves to come to an end?" she asked.

The Baron's eye gleamed angrily. Despite his love for her, he did not like her to meddle with his affairs in that way. It reminded him of a certain phase of her mother's character, and the recollection was not pleasant. It is not agreeable to any man to be reminded of the occasions on which he had to play second fiddle, and it was still less so in the good old times of the Interregnum.

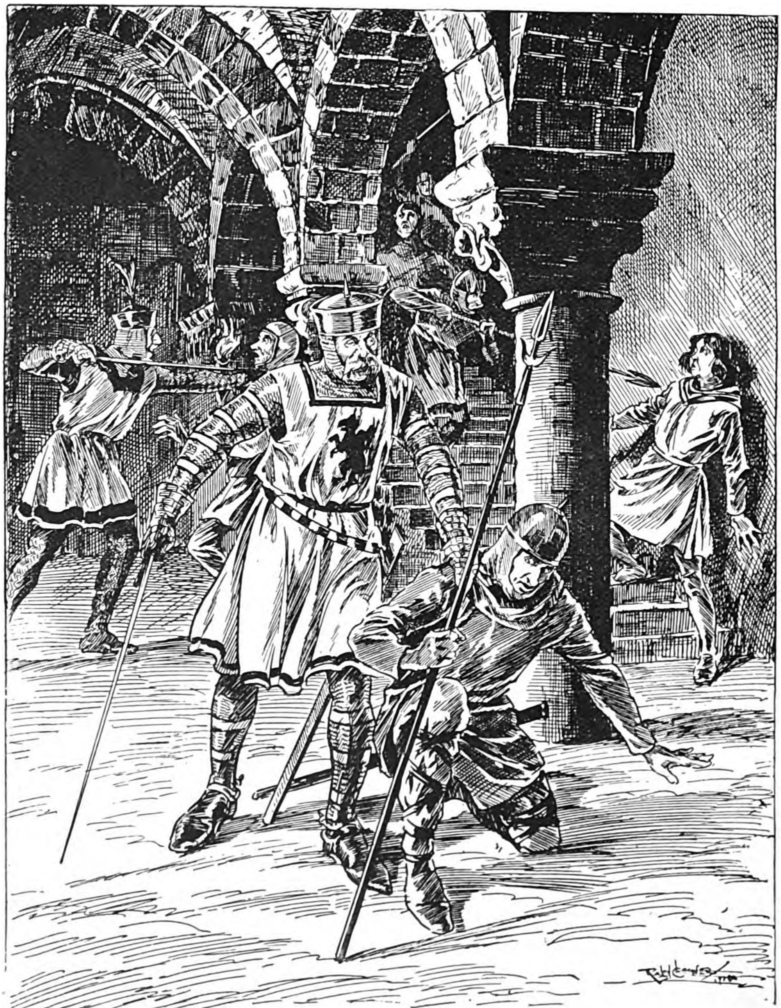
"Such matters are not for thee," he replied sternly.

Ulrica was silent for a moment, as if revolving something in her mind. Then she continued:

"I did but wish to help thee, father. Thou hast told me more than once that it had been foretold thou shouldst capture the Hartstein fortress. I have some tidings for thee."

"How so? What meanest thou?" demanded her father.

Ulrica's unsteady voice indicated that she



The Castle was guarded by scarcely a dozen men, and they at once realised the hopelessness of resistance.

was labouring under great excitement and some anxiety. Her face coloured more deeply, and she gave a little start of fear as her father addressed these questions to her; but she recovered herself quickly and answered him in a much firmer tone.

"I heard Ludwig von Hartstein say——"

"Has the son of my enemy dared to trespass on this side of the wood? Hast thou been so foolish as to venture so far without an escort?" The Baron looked angry and anxious by turns.

"I fear me that I was too venturesome," returned Ulrica, her voice wavering once more. She dropped her eyes for a second. "But I bring good news as a result of my indiscretion. I overheard a conversation. Baron Hartstein and his men are going on an expedition to-night and the castle will be guarded only by a few men. To-morrow or the next day, when they return, they will make an attack here."

She stopped and watched the effect of her words.

"What!" roared her father, stamping up and down the room. "Do those rascals fancy themselves so secure that they have the impudence to discuss their plans on the very borders of my own land?"

The question was not addressed to Ulrica in particular, so she did not feel called upon to answer, and contented herself with hinting that the coming night might be regarded as favourable to the fulfilment of the prediction.

"Thou art right, girl! To-night we will steal a march upon them, and when they return they will find themselves homeless. Ho, ho!" And the Baron indulged in a hearty laugh.

Ulrica smiled in a satisfied manner, and then proceeded to offer some further advice to her parent.

"I am not versed in these matters, father," she said in a coaxing tone, "but I think thou wouldst do well to take thy men by the left route from here. It seems to me that that route is easier; and I remember that thy last attack on Hartstein Castle, when thou didst take thy men by the other side, was a failure."

"It does not matter which side we attack," returned her father. "If they are away our task is all the easier. Still," he continued, as Ulrica was about to speak, "I think the left route will be the best."

"Oh, father!" cried his daughter in some anxiety, "do take the left route; I feel that success can be assured only by taking that road. Thou knowest I have warnings at times."

But Dummkopf was not quite convinced; he sent for his faithful lieutenant and conferred with him, Ulrica remaining in the room during the discussion. It was finally decided to adopt Ulrica's suggestion, and the girl went back to her own apartment with a sigh of relief.

* * * *

"Where hast thou been, my child?" asked Dummkopf late in the afternoon. "I have sought thee, but could not find thee."

"I have been towards the wood," replied Ulrica simply.

"Thou art too venturesome, Ulrica," exclaimed her father. "I fear me that thou wilt come to harm, if thou dost stray so far."

"Be not anxious for me, dear father. Am I not a Dummkopf?" returned Ulrica proudly. "I thought that if I were seen, it might allay suspicion should any have arisen in the minds of the Hartsteiners."

Dummkopf could say nothing to this, and thought it wise to let the matter drop.

Baron Dummkopf and his men set out for the attack on the enemy's stronghold at midnight; they calculated that they would reach the opposite fortress about half past one, as they would have to make a wide detour, and that by day-break—about two hours later—the banner of Hartstein would have been replaced by that of Dummkopf. The very thought that his banner would be seen floating over both fortresses, filled Baron Rudolf with fierce joy.

One solitary light was burning in Dummkopf Castle when its master departed; this was in Ulrica's bedchamber, one of the top rooms. The Baron, observing this, sent a retainer to warn his daughter that the light must be extinguished. The light could be seen in the clear air by the enemy, and he wished the Hartsteiners to believe that all were asleep save the sentinels.

Baron Rudolf and his men reached the foot of the opposite hill without incident, and at once began the ascent. They were to make the attack on the side by which they had approached, the Baron thinking that the best chance of success lay in an onslaught in full force at one point. The utmost caution was used in order that they might reach the walls without alarming the sentinel.

Fortune favoured them, for they arrived at the foot of the wall without being challenged. Up went the scaling ladders, and by the time that the sentinel had become aware that an

of Dummkopf half-mast, with the red banner of Hartstein floating proudly above it. The rival Barons had captured each other's fortress.

At almost the same moment, the Lord of Hartstein, making his way to the turret of Dummkopf Castle so that he might look down with gloating eyes on the prize he had captured so easily while its protectors were away, started in horror and nearly fell into the grassland beneath as he saw the Dummkopf flag flying over his own residence.

He roared out an order for his son to join him, but it took two or three minutes to find that young warrior, who was ministering to the wants of a fair prisoner—who, to tell the truth, did not seem to be in the least troubled by the fact that she was a prisoner in the hands of her father's enemy. But then she was a Dummkopf!

Young Ludwig did not show nearly so much concern as his father at the turn which events had taken.

"We have gained nothing, and shall have to make an exchange," replied Ludwig.

"Thou hast no wit!" exclaimed his enraged father.

"Dost thou not know that a Hartstein never gives up anything? It's against our motto!"

"Then we must live here."

"But the golden goblet—has it not been said that if it passes from our hands we are undone? We must drive them out of Hartstein."

"How can we do that?" queried the dutiful son. "Ever since the last attack made by Baron Rudolf we have done our best to make our castle impregnable. And to spite us, he would smash the goblet!"

Arno von Hartstein groaned aloud. "What is to be done?" he asked. "We ought to have buried the goblet before we left!"

"We must make terms," answered Ludwig. "We have his daughter and his Castle! he has our goblet and our Castle. We must exchange; if he refuses, we threaten to kill his daughter."

"But we shall be giving up something—it is against our motto!" protested his father once more.

"We had better arrange to talk the matter over under a flag of truce," said Ludwig. "Perhaps we shall arrive at a satisfactory result."

"Be it so. How on earth did this happen? The raid, which thou didst overhear them talking about, Ludwig, must have been a proposed assault on Hartstein; what fools we have been! While we were coming one way, they were going the other." And again the Baron groaned.

While the Baron descended to the grounds to arrange for a parley, Ludwig went to see that the fair prisoner was safe. He gained admittance without difficulty and shut the door carefully behind him.

"Is everything working well?" asked Ulrica eagerly.

"Splendidly, dearest," replied Ludwig taking a seat beside her. "Now what is to be the next move?"

"I told thee that I could carry out this plot successfully," observed Ulrica confidently. "It was of no use trying to persuade our fathers to let us marry; they wouldn't have done it, so it was necessary to get up a little scheme. Come, confess! Was not my scheme a good one?"

"Excellent! My father took the bait even more readily than thine. I had some difficulty in getting to the wood to meet thee in the afternoon—I did not tell thee that, but it is all over now. When I saw the light of thy lantern at midnight, I was joyful—as no doubt thou wert to see mine. We are to have a parley with thy father and thou must be near at hand to help."

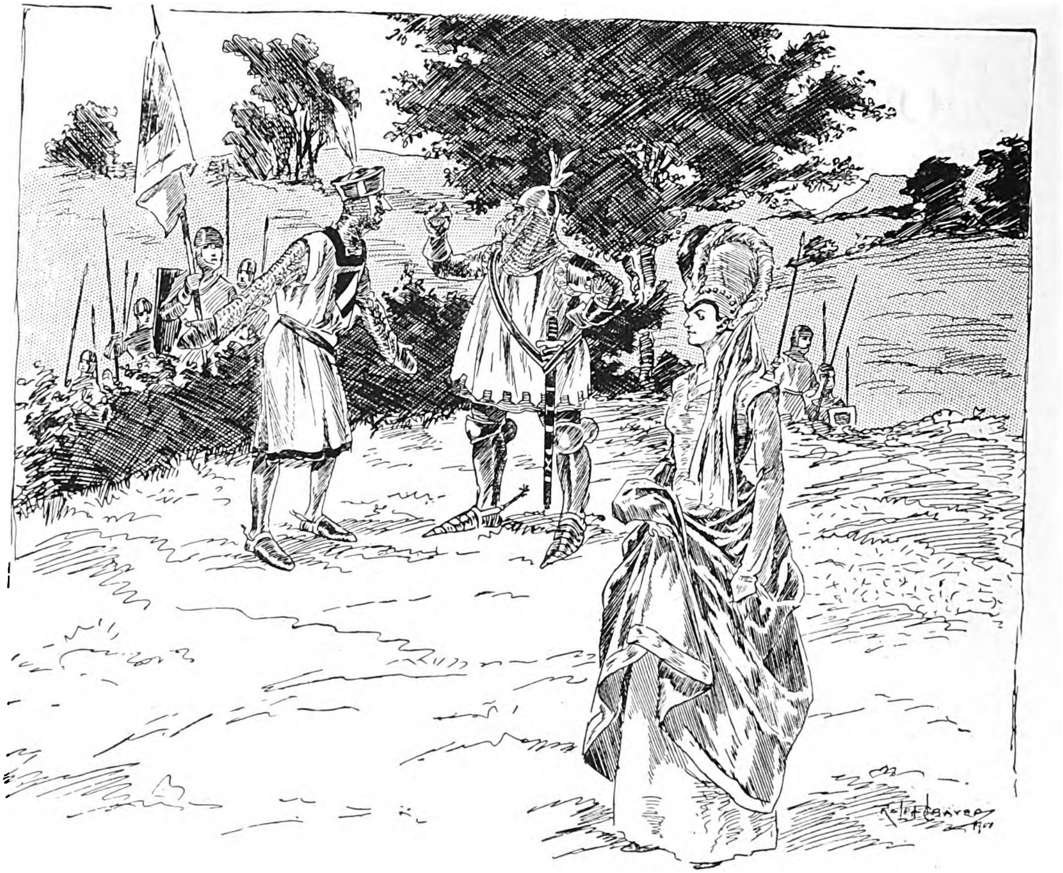
"He must agree," affirmed Ulrica, "for the goblet is safe. Hadst thou not hidden it, there would have been some trouble. My father will not betray the fact that he has not got it; he will pretend that he has it in his possession; otherwise he would expect thy father to drive too hard a bargain. Yes, the game is ours!"

The parley was of short duration. Dummkopf had not been able to find the golden goblet and knew that Hartstein had the better of him; but, as Ulrica had said, he pretended that he had it in order to make as good a bargain as he could. The feelings of the barons of those days were not very fine, but Dummkopf could not see his daughter sacrificed to no purpose, and he quite believed that she would fall a victim if he did not, so to speak, ransom her. But now there came a deadlock in the negotiations.

"Give me my goblet and call thy men from my Castle, and I will deliver thy daughter and thy Castle to thee," said Hartstein.

"Nay," was the reply. "Give me my daughter and call thy men from my Castle, and I will restore to thee that which belongs to thee." Dummkopf was a diplomatist you see.

Some wrangling now ensued; Hartstein



Some wrangling now ensued; Hartstein would not give way, while Dummkopf was bound to stick to his conditions.

would not give way, while Dummkopf was bound to stick to his conditions in order not to betray his weakness. Just as it seemed as if the parley would end without result, Ulrica stepped forward.

She had been trying to attract the attention of Ludwig, but the latter appeared to be too intent on what was going on. So she took the matter into her own masterful hands.

"Let the son and daughter of the respective Houses decide this matter," she said. She was allowed to go to her father in order to confer with him, while Ludwig did the same with his parent.

In each case the conference generated some heat on the part of the elder, but gradually their features relaxed and a more contented look overspread them.

"Thou seest, dear father," said Ulrica in conclusion, "that if I marry Ludwig I not only get us both out of an awkward dilemma, but I shall unite the two families and bring about the fulfilment of the prediction."

"But thy husband will be the Lord of both Castles," began her father, "and I do not see—"

"He may be the Lord, but I shall be master," returned Ulrica in a tone that left no room for doubt. "Thou hast often told me that I am like my mother."

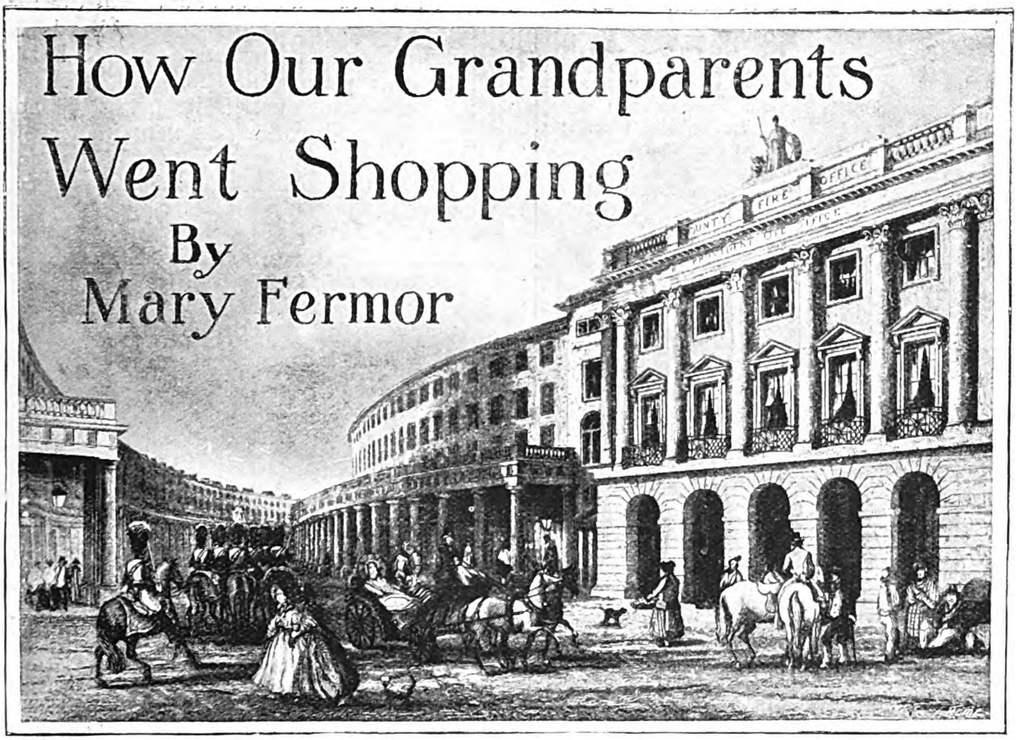
Dummkopf winced, but he recognised that there was a great deal of truth in it and finally consented.

Ludwig was equally successful with the Baron Arno. While the two bodies of retainers were shouting themselves hoarse over this unexpected termination, Ludwig contrived to slip away and restore the goblet to its customary place.

Baron Ludwig von Hartstein-Dummkopf became one of the most powerful barons of his time, but there is an unwritten tradition which says that his rise and his influence was due to his wife Ulrica.

How Our Grandparents Went Shopping

By Mary Fermor



The Quadrant, Regent Street, as it appeared half a century ago.

It is far easier to say how our ancestors did *not* do their shopping, seeing that every-day private life was then allowed to remain private, and the ubiquitous, not-to-be-refused interviewer of to-day was yet unthought of. Of one thing we may be sure. They did everything with leisurely dignity. There were no trains to catch; neither telegrams nor telephone to spur them to instant action. Life moved for them with the stately measure of the minuet, whereas we, their descendants, are rushed through with the whirl of the express and the whizz of the "Wheel."

"My Lady" drove in her coach, with its heavy, handsome trappings and magnificent flunkeys, or she was carried in her sedan chair, ensconced behind the beautifully painted panels, to the toy-shop on Ludgate Hill, where she met her friends before their early dinner. There they killed time discussing the latest gossip, and viewing the various frivolities that stocked what we should call the bazaar. For there were all kinds of Eastern curiosities—fans, shawls, scarves, perfumes, combs, buckles, and dainty bits of old china—which were displayed by dames in hoops, powder, and patches, who were well versed in the arts of cajolery. Another day Madam would go to the mercer's, where, as Miss Burney tells us in "Evelina," there seemed to be "six or seven men in each shop, who all took care, by bowing and smirking, to be noticed, and who conducted the customers from room to room with much ceremony." They also showed considerable despatch, for "they promised her a complete suit of linen by the evening."

It seems to have been the fashion for gentlemen to accompany the fastidious dames on some of these expeditions, and "Punch's" distinction between "shopping" and "buying" held good, apparently, then as now. Cowper

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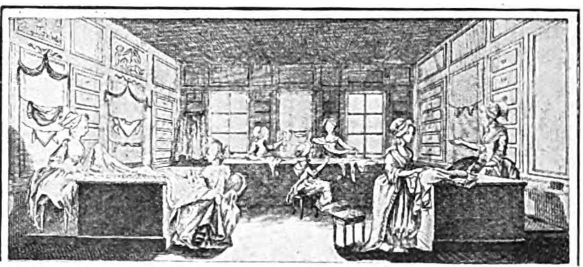
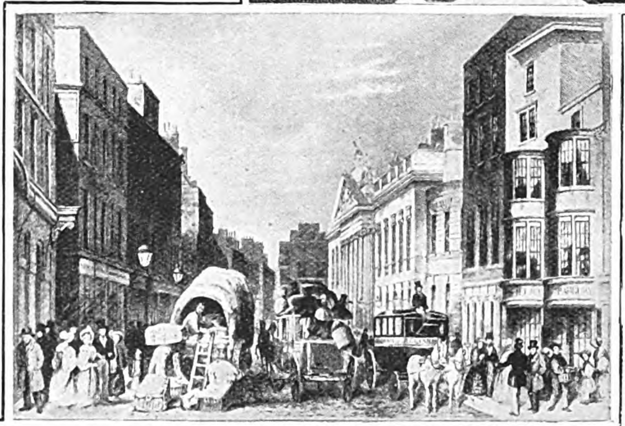
speaks with thinly veiled scorn of—

> Him, who gives his noon
> To Miss, the mercer's plague, from shop to shop
> Wandering, and littering with unfolded silks
> The polished counter, and approving none;
> Or promising with smiles to "call again."

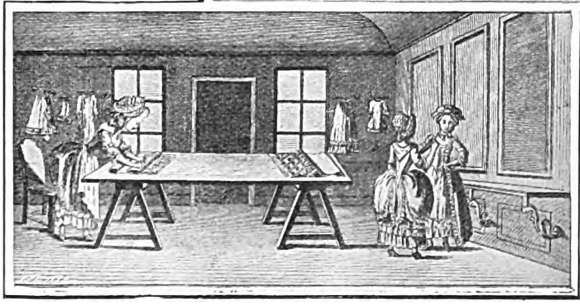
Holywell Street was at one time a famous locality for mercers' shops, with signs such as the *Half Moon*, *Indian Queen* and *Golden Ball;* but towards the close of the eighteenth century the trade changed to frippery and old clothes. The gay gallants were quite as good customers to the mercers as the ladies. Waistcoats of green and gold brocade, or blue shot with silver were quite the thing. Even Oliver Goldsmith visited his patients in purple silk small clothes, a scarlet roquelaure, a sword, and gold-headed cane; while a notorious highwayman went to Tyburn attired in blue and gold, with a white cockade worn as an emblem of innocence! There were men milliners as far back as the reign of Queen Anne, and those "Evelina" saw seem to have roused her scorn. "Such men, so finical and affected, they seemed to understand every part of a woman's dress better than we do ourselves!"



The interior of a draper's shop more than a century ago.



Leadenhall Street at the beginning of the century, when it was a fashionable shopping thoroughfare for ladies.



The interior of a linen-draper's a hundred years ago.

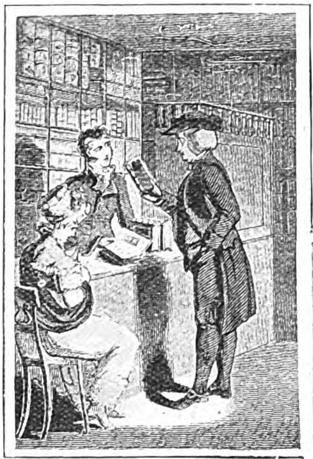
No lady of condition would have dreamed of wearing leather shoes with double soles. Nothing but the thinnest kid or satin was permissible, and the freaks of fashion — while being, if possible, more grotesque and extravagant than in our own day—never seem to have taken a practical, useful turn, such as the tailor-made coat and skirt.

During the reign of George III. simpler tastes had come into vogue. Under the influence of Queen Charlotte, who had a thrifty mind, cottons, muslins, and calicoes took the place of costlier fabrics. She told Miss Burney herself that she sent a servant, who was clever at bargaining, to buy her books at the stalls and booths in Moorfields and Holywell Street, and John Wolcot, a rather disrespectful poet, says, with reference to the royal pair and court ladies:

> "Who, down at Windsor,
> daily go a-shopping,
> Their heads, so lovely,
> into houses popping,
> And doing wonders in
> the haggling art.

And why, in God's name, should
not queens and kings
Purchase a comb or corkscrew,
lace for cloaks,
Or pins or bobbins cheap as other
folks?
Reader, to make thine eyes with
wonder stare,
Farthings are not beneath the
Royal Care!"

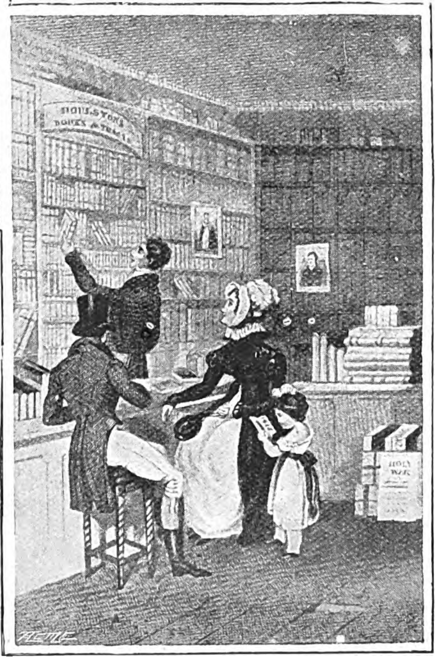
When the distress of the Spitalfields weavers was brought to her notice, the kindly queen laid aside her foreign silks, and wore only those of English manufacture, much to the annoyance of some of her ladies, who were loth to forego their fascinating French creations at her request. Mrs. Papendiek, assistant wardrobe keeper and reader to Her Majesty, tells us that there was no imitation lace in those times. Think of it, ye who haunt the lace departments on the "first day of the sale"! What they bought for ordinary dresses and common usages cost many shillings a yard, while a "drawing-room suit" could not be obtained under 70*s*. But here we reap the benefit, for such purchases became heirlooms. The same lady assures us that fashion did not demand a constant supply of new things. A silk dress might go on for years, even at Court, and "the neatest and smartest appearance produced on the smallest amount of expenditure was a matter of comment and praise." With regard to articles for daily consumption, Mrs. Papendiek tells us that meat, taken as a whole, was 5*d*. a pound; a fowl cost 9*d*. or 1*s*.; a quartern loaf was 4*d*.; sugar, 4*d*. per lb.; tea 6*s*. and upwards.



A bookshop in Dr. Johnson's time.

The first green peas of the season were sold at Covent Garden Market in April, 1793, for 12*s*. a pottle, and two years later seakale was advertised as "a new culinary vegetable." In July, 1799, lemons were 1*s*. apiece. Butcher's and fishmonger's shops do not appear to have changed materially. There was a famous fish shop at Temple Bar Without kept by Crockford, who there made money enough to migrate to St. James's Street, where he founded the smart club that bore his name. Meat used to be delivered by boys on horseback, who rode at breakneck speed, with one stirrup and their trays fastened on in front of their curious shaped saddles. These boys had a holiday on the 26th of April (the Duke of Cumberland's birthday), when they paraded the streets in white caps and aprons, each beating time upon a cleaver with a marrow bone.

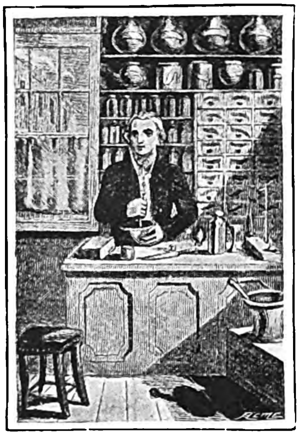
The thrifty citizen's wife who sallied forth a-shopping was attended by her serving maid, or possibly one of her husband's apprentices, and found the streets thronged by hawkers of every description. Many of the good thoroughfares looked then much as Whitechapel High Street and the Borough do now on a Saturday night. The shops were small and dark, overshadowed by the projecting upper stories, and only the more thriving ones were closed with glass windows. In 1762 the old swinging sign-boards were ordered to be removed from the parish of Westminster, and many were then affixed to the buildings. For when reading was not an universal



A bookshop at the period of the Regency.

accomplishment among the masses, it was necessary to have a distinctive feature by which such and such a shop could be speedily singled out by a messenger; and, though many of these signs were gaudy and extravagant, others were the work of such men as Cipriani and his fellow academicians. Coach painters also did some of the best sign-boards, but, as numbers were given to the houses, the old trade symbols gradually disappeared from all but the taverns and eating-houses.

A favourite sign for snuff vendors was the *Crown and Rasp*, as at Fribourg and Treyer's in Pall Mall. The oldest way of taking snuff was to rasp it off the dry root of the tobacco plant, and these rasps, which were carried in the waistcoat pocket, became costly and valuable toys in the hands of fashionable dandies. It was owing to the "braw laddie's" avowed predilection for whiskey and snuff that his stalwart form so often figured above tobacconists' shops and tavern doors.



The interior of an early Victorian chemist's establishment.

M. Grosley, a French traveller, describing his visit to London in 1765, says: "The shops in Cheapside, the Strand, Ludgate, and Holborn are all brilliant and gay, as well on account of things sold in them as the exact order in which they are kept, so that they make a most splendid show, greatly superior to anything of the kind in Paris. Nothing can exceed the splendour of the goldsmiths' shops. The goods are displayed in glass cases, though plate in England is less for use than for parade, porcelain being the fashion." He was shown a pair of scissors, ornamented with plates of filigrane, mounted with brilliants, price fifteen guineas.

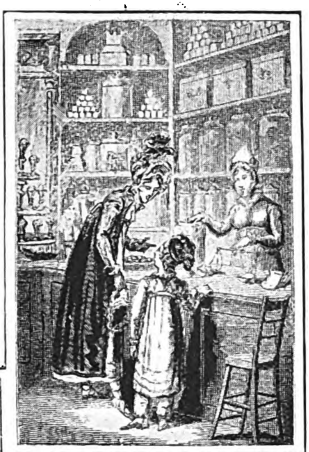
In the advertisement of Mr. Whitchurch, peruke maker, of Bristol, we are taken back to the days when the Hotwells was considered an invigorating watering-place, and health and diversion were sought in the baths and pump room by the jaded men and women of fashion. As the worthy Whitchurch announces, he combined the duties of surgeon and dentist with that of hairdresser. The red pole that marked a barber's shop was no empty symbol, for it was grasped by the patient in his moments of agony, and the colour was chosen because of the stains that might otherwise be visible. When fashion decreed that wigs were to be discarded, the peruke makers saw starvation staring them in the face, and presented a petition to the king in 1765, complaining of the loss of their trade owing to gentlemen wearing their own hair and employing foreigners to dress it. It is on record that Lord Scarborough—a *jessamy*, or eighteenth century masher—kept five French frizeurs in his service. The hairdresser was indispensable to both sexes so long as powder was worn, and none but a practised hand could have reared such an erection as that under which the "*Lady in Full Dress, August, 1770*," sails into the ball room. *Rouland*, or Rowland, of Macassar oil fame, had a shop under the Thatched House Tavern, in St. James's Street, where he was largely patronised by the young bloods, whose locks he cut for five shillings apiece, and out of whose necessities and vanities he made a large fortune.

In the above-named year a gentleman went into Warren's perfume shop in Coventry Street, and asked, with evident incredulity, for a pair of "*Chicken-skin gloves*." The shopman gravely produced them, and explained to his surprised customer that they had been so named by the ladies in Vienna "because of their innocent and effectual quality in making the hands and arms white and clear, soft and smooth." He further stated that they were much in vogue with men of fashion and officers in the army who had to serve his Majesty under scorching suns. Has their secret been preserved, I wonder?

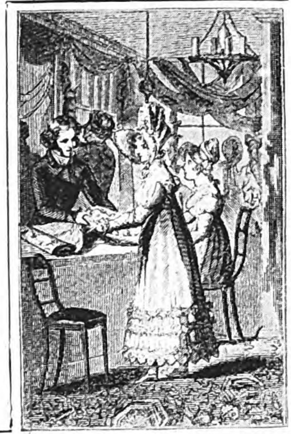
Twelfth Day was the gala of the pastry cooks and confectioners. The greater part of the day was spent in adorning the windows with every conceivable form of appetising cake, in a marvellous variety of shape, size, and make. Then towards dusk the display was lighted up, to the joy of the gazing children and the assembled crowd. The street urchins had a playful way of nailing the garments of the engrossed shop-gazers to the wooden window frame, or, failing that,

would pin the clothes of two or three persons firmly together, and watch the struggles of the intending purchasers with unbridled glee, which the constables of those days do not seem to have overawed.

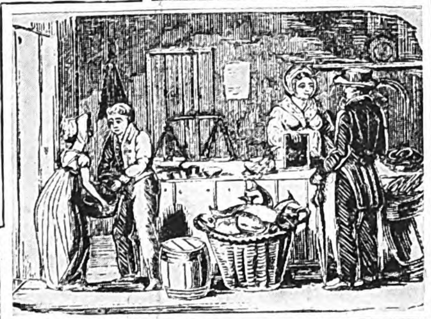
We must not leave the shops of former days without a glance at the booksellers—the famous Dodsley's, for instance — with its "bulged and clumsily framed greenish window panes, the books in the dark shop bound in homely calf, with a few *wooden cuts* to illustrate them." In that dim light and limited space the literary giants of the day used to meet and chat and do business—Pope, Gray, Johnson, Burke, Walpole, and Chesterfield, all passed in and out under the sign of *Tully's Head*—and poor students used to pay a few pence to be allowed to read the precious volumes that were far beyond their slender purse. From this small beginning has sprung the gigantic network of circulating libraries which are now, perhaps, more the delight of the leisured than the solace of the studious.



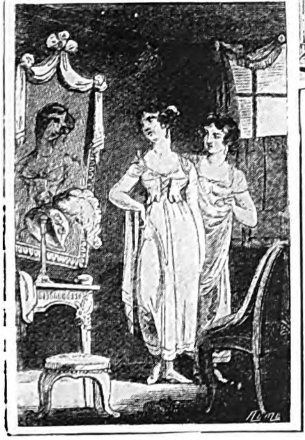
A confectioner's shop at th beginning of the century.



An early Victorian linen-draper.



A fish shop about the time of the Queen's accession.



A dressmaker's establishment in 1820.

Mr. J. C. Jeaffreson speaks of a "general shop" at Framlingham in 1814, where grocery, drapery, cheese, butter, eggs, candles, tobacco, snuff, beaver hats, felt caps, umbrellas, gloves of all sorts, hair powder, and hosiery were sold, and in which the proprietor had made sufficient money to act as banker in accordance with a long-established custom in many parts of the country. He transacted his financial business in a little dark counting-house behind the shop, though he never issued notes nor styled himself a banker.

Such tradesmen generally invested their savings in land, and after educating their sons for one of the learned professions—medicine, the bar, the pulpit—and portioning their daughters in marriage, would leave some twenty or thirty thousand pounds behind them. That golden age was long, long before the improved means of communication with the capital and other large cities tempted the country landowners to spend their hardly earned money away from home. Times have changed, indeed, and times are changing! What would our great-grandparents say to an up-to-date "day's shopping?" And what would we, who trip so airily up and down Bond Street and Regent Street—what would we say, I wonder, could we see our descendants of future generations buying their clothes and food and books? Impossible for me to prophesy, I being neither Mr. Baxter or Mr. Wells. But so much is certain—shops and shopping will change just as vastly in the next hundred years as they have since the opening years of the nineteenth century.

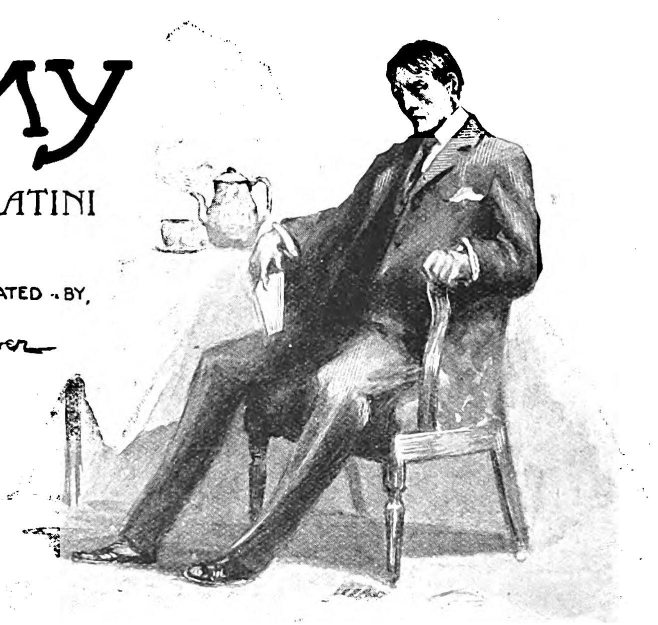
TOMMY

BY

RAPHAEL • SABATINI

ILLUSTRATED BY

Clement Flower



At the time that Uncle Harry was thirty-five, I was just bordering upon eighteen, with that vast knowledge of the world peculiar to my age, an appetite that was rather more than healthy, and a moustache of whose existence I alone seemed cognisant.

We went just then—Uncle Harry and I—to live at Stollbridge, in a large, old-fashioned house on the river. There was a lawn that ran down to the very water's edge, and an empty boathouse. By dint of endless blandishments I induced Uncle Harry to put a Canadian canoe into it, and after I had upset the beastly thing four times on four successive days, I began to master the art of keeping it right side upwards with a fair degree of success. In the process I ruined four suits of clothes, and five pounds' worth of upholstery with which the boat had been fitted; I lost a gold watch, a silver cigarette case, four six shilling novels and no end of self-respect.

Uncle Harry pointed out in the most discourteous manner imaginable that my four shipwrecks had cost something like fifty pounds, and consigned the canoe to a remote, torrid zone that is not to be found on any Christian school maps.

"Let me catch you again bringing half the river into the house in your clothes," he wound up, "and I'll burn that infernal boat of yours."

His words sank deep into my heart, for at the time there were more reasons than one why I should desire to retain the canoe. The most potent reason of all was Tommy. Her real name was Amy Learoyd, but everybody called her Tommy. She was the bonniest maid conceivable; the very incarnation of Gilbert's "Beautiful English Girl;" healthy in limb and mind, rosy of cheek, and merry of eye, with a laugh that was good to hear, and she laughed often—at me.

We had met at Buxton a couple of years before, and at the time—precocious urchin that I was—I had fallen badly in love. But we had gone our different ways, and at sixteen one's memory is short in such matters. When I came to make the discovery, however, that the Learoyds were the occupants of Holt House—some three miles up the river—my recollections were stirred up, and kindled in me a burning desire to renew our acquaintance.

I became a very constant visitor at the Learoyd's, and for a while I was content that Tommy should teach me to play tennis as tennis should *not* be played. Then followed the canoe episodes, and finally when I had, as I have shown, mastered the thing, it occurred to me that it would be exceedingly pleasant if, in return for her tennis lessons, I were to teach Tommy to paddle.

Accordingly I made my way up stream one bright summer afternoon, and found Tommy sitting on the low wall of her garden, in a white gown that defies description. I did not mention the little mishaps that I had recently encountered; such a task I took to be both unnecessary and unprofitable. Her mind jumped at the idea, just as

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her body would have jumped into the canoe, had I not imbued her with a due sense of the caution necessary to effect a dry and successful embarkation.

"How delightfully comfortable," she purred, as she sank back on to the gaudy, new cushions, which I had brought out partly to do her honour, and partly because the wishy-washy appearance of the others told a story that might have shaken her confidence in my skill. "How delightfully comfortable! You dear, thoughtful man."

Our trip was in every respect a success, and it is not surprising that it should have been followed by several other equally successful ones, until at the end of about a month I became so rabidly in love that I began to take a serious view of things, and —although Tommy was four years my senior —to look at life as one long, delightful journey *à deux* in a Canadian canoe.

The impending crisis was unexpectedly accelerated by Uncle Harry one evening at dinner. He had been rather silent during the meal, and whenever he chanced to address me it was with an asperity of tone that was not calculated to render our board a festive one. As soon as Stephen—his jack-of-all-trades of a servant—had left the room, he fired his bomb.

"I want to say a word or two on a rather painful subject, Charles, if you will be good enough to listen."

Urbane and polished though he always was, there was a strained politeness about him then that augured anything but well.

"Ye—es," I ventured.

"I saw you on the river to-day, about a mile above Holt House. I don't think you saw me; I was on the steam launch"—he alluded to a noisy little steamer that did a ferry service up and down the river.

"You were not alone," he added impressively.

"No—o, uncle." In my heart I was glad he had found me out. He was saving me a lot of ice-breaking.

"You had a—er—female with you."

The disrespectful epithet, which he had chosen with great care, was decidedly discouraging. Nevertheless, I overlooked the fact at the moment, and made the rapturous exclamation:

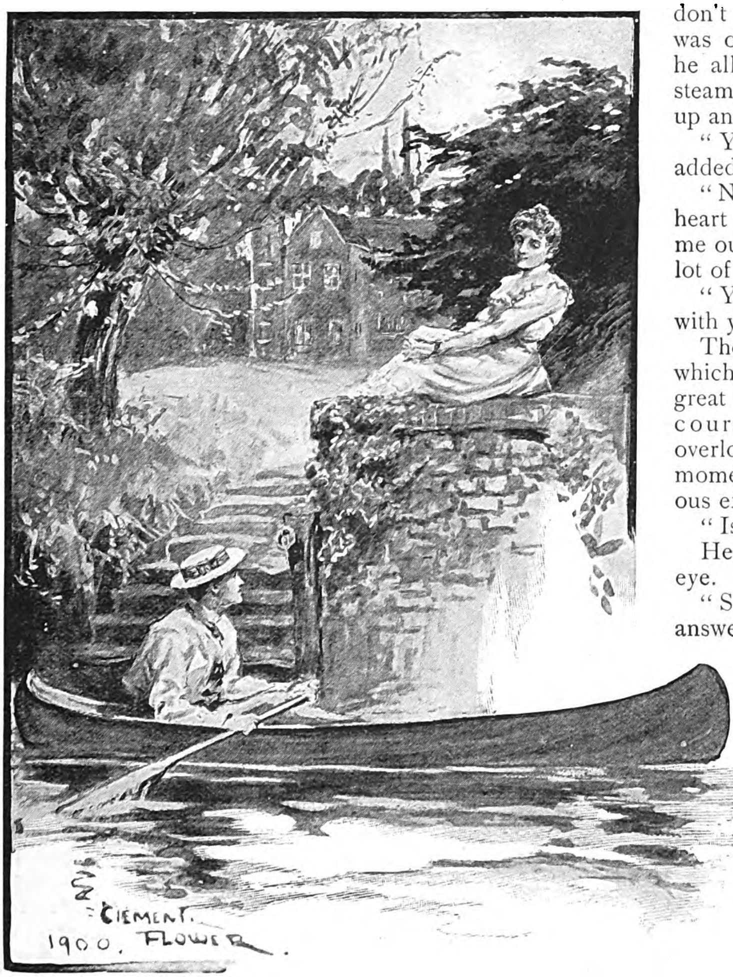
"Isn't she lovely, uncle?"

He fixed me with a severe eye.

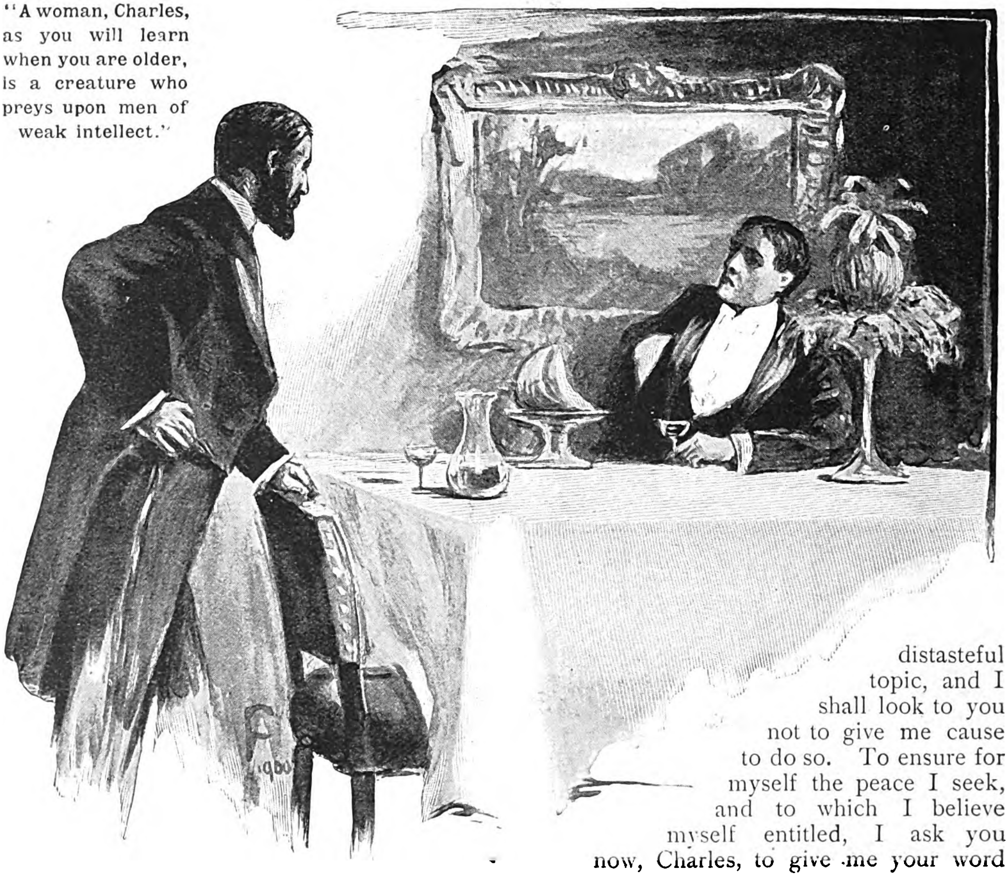
"She may be ravishing," he answered with biting sarcasm; "nevertheless, you are committing the gravest of errors if you imagine that I approach so painful a subject for the purpose of discussing this—er—person's charms."

"But, uncle——"

"One moment, *if* you please. I wish you to understand, Charles, that I have


CLEMENT. 1900. FLOWER.

I found Tommy sitting on the low wall of her garden.



"A woman, Charles, as you will learn when you are older, is a creature who preys upon men of weak intellect."

cause to be displeased with you. You have not behaved with that uprightness characteristic—on your mother's side at least—of the family to which you have the honour to belong. You have led me to believe that these long excursions of yours in the canoe, which in a moment of weakness I purchased for you, were undertaken so that out in the open air you might, by reading, make amends for the years that you wasted at College. I do not say that you have deliberately told me an untruth, but you have suppressed the truth, which amounts to much the same thing."

"But, uncle——"

"Interrupt me once again," he said calmly, "and I shall give orders for your canoe to be broken up for firewood." Uncle Harry had the faculty of calmness largely developed. He would deliver himself of the most scathing speech conceivable without permitting a muscle of his face to move, and without altering in the least the monotonous inflection of his level tones.

"I do not wish, Charles, to be under the unpleasant necessity of again reverting to this distasteful topic, and I shall look to you not to give me cause to do so. To ensure for myself the peace I seek, and to which I believe myself entitled, I ask you now, Charles, to give me your word that you will not again permit yourself to repeat the folly which I had the misfortune to witness this afternoon."

"I am very sorry, sir, but I can't promise," I answered boldly. "I couldn't keep my word if I were to give it. I am glad in a way that you mentioned the matter, uncle, because I intended to have spoken of it to-night. I wish to—to ask you to sanction my engagement to——"

"*Charles!*" he burst out excitedly. Then suddenly recovering himself: "Please say no more," he continued. "Forgive me if I call you an idiot and if I bewail the fact that you are my nephew. Definitely allow me to answer that *nothing* could ever induce me to sanction such an act of folly. You are eighteen years old—an infant at law, and a baby in intelligence—and you wish to become engaged to the first scheming petticoat you come across! If you were not my nephew, my sister's son, I should laugh at you. Unfortunately our relationship denies me even that scant satisfaction."

"But uncle——" I cried indignantly. "you are most unreasonable. She is Miss——"

"I have not the least desire in the world to know who she is," he interrupted, rising. "She is a woman. A woman, Charles, as you will learn when you are older, is a creature that preys upon men of weak intellect with the object of inducing them to commit against themselves the crime of matrimony." He pushed his chair forward, and leaning over the back of it—"Let me hear no more of this, Charles," he said with sudden sternness. "Since you won't give me the promise I ask of you, understand at least that I forbid—utterly forbid—the continuance of these clandestine meetings. Let me see or hear of a repetition, and I shall effectively stop matters by sending you out to your brother, in Jamaica; and in Jamaica you shall remain until you have reached the age of manhood—the age of reason, I am afraid, you will never reach. I am going into the garden."

The threat to send me to Jamaica had been worn too threadbare to inspire much fear. I had heard it about once a week, on an average, ever since I had lived at my uncle's mercy, so that I came to look for it as the peroration in each reproving discourse to which he treated me.

Nevertheless, three days went by before I again launched the canoe. Uncle Harry was nowhere to be seen; in fact, I believed him to have gone into the town. But suddenly, just as I was pushing off:

"Charles," came his voice from the lawn behind me, "I trust that you will bear in mind our conversation of Tuesday night."

"All right, Uncle Harry," I shouted back, as I got out into the middle of the stream, and then made off as fast as I could drive the boat. And as I went I made up my mind that with my uncle's sanction or without it I would propose to Tommy Learoyd before I returned home that evening.

The lawn at Holt House was deserted when I got there, so landing and drawing up the canoe, I went in quest of the family, as it seemed probable that where the family was there would Tommy be. I found them in the tennis court at the back—the two girls, Mrs. Learoyd, and a young man from town with yellow hair, whom Tommy was teaching to play tennis. That girl never wasted a chance of teaching a man tennis.

"Hullo!" she cried when she caught sight of me, then added in a breath, "Forty, love," followed by her inevitable laugh.

After that ladylike and affectionate greeting, there was nothing left for me but to drop into a wicker chair besides Mrs. Learoyd and listen to her dissertation upon that profound and many-sided question—the weather.

At last the set was over, and Tommy came across to where we sat, flushed with victory and exertion, and bringing her defeated and perspiring opponent with her, she introduced him to me as Mr. Palethorpe.

"Did you bring the canoe?" she asked me.

"Yes. I thought that you might like a *ride*."

"So I should." Then turning to Palethorpe, "I can paddle beautifully," she declared with touching modesty. "I'll take you out after tea."

"That would be delightfully cool," said Palethorpe.

Of course, I professed myself delighted with the arrangement, and after tea I assisted them into the boat, and pushed them off; then I sat down in solitude by a clump of bushes, and set myself to evoke untold blessing upon the iniquitous soul of Leslie Palethorpe.

Some fifty yards below Holt House the river took a sharp curve to the right, and round this curve at the moment came a man in a whiff, pulling as if he had a train to catch.

"So long, Charlie," Tommy sang out as she headed the boat up stream. "You can think about me until we come back. We won't be long."

Palethorpe declared that it "was an awfully jolly boat," smiled a feeble smile, and waved a feeble hand at me, then, happening to catch a glimpse of the man in the whiff—

"Boat ahead!" he yelled in terror.

"Look out!" I shouted from the bank.

The next instant there was a crash, followed by an oath from the man in the whiff, a cry of alarm from Tommy, a terrified gurgle from Palethorpe, and a terrific splash from all three. I beheld a vision of Palethorpe's white face and straw-coloured hair, then that of a pair of black trouser legs, as he disappeared. He came up again and clutching wildly at the capsized canoe, spluttered and gasped for a moment, then set up a lusty yell for help.

I plucked off my shoes and was on the point of going in to render assistance, when suddenly a glimpse of the face of him who had brought about the disaster—the man in the whiff—brought me to a standstill. *It was Uncle Harry!*

All idea of rescuing anybody left me forthwith. With visions of Jamaica surging up before me, and forgetful of all else, I crawled behind the bushes, and thence I watched the strugglers in the water.

Uncle Harry, who was a good swimmer, took in the situation at a glance, and naturally turned his first attention to the lady. But Tommy called him to look after Palethorpe, who was drowning, and struck out for land unaided.

From behind the bush I watched her undignified struggles as she crawled up the bank, but I didn't dare to venture out to assist her. She must have been puzzled to account for my abrupt disappearance, and presently as she stood up—looking as a mermaid might look, if mermaids wore twentieth century gowns and twentieth century millinery, and crawled up banks of twentieth century mud—she glanced about her with an expression of surprise that I could easily account for.

"Tommy," I whispered from my shelter. "Tommy—hush!" I added raising my forefinger to my lips as she caught sight of me. "Awfully sorry for you, but I must be off. Send someone to get the canoe out. I'll come back in an hour or so and explain. Run in and get dry things on. Hush!"

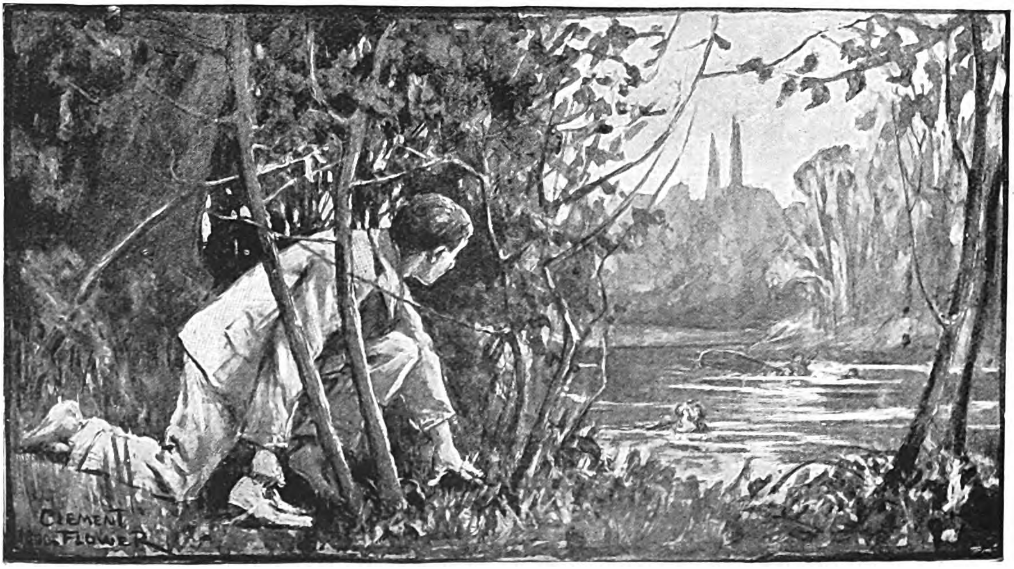
She gave me a long puzzled stare as if doubting my sanity, whilst I—keeping the bush between myself and my uncle's range of sight—retreated on all fours until I reached the hedge; then, stooping, I sped along under its protecting cover. At another clump of bushes about a hundred yards from the scene of the disaster, I halted, and set myself to watch Uncle Harry's rescue of the wretched Palethorpe.

I saw Mrs. Learoyd come hurrying down the lawn, followed by Miss Learoyd, the butler and the gardener. Tommy spoke to the latter pointing to the canoe and the whiff which were floating down stream, and forthwith the man got into the dinghy, which was moored by the steps, and gave chase.

Palethorpe and Tommy proceeded disconsolately and inelegantly towards the house, leaving Uncle Harry on the lawn with Mrs. Learoyd who was talking with great vigour—yet keeping a fair distance from her dripping companion. I didn't know whether she was treating him to a lecture on careless sculling or inviting him to go inside and make an exhibition of himself in some of Papa Learoyd's clothes. Presently, however, when the gardener returned with the two boats in tow, the whiff must have been found unfit for use, for after examining it and further talking with Mrs. Learoyd, Uncle Harry got into the dinghy, and taking the sculls, he set out to return to Stollbridge, wet as he was.

When he was *quite* gone I came out of my ambush and retraced my steps.

But my mind was singularly barren that evening, and when presently Tommy did



From behind the bush I watched her undignified struggles, reappear, wearing dry clothes and a face that was serious to the point of anger, I was still without the shadow of an idea.

"So you are there yet, are you?" was her greeting.

"I certainly am here," I answered, seeking refuge in banter, "and it only shows the lack of confidence you have in your own eyesight when you ask the question."

"Dear me! Well, to tell you the truth, I find it hard to believe my eyes after what they showed me this afternoon. You said that you would explain."

"That, my dear Tom, is precisely what I *can't* do."

She looked down at me as I lay on the grass at her feet, and her eyes were full of surprise and severity.

"You *can't*? Do you mean to say that you had no motive for behaving as you did—for behaving like a coward? Hiding yourself when people were struggling in the water, in danger of drowning?"

"You were not in danger."

"You didn't know *that*. Anyway, poor Mr. Palethorpe *was*. What if he had been drowned?"

"I should say from what little I have seen of Mr. Palethorpe that such a contingency might have given rise to considerable rejoicing," I answered, adopting Uncle Harry's best style of satire.

"How very witty!" she commented in scathing accents. Then, after a pause: "It's a good thing," she said, "that there are a few such men as Mr. Pomeroy."

"I don't at all agree with you. If it were not for such men as Mr. Pomeroy who fancy that they can scull, there would have been no accident."

"Oh! You are insufferable! Instead of feeling shame for being a coward, you actually have the audacity to speak slightingly of a brave man."

"I'm not a coward."

"Then what are you? Why did you behave like one?"

Clearly she was ignorant of the fact that Mr. Pomeroy was my uncle and guardian. How then could I confess to her—to her whom I had that day intended to ask to become my wife—that I had hidden because I was afraid of Uncle Harry?

"Well?" she inquired presently. "Are you going to explain?"

"But, my dear Tommy——"

"Will you explain, or will you not?"

She was very pretty, and whilst her beauty almost drew the explanation from me, yet at the same time, the knowledge that she would only laugh at me, made me withhold it.

"Good-bye, Mr. Burton," she said, seeing that I did not answer. "I am very disappointed in you, and I don't wish to ever see you again."

And with that she turned on her heel and hurried off towards the house. In an instant I was upon my feet. At all costs I must pocket my pride and tell her what there was to be told, sooner than allow myself to be dismissed in this fashion.

"Tommy!" I cried as I started to follow. But she didn't answer, and at that moment the infernal Palethorpe appeared on the scene. My chance was gone.

When I reached home, I found my uncle walking about the garden, and looking none the worse for his immersion.

"Where the blazes have you been, sir?" was his greeting.

"Been?" I echoed. "Been boating."

"You are not to go boating any more."

"Oh I say, Uncle Harry——"

"Hold your tongue." He stood before me in the most bellicose attitude that I ever saw him assume. "This afternooon I went up the river in a whiff to look for you. I wished to ascertain whether you still followed the undesirable pursuit in which I surprised you some days ago."

"Well, sir," I answered hotly, "I hope you were satisfied with your investigations."

There was an unfortunate inflection in my voice that awakened Uncle Harry's suspicions.

"What do you mean, Charles?"

"That I hope you consider yourself becomingly repaid for your trouble by the bathe you enjoyed."

Uncle Harry winced.

"Charles, you forget yourself. You are impertinent. Did you see the accident?"

"See it? Good Heavens, no," I answered without a blush.

"Then how do you know about it?"

"How? Why the whole river is talking of nothing but Mr. Pomeroy's ducking. I heard about it at Widenham ferry. Pooh, I expect it's all over Stollbridge by now, and you'll probably find a highly coloured paragraph on the subject in to-morrow's 'Chronicle.'"

Uncle Harry flushed for once in his life. He could not endure ridicule.

"It amuses you, does it?" he said savagely. "It amuses you that your uncle is to become the laughing-stock of the place, and that a rag of a provincial newspaper shall advertise his misadventure? But why does this take place? Because I have a jackanapes of a nephew who is not to be trusted, who contracts undesirable acquaintances, with idiotic views of matrimony, and on whom I have, out of a sense of duty to his deceased mother, to keep a sharp eye, so that he shall not make a fool of himself. Very well, sir. Stollbridge may laugh till its sides ache. But it shan't laugh a second time, for I shall pack you off to town next week for good—for good, do you understand?"

"Oh, very well," I answered indifferently. I felt indifferent. What did it matter whether I remained in Stollbridge or not? As a matter of fact, I was glad to leave the place. It had ceased to attract me.

Uncle Harry kept his word, and next morning he busied himself making arrangements with some distant relatives of ours in London for my removal thither. He went out in the dinghy after lunch, and I naturally supposed that he was taking it back to Holt House. When he returned (afoot) he was late for dinner, and I fully expected that at Holt House he had learned all there was to learn. As, however, he had nothing to say when he returned, I saw that I was mistaken, and that the Learoyds had never thought of connecting Mr. Pomeroy with Charlie Burton.

On the following day, which was Friday, he surprised me by going out in the canoe after lunch. Possibly because he wished to make sure that I didn't use it, and possibly because he wanted to get away from me, as our somewhat strained relations made association painful. Again he was late for dinner. On the Saturday the same programme was observed, and yet again on Sunday.

On the Monday I left for town. My uncle relented somewhat at parting, and whilst giving me the usual valedictory advice, he forbore—I imagined out of delicate consideration for my feelings to caution me in the usual manner against the insidious wiles of woman.

Three days before Christmas—six months after my departure from Stollbridge—there were two letters beside my plate at breakfast that drew my most particular attention.

The first one that I opened was from Uncle Harry and contained a generous cheque for a Christmas card. Its contents amazed me.

My dear Charlie,—I want you to come and spend Christmas with me at Stollbridge. It will be my last bachelor Christmas, for even your uncle has fallen a victim to those snares against which he took such pains to warn you. This may surprise you, but not half so much as will the letter your future aunt is writing to you.—Your fond Uncle—HARRY.

The other letter which I tore open with trembling fingers ran:

My dear Charlie,—Will you be very much astonished to hear that I am going to marry your Uncle Harry next spring? Isn't it funny? I only learnt the other day that he was your uncle, and I *was* amazed. It all began that day he upset us and saved Mr. Palethorpe's life. He became a constant visitor after that. He happened to speak of you the other day, and of course I was very inquisitive, and—well I understood at last why you behaved so curiously on the day of the accident. My poor Charlie, I was very horrid with you that day, and I haven't seen you since. Never mind, I'll make you a splendid aunt.

Your uncle tells me that you are coming to Stollbridge for Christmas. You must come and see me.—Yours affectionately,

TOMMY LEAROYD.

SPORT IN THE NAVY

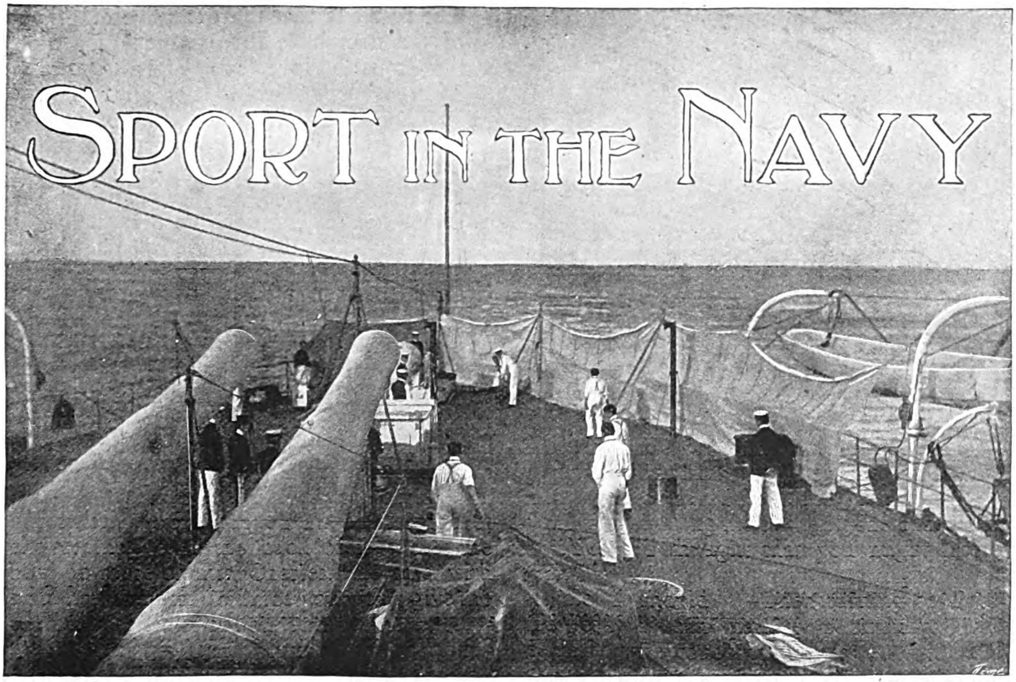


Photo by R. Thiele & Co.

Cricket on the quarter-deck.

By Archibald S. Hurd.

Being One of a Series of Articles on "How the Navy is Run."

The British bluejacket and his masters are essentially sportsmen, honest, open-hearted, and, as a rule, generous to the point of thriftlessness. It is an old saying, but none the less true, that all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy, and the Admiralty, wiser far than many of their armchair critics, has always encouraged sport in the senior service of the Queen. The admirals of the squadrons and their captains are never too old to take an interest in the amusements of the officers and men under them, and the result is that whether it be merely a game of leapfrog on the deck of his ship, or a football match in which the whole fleet is interested, the naval man or boy throws himself into the diversion of the passing hour with enthusiasm, and with the same dauntless courage and persistency in face of adverse circumstances that he shows on active service, whether the road to Pekin, the sand-swept Soudan, or the hill country of northern Natal is the scene of his activities. He is always in earnest, always cheerful, and knows how to accept defeat, though it takes a good deal to convince him that he is beaten. Wellington may or may not have said that the battle of Waterloo was won on the playgrounds of Eton, but it is quite certain that the men who have gained the admiration of the world by their conduct at Ladysmith, in China, and on the fever-infested swamps of West Africa obtained the nerve, courage, and capacity for endurance in the playing fields of the naval training ships dotted round the coast of the United Kingdom and Ireland, and on the cricket and football grounds of the cadet's ship *Britannia* at Dartmouth.

The newly-caught recruit, the "green" engineer student at Keyham College, and the "naval baby" of the executive branch at Dartmouth, all learn very early in their careers that *mens sana in corpore sano* is the motto of the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty. For the future bluejacket there are cricket, football, gymnastics, rowing, and swimming, and he learns at an early stage how to handle his gun and single stick with greater facility than he can hold his pen, though in these days the handy man is no dunce. Every summer picked crews have opportunities of taking part

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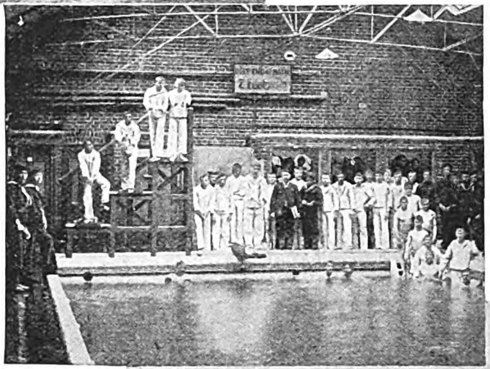
Naval sports—a sack race.



A swimming match.

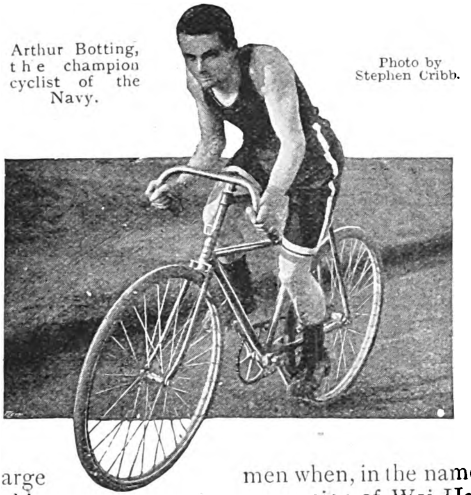
Photos by Stephen Cribb.

The final in a tug-of-war.

in regattas, and the best rowers champion their respective vessels in the annual race for the challenge cup, which is held for twelve months by the crew of the training ship that can get together the most expert oarsmen. At Keyham College, at Devonport, there is the same encouragement to the students to participate in field sports, but it is at Dartmouth that the Admiralty do most to inculcate the sporting instinct.

High above the picturesque river Dart, where the *Britannia* and *Hindustani* and their consorts are moored, the cadets have a magnificent ground for recreation that once formed part of the estate of Sir Walter Raleigh, and here they play cricket, football, and tennis. Lower down are the kennels, recently rebuilt by the authorities, of the famous Beagles. Once or twice a week, in the winter months, these pretty little hounds lead the cadets over the country side in hot pursuit of the swift-footed hare, and glorious runs are often obtained. Still lower down the hillside, and near the water's edge, are the gymnasium, the asphalte tennis ground, the fives courts, the bathing and swimming stages, and many rowing boats, besides some larger craft for sailing. However parsimonious the Admiralty may be in some respects, it cannot be said to deny the cadets anything which is likely to conduce to their physical well-being, and make them sportsmen in the best sense of that word. The result is that the executive officers of the fleet have the instincts of gentlemen who love sport for its own sake, even if they do not all remain sportsmen in practice. At the time that Admiral Palliser was in command of the Pacific Station, and the cry was raised that we needed younger men to direct our squadrons, he was taking part in football matches, despite his nearly sixty years. Slightly older again was Admiral Sir Edmund Fremantle—the pluckiest officer in the Navy, as his Humane Society medals show—when he was seized with a desire to learn to cycle, and he did not rest until he had mastered this essentially modern means of locomotion. Admiral Sir Michael Culme Seymour, Vice-Admiral Field, and many other flag officers, who will never celebrate again their sixtieth birthdays, are almost as at home on the cycle as they are on the quarter-deck.

After the officers and men leave the naval nurseries, they find that the opportunities for healthy recreation do not decrease. At the "schools," where they learn how to lay a gun and discharge a torpedo, there are splendid facilities for those who wish to enjoy a game of football or cricket. At Whale Island, the greatest gunnery establishment in the world, there is the largest cricket ground in the United Kingdom, beautifully laid out, and always kept in perfect condition. But possibly the most remarkable infatuation of the modern bluejacket and his officer is for



Arthur Botting, the champion cyclist of the Navy.

Photo by Stephen Cribb.

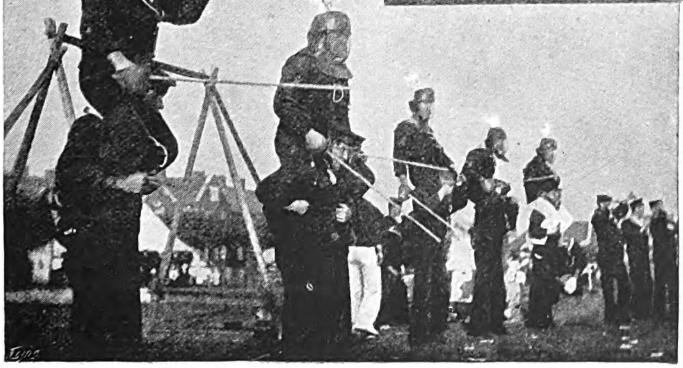
the cycle. Although at first sight it might be thought that his flapping trousers and swinging gait would unfit him for cycling, the handy man has surmounted all difficulties, and has included the wheel among his favourite athletic recreations. At the torpedo school ship *Vernon* at Whale Island, at the gunnery ship *Cambridge*, at the Naval Depôt at Chatham, and at other naval centres there are large cycling clubs, and no warship of any size ever goes to sea without a selection of cycles. Some battleships carry as many as fifty, and keep them handy for a spin ashore when opportunities offer.

As Jack and his officers are trained to use their bodies in a sportsmanlike way at home, they insist on proper facilities wherever they may be, and, if these do not already exist, promptly set to work and create them, however great the obstacle may be. It goes without saying that the officers frequently rig up a screen on the upper deck, as do passengers on ocean liners, and with a dummy 100lb. shell or something of about the same size for wicket, and a more or less degenerate ball, enjoy primitive games of cricket, not rarely sending the ball into the sea. Horizontal bars are also sometimes brought on to the deck.

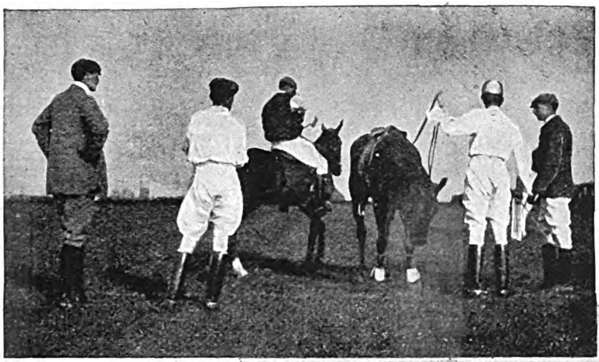
But these are poor substitutes for the vigorous exercise that the complements of her Majesty's ships are accustomed to from their earliest years, and they welcome the sight of land. One of the first acts of the naval men when, in the name of the Queen, they took possession of Wei-Hai-Wei, was to set to work in hot haste and level and lay out a recreation ground. On an earlier occasion when the authorities made an arrangement for the vessels of the Mediterranean Squadron to carry out their torpedo drills in the Bay of

A three-legged race, one hundred yards, for seamen undergoing instruction on H.M.S. *Excellent.*

Photos by Stephen Cribb.



Mounted *mêlée* of the bluejackets of two ironclads. The men fight till the plumes of coloured paper are struck off.



Naval polo players at Hilsea.

Photos by Stephen Cribb.

A team of naval footballers.

Tilting at the bucket is a very favourite diversion at naval sports, and usually provokes great merriment. The photograph overleaf illustrates this popular feature. One man gets into a barrow, which is wheeled towards the elevated bucket at a smart pace, and as the couple pass beneath it, the passenger in the barrow endeavours to thrust the pole he carries through the hole in the board that hangs from the bucket. If he makes a good shot he and his companion, particularly the latter, receive a drenching—and a prize. Jack dearly loves a joke. Those who were at a garden party at Whale Island, not long ago, will readily remember the laughter which a living Aunt Sally provoked. An ingenious bluejacket who had no faith in the power of the fair sex to throw straight, volunteered to sit in a tub with his face blackened while the ladies, at quite short range, threw sticks at him. Needless to say this sailor's temerity did not result in his being hit many times.

In everything that he does the British bluejacket reveals the happy spirit of a schoolboy, and never does he give his lighter feelings more rein than when after a long time at sea, or returning from a commission on a foreign station, he at length obtains leave and organises one of his favourite driving excursions. Wherever he is ashore he lays himself out for enjoyment. A story is told of a party of sailors who were warned by their captain not to go beyond a certain milestone. It happened that half a mile or so further on there was a public house to which they were specially partial. In spite of orders they were at this place of entertainment when the captain passed. When he asked them why they had disobeyed his orders, the men protested that they had not gone beyond the milestone. The officer visited the spot, bent on an investigation, to find that the letter of his instructions had been obeyed. They had pulled up the stone and set it down again on the further side of the public house.

The Navy has produced some good cyclists. It is claimed that the champion of the service is Mr. Arthur Botting, an engine-room artificer, and a member of the Chatham Naval Cycling Club, who rides a machine that he built himself, and of which he is not a little, and quite justifiably, proud.

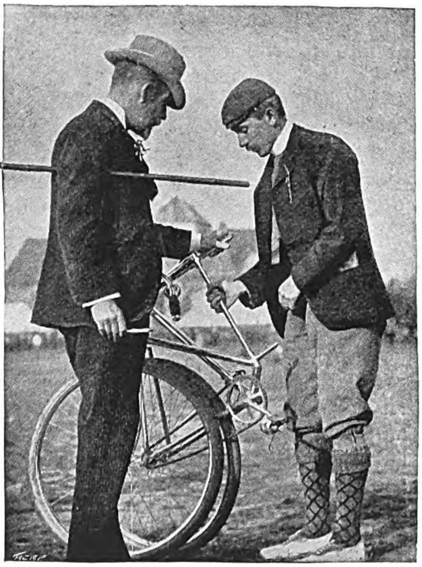
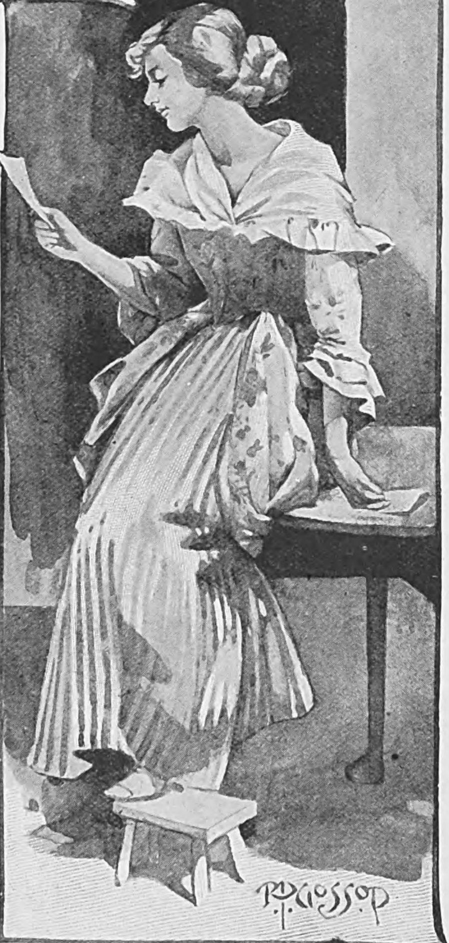


Photo by Stephen Cribb.

The crack naval cyclist, Lieut. Lees, of the R.M.L.I., showing Admiral Culme Seymour his patent folding cycle.

A VARIATION OF THE VALENTINE



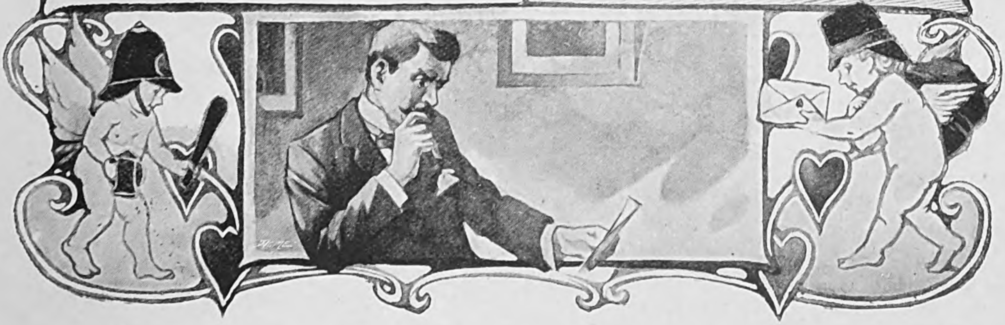
Once in the famous days of old,
When maids were fair and men were bold,
And tender tales of love were told
   When Valentine drew near.
Then doleful Daphne would complain
To gracious Dian of some swain,
Until his faithless vows again
   Were whispered in her ear.

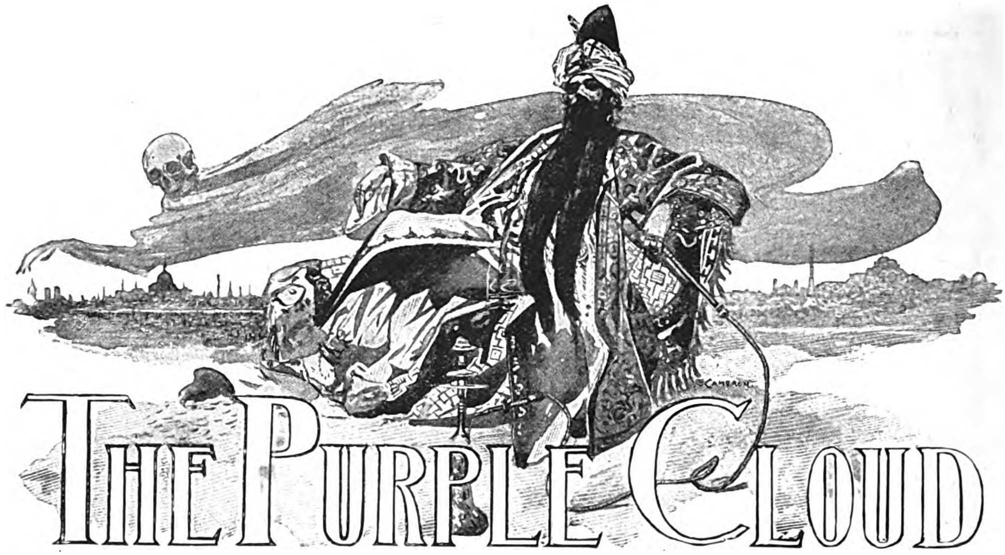
Then would the postman wind his horn
Upon a February morn,
And dainty damsels took no scorn
   To greet him at the door;
For as he passed upon his way,
Or stopped, a cheery word to say,
For ev'ry maid he brought that day
   A packet in his store.

Then would each maiden draw apart
To gaze with rapture on a heart
Which, by a long and fiery dart,
   Was frequently transfixed;
The unsophisticated rhyme
To simple maiden seemed sublime,
They criticised not, at that time
   Their pleasure was unmixed.

While thus I muse upon the past
The postman knocks, my heart beats fast,
An envelope for me—at last:
   'Tis come, my Valentine;
I open it and am distraught,
A summons to the County Court
Against me has my tailor brought
   For twelve pounds eight and nine.

G. D. Lynch.





THE PURPLE CLOUD

By M. P. Shiel.

SYNOPSIS.

A millionaire has left a fortune to the first man who reaches the North Pole. In spite of the warning of a preacher that misfortune will happen to the earth if the Pole is reached, a great expedition is prepared. In order that her *fiancé*, Adam Jeffson, may take the place of her nephew, who was a member of the expedition, the Countess Clodagh poisons the latter.

II.

The *Boreal* left St. Katherine Docks in beautiful weather on the afternoon of the 19th of June, bound for the Pole.

All the Docks was one region of heads, stretched far into innumerable vagueness, and down the river to Woolwich a continuous roar and murmur droned from both banks to cheer our departure.

The expedition was a national affair, being subsidized by Government; and if ever a ship was well found it was the *Boreal*. She had a frame tougher far than any battleship, and she was stuffed with sufficient pemmican, cod-roe, fish-meal, and so on, to last us not less than six years.

We were seventeen all told, the five heads (so to speak) of the undertaking being Clark (our chief), John Mew (commander), Aubrey Maitland (meteorologist), Wilson (electrician), and myself (doctor, botanist, and assistant meteorologist).

The idea was to get as far east as the 100th or the 120th meridian of longitude; to catch there the northern current; to push and drift our way northward; and, when the ship could no further penetrate, to leave her (either three or else four of us on ski), and, with sledges drawn by dogs and reindeer, make a dash for the Pole.

Our voyage was without incident up to the end of July, when we encountered a drift of ice-floes. On the 1st of August we were at Kabarova, where we met our coal-ship, and took in forty-three dogs, four reindeer, and a quantity of reindeer moss. And two days later we turned our bows finally northward and eastward, passing through heavy "slack" ice under sail and liquid air in crisp weather, till, on the 27th of August, we lay moored to a floe off the desolate island of Taimur.

The first thing we saw here was a bear on the shore watching for young white fish; and promptly Clark, Mew, and Hewitt (first engineer) went on shore in the launch, I and Maitland following in the pram, each party with three dogs.

It was while climbing away inland, that Maitland said to me:

"When Clark leaves the ship it is three, not two, of us that he is going to take with him for the dash to the Pole."

I: "Ah, is that so? Who knows?"

Maitland: "Wilson does. Clark has let it out in conversation with Wilson."

I: "Well, the more the merrier. Who will be the three?"

Maitland; "Wilson is sure to be in it, and there may be Mew. I suppose *I* shall get left out in the cold."

I: "More likely I."

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MAITLAND: "Well, the race is between us four—Wilson, Mew, you, and me. It is a case of physical fitness combined with special knowledge. You are too lucky a dog to get left out, Jeffson."

I: "Well, what does it matter, so long as the expedition as a whole is successful? That is the main thing."

MAITLAND: "Oh, yes, that is all very fine talk, Jeffson! But is it quite sincere? Isn't it rather foolish to affect to despise $175,000,000? *I* want to be in at the death, and I mean to be, if I can. We are all more or less self-interested.

"*Look*," I whispered, "a bear!"

It was a mother and cub; with determined trudge she came, wagging her low head, having no doubt smelled the dogs. We separated on the instant, doubling different ways behind ice-bounders, wanting to get her nearer the shore, but passing close, she spied, and bore down at a trot upon, me. I fired into her neck, and at once, with a roar, she turned tail, making now straight in Maitland's direction. I saw him run out from cover some hundred yards away, aiming his long-gun. But no report followed, and in half a minute he was under her fore-paws, she striking out slaps at the barking, shrinking dogs. Maitland roared for my help; and at that moment I, poor wretch, in far worse plight than he, stood there shivering in a sweating ague, for suddenly one of those wrangles of the two Voices of my life, which marked every crisis of my destiny, was filling my bosom with loud commotion, one urging me to fly to Maitland's aid, the other passionately commanding me to be still. But it lasted, I believe, only some seconds. I ran, and got a shot into the brute's brain; and Maitland leapt up with a rent down his face.

Oh, singular destiny! Whatever I did—if I did evil, if I did good—the final result was the same: tragedy, dark and sinister! Poor Maitland was doomed that voyage, and my rescue of his life from the bear was the means employed to make his death all the more certain.

I met a man called Scotland, in my youth at Cambridge. He was always talking about certain "Black" and "White" Powers, and their contention for the earth. We others used to call him the "black-and-white-mystery-man." Well, with regard to all that, I have a fancy, a whim of the mind; it may be quite wild—but I have it here in my brain—and I will write it down now. It is this: That there may have been some sort of arrangement or understanding, between the Black and the White, as in the case of Adam and the Fruit, that, should mankind force his forbidden way to the Pole, then some great catastrophe should not fail to overtake the race of man; that the White, loving mankind did not wish this to occur, and intended, for the sake of the race, to destroy our entire expedition before it reached the goal; and that the Black, knowing that the White had power to do this, and meant to do it, used me—*me!*—to outwit this design, first of all working elaborately to ensure that I should be one of the party of four to leave the ship on ski.

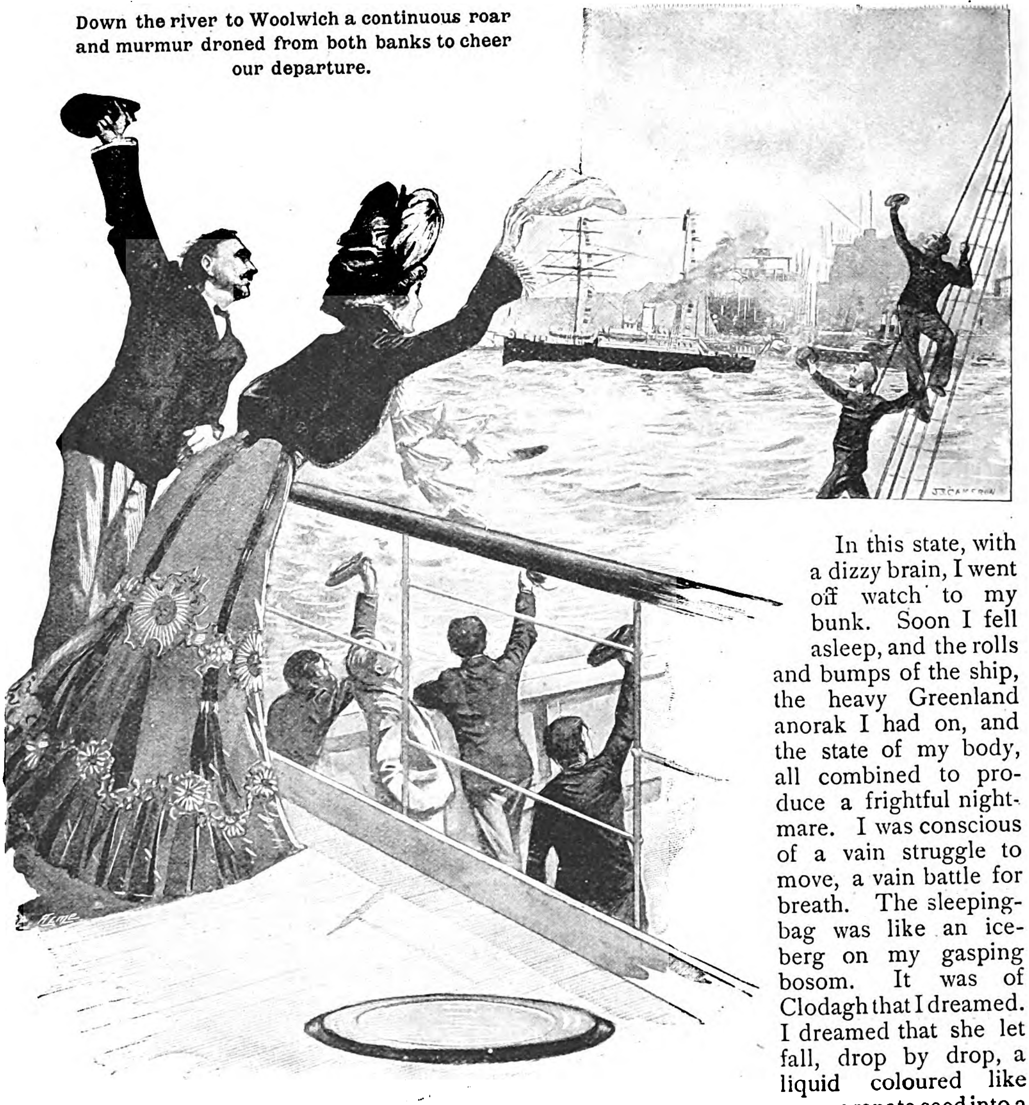
But the childish attempt to read the immense riddle of the world! I could laugh at myself, and at poor black and white Scotland, too. The thing cannot be so simple.

Well, we left Taimur the same day, and good-bye now to both land and open sea. Till we passed the latitude of Cape Chelyuskin (which we did not sight), it was one succession of ice-belts, with Mew in the crow's nest tormenting the electric bell to the engine room, with anchors hanging ready to drop, and Clark taking soundings. Progress was slow, and the Polar night gathered round us apace as we passed still onward and onward into that blue and glimmering land of eternal frost. We now left off bed coverings of reindeer skin and took to sleeping-bags. Eight of the dogs had died by the 25th September, when we were experiencing 19° of frost. In the darkest part of the night the Northern light spread its silent solemn banner over us, quivering round the heavens in a million fickle glories.

The relations between the members of our little crew were excellent, with one exception; David Wilson and I were not good friends.

There was a something, a tone, in the evidence which he had given at the inquest over the body of Peters which maddened me every time I thought of it. He had heard Peters admit just before his death that he, Peters, had administered atropine to himself; and he had had to give evidence of that fact. But he had given it in a most half-hearted way; so much so, that the coroner had asked him: "What, sir, are you hiding from me?" Wilson had replied: "Nothing. I have nothing to tell."

But from that day he and I had hardly exchanged ten words, in spite of our constant companionship in the vessel; and one day, standing alone on a floe I found myself hissing with clenched fist: "If he dared suspect



Down the river to Woolwich a continuous roar and murmur droned from both banks to cheer our departure.

Clodagh of poisoning Peters, I could *kill* him!"

Up to the 78th parallel of latitude the weather had been superb. But on the night of the 7th of October—well I remember it—we experienced a great tempest. Our tub of a ship rolled like a swing, drenching the whimpering dogs at every lurch, and hurling everything into confusion. The petroleum launch was washed from the davits. Down, at one time, to 40deg. below zero, sank the thermometer, while on high the Aurora was whiffed into a chaos of hues, resembling a painter's smeared palette. I, for the first time, was very sick.

In this state, with a dizzy brain, I went off watch to my bunk. Soon I fell asleep, and the rolls and bumps of the ship, the heavy Greenland anorak I had on, and the state of my body, all combined to produce a frightful nightmare. I was conscious of a vain struggle to move, a vain battle for breath. The sleeping-bag was like an iceberg on my gasping bosom. It was of Clodagh that I dreamed. I dreamed that she let fall, drop by drop, a liquid coloured like pomegranate seed into a glass of water; and she presented the glass to Peters. The draught, I knew, was poisonous as death; and in a last effort to break the bands of that hideous slumber, I was conscious, as I jerked myself upright, of screaming aloud:

"Clodagh! Clodagh! *Spare the man . . . !*"

My eyes, starting with terror, opened to consciousness. The electric light was shining in the cabin, and there stood David Wilson looking at me.

Wilson was a big man, with a massive, long face, made longer by a beard. His pose, his form, his smile of disgust, as he stood clinging there—I can shut my eyes and see now.

What was he doing in my cabin? What—what led him there even then? This was one of the four-men starboard berths, *his* was a-port. Yet he was here! But he explained at once:

"Sorry to interrupt your innocent dreams," said he. "The mercury in Maitland's thermometer is frozen: he asked me to hand him his spirits of wine from his bunk——"

I did not answer. A hatred was in my heart against this man.

The next day the storm died away, and either three or four days later the slush-ice between the floes froze definitely. The *Boreal's* way was thus blocked. We warped her with ice-anchors and the capstan into the position in which she should lay-up for her winter's drift. This was in about 79° 20′ N. The sun had now totally vanished from our bleak sky not to reappear till the following year.

There was sledging with the dogs, and bear hunting among the hummocks, as the months passed. One day, Wilson, by far our best shot, got a walrus-bull; Clark followed the traditional pursuit of a chief, examining crustacea; Maitland and I were in a relation of close friendship, and I assisted his magnetic observations in a snow-hut built near the ship. Often, through the twenty-four hours, a clear moon suffused our dim and livid clime.

It was five days before Christmas that Clark made the great announcement: he had determined, he said, if our splendid northward drift continued, to leave the ship about the middle of the next March for the dash to the Pole. He would take with him the reindeer, all the dogs, four sledges, four kyaks, and three companions. The companions he had decided to invite were Wilson, Mew, and Maitland.

He said it at dinner. And as he said it, David Wilson glanced at my pallid face with a smile of pleased malice; for *I* was left out.

I remember well: the Aurora that night was in the sky, and at its edge floated the moon surrounded by a ring, with two mock moons. But all shone very vaguely and far, and a fog, which had already lasted some days, made the ship's bows very indistinct to me, as I paced the bridge on my watch two hours after Clark's announcement.

For a long time all was still, save for the occasional whining of a dog. But suddenly several of them began barking together, leaving off and beginning again. I said to myself: "There is a bear about somewhere."

I was alone. It grew toward the end of my watch, when Maitland would succeed me. My tread tolled like a passing bell, and the ice lay round me in its shroud of white, silent as Eternity itself.

Suddenly I saw—I thought I saw—the bear. The fog had, if anything, thickened. It was now very near the close of my watch.

He had entered the ship, I concluded, by the boards which slanted from an opening in the bulwarks down to the ice.

Once before, in November, a bear, having smelled the dogs, had ventured on board at midnight. But *then* there had resulted a perfect hub-bub among the dogs. *Now*, even in the midst of my excitement, I wondered at their quietness, though some few whimpered—with fear, I thought. I saw the creature steal forward from the hatchway toward the kennels; and I ran noiselessly and seized the watch-gun, which stood always loaded by the companion way.

By this time the form had passed the kennels on the port side, reached the bows, and now was moving toward me on the starboard side. I took aim. Never, I thought, had I seen so huge a bear—though I made allowance for the magnifying effect of the fog.

My finger was on the trigger. And at that moment a horrible sickness, a deathly ague, seized me; the wrangle of the two voices was taking place within me.

"Shoot!" "Shoot not!" "Shoot!" Oh, that latter shout was irresistible! I pulled the trigger. The report hooted through the Polar night.

The creature dropped. Both Clark and Wilson ran up at once. We hurried to the prostrate form.

But the first near glance showed us a singular kind of bear. Wilson put his hand to the head, and the lax skin came away at his touch. It was Aubrey Maitland who was underneath it; and I had shot him dead.

For the last few days he had been cleaning skins, among them the skin of the bear from which I had saved him at Taimur. Maitland was a born pantomimist, continually inventing practical jokes, and perhaps to startle me with a false alarm in the very skin of the old bruin which had so nearly done for him, he had thrown it round him on finishing its cleaning, and so, in mere wanton fun, had crept on deck at the hour of his watch. The head of the bearskin, and the fog, must have prevented him from seeing me when I took aim.

This tragedy made me ill for weeks. I saw that the hand of Fate was upon me.

When I rose from bed, poor Maitland was lying in a hole in the ice behind the great hummock near us.

By the end of January, we had drifted to 80° 55'; and it was then that Clark, in the presence of Wilson, asked me if I would make the fourth man, in the place of poor Maitland, for the dash to the Pole in the spring. As I said: "Yes, I am willing," David Wilson spat with a disgusted emphasis. A minute later he sighed: "Ah, poor Maitland. . ." and drew in his breath, with a tut! tut!

I had an impulse to spring at his throat *then*, and strangle him; but I curbed myself.

There remained now hardly a month before the dash, and all hands set to work with a will, making harness and seal-skin shoes for the dogs, overhauling sledges and kyaks, economising every ounce of weight. But we were not destined, after all, to set out that year. About the 10th of February, the ice began to pack, and the ship was subjected to an appalling pressure. We found it necessary to make trumpets of our hands to shout into one another's ears, for the whole ocean of ice was crashing, popping, howling, and thundering everywhere in terrific upheaval. Expecting every moment to see the *Boreal* crushed to splinters, we had to set about unpacking provisions, and placing sledges, kyaks, dogs, and everything in a position for instant flight. It lasted five days, and was accompanied by a tempest from the north, which, by the end of February, had driven us back south into latitude 79° 50'. Clark, of course, then abandoned the thought of the Pole for that summer.

And immediately afterwards we made a startling discovery. Our stock of reindeer-moss was found to be now ridiculously small. Egan, the second mate, was blamed for it—but that did not help matters. The sad fact remained. Clark was advised to kill one or two of the deer, but he stubbornly refused, and by the beginning of summer they were all dead.

Well, our northward drift recommenced. Towards the middle of February we saw a mirage of the coming sun above the horizon. There were flights of Arctic petrels and snow-buntings, and spring was with us. In an ice-pack of big hummocks and lanes we made good progress all the summer.

When the last two of the deer died my heart sank, and when the dogs killed two of their number, and a bear crushed a third, I was fully expecting what actually came. It was this. Clark announced that he could now take only two companions with him in the spring, and they were Wilson and Mew. So once more I saw David Wilson's pleased smile of malice.

We settled into our second winter's quarters. December came again, and all our drear sunless gloom, made worse by the fact that the wind-mill would not work, leaving us without the electric light.

None but those who have felt it could dream of half the mental depression of that long Arctic night, how the soul takes on the hue of the world, and without and within is nothing but gloom, gloom, and the reign of the Power of Darkness.

Not one of us but was in a state of sombre, irritable and evil mood; and on the 13th of December, Lamburn, the second engineer, stabbed Cartwright, the harpooner, in the arm.

Three days before Christmas a bear came close to the ship, and then turned tail. Mew, Wilson, I, and Meredith (a general hand) set out in pursuit. We lost him after a long chase, and then scattered different ways. After an hour's hunt I was returning weary to the ship, when I thought I saw him again, and at the same time sighted a man—I did not know whom—running some distance away. I shouted out:

"There he is—come!—this way!"

The man quickly joined me, but as soon as ever he recognised me, stopped dead, and said:

"No, thanks, Jeffson. Alone with you I am in danger of my life. . . ."

It was Wilson. I, too, stopped, and faced him, forgetting all about the bear in a moment.

"Wilson," I said, "you are going to explain to me *now* what you mean, you hear? What *do* you mean, Wilson?"

"What I say," he answered deliberately. "Alone with you I am in danger of my life, just as poor Maitland was, and just as poor Peters was. You are a deadly beast."

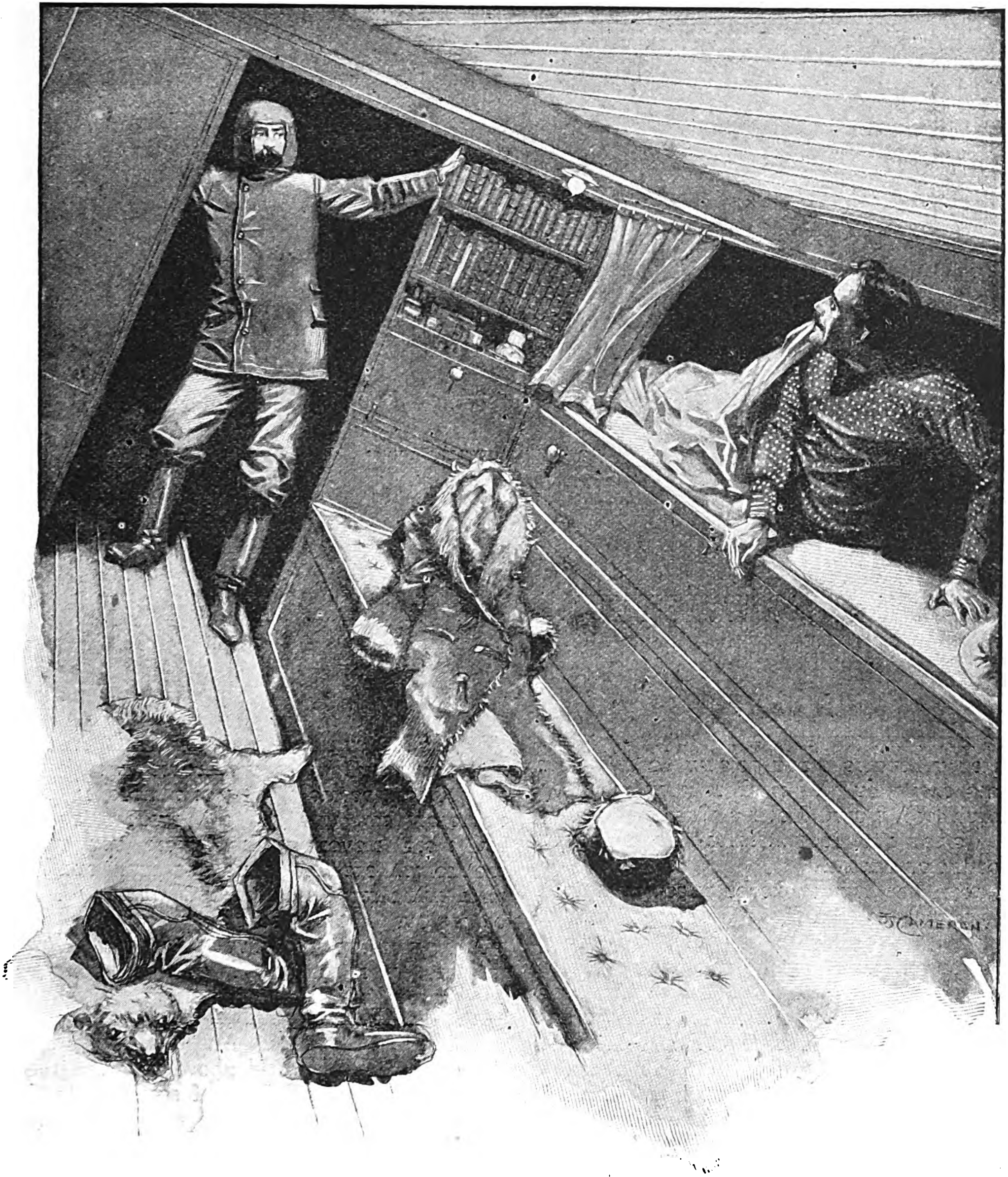
Fury leapt in my heart. Black as the tenebrous Arctic night grew my soul.

"Do you mean," I said, "that I want to put you out of the way in order to go in your place to the Pole, and that I have killed Peters and Maitland for that reason? Is that what you mean, man?"

"That's my meaning, Jeffson. You are a deadly beast, you know."

"Stop—I am going to kill *you*, Wilson—but I want to hear first. Who *told* you that I killed Peters?"

"Your lover killed him with *your* collusion. Why, I *heard* you, man, in your



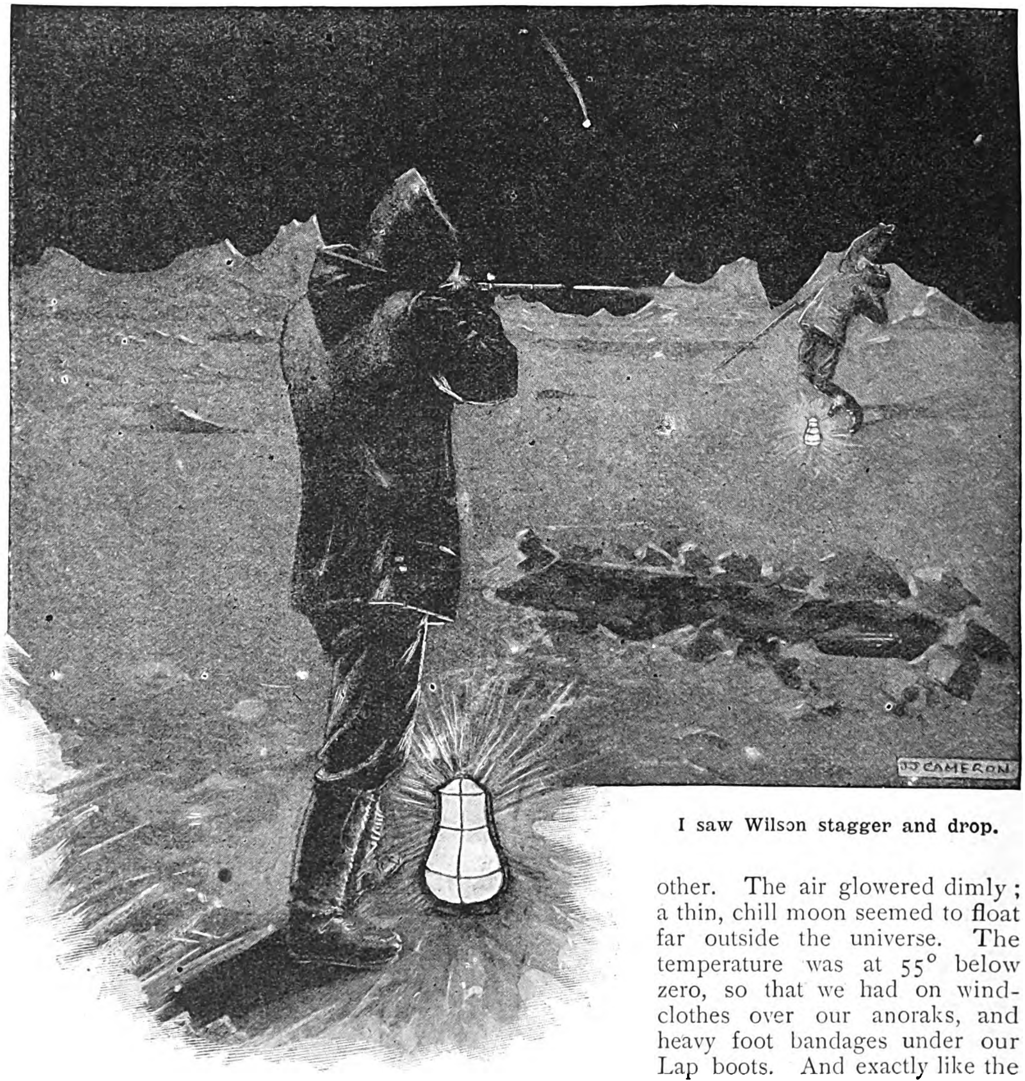
The electric light was shining in the cabin, and there stood David Wilson looking at me.

beastly sleep, calling the whole thing out. And I suspected it before. By Heaven, I should enjoy putting a bullet into you, Jeffson!"

"You wrong me, you devil, you wrong me!" I cried, my eyes staring with blood lust, "and now I am going to pay you well for it. *Look out, you!*"

I aimed the gun for his heart, I touched the trigger. He put up his left hand.

"Stop," he said, "stop." (He was one of the coolest of men.) "There is no gallows on the *Boreal*, but Clark could easily rig one for you. I want to kill you, too, because there are no criminal courts up here, and it would be doing a good action for my country. But not here—not now. Listen to me—don't shoot. To-morrow we can meet when all is ready, so that no one may be the wiser, and fight it all out."



I saw Wilson stagger and drop.

As he spoke I had let the gun drop. It was better so. I knew that he was much the best shot on the ship, and I an indifferent one; but I did not care if I was killed.

Twenty hours later we met behind an agreed hummock some six miles from the ship. We had set out at different times, so that no one might suspect. Each brought a ship's lantern.

Wilson had dug an ice-grave near the hummock, leaving at its edge a heap of brash-ice and snow to fill it. We stood separated by an interval of a hundred yards, the grave between us, each with a lantern at his feet.

Even so, we were mere shadows one to the other. The air glowered dimly; a thin, chill moon seemed to float far outside the universe. The temperature was at 55° below zero, so that we had on wind-clothes over our anoraks, and heavy foot bandages under our Lap boots. And exactly like the weird world above us were the minds of us two men, full of sombre, bleak, and funereal feelings.

Between us yawned a grave for one or the other of us.

I heard Wilson cry out:

"Are you ready?"

"Aye," cried I.

"Then here goes!" cried he.

Even as he spoke he fired. The man was in deadly earnest to kill me.

But his shot passed harmless by me, as was only likely. We were mere shadows one to the other.

I fired perhaps ten seconds later than he. But in those ten seconds he stood perfectly revealed to me in clear, lilac light.

An Arctic fire-ball had traversed the sky, showering abroad a sulphurous glamour over the snow-landscape. Before its momentary shine had passed away I saw Wilson stagger and drop. And I buried him deep there under the rubble ice.

* * * * *

On March 13th, nearly three months later, Clark, Mew, and I left the *Boreal* in latitude 85° 15′.

We had with us thirty-two dogs, three sledges, three kyaks, human provisions for 112 days, and dog provisions for forty. Being now about 340 miles from the Pole, we hoped to reach it in forty-three days, then turn south, and, feeding living dogs with dead, make either Franz Josef Land or Spitzbergen, at which latter place we would very likely come upon a whaler.

During the first days progress was slow, the ice being rough and laney, and the dogs behaving badly, stopping dead at every difficulty, and leaping over their traces. Clark had had the idea of attaching a gold-beater's-skin balloon, with a lifting-power of fifty pounds, to each sledge, and we had with us a supply of zinc and sulphuric acid to repair the hydrogen waste from the bags; but on the second day, Mew having over-filled his balloon, it burst, and I and Clark had to cut ours loose, in order to equalise weights, for we could neither leave Mew behind, turn back to the ship, nor mend the split bag. So it happened that, at the end of the fourth day, we had made only nineteen miles, and could still from a hummock see afar the leaning masts of the *Boreal*. Clark led on ski, captaining a sledge with 400lb. of instruments, ammunition, pemmican, and aleuronate bread; Mew followed, his sledge containing provisions only; I came last, with a mixed freight. But on the third day, Clark had an attack of snow-blindness, and Mew took his place.

Almost from the start our sufferings commenced, and they were bitter enough. The sun, though constantly visible, gave no heat; our sleeping-bags (Clark and Mew occupied one, I another) were soaking wet all the night, being thawed by our warmth, and our fingers, under wrappings of senne-grass and wolf-skin, were always bleeding; sometimes our frail bamboo cane kyaks, which lay across the sledges, would crash perilously against an ice-ridge, and they were our one hope of reaching land; but the dogs were the great difficulty; we lost six hours a day in harnessing and tending them. On the twelfth day, Clark, taking a single-altitude observation, found that we were only in lat. 86° 35′; but next day we passed beyond the furthest point yet reached by man, viz., 86° 43′, attained by the *Nix* explorers three years previously.

Our one secret thought now was food, food—our day-long lust was for the eating-time. Mew suffered from "Arctic thirst."

Under these conditions man becomes in some days not a savage only, but a mere beast, hardly a grade above the bear and the walrus. Ah, the ice! the ice! A long and sordid nightmare was that, God knows.

On we pressed, crawling our little way across the Vast, upon whose hoar silence, from Eternity until then, Boötes only, and that Great Bear, had watched.

After the eleventh day our rate of march improved; all lanes disappeared, and ridges became less frequent. By the fifteenth day I was leaving behind me the ice-grave of David Wilson at the rate of ten to thirteen miles a day.

Yet, as it were, his arm reached out and touched me even there.

His disappearance had been explained by a hundred different guesses on the ship—all plausible enough. I had no idea that any-one connected me in any way with his death.

But on our twenty-second day of march, 140 miles from our goal, he caused a conflagration of rage and hate to break out amongst us three. It was at the end of a march, when our stomachs were hollow, and our frames ready to drop. One of Mew's dogs was sick; it was necessary to kill it; he asked me to do it.

"Oh," said I, "you kill your own dog, of course."

"Well, I don't know," he replied, catching fire, "*you ought to be used to killing*, Jeffson . . ."

"How do you mean, Mew?" said I, starting. "You mean because my profession——?"

"Profession, no!" he sneered. "Go and dig up poor David Wilson—I daresay you know where to find him—and *he'll* tell you my meaning right enough."

I rushed at once to Clark, who, stooping among his dogs, was unharnessing them; and roughly pushing his shoulder, exclaimed: "That beast accuses me of murdering David Wilson!"

"Well?" said Clark.

"I'd split his skull as clean——"

"Go away, Adam Jeffson, and let me be!"

"Is that all you've got to say about it, then?"

"To the —— with you, man, say I, and let me be! *You know your own conscience best*, I suppose?"

Before this affront I stood impotent. But from that moment a mood of brooding malice settled upon my spirit. Indeed, the humour of us all was one dangerous, and even murderous inflammability. We had become almost like the beasts that perish.

* * * * *

On the 10th of April we passed the 89th parallel of latitude, and though sick to death, both in spirit and body, we pressed still on. Like the lower animals, we were stricken now with dumbness, and hardly once in a week spoke a word one to the other. On, in selfish brutishness, we moved through a real Inferno of cold. It is a cursed region—beyond doubt cursed—not meant to be penetrated by man, and rapid and awful was the degeneration of our souls. As for me, never could I have conceived that savagery so heinous could brood in a human bosom as now I felt brooding in mine.

As we advanced, the ice became smoother, so that from four miles a day our rate increased to fifteen, and finally, as the sledges lightened, to twenty.

It was now that we began to encounter a succession of strange-looking objects lying scattered over the ice, whose number continually increased as we proceeded. They had the appearance of small rocks, or pieces of iron, incrusted with glass fragments of various colours. They were of every size, and their incrustations we soon discovered to be diamonds, and other precious stones. On our first twenty mile day Mew picked up a detached diamond splinter as large as a child's arm; and such objects soon became common. Clark said that they must be meteor stones, whose ferruginous substance had been attracted by the magnetic lure of the Pole; and they quickly ceased to interest our sluggish minds, except in so far as they obstructed our way.

We had had good weather; till, suddenly, in the early morning of the 13th of April, we were overtaken by a tempest from the S.W. of such vehement and solemn volume, that the heart quailed before it. It lasted in its full power only an hour, but during that time it snatched two of our sledges long distances, and compelled us to lie face downward. We had travelled all the sun-lit night, and were gasping with fatigue; so, as soon as the wind allowed us to huddle together our scattered things, we crawled into the sleeping-bags, and instantly slept.

We knew that the ice was in upheaval around us. We heard, as our eyelids closed, the slow booming of distant guns, and brittle rollings of artillery. This may have been a result of the tempest, stirring up the ocean beneath the ice. Whatever it was, we slept deep.

We were within ten miles of the Pole.

* * * * *

Suddenly, in my sleep, it was as though someone shook my shoulder, with an urgent, "Up! up!" It was merely a dream, for when I started I saw Clark and Mew still in their sleeping-bag.

I sat staring a minute, and my first numb thought was this—that the Countess Clodagh had bid me be first at the Pole—for her. Precious little now cared I for the Countess Clodagh in her far unreal world of warmth—precious little for the fortune promised to the first-arrived. But the thought was deeply suggested in my brain, almost as if whispered there. Instinctively, brutishly, rubbing my daft eyes, I rose.

The next thing I perceived was that while the tempest was less strong, the ice was now in appalling agitation. An obstreperous hubbub filled all the air. I found the dogs whimpering on the heaving floor.

Instinctively, brutishly, I harnessed ten of them to my sledge, put on Canadian snow-shoes, and started northward—alone.

The odometer which I had with me had not yet measured three miles when I began to notice two things; first, that the jewelled meteor-stones were now accumulating beyond all precedent, filling all my range of vision, to the farthest horizon, with a dazzling glister. In piles, and mounds, and scattered disconnection they lay spread in innumerable largesse, like leaves in autumn, a vast Elysian-field and fairy-land of wealth, trillions of billions sterling, so that I had need to steer my twining way among them. Now, too, to my surprise, I noticed that, except for these stones, all roughness had disappeared, and the ice lay smooth, as a skating-rink before me. Not a trace of the upheaval going on further south was here. I believe that this stretch of smooth ice never, never felt one shock, or stir, or throe, and reaches right down to the bottom of the deep.

* * * * *

And now, with a wild hilarity, I flew. A dizziness, a madness seized me. Up-buoyed on air, I sped and spun. A fear, too—most great and dreadful—had its chilly hand upon my heart. I was alone, face to face with the Eternal. But still, with a dizziness, and a joy, and a wild hilarity, on I sped, and spun.

* * * * *

The odometer measured nine miles from my start. I was at the Pole. I took ten more steps—slide I could not now for the meteor-stones—fifteen—twenty; and now I stood by a circular, clean-cut lake.

One minute only I stood swaying and nodding there, and then I dropped down flat in swoon.

Why I swooned I cannot now clearly analyse. In the middle of the lake was a pillar of ice; very low and broad, and I had the clear impression, or dream, or notion, that there was a name graven in the ice of the pillar in characters which I could not read; and the luminous fluid of the lake seemed to me to be wheeling with a mad, shivering ecstasy round the pillar; and it was borne in upon me—I cannot at all say how—that the substance of this fluid was the substance of a living creature; and I had the distinct fancy, as my senses failed, that it was a creature with many eyes, and that as it wheeled for ever round in fluttering lust, it kept its eyes turned always upon the Name graven in the pillar. But this must be madness.

* * * * *

Without one backward glance, I scrambled to my feet, and hurried from that place. I awaited Clark and Mew half-way, but they did not come.

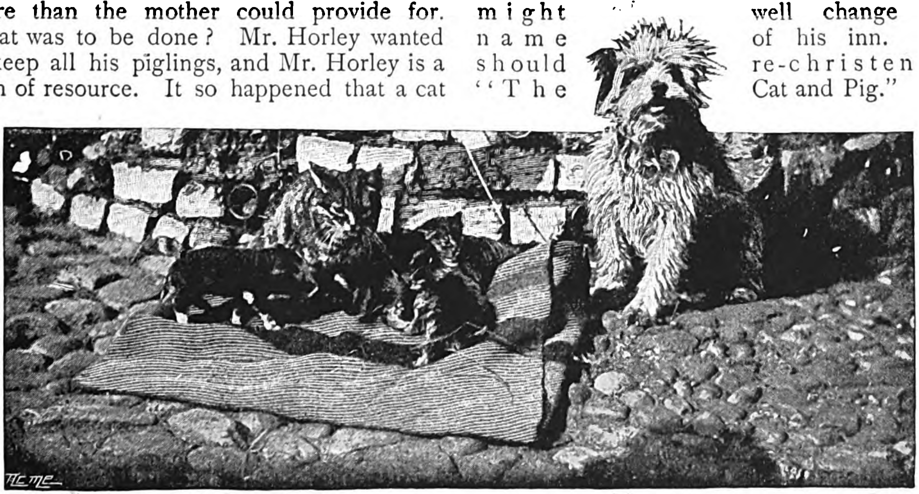
I found later that they had perished in the upheaval of the ice. Only one of the sledges, half buried, I saw near the camp.

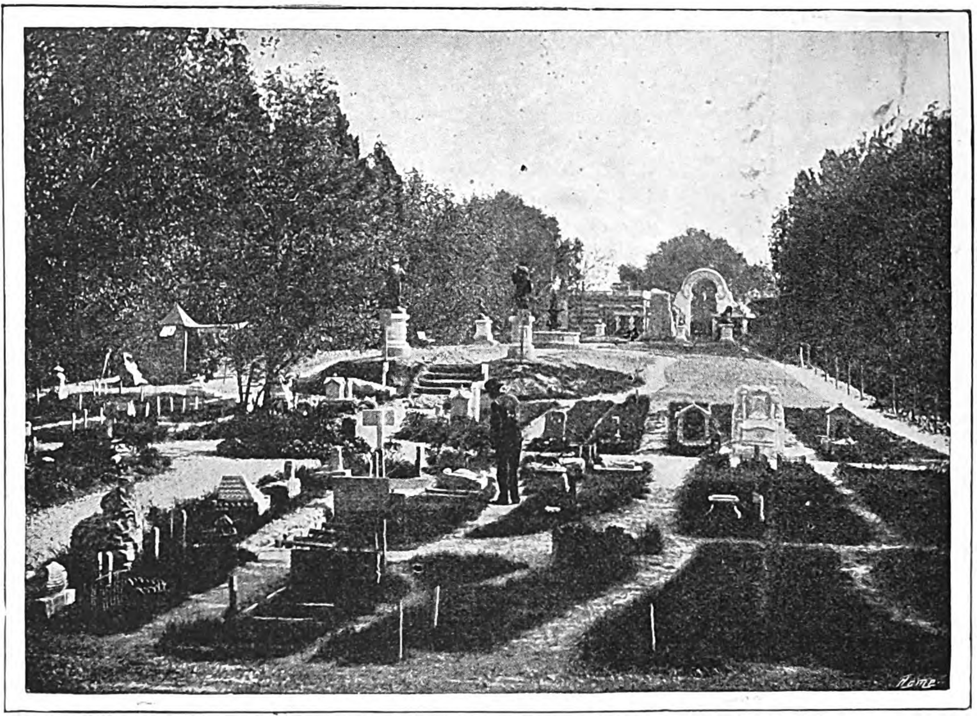
Alone I began my painful way southward. About eight days later, I noticed, stretched right across the southern horizon, a region of purple vapour, which luridly obscured the face of the sun. Day after day I noticed it steadily brooding there. *But what it could be I did not understand.*

(*To be continued.*)

A MIXED FAMILY.

That impertinent looking little terrier on the right has absolutely no business in the accompanying photograph. I feel it my duty to say so at once. The happy family on the mat is the property of Mr. Horley, the owner of the "Sow and Pigs" Inn, Toddington, Bedfordshire, and its history is as follows: The "Sow and Pigs" is famous for its goodly supply of swine, and the other day a litter of fifteen youngsters came into the world—one more than the mother could provide for. What was to be done? Mr. Horley wanted to keep all his piglings, and Mr. Horley is a man of resource. It so happened that a cat with kittens was in the house, and Mr. Horley boldly put the extra pigling with the cat and her four children. Far from being indignant, the good cat gave a motherly welcome to the little intruder, who is growing up into a healthy pig. Now I am really curious to know whether that pig will inherit any feline characteristics. Will it develop a distaste for dogs, or a taste for fish? In the meantime Mr. Horley might well change the name of his inn. He should re-christen it "The Cat and Pig."





The Cemetery for Dogs and other Domestic Animals.

THE DOG NECROPOLIS IN PARIS.

By M. Dinorben Griffith.

Illustrated with Photographs.

It seems incongruous that the dogs, cats, and birds which have contributed to our happiness during their life-time, and given us ungrudging service, companionship and love, should, after death, be cast away anywhere, out of sight, a few yards of earth being too great a reward for what no money could have bought.

This ingratitude and neglect no longer exists in Paris, thanks to the happy thought which occurred to M. George Harmois, the editor of the *Law Journal* and the originator and founder of the Dog Necropolis, which is now a stone and mortar reality and a paying scheme into the bargain.

When M. Harmois' idea first assumed a distinct shape he laid it before the Society for the Protection of Animals, as the most likely body to take the matter up. But no, it was an innovation, the plan was too bold, too advanced, and their statutes had no provision for such a scheme.

Nothing daunted, M. Hârmois consulted Madame Marguerite Durand of the *Fronde Journal*, who took up the matter with enthusiasm, appealing through the press of all countries to lovers of animals.

The simple, but novel, idea caught on. "Why did no one ever think of this before," said everybody, and a limited liability company was formed of the "Cemetery for Dogs and other Domestic Animals." The 2,500 £4 shares offered to the public were quickly taken up, and success so far assured that eager intending shareholders were unable to find a single share upon the market.

The Necropolis is appropriately situated on Dog's Island, in the Seine, near Asnières, and easily approached from there or Paris by the Clichy bridge.

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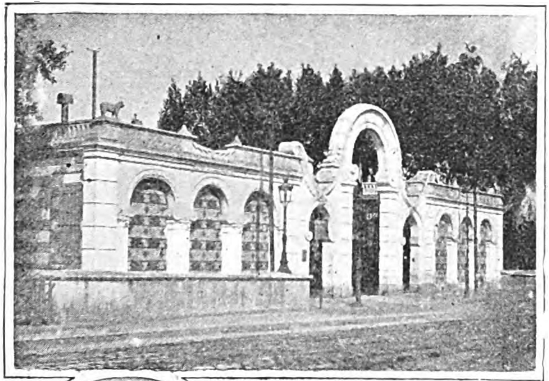
The architect selected by the company for the work was M. Petit, who bears an excellent record for originality of conception and simplicity of execution. The entrance, with its fine wrought iron gateway, over which is inscribed *Cimetière pour les Chiens*, the two smaller gates, and three arches on either side, with wrought iron rails, is imposing.

On paying the entrance fee of 5d., visitors are allowed to wander at will among the graves, which, with their handsome monuments and touching epitaphs, are already very numerous and interesting.

This Island of the Dead is in shape a long triangle, bordered with trees, many of which seem to have lost their foothold on the land and taken root in the water, where they grow and flourish just the same. The cemetery is divided into quarters, for patricians and paupers, for the great, in size, and for the middle-class and mixed breeds, with no pedigree, but many and endearing qualities. Then there is a quarter for cats, another for birds, and yet another for divers animals.

Let us visit the Necropolis and learn a little of the history of those buried there, taking first the great dogs' quarter—great in name as well as stature.

Here is a monument to "Barry" on which is inscribed: "He saved the lives of forty persons. He was killed by the forty-first." Barry's story is soon told; he was a magnificent St. Bernard, living in a mountain monastery. When the slightest snowstorm came on he could not be kept in. He barked and scratched, and was uneasy until let out. His plan was to seek what he knew to be the most dangerous parts and rake the snow until he found a wayfarer, then, with caresses and violence, if necessary, rouse him to the danger of his position; the contents of the little flask hanging on to his collar enabled many to follow the dog-leader to safety. His record was thirty-nine saved, when one day in a severe snowstorm he entered an ice cavern and there found a little child that had laid itself down to sleep—death's precursor. With much tugging, licking and rough remonstrance the child was at last awakened and induced to mount on the dog's back, who straightway brought his fortieth prize to the hospice in triumph. Not long afterwards there was another severe snowstorm, and Barry was off on duty in a dangerous part. He scented one who needed aid, and vigorously scratched away the snow until he found the man, who, suddenly awaking and seeing a huge animal with open jaws bending over him, took him for a savage beast and struck him a blow on the skull with his alpenstock. Poor Barry, with one loud cry, dropped down, and his cry guided the monks

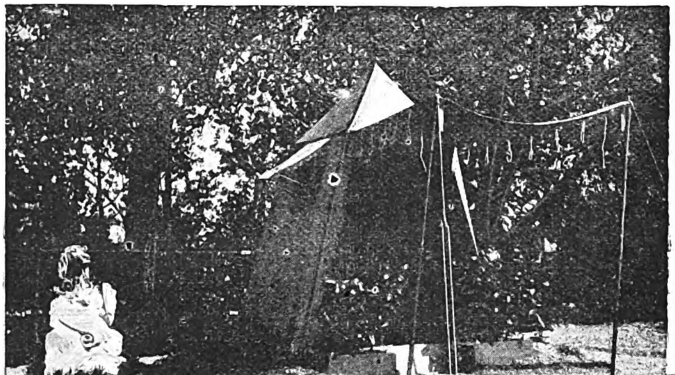


The entrance to the cemetery.

The monument in memory of "Barry," who saved forty lives, and died in attempting to save the forty-first.

Pompom
Regrettant
Pompom

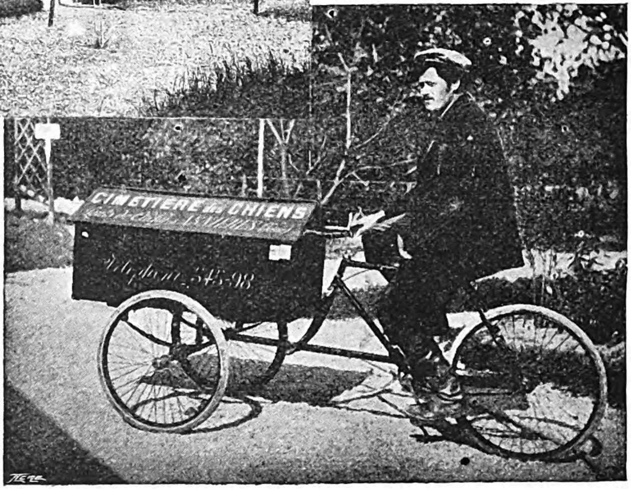
This tombstone is erected to "Pompom," the soldiers' friend.



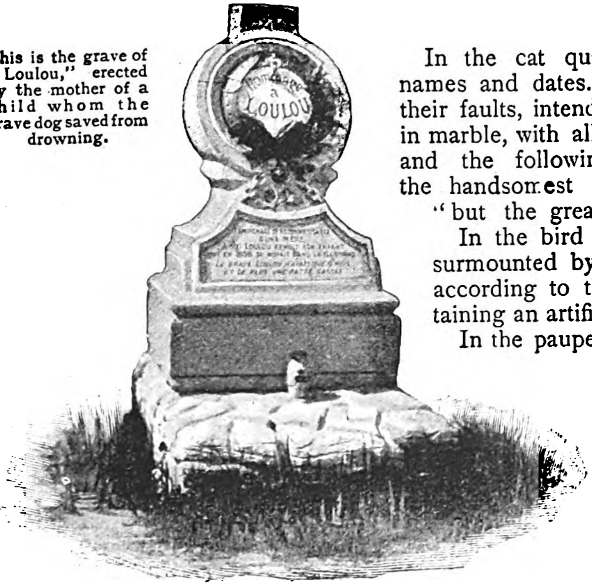
The caskets containing the dead dogs are examined, before burial, in a tent at the corner of the cemetery.

to him; they carefully conveyed man and dog to the monastery. The man was saved, but poor Barry, despite the most tender nursing, succumbed, for the iron had pierced the brain. His body is preserved in the Berne Museum, and a monument in memory of this dog has been erected at the Dog Necropolis.

Continuing our tour of the tombs we find that military dog heroes are not rare. A beautiful stone tent has been raised by the subscriptions of the artillery-men of the Chalons Camp, the inscription being: "Pompom, the Soldiers' Friend."



The dogs' hearse.



This is the grave of "Loulou," erected by the mother of a child whom the brave dog saved from drowning.

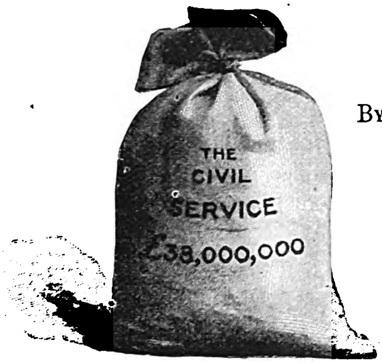
In the cat quarter there are no epitaphs, only names and dates. One cat lover, yet conscious of their faults, intends having an effigy of her favourite in marble, with all the prizes he has won, his name and the following in gilt letters: "Thou wert the handsomest of thy kind"; in black lettering, "but the greatest and most incorrigible thief."

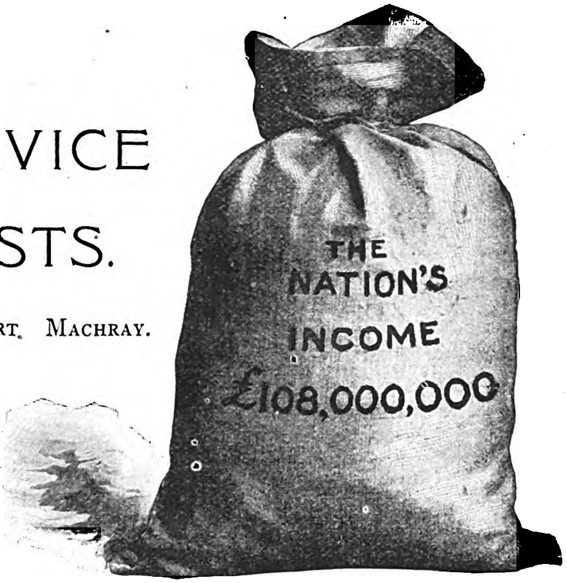
In the bird alley, most of the monuments are surmounted by gilt cages more or less elaborate, according to the taste of the mourner, and containing an artificial bird.

In the pauper quarter, animals are buried in one common trench, an old box serving for a coffin, with no name, no monument, and no inscription. Among them lie many whose claims to distinction and honour, for devotion, love, and bravery are as strong as those who rest in silver-mounted caskets and whose names and virtues are inscribed on marble.

WHAT THE CIVIL SERVICE COSTS.

By Robert Machray.





Our expenditure as a nation has, on the average, increased during the past twenty years at the rate of rather more than a million a year, and for the financial year, ending March 31st, 1899, amounted to a little over £108,000,000—a gigantic total, but one which the figures for the current year exceed by several millions, owing to the war in South Africa. Throughout this article, however, I propose to base my remarks on the definite information contained in the statements of the Treasury, as to the various items appearing on the debit side of the nation's ledger in connection with the Civil Service for the year 1898-99, because 1899-1900 must be regarded as an exceptional year.

I have gone with some care into the number of our civil servants, and the sums we spend upon them. The figures I give are, of course, approximate, not absolutely exact, but when grouped together they are of a decidedly startling character.

To begin with. It is not generally realised, I imagine, that out of our whole population of forty millions there are four hundred thousand people who depend for their daily bread directly or indirectly—that is, as actual salary-earners, or as members of families of such—upon the Civil Service. This is just one per cent.; it takes one in every hundred of us to run, to use the American phrase, the nation's business. For there are at least one hundred thousand civil servants—counting from the Prime Minister in Downing Street down to the humblest Post Office beginner at ten shillings a week. If we multiply this number by four so as to include their families, and not five as is usually done in such cases, we arrive at the above result. It seems fair to take four as the multiple rather than five, because a considerable proportion of civil servants are young unmarried folks, or pensioners whose children are grown up and out in the world for themselves.

John Bull thus carries on his shoulders, we may say, a small official John Bull, just about a hundred times shorter than himself.

We pay forty millions, in round figures, for these one hundred thousand civil servants of all grades, which works out, as anyone must see at a glance, at the comfortable average of £400 of annual income to each of them. But their average income is in reality not this sum, for there must be deducted from it allowances for railway travelling, for the cost of printing, for repairs to the buildings in which they do their work, and for other things, all of which must be taken into account. Perhaps it may be better to put the matter in another way, and to say that each of us pays one sovereign, less a penny or two, for the maintenance of our friends of the Civil Service.

The Civil Service absorbs rather more than one-third of the nation's income every year, costing us nearly twice as much as our army, and about three-fifths more than our navy. The gross amount spent on the Civil Service for the year 1898-9 was £39,871,532, on the army £20,000,000, and on the navy £24,068,000.

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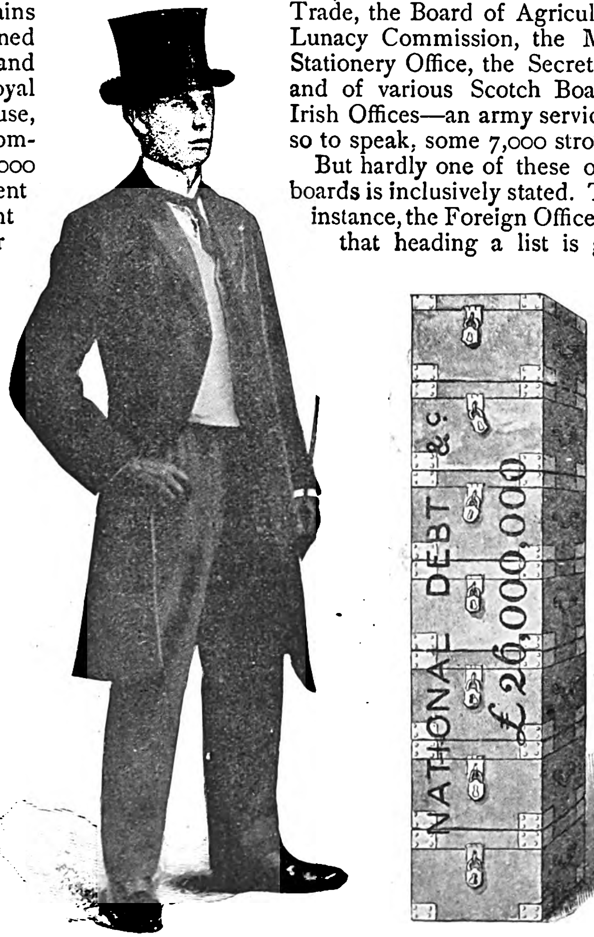
From the first sum there fall to be substracted what are termed "Appropriations in Aid," consisting of fees of all sorts, legal, political and commercial, of sales by the Government Stationery Office, and of the Royal Mint profits, which reduce it to £38,000,000.

It will be most convenient to follow the Civil Services in the order in which they appear in the published accounts of the Government. Broadly speaking, they are divided into two classes, the first of which is the Civil Service proper, as it might be called, while the second is the Civil Service connected with the Revenue Departments. The first costs us about twenty-four millions, the second some sixteen millions.

I.—THE CIVIL SERVICE PROPER.

The first item under this general heading is a nice little sum of two millions spent on public works and buildings, an item which pretty well explains itself. But it may be mentioned that it includes Buckingham and the other palaces and Royal parks and Marlborough House, the Houses of Lords and Commons, etc., and about £400,000 for the rates on Government property — the Government pays rates like any other householder. Among the minor amounts one of the most notable is that we pay £2,000 a year for our embassy house in St. Petersburg, the residences of the seven other ambassadors being the property of the nation. There appear to be over 2,000 persons employed in one capacity or another in connection with this department. The two most highly paid officials are the Director of the Surveys of the United Kingdom and the Director of the Royal Gardens at Kew, each of whom is in receipt of an annual income of £1,200. The salaries scale down to so many shillings a week, and among the smaller fry is for example, the turncoc at Buckingham Palace, who gets 28s. a week and residence rent free, besides £8 a year for catching the rats that seem to infest the royal precincts. Indeed, it may be noticed in passing that all the palaces have rat-catchers on the premises—have had them, I suppose, since those edifices were first occupied, and will continue to have them to the crack of doom, as if rats in palaces belonged to the inevitable and unchanging order of the world.



Civil Service, £38,000,000; National Debt, £26,000,000; the Navy, £24,000,000——figures show the proportion of the National Income which goes to——

Next after the Works comes an important division of our expenditure lumped under the heading—a somewhat misleading one—of "Salaries and Expenses of Civil Departments," just as if this were the beginning and the end of our expense on the Civil Service, whereas it is responsible for only a little more than two millions, and covers not quite one-tenth of the whole number of civil servants. In this department are the officials of the Treasury, Home, Foreign, Colonial, and Privy Council Office, the Board of Trade, the Board of Agriculture, the Lunacy Commission, the Mint, the Stationery Office, the Secret Service, and of various Scotch Boards and Irish Offices—an army service corps, so to speak, some 7,000 strong.

But hardly one of these offices or boards is inclusively stated. Take, for instance, the Foreign Office. Under that heading a list is given of those employed in the great sombre pile of buildings in Downing Street only, nothing being said of the Diplomatic Corps or of the Consular Service, both of which, however, make their appearance further on, as will be seen, under quite a different designation—that of "Foreign and Colonial," though in the popular mind both of these come under the designation of the "Foreign Office."

It is under "Salaries and Expenses of Civil Departments" that we meet with the biggest official (other than legal) incomes, particularly those of the political civil servants who go in and out of office according to the success or failure of their Party at the polls. Amongst these the members of the Cabinet come first, most of them having £5,000 a year, the exceptions being the First Lord of the Admiralty (£4,550), the Lord High Chancellor (£10,000, of which £4,000 is paid him as Speaker of the House of Lords), the President of the Board of Agriculture (£2,000), the Lord President of the Privy Council (£2,000), the President of the Local Government Board (£2,000), and the First Commissioner of Works and Public Buildings (£2,000).

Amongst the permanent civil servants in this list there are several who receive £2,000 a year, the best paid position perhaps being that of the Permanent Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, who gets, it is said, this amount plus two or three hundred a year for managing the Secret Service. If we leave out of the calculation the wages of attendants, messengers, porters, boy-clerks, and charwomen, the average income of a civil servant in this class is very high indeed, as no doubt it well deserves to be.

—the Army, £20,000,000. The relative heights of these
—the four great sources of expenditure.

We now pass to that division of the cost of the Civil Service which comes in as "Law and Justice," the total amount being about four millions and a half gross, or not quite four millions nett, while something like 20,000 people (we may safely say 18,000) derive their incomes wholly or partially from it. The salaries of the judges of the House of Lords, of the Supreme Court of Judicature, and of the High Court of Justice, etc., are charged to the Consolidated Fund, and not to the Civil Service expenditure, but as these high officials are in reality as much civil servants as anybody else is, their incomes and other expenses must enter into any inclusive account of the cost of the Civil Service, and this adds on another half million. Our judiciary is far better paid than that of any other country in the world, the salaries of the higher judges never being less than £5,000 a year. The Lord High Chancellor has £10,000, the Lords of Appeal in Ordinary £6,000 each, the Lord Chief Justice £8,000, the Master of the Rolls £6,000, the Lord Chancellor of Ireland £8,000, while the two great law officers of the Crown, the Attorney-General and the Solicitor-General, have £7,000 and £6,000 respectively. The two last-named gentlemen received in addition last year in fees rather more than £14,000 between them, the Attorney-General having the larger share, namely £8,000, but of course this considerable sum did not come out of the Civil Service funds.

A large number of members of the legal fraternity derive pecuniary benefit from the Civil Service, though they cannot be said to belong to it, such as "Revising Barristers" and "Assessors."

The fourth division of the cost of the Civil Service appears as "Education, Science, and Art." This accounts for nearly one-third of the whole sum spent on the Civil Service, the respectable total being about twelve and a quarter millions—of which eight and a half millions are expended on public education in England and Wales, most of it going in the shape of annual grants or fee grants for scholars. It is very difficult to estimate how many civil servants come under this division, but I fancy I am not far wrong in putting down 30,000 as the figure.

At the head of the Education Department is a vice-president with a salary of £2,000, and a secretary with £1,800. While a certain proportion of the officials are in receipt of incomes ranging from £400 and upwards, a tremendous majority get comparatively small sums. The Department of Science and Art may be taken as including all those civil servants who are concerned with such institutions as the National Gallery, the National Portrait Gallery, the British Museum, and other museums and the like throughout the country, besides the Royal Colleges of Science and Art, and who are paid something approaching a million for their services and expenses.

There are about 3,000 in the next division of civil servants, which is entitled "Foreign and Colonial"—a division already referred to, and they cost us just about a round million. In this category are the Ambassadors, Ministers Plenipotentiary, and the other members of the British Diplomatic body, as well as our Consuls and Vice-Consuls throughout the world. The embassy at Paris costs us most, the salary attached to that position being £9,000 a year. It is not generally known by the public, I think, that it is absolutely necessary for our diplomatists to have private means—without fortunes of their own they would be unable to hold their posts.

With respect to the Consular Service it may be observed that a great many of our Consuls receive nothing from the Civil Service moneys, but are remunerated by fees.

The fifth division of the cost of the Civil Service covers some four thousand names, all belonging to "Non-effectives," or in plain English, pensioners of the nation.

Of the 40,000,000 inhabitants of Great Britain 400,000 are civil servants. John Bull, one may say, carries on his back an official John Bull just one hundred times shorter than himself.

II.—THE CIVIL SERVICE IN CONNECTION WITH THE REVENUE.

These departments are the Customs, Inland Revenue and the Post Office, (including the Packet and Telegraph services), and they furnish employment to at least 40,000 men and women, of whom 30,000, or more, belong to the P.O. services.

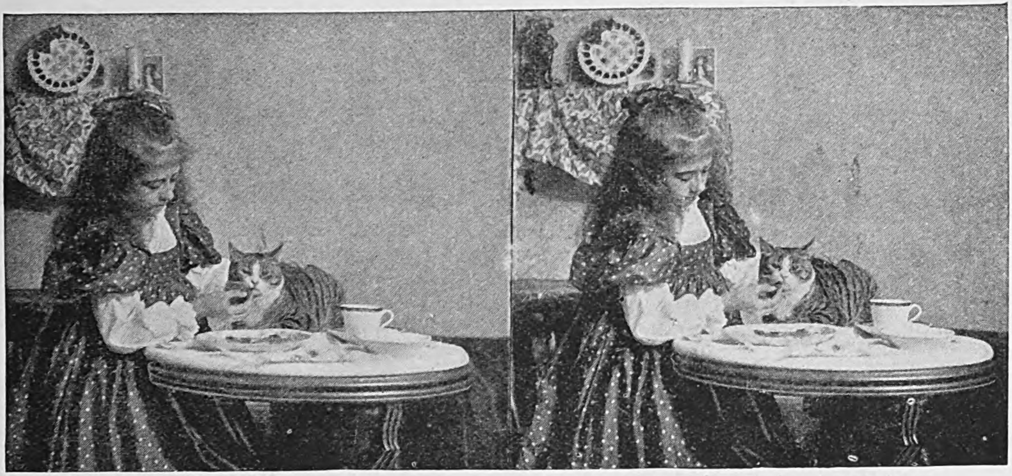
The Chancellor of the Exchequer obtained in 1899 nearly twenty-one millions from customs, and it cost him for civil servants close on a million to get the money, that is about 4 per cent. The superintending establishment, with a chairman and a solicitor at £2,000 a year each, cost some £60,000, while those at the ports cost over £600,000.

There are few people who have not formed an acquaintance with the Inland Revenue officials: well, these gentlemen cost us within a few pounds of two millions. The best paid official is the chairman of the office at Somerset House, who receives £2,000 a year, and the deputy-chairman, whose income is £1,500. Last year the Treasury gained sixty millions from excise, taxes and estate duty, at a cost of between 3 and 4 per cent. for the civil servants who gathered it from you and me and the rest of us.

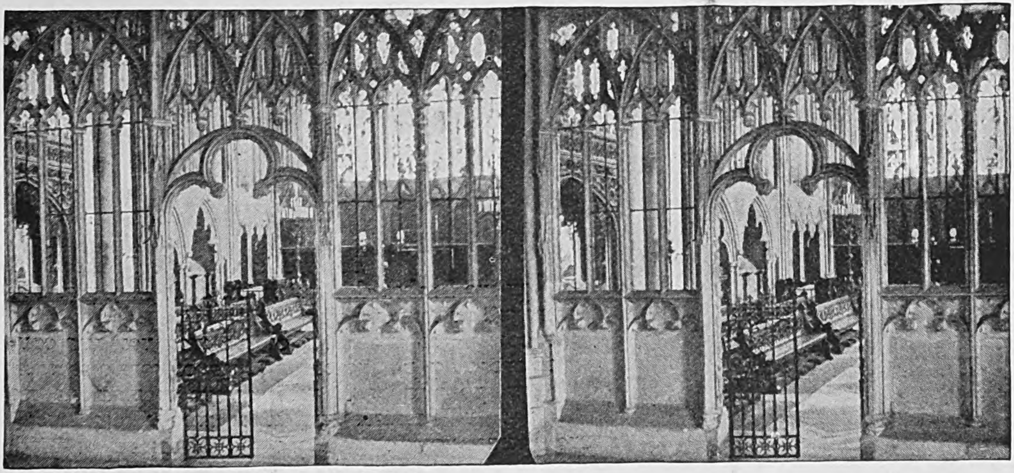
The Post Office, with the Telegraph and Packet services, costs us some twelve millions, but as it earned nearly sixteen millions, thus showing a profit of some four millions, it constitutes a branch of the Civil Service of a highly remunerative sort. It is an interesting fact that the Post Office Civil servants spend nearly three millions in London alone. The highest salaries are those of the Postmaster-General, £2,500, and the Secretary to the Post Office, £2,000.

In conclusion I may point out that there is hardly one of these well-paid positions which is not open to every Britisher who is competent—but there's the rub.

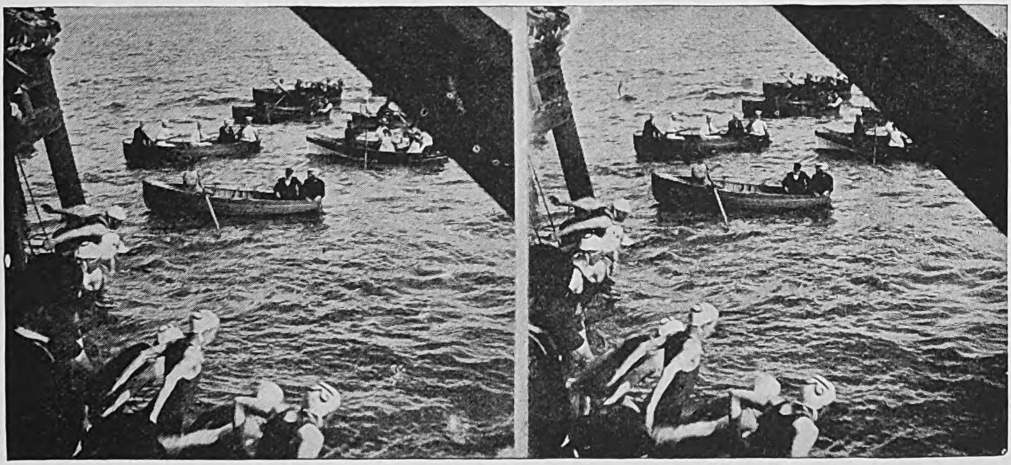
OUR STEREOSCOPIC GALLERY.



Won't you have some, Kitty?

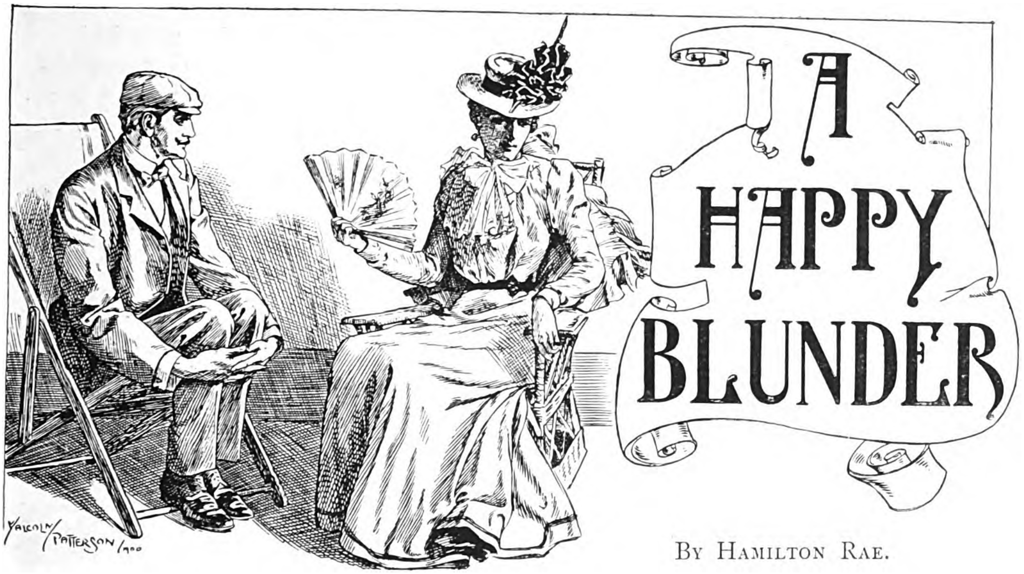


The Lady Chapel, Exeter Cathedral.



A swimming match.

To be cut out and looked at through a Stereoscope, which can be supplied from the office of the ROYAL MAGAZINE, *18, Henrietta Street, London, W.C., at* 2s., *post free.*



A HAPPY BLUNDER

By Hamilton Rae.

"You'll do this much for me, Jack?"

"More precisely—what?"

"Interview the mother on my behalf, and sound her as to my chances."

"In short, break the ice for you?"

"Yes."

"Well, I'll do my best," I replied, somewhat dubiously, "though I fear I shall prove but a poor advocate."

"Oh! you will manage it all right. I wouldn't have asked you, only I really dare not tackle her myself; I am such an utter fool where women are concerned. Perhaps you have noticed it?"

"I have," I candidly admitted, a reply that had the effect of arousing my chum from his fit of despair and of plunging him into a burst of good-natured laughter.

Feeling utterly unequal to joining in his merriment, I hurriedly escaped from the saloon and made my way on deck. As I looked round in search of Mrs. Codrington, I could not help wondering whether any fellow had ever found himself in such a predicament before. Here was I head over ears in love with Miss Mabel Codrington, and yet about to urge upon her mother not my own suit for that young lady's hand, but that of my friend, Dick Cairns.

But "Why?" you ask.

Well, thereby hangs a tale, a very short epitome of which must serve here. On leaving Oxford—with a poor degree, but possessed of some little capital—I decided to try my fortune upon the Stock Exchange. There, however, I proved a total failure, partly through ill-luck, partly, no doubt, because I lacked the peculiar qualifications essential to success on 'Change. I do not care to dwell upon the time that followed; suffice it to say that I had reached the lowest depths of misery and despair when Dick Cairns veritably picked me out of the gutter.

We had been chums at college, but since then he had been travelling abroad, and we had lost sight of each other. Of what he did for me, and more especially of the way in which he did it, I cannot trust myself to speak even now. He not only made a man of me again, morally and financially, but, seeing that I was broken in health as well as in pocket, he finished up by inventing—I have not the least doubt of it, deliberately inventing—a tour to Australia; said he had intended to go for some time, but had been prevented by the difficulty of finding a suitable companion. Would I join him? I was the very man he wanted, and if I would try to put up with him, he would be only too glad to pay expenses in return for my forbearance.

I suppose my recent experience had knocked all the pride out of me, but at any rate I gladly accepted his offer. I was feeling wretchedly weak and ill, too, and longed for a complete change. And then, as he said, he could well afford it; on the death of his father, a short time before, he had come into the possession of nearly a million of money.

We landed at Adelaide, went on to

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Melbourne and Sydney, then crossed to New Zealand, and finally, after six months' knocking about, sailed from Sydney on the return voyage.

Amongst the additions to our passenger list at Colombo were a certain Mrs. Codrington and her daughter. The former, we soon learnt, was the widow of a colonel, who had been killed on the Indian frontier some eighteen months before. She was an extremely handsome woman of about forty years of age, tall, dark, and very stately in manner, yet full of life and fun. The daughter, Mabel, had inherited her mother's beauty to an even greater degree, but, unlike her, was *petite* and somewhat reserved.

Within forty-eight hours the two women had carried all the male hearts of our community by storm, the mother taking by far the larger share of the spoils. For a time I wavered between the two, uncertain which to admire most. Like many others, I found myself in that parlous state of indecision when a man becomes a kind of magnified butterfly, fluttering uncertainly from flower to flower. But the current of my desire must soon, though at first imperceptibly, have begun to set towards the younger woman, for before we reached Suez I had awakened to the fact that I was hopelessly in love with Mabel.

I fancy that Dick was the cause of the said awakening.

"Jack, old fellow," he remarked very solemnly one evening, as we sat smoking together, "either I am going to be seriously ill, or—I am in love."

"What are the symptoms?" I asked. "Quick pulse—at times? Varying temperament, sometimes ecstatic, sometimes melancholic? Difficulty in concentrating the thoughts?"

"By George! you've hit 'em right off. What is it?"

"Heart trouble, my boy," I replied gravely, "due to a slight attack of fever Codringtoniensis, I should say. You'll get over it in a week or two."

"Don't think I shall," he said, so gloomily that I could not refrain from laughing—"it's chronic."

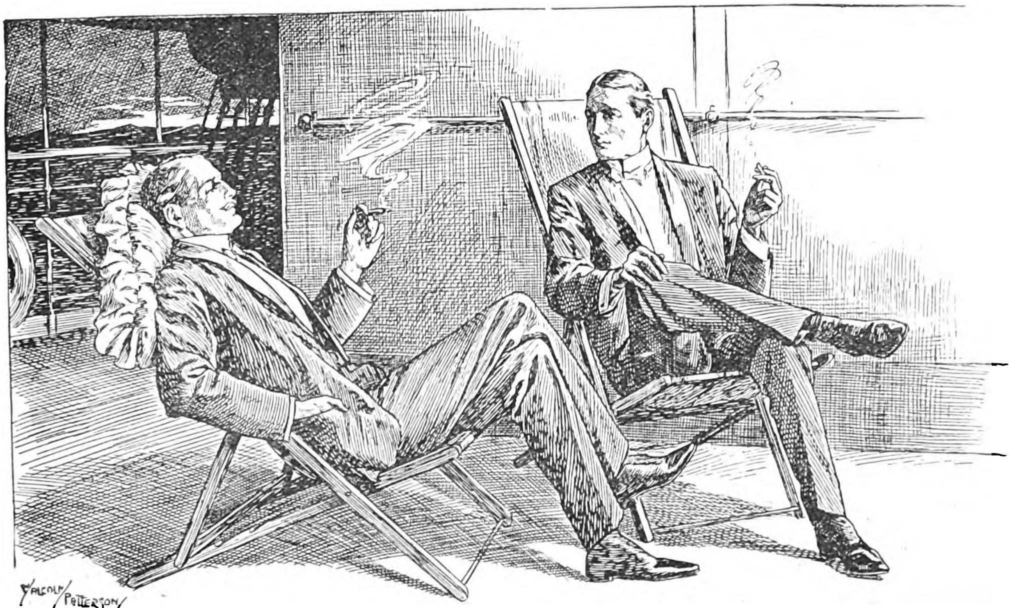
"Then you had better treat it homœopathically," I rejoined. "Cure like with like, you know. Secure the source of the infection and administer yourself a dose whenever the pain becomes troublesome. And by-the-bye, which *is* the source—mother or daughter?"

"Daughter," he replied, still dejectedly, "though, at first, I was somewhat uncertain about it."

"Well," I said, "you had better interview Mrs. Codrington at once, by way of opening negotiations."

"Is that essential?" he asked, with ludicrous anxiety.

"Absolutely."



"Jack, old fellow, either I am going seriously to be ill, or—I am in love."

"Then I'm doomed," he groaned; "I could never summon up sufficient nerve to encounter Mrs. C. Why, man, she'd simply turn and rend me."

"Nonsense!" I rejoined. "Millionaires are not to be picked up every day. As a prospective son-in-law, you would be welcomed with effusion."

He shook his head.

"Not by Mrs. Codrington," he said; "mere money does not count with women of her stamp. She knows, as everybody knows, that the old man made his pile in soap, and, unfortunately, it is altogether too commonplace a method of acquiring riches to agree with her romantic disposition. If it had been bogus-company-promoting, now, or even chocolate, I might have stood a chance, but soap would disqualify me at once. George! cannot you imagine her aristocratic lips trying to pronounce the word?"

"You are simply conjuring up imaginary difficulties," I remarked. "She would receive you with open arms. You are already high in her favour, if I am any judge."

"Do you think so?" he asked.

"Certain," I replied. "Pull yourself together and plunge in like a man."

"I daren't," he responded dismally, "I daren't, really. I might manage the girl, but I could never face the mother. I should only make a perfect ass of myself. Her lips would curl, and those eyes of hers—she has lovely eyes, hasn't she?—would give me a cold, supercilious stare, and I should be done."

"Umph!" I said. "Are you quite sure that it is the daughter? Seems to me more like the mother—lovely eyes, aristocratic lips, and all that sort of thing."

"No," he replied doggedly, "it's the girl right enough. It would be flying in the face of one of my most cherished principles to marry a woman ten years older than myself—and a widow, too! I should lose my self-respect for ever. No; it is certainly Mabel."

And by some strange, though very ordinary law of human nature, this confession of Dick's had opened my eyes to the truth in regard to myself. How often we only begin to value a thing when we find ourselves in danger of losing it! So now, it was the recognition of its hopelessness that brought me face to face with my love for Mabel Codrington.

For, of course, it *was* hopeless. Ordinary gratitude alone made it that, apart from all considerations of friendship and expediency. After what Dick had told me it was manifestly impossible for me to assume the *rôle* of a suitor for Mabel's hand.

But if she refused him? I shook my head at the thought. A millionaire, and a right-down good fellow to boot—it was not likely! And even though this very unlikely consummation should come to pass, I knew that I could never attempt to win where he had failed. No, the inevitable must be faced—by all the ties of friendship and honour my love was hopeless.

Under the circumstances, then, it is scarcely to be wondered at that when, a few days later, he asked me point-blank to undertake the task of approaching Mrs. Codrington on his behalf, I assented very dubiously, and only after considerable hesitation. Now, too, perhaps, it will be understood how it came about that I accepted the commission at all.

I found Mrs. Codrington seated just abaft the saloon, and for a wonder, alone. She welcomed me with a smile—Dick was right, she *had* lovely eyes.

"Are you quite forsaken?" I asked.

"Quite," she replied with a little laugh, "for quoits or some other equally intellectual and soul-satisfying pursuit. Listen!"

A burst of shouts and laughter away for'ard showed that our fellow passengers were taking advantage of the cool evening air to indulge in some light form of recreation.

"It is one of the penalties of popularity," she continued. "The fickle multitude sets you on a slippery pedestal, admires you for a time, and then, growing tired, departs, and down you come."

"You don't seem much worse for the fall," I retorted, laughing, "and at any rate it is very thoughtful of them—to go away, I mean."

"Why?" she asked.

"It makes room for other—worshippers."

She smilingly shook her head at me.

"I fear *you* don't come under that category, Mr. Francis. Mr. Cairns and yourself have scarcely deigned to notice poor me for the last three or four days; you seem to have been wrapped up in a reciprocal worship of each other. I wonder that you have been able to tear yourself away from him now." I rather wondered at it, too, though I did not say so. "Even now you do not seem to have been in a particularly violent hurry to take advantage of what you are pleased to term the 'thoughtfulness' of others; I have been sitting alone here for half an hour."

"I am very sorry," I muttered.

"The apology does not serve you, sir; it is too ambiguous. But I will be merciful; you are forgiven. At least, you *have* come, and that is something. As for Mr. Cairns, he is excommunicated; he has not even had the grace to put in an appearance."

I found myself wondering at the frequency with which she managed to introduce "Mr. Cairns" into the conversation.

"He—is detained," I said, "but he has commissioned me to make his excuses, and to apologise on his behalf."

"And pray, what excuse has he to offer?"

Here was my opening.

"That is what I came to tell you, Mrs. Codrington," I said, speaking seriously. "Dick is in love."

She raised her eyebrows; I thought she started slightly.

"But surely—he did not commission you to tell me *that.*"

"He did," I replied emphatically.

"But why *me?*" she asked.

"Well—you are an interested personage, you see."

A slight flush mantled to her cheeks.

"And why you?" she asked hastily, as if to cover her confusion.

"Because he dare not come himself," I blurted out.

There was just the slightest contraction of her brows, then she burst into a merry laugh.

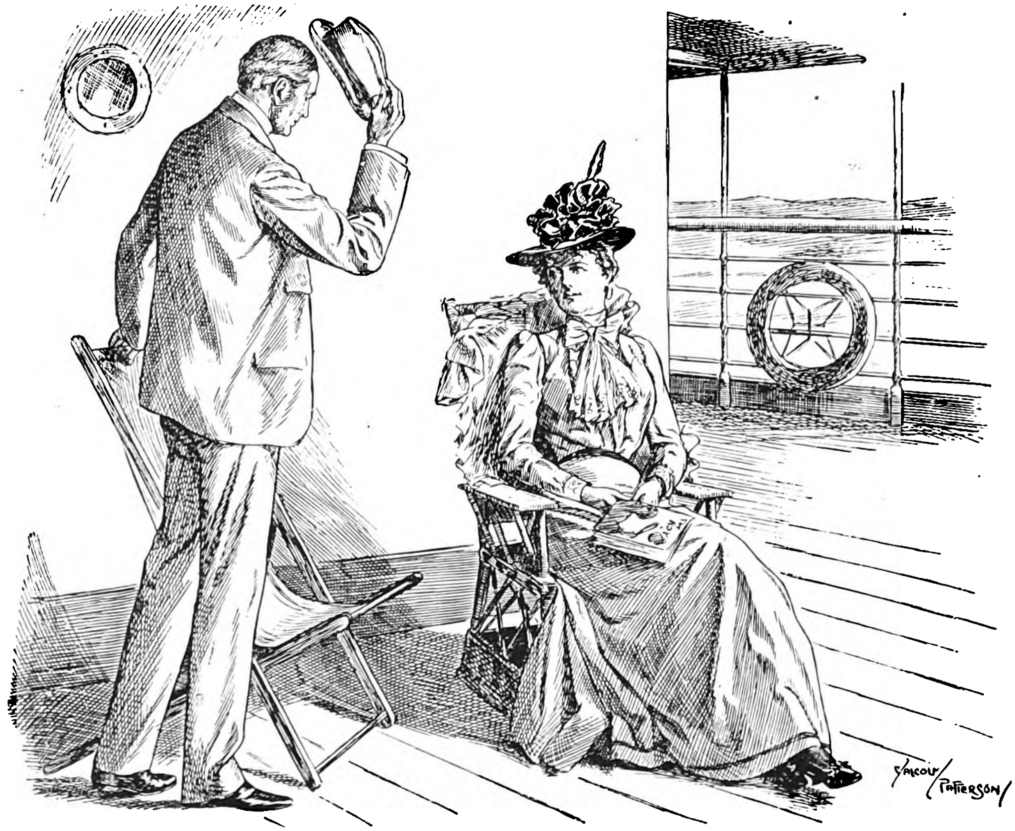
"Dear me!" she exclaimed, "I had no idea I was so formidable. This is quite a revelation. I wonder that you dared to undertake the task, Mr. Francis. It doesn't seem right that it should be shouldered off on you, though. Don't you think that Mr. Cairns ought to come and make his own excuses?"

She shot me a roguish glance from under the brim of her hat.

"By Jove!" I said, springing to my feet, "that is just what I have been telling him for the past week or so, only he wouldn't listen to me. But if I may tell him that *you* say so, and that you will treat him mercifully, I think he will come. May I?"

She hesitated for a moment.

"Well—yes, you may," she answered, "and—if he seems to be very diffident—you might tell him—from yourself, you know—



"Are you quite forsaken?" I asked.

that the oracle seems to be propitiously inclined to-day."

The laughing eyes flashed me another merry glance, and, though they fell at once, I thought I had caught a new light in them, a light that set me thinking, and finally pulled me up outside the saloon door. What did it mean? Good Heavens! Was she herself in love with Dick? It certainly seemed like it. But surely, in that case, she would never have allowed me to guess the fact.

I was still groping in a maze of doubt and perplexity when the door opened, and Dick stepped outside.

"Come in here," he said, dragging me into our cabin. "Now, what is the verdict?"

"Not given yet," I replied. "You are in too much of a hurry, old man. The judge has still to sum up, but so far the case is entirely in your favour."

"She?"

"Which she? There's two of them, and it is just as well to be explicit in an affair of this kind."

"Mrs Codrington, of course," he retorted irritably.

"Has not the slightest objection, apparently; just as I expected. I was to inform you that the oracle is inclined to be both merciful and propitious; and that she is waiting to be consulted *in propria persona*."

"Which she?" he asked, with a comical grimace.

"Mrs. Codrington, of course," I replied, echoing his own words and tone.

"Oh, hang it!" he exclaimed. "I was hoping that you might have settled her for good and all, and that I should have had only Mabel to deal with."

"But, man, the mother is entirely in your favour."

"That's just the worst of it," he said gloomily.

"The worst of it!" I exclaimed. "I should have thought it would have been the 'best of it.' What on earth *do* you want? First you say you are afraid of the mother; then, when I tell you she is altogether in your favour, you say that that only makes the matter worse. I am beginning to think that it is not so much Mrs. Codrington you fear, as yourself. I really believe you are afraid that you may fall a victim to the mother's charms before you can reach the daughter."

Dick looked at me deprecatingly.

"I'm such an utter idiot at this sort of thing," he said apologetically.

"So you have remarked before," I reminded him.

"And—she is a jolly fine woman, there's no mistake about that—and—I've sometimes thought that she—well, she has always been awfully nice to me, don't you know."

I could have laughed outright, were it not that his words had set in motion a train of thought that effectually steadied me. Surely here was confirmation of my suspicions. If Dick, the dullard in such matters, had noticed Mrs. Codrington's predilection for himself there could be little doubt about it. But once more came the puzzling question: why then had she allowed me to perceive the fact? Why had she been so essentially unwomanlike as to permit herself to betray it to me by the slightest word or look? Suddenly a tiny doubt crept into my mind, "Had I made my errand quite clear to her?" It was altogether too unpleasant a thought to be entertained, and I hastily brushed it aside.

"And what about Mabel?" Dick was asking. "Is there any obstacle—any other fellow?"

"Mabel!" I gasped. "Mabel!"

In an instant the tiny doubt had changed to absolute certainty, the dwarf had become a giant that held me speechless and powerless in his strong grasp. My very blood seemed to run cold.

"Yes, Mabel," repeated Dick impatiently. "What is the matter with you?"

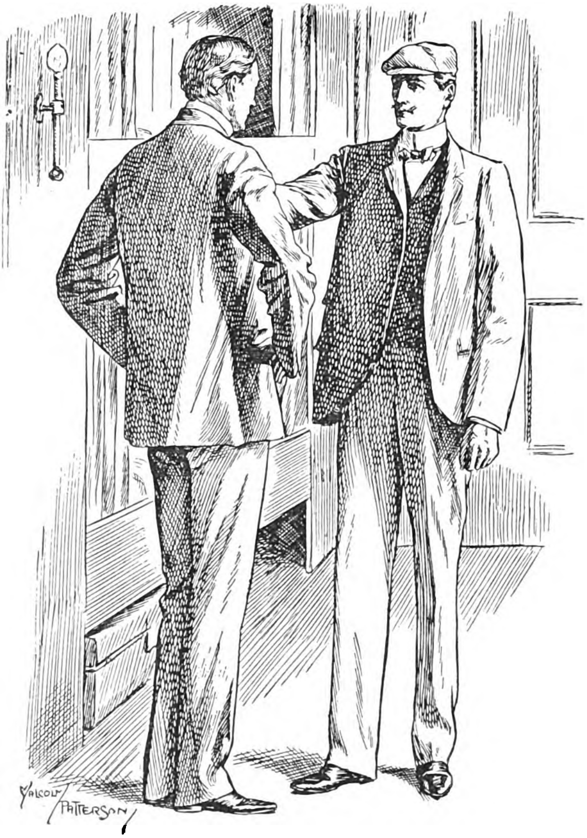
"By Jove!" I stammered, finding my voice at last, "I believe that I—I—have made a mess of it. I don't think—I mentioned Mabel's name at all. I took it for granted that she would understand. I must go back at once and put it straight."

I jumped to my feet, but Dick laid his hand on my arm.

"Steady, old man," he said; "it's no use getting excited about it. You worked it all right, I expect. And even if she did not quite understand, it would never do for you to go back now; it would only make matters fifty times worse. I'll go and interview her myself. Don't worry, it is sure to be all right."

For the next half-hour I paced up and down the cabin in an agony of remorse and self-reproach, for I was now perfectly certain that I had bungled the whole thing, and that she had misunderstood me.

At length Dick returned. I dared not ask him the result; I could only stare at him mutely. I suppose he must have seen the distress in my face, for he came across and laid his hand on my shoulder.



"We've settled it, old man," he said, in his solemn way.

"We've settled it, old man," he said, in his solemn way.

"Then it was all right, after all?"

"Yes; it was all right."

"By Jove!" I exclaimed, "I *am* glad, old fellow. I should have been fit to shoot myself if things had gone wrong through my stupidity. Have you seen Mabel?" I managed to ask the question, though my lips would scarcely frame the words.

"No," he replied in a peculiar tone.

I glanced at him.

"But you will do so at once?" I said.

He smiled grimly.

"Don't know that I shall," he replied, a pause between each word. "It is not customary to ask the daughter's consent when one intends to marry the mother, is it?"

I stared at him in amazement.

"But surely—?" I began.

He pulled me on to the locker beside him.

"Keep cool, and I'll tell you all about it," he said. "I went on deck, as you know, fully intending to put the matter straight to her, and to ask her right off for Mabel's hand. But her very first look floored me. It was one of those half-shy, half-confiding — oh, hang it! you know what I mean. Anyhow it completely bowled me over. I don't know much about women, but I was able to read that look, and it told me at once that you had switched her on the wrong track. Now don't swear; it is just as well, perhaps.

"I had not the heart to blurt out the truth right off, so I sat down beside her intending to wait for a favourable opportunity. First she scolded me for my remissness—by George, old fellow, I never knew that it was possible to enjoy a scolding before—then she began to rally me on my silence, said that I was not half so eloquent as my ambassador, but that, no doubt, I was too much ashamed of myself to speak, and so on.

"And all the while, there she sat, looking as sweet as an angel and as demure as any girl of seventeen, now and then glancing up with those eyes of hers; and there's no mistake about it, she *has* glorious eyes—I've never seen any to equal them; and there was I, watching the colour coming and going in her cheeks, and listening to her voice — ever noticed how musical her voice is?—unable to say a single word for myself, and wholly forgetful of the errand on which I had come. And when at length it did occur to me, I did not particularly want to be reminded of it, and banished the thought at once.

"Then the dear little soul gave me a helping hand, and before I knew where I was I had proposed to her. And, by Jove! the funniest thing about it is that I don't regret it. She dropped a hint, too, that Mabel's affections are engaged elsewhere"—I felt as if I had been dealt a heavy blow—"so that I should have stood no chance in that direction. And no other woman would have looked at me."

I was too vexed with myself to find any amusement in this strange *dénouement*.

"I'm awfully sorry," I began, but he stopped me immediately.

"Then it is more than I am," he said; "so you need not reproach yourself."

I looked at him searchingly, but there was nothing in his appearance to belie his words;

in fact, it was quite the other way about: he positively beamed with happiness.

"What about that most cherished principle?" I asked quizzically.

"Oh, hang the principle!" he retorted. "A woman like Mrs. Codrington is quite outside mere dogmatic rules and principles."

"Strikes me it is very fortunate I made that mistake," I remarked. "I believe you have been in love with her all along."

"Perhaps you are right," he said gravely.

A few days later we dropped anchor in Valetta harbour. It was a glorious morning, and immediately after breakfast I made my way on deck and was soon lost in the beauty of the scene around me. Merry, sparkling wavelets, fleeing hurriedly before the frolicsome breeze, laughed and danced their way over the surface of the water. Overhead not a single cloud broke the deep blue of the heavens. Already the harbour was alive with small craft of every description, whilst further away towards the harbour mouth a couple of feluccas were beating out to sea, their lateen sails bellying to the wind. On every hand frowned bastion and rampart, fort and battlement—the outward symbol and expression of Britain's determination to hold that which she has gained.

I moved over to the rail, and was watching the clever manœuvring of the swarm of small boats at our side when Dick came up and asked if I was going ashore.

"No; I think not," I replied.

"I am going to show Mrs. Codrington and Mabel round," he said; "you had better come and stretch your legs."

"I would rather stay on board," I replied, somewhat weakly.

"Look here, old man," he expostulated, "what is the matter with you? For the last three or four days you have been moping like a bear with the toothache—ever since you made that lucky mistake, in fact. You're not worrying about that, are you?"

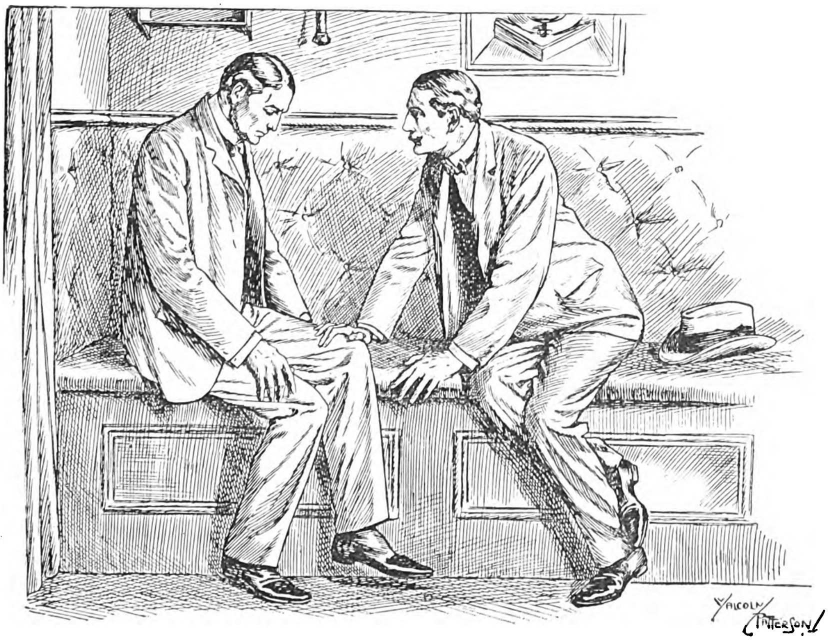
"Certainly not," I replied, smiling. "If anything, I rather congratulate myself on it."

"Then what is it?" He paused and glanced at me anxiously. "By Jove!—I say, old man—I didn't cut you out with Mrs. C., did I?"

My hearty laughter quickly reassured him on that point.

"Do you think I should have bungled your message in that case?" I asked.

"No, I suppose not," he replied grimly; "but there is something wrong, I am perfectly certain of it. My own belief is that you are in love. You've got all the symptoms of it; and I ought to know them by now. The only question is—with whom?"



"I'm awfully sorry," I began; but he stopped me immediately.

He was silent for a moment; then suddenly turned on me.

"Is it Mabel?" he asked.

I need not say that his query, coming as it did, completely floored me. I stammered out an indignant denial, but he only shook his fist at me.

"Don't tell lies, Jack, or you'll go to an even warmer place than Aden. I've guessed it for some time.

Would you like me to interview the mother for you?"

"No, certainly not," I snapped.

"Oh! very well. I'll do my best," and with this somewhat ambiguous reply he went off smiling.

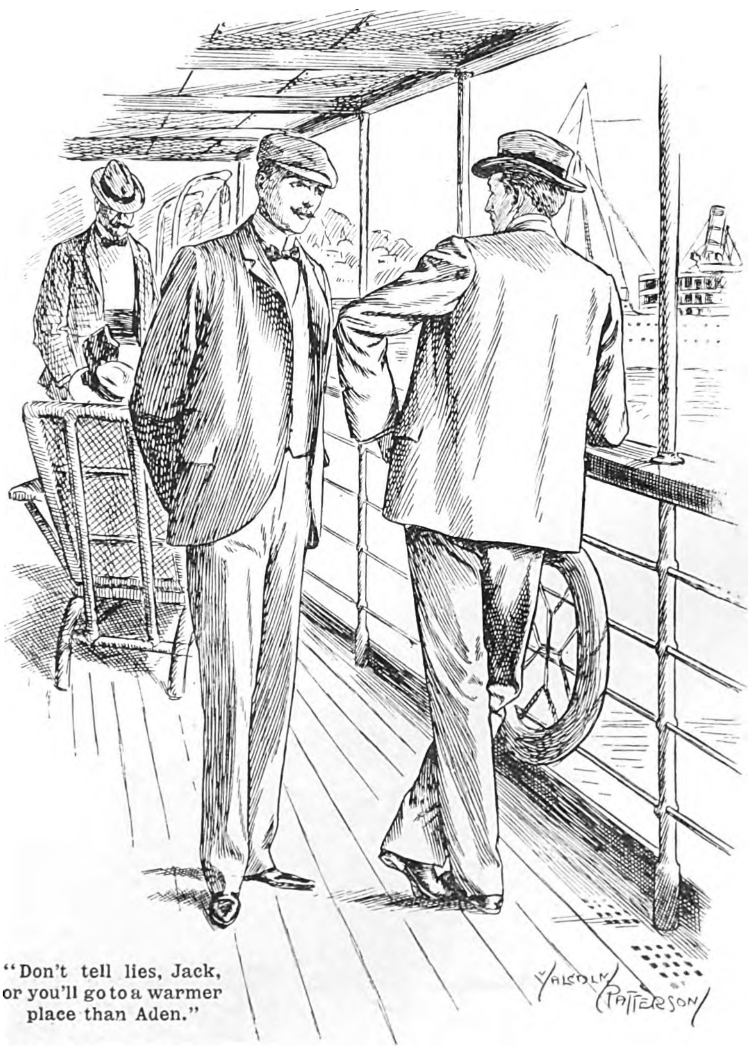
I watched them depart in the boat, and then went down to write some letters. But somehow neither words nor ideas would come, and at last I threw down the pen in disgust. Dick was right; I was desperately love-sick—sick with the hopelessness of it all. For I had fully recognised at once that the unexpected issue of his love affair made mine none the less impossible. How could a poor beggar like myself ask any woman to throw in her lot with mine? And so I had deliberately set to work to keep out of Mabel's way—a task which had also involved avoiding both her mother and Dick.

It was getting late when the trio returned. Dick sought me out at once, and dragged me off to our berth. The smile on his face convinced me that something was coming, and I felt my heart beat quicker, and knew that the colour had left my face; for that smile of his could betoken only one thing: that the news he had in store for me was not calculated to injure my feelings or send my spirits to a lower depth than they had been for some time past, and especially that afternoon.

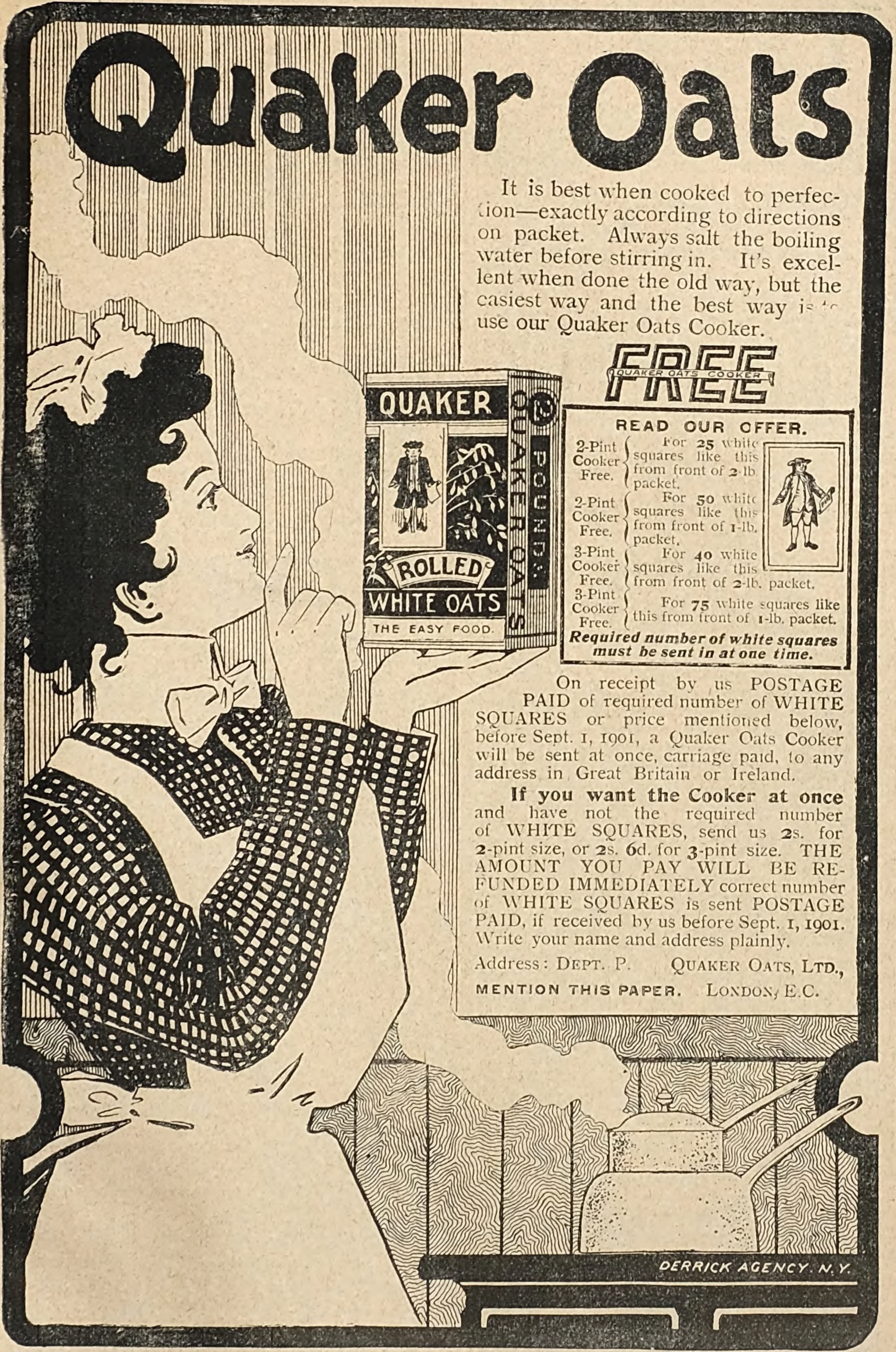
"I am afraid I've made an awful mess of it, old man," he said with attempted seriousness. "Let me see"—reflectively—"you told me that I was not to say anything to the mother, I believe. I am very sorry, but somehow I got your instructions mixed up, and—well, I *did* broach the subject to her. Now don't get angry; I am not the only one who has made a mistake of that sort. And, after all, one good turn deserves another. Anyhow, I was to inform you that there is every reason to suppose that the oracle is propitiously inclined, and that it may be consulted at once; in fact, it is rumoured that the said oracle has been waiting to be consulted for some time past, only you needn't give the fact away."

Once more I wrung his hand in silence.

"No mistakes this time," he said, "it's the daughter, mind, and don't you forget it." I did not—and the dear little oracle said "Yes."



"Don't tell lies, Jack, or you'll go to a warmer place than Aden."



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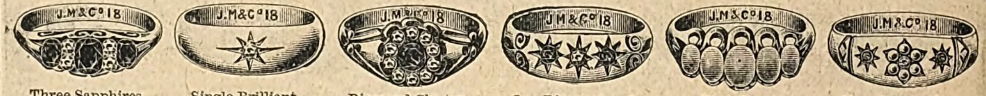

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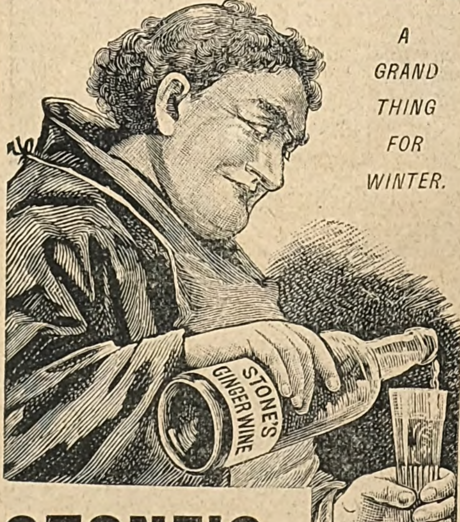
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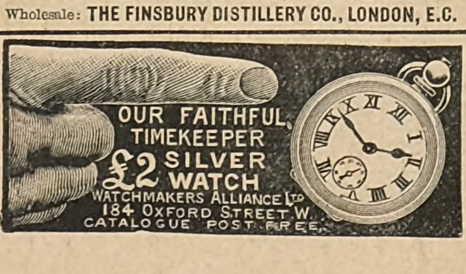

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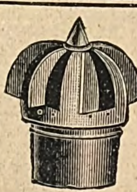

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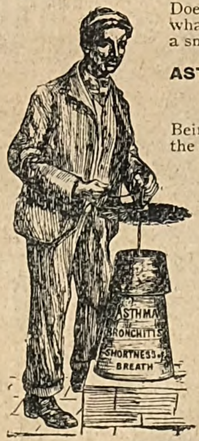

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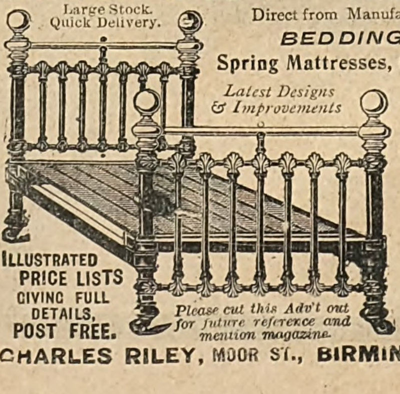

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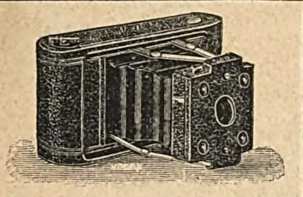

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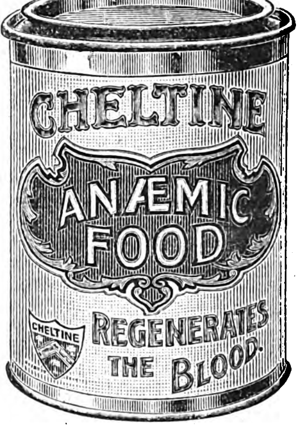

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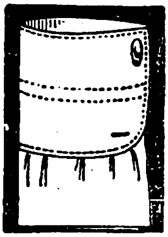

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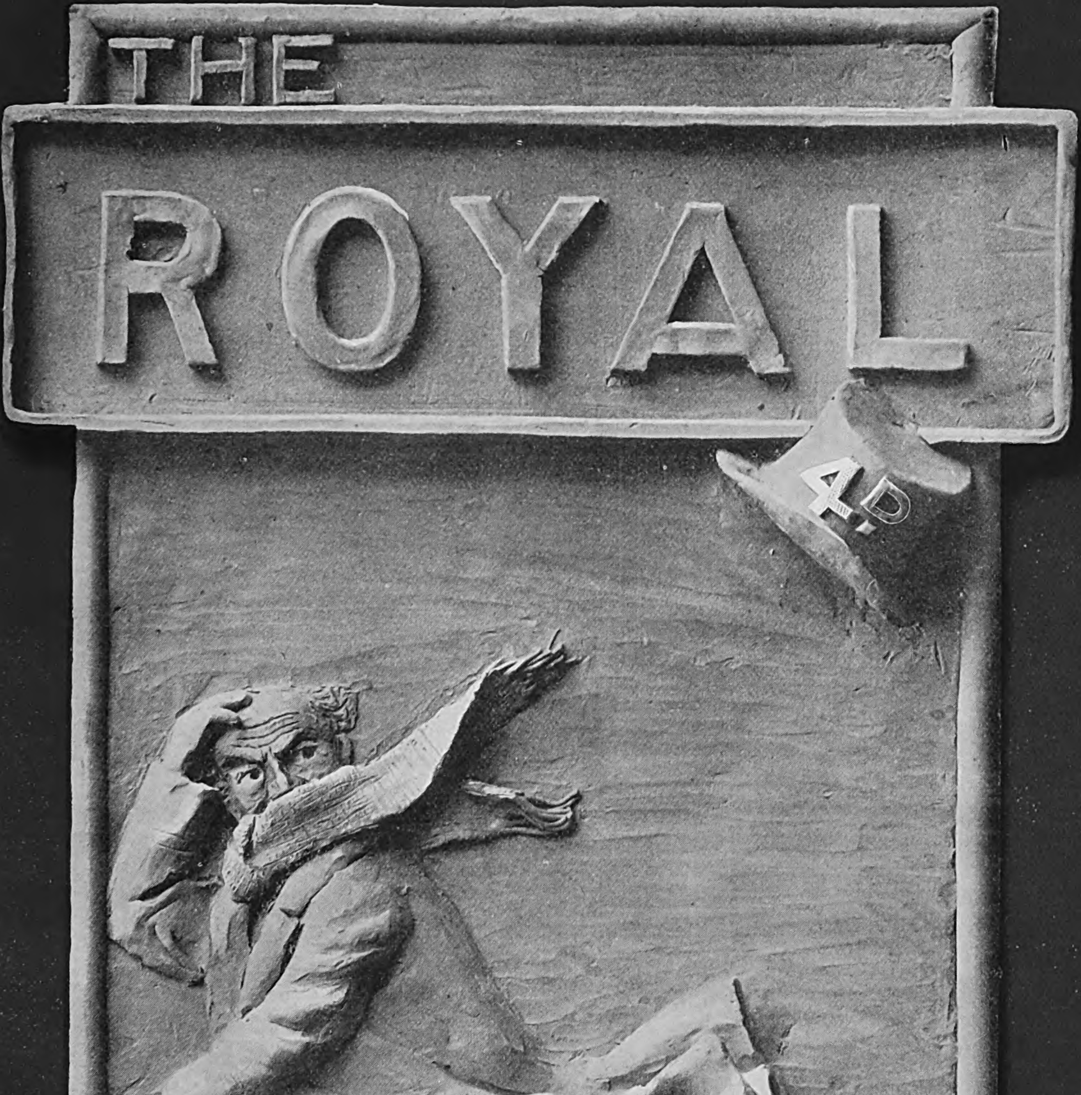
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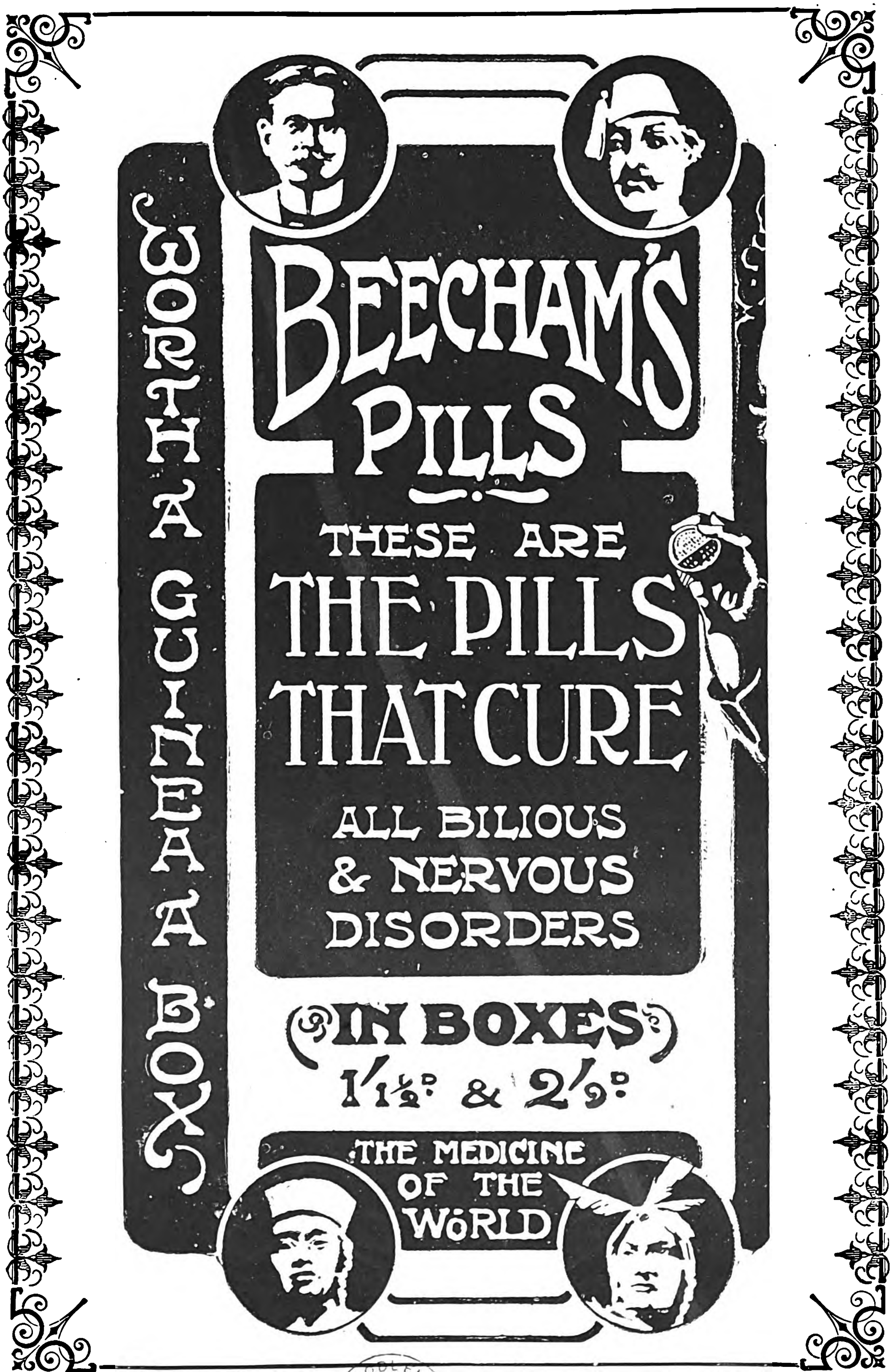

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THE PRESENT SYSTEM OF LIVING—partaking of TOO RICH FOODS, as PASTRY, SACCHARINE, and FATTY SUBSTANCES, ALCOHOLIC DRINKS, and an INSUFFICIENT AMOUNT of EXERCISE—frequently deranges the liver. I would advise all bilious people, unless they are careful to keep the liver acting freely, to exercise great care in the use of alcoholic drinks, avoid sugar, and always dilute largely with water. EXPERIENCE shows that porter, mild ales, port wine, dark sherries, sweet champagne, liqueurs, and brandies are all very apt to disagree; while light white wines, and gin or old whisky largely diluted with pure mineral water charged only with natural gas, will be found the least objectionable. ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' is PECULIARLY ADAPTED for any CONSTITUTIONAL WEAKNESS of the LIVER; it possesses the power of reparation when digestion has been disturbed or lost, and places the invalid on the right track to health. A world of woes is avoided by those who keep and use ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.' Therefore NO FAMILY SHOULD EVER BE WITHOUT IT.

INDIGESTION, BILIOUSNESS, SICKNESS, etc.—"I have often thought of writing to tell you what 'FRUIT SALT' has done for me. I used to be a perfect martyr to Indigestion and Biliousness. About six or seven years back my husband suggested I should try 'FRUIT SALT.' I did so, and the result has been marvellous: I never have the terrible pains and sickness I used to have; I can eat almost anything now. I always keep it in the house and recommend it to my friends, as it is such an invaluable pick-me-up if you have a headache or don't feel just right.—Yours truly,

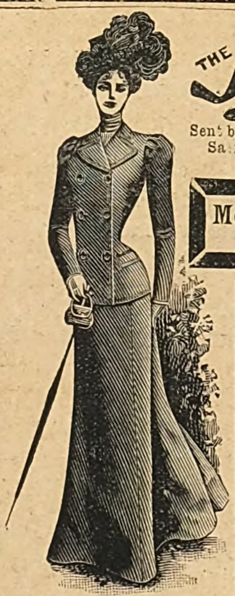
"———— (August 8th, 1900)."

THE WAR.—Extract from a letter received from a Corporal, 1st Rifle Brigade, Vaal Krantz Hill, Natal: "I am pleased to be able to tell you I am in excellent health, owing, I believe, to my taking ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT,' which I was able to buy some time back. It is very dear here, but I think the money well spent."—February 13th, 1900.

The effect of ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' on a DISORDERED, SLEEPLESS, or FEVERISH condition is SIMPLY MARVELLOUS. It is, in fact, NATURE'S OWN REMEDY, and an UNSURPASSED ONE.

CAUTION.—*See Capsule marked ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.' Without it you have a WORTHLESS imitation.*

Prepared only by J. C. ENO, Ltd., 'FRUIT SALT' WORKS, London, S.E., by J. C. ENO'S Patent.



THE John Noble Costumes AND Mantles.

Sent by Parcels Post, without delay. Satisfaction given, or money refunded.

Mourning Orders
Sent off in 12 Hours.

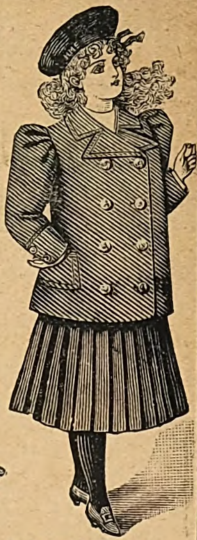
Patterns Sent Post Free . . . of COSTUME COATING and CHEVIOT SERGE, the two good durable Cloths in which these Costumes are made.

A FULL DRESS LENGTH of either cloth (6yds, 52in. wide) for **7/6**; carriage 8d.

Colours: Black, Navy, Brown, Myrtle, Fawn, Grey, and Royal Blue.

Sizes in Stock of Ladies' Costumes are 34, 36, 38 inches round bust (under arms); Waists, 24, 26, and 28ins.; Skirts being 38, 40, and 42ins. long in front. Any other size made to measure for 12/6.

MODEL 313.
Tailor-designed REEFER COAT and Full-Wide SKIRT, in Cheviot Serge or Costume Coating. Price only **10/6** complete Costume; carriage 6d.; the Skirt alone for **5/6**; carriage 5d. Complete Costume in Fine Wool Serge, price **21/-**; carriage free. Handsome TOQUE, as sketch, **8/11**; carriage 6d.



A CAPITAL OUTFIT FOR GIRLS.
MODEL 1014. ☛
Smart FROCK, kilted Skirt attached to Bodice of same material and a smart REEFER COAT, lined through and finished gilt buttons. A splendid outfit, while the Frock alone can be worn for school or house. The Jacket, too, looks well with any other frock. In Black and Navy only.

Lengths and Prices—
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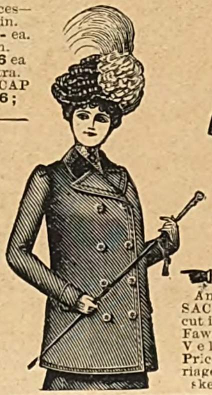
9/- 10/- 11/- ea.
30in. 33in. 36in.
12/6 14/- 15/6 ea
Postage, 6d. extra.
MAN-O'-WAR CAP (as sketch), **1/6**; carriage 4d.



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An exceptionally well-made SAC COAT, 30in. long, smartly cut in good wearing Cloth of Fawn or Black. Velvet Collar. Price only **8/6**; carriage 6d. Pretty TOQUE (as sketch), **6/11**; carriage 6d.

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Now drawing to a close.
Thousands of Genuine Bargains in all Departments. Catalogues sent Free. ARTISTIC SOUVENIRS PRESENTED TO ALL CUSTOMERS. Please name ROYAL MAGAZINE when writing.

JOHN NOBLE LTD.
No. 44, Brook Street Mills, MANCHESTER.

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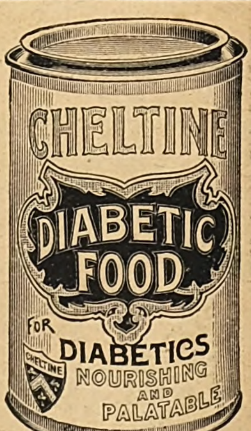
Cheltine
DIABETIC FOOD



Palatable and Nourishing.

Hitherto the great objection to all Diabetic preparations has been their extremely **unpalatable nature.** The CHELTINE DIABETIC FOOD and CHELTINE DIABETIC BISCUITS are thoroughly pleasant to the taste. Another strong claim which CHELTINE has on the Diabetic patient is that the food is extremely nourishing, and not like many other so-called Diabetic FOODS, in which there is no nourishment, and which gradually starve the patient.

CHELTINE DIABETIC FOOD can be taken in many ways, such as with Soups, Jellies, Puddings, Creams, Ices, Gruel, &c., thus affording the sufferer constant variety, and relief from the usual monotony of Diabetic diet.

PRICES—Cheltine Diabetic Food, 2/6 per Tin. | Cheltine Diabetic Biscuits, 2/- per Box.

OF ALL CHEMISTS.

Free Sample sent on receipt of 3d. to defray Postage.

Address—***THE MANAGER (Dept. A.), Cheltine Works, CHELTENHAM.***

SEE SPECIAL OFFER AT FOOT OF PAGE.

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FOR THE HAIR

UNDER ROYAL PATRONAGE.

Eradicates Scurf and Dandriff.

* * * *

Prevents Hair Falling and Turning Grey.

* *

Promotes Growth.

* *

Contains no Dye.

* * *

Is delightfully Cooling, Refreshing, and Invigorating.

* * * * *

Keeps the Hair Soft and Pliant, and imparts to it the Lustre and Freshness of Youth.

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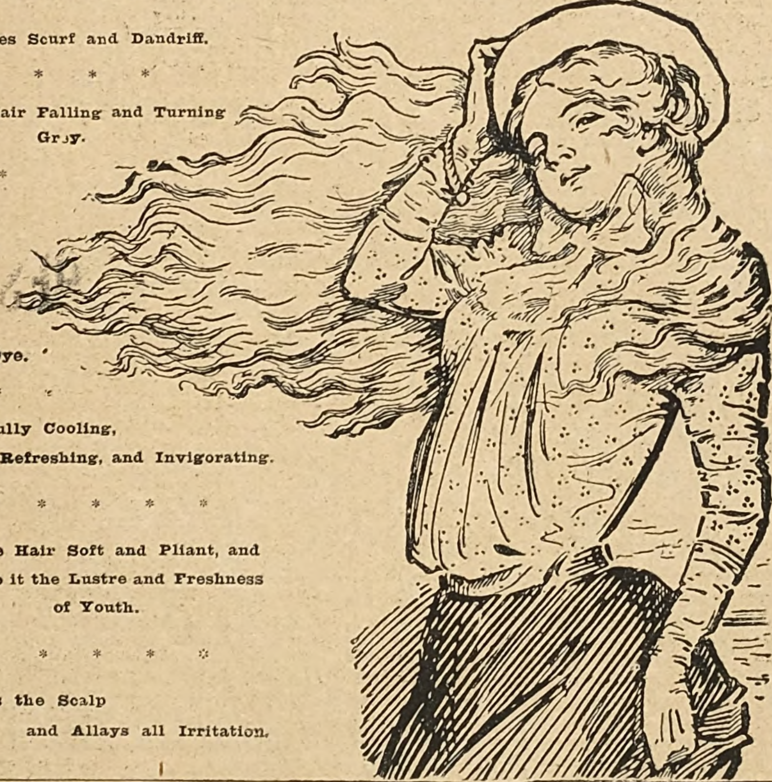
Cleanses the Scalp and Allays all Irritation.



KOKO FOR THE HAIR

KOKO FOR THE HAIR

SPECIAL OFFER to those who have not yet tried **KOKO.**

A 4/6 Trial Bottle for 2/-

No U2 COUPON DATED Mch. 1/01

This entitles the Holder to a 4/6 Bottle on the conditions stated above.

Koko Maricopas Co Limited

Any person forwarding this Coupon and P.O. for Two Shillings, and Four Stamps to pay postage, packing, &c., will receive immediately for trial, by Parcel Post, under cover, prepaid, **One Regular 12-oz. Bottle of Koko for the Hair,** the price of which is **4/6,** provided it is ordered within **ten days from the date of this offer.** In no case will more than one bottle be sent for the use of the same person on this Coupon, as we make the offer solely for trial, knowing it creates a demand when once used; and this large bottle gives it a fair trial. We find it better to thus practically **give away** one bottle to make a customer than to spend large amounts in advertising. **Any person into whose hands this offer comes may avail themselves of it.** Address all Orders with Coupons to—

THE KOKO-MARICOPAS CO. LTD., 16, Bevis Marks, London.

Orders may be sent with this Coupon after the expiration of date, providing we are then issuing these trial bottle Coupons; and if we are not, the money will be returned. This Coupon will be received at 16, BEVIS MARKS, E.C., or 113, REGENT STREET, W., and **2/-** only will be required when presented personally. Koko is sold by all Chemists, Stores, &c., at **2/6** and **4/6** per bottle. For the sake of extra profit you may be asked to try some other Hair preparation instead. In justice to yourself and to us, kindly insist on having KOKO.

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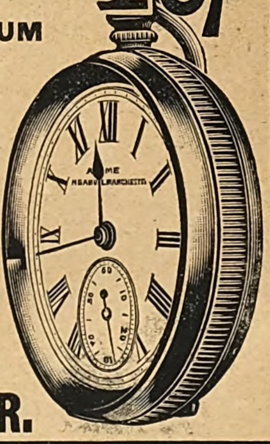

H. SAMUEL'S "ACME" PATENT LEVER WATCH

has a solid sterling silver case, with dust and damp tight cap, and with **H. Samuel's** Improvements protected by **Royal Letters** Patent. It is simply an absolutely accurate timekeeper, and will last you a lifetime. It is the cheapest Watch ever offered. Send P.O.O. for **25/-** and the **"Acme,"** with a **5 years' warranty,** will be sent you per return.

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R. D. & J. B. Fraser, Princes St., Ipswich (Estd. 1833), buy old false teeth. If you send your teeth to them they will remit you by return of post the utmost value; or if preferred, they will make you the best offer, and hold the teeth over for your reply. If reference necessary, apply to Messrs. Bacon & Co., Bankers, Ipswich.

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1901 Complete Catalogue, which should be read before buying ANY Cycle; free, from London Depot, 41, Holborn Viaduct; Raleigh Agents in all Towns; or Post Free from
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FOR ARTISTIC HOME DECORATION.

White, Cream, Ecru and 12 Art Shades. CURTAINS, frilled two sides and bottom, 3yds. long, 56in. wide 6/9 per pair; 3½yds., 7/9 per pair. *May also be had by the yard, 56in wide, frilled both sides,* 11½d. *per yard.* Sample Book of Plain and Fancy Muslins sent on approval. ROLLER BLINDS, edged with Lace or Fringe, from 4/- each. Samples of Materials on approval. ROMAN CARPETS, TAPESTRIES, CRETONNES, FANCY VELVETS, ART SILKS, ART LINENS, PLUSHETTES, ART SERGES, &c. Patterns on approval. Table Covers, Cushion Squares, Mantel Borders. Picture Book of Lace Curtains, Roller Blinds, Heavy Curtains, Carpets, Rugs, Mats, Stair Pads, Linoleum, Cork Carpet, &c., Post Free. Lace and Muslin Curtains cleaned equal to new.

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Direct from the Warehouse. Marvellous Value. An entirely new Seamless and Reversible Carpet. May be had in Moss-Green, Terra Cotta, Art Blue, and Crimson. It is the most durable carpet made, and will wear for years when subjected to the hardest wear. 6ft. by 9ft., 9/-; 7½ft. by 9ft., 11/3; 9ft. by 9ft., 13/6; 10½ft. by 9ft., 15/9; 12ft. by 9ft., 18/-; 13½ft. by 9ft., 20/3; 10½ft. by 10½ft., 18/6; 12ft. by 10½ft., 21/6; 13½ft. by 10½ft., 23/9; 12ft. by 12ft., 24/-; 13½ft. by 12ft., 27/-; 15ft. by 12ft., 30/-; 18ft. by 12ft., 36/-; 21ft. by 12ft., 42/-. HEARTHRUGS to match, 6ft. by 3ft., 3/- each. GORRINGE ART STAIR CARPET to match, 18in. wide, 10½d.; 22in., 1/0½; 27in., 1/3 per yard. Plain, 1½d. per yard less. Patterns on approval. Lists Free. Linoleum, Cork Carpet, &c.

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An instant and Permanent Cure. The largest sale in the world. Over **90,000** in use. Delivered, carriage paid, to any address in the United Kingdom on receipt of Postal Order for **12/6**. Printed directions sent with each. Any person can fix it. State inside diameter of chimney-pot. Particulars and Testimonials on application to Sole Maker—

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**FOR INFANTS,
INVALIDS, & THE AGED.**

Sold by Chemists, &c., everywhere.

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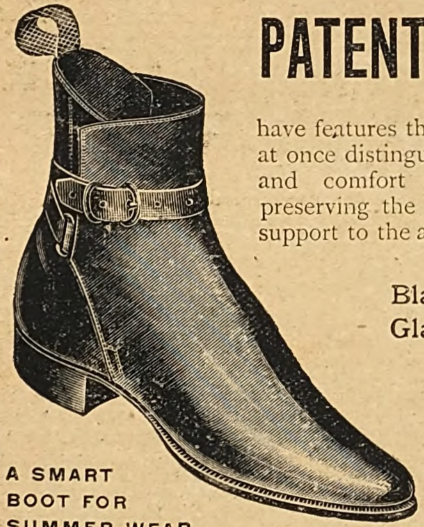
"Sirs,—Please forward to Balmoral Castle one dozen 2/6 Tins of BENGER'S FOOD for H.I.M. THE EMPRESS OF RUSSIA, addressed to Miss Coster. We have received the box ordered from Peterhoff.

"Yours truly,
"F. COSTER."



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have features that are quite distinct. Their design and finish at once distinguish them from the ordinary Boot. For ease and comfort in walking, smart appearance in looks, preserving the feet against wet, ease in putting on, giving support to the ankle, they are unsurpassed. No laces, simply fastened by a strap.

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BOOT FOR
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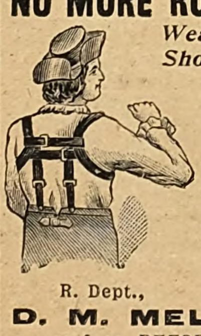

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Send chest measurement right round under arms) and amount in postal order, and we will send them post paid.

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Is simply delicious. The more you eat the more you want, suits the taste of everyone. SPLENDID FOR A COLD. A large Sample Packet sent Post Free, 7½d. Bazaar enquiries solicited. *Sold everywhere at 8d. per lb.*

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WHY is it generally thought that there is no cure for Asthma, **Chronic Bronchitis,** Shortness of Breath, BLOOD SPITTING, &c.?

BECAUSE the usual treatments only confine themselves to combating single symptoms instead of attacking the root of the disease.

BE SURE THERE IS ONE

ABSOLUTE LASTING CURE.

Sufferers will receive, Post Free, FREE of CHARGE, particulars of the famous WEIDHAAS HOME TREATMENT, when applying to Paul Weidhaas, Hygienic Institute, 16, T.P., Buckingham Road, Brighton.

Mr. Weidhaas has tried the treatment on himself after having been given up as incurable, and cured himself, and had then practised it for over 19 years in many thousands of Special Cases. Many having suffered for over 40 years have been cured by his treatment (in some instances even at the age of 70 or 80 years), after having been

GIVEN UP AS INCURABLE.

No interference with daily occupation. Send description of complaint, and mention if you suffer from COLD FEET.

Read the following Testimonial, one out of scores received.

Mrs. E. W. (From a Photo.)

Bronchial and Cardiac Asthma (long years' Standing) Cured.

I have suffered from a weak chest from a child, and when about 18 years of age had a severe attack of bronchitis; and ever since I have been subject to attacks (I am now 54). About nine or ten years ago it turned to asthma, and during the last few years my sufferings have been most painful. I could not lie down when I went to bed through my difficult breathing, wheezing, and fighting for breath. My heart got so weak, and in the summer of 1897 the attacks came on so suddenly, and about every week or ten days I had to be in my bedroom suffering agony. In August I began the treatment, with the result that I am now a new woman. The asthma has gone; my heart is stronger, I have lost those heavy, stuffy feelings after meals, and can walk two and a half hours at a stretch with less fatigue than I could have walked a quarter of an hour before the treatment. I feel now I should like everyone to know that they can be cured of asthma, although three doctors told me there was no cure for it; and your fee is so reasonable. Mrs. E. W., Lower Sydenham.

(Full name and address on application.)

The Director is prepared to pay

☛ **£1,000** ☚

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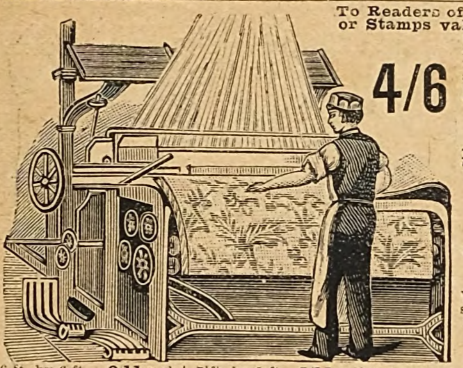

4/6

To Readers of the "Royal Magazine," 1/3/1901, on receipt of Postal Order or Stamps value 4/6 (Regd.), we will send you the **Largest Genuine Reversible Carpet in Brussels Finish, with Rug,** ever sold at the Price direct from the Looms to any address on receipt of amount. Suitable for drawing room, dining room, bedroom, &c., bordered and woven in Brussels Patterns, as an advertisement for our goods, thus saving any middle profit. Remember these are woven, and are made of a material almost equal to wool. **Thousands of these Carpets have been already sold at double these prices.** *Cut this out.*

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Illustrated Bargain Catalogue of Carpets, Hearthrugs, Table Linen, Curtains, &c., post free if, when writing, you mention the "Royal Magazine," 1/3/1901.

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Admittedly the Marvel of the Age.

Woven and Reversible, rich Brussels and Turkey patterns and Colourings, superior quality, with handsome border to match. A Marvel of Excellence and Beauty. These Carpets are superb imitations of Real Brussels, and, except by the closest scrutiny, the difference cannot be detected.

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6 ft. by 7½ft....	**3/11** ,,	9 ft. by 9 ft....	**7/6** ,,	10½ft. by 12 ft. ...	**11/6** ,,	12 ft. by 13½ft. ...	**14/6** ,,	12 ft. by 21 ft. ...	**22/6** ,,
6 ft. by 9 ft....	**4/9** ,,	9 ft. by 10½ft.	**8/6** ,,	9 ft. by 15 ft. ...	**12/6** ,,	12 ft. by 15 ft. ...	**15/9** ,,		

When ordering, please mention if for Bed, Dining, Drawing, or Sitting Room, and any particular colour preferred.

A Reversible Brusselette Hearthrug (Regd.) to match above Carpets, sent for 1/6 extra, size 2yds. long and 1yd. wide. **SPECIAL OFFER.**—3 Hearthrugs for **4/3**, or 6 for **8/-**. Sterling Value.

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ADMITTEDLY THE CHEAPEST IN THE WORLD. Woven without seam. Altogether superior quality, with handsome border to correspond. A marvel for excellence and beauty. Thousands of repeat orders and testimonials received, giving the highest satisfaction. When ordering, please mention if for Bed, Dining, Drawing, or Sitting Room, and any particular colour preferred.

6ft. by 6 ft. ...	4/11	REDUCED SALE PRICES.	9 ft. by 13½ft. ...	16/6
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9ft. by 12 ft. ...	10/6		12 ft. by 13½ft. ...	22/-
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A "Queen's Royal" Hearthrug, to match, size 6ft. by 3ft., price 2/-. Special Offer—3 for 5/9, or 6 for 11/3. Cheques and P.O.'s payable to—

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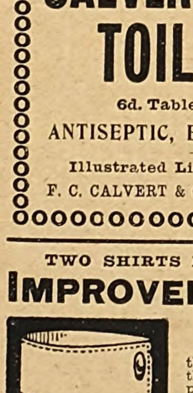

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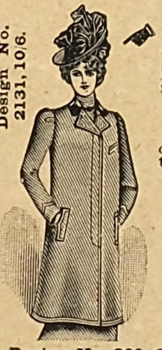

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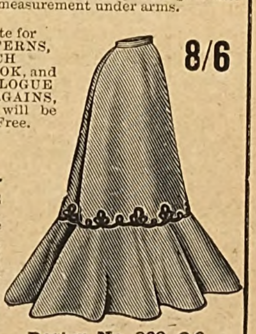

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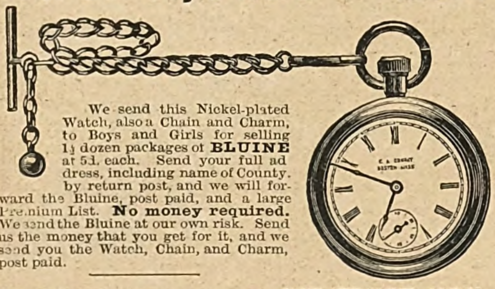

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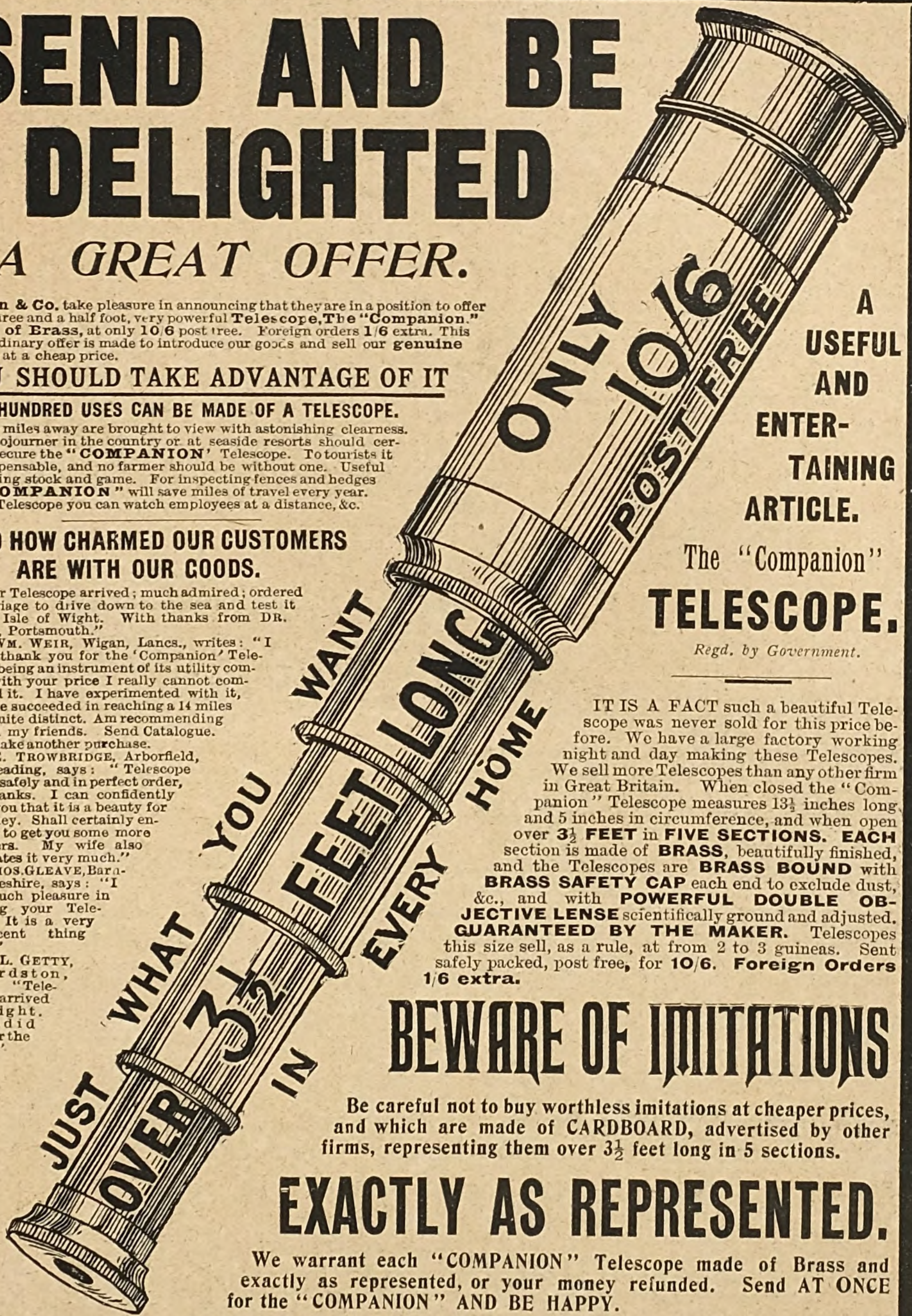

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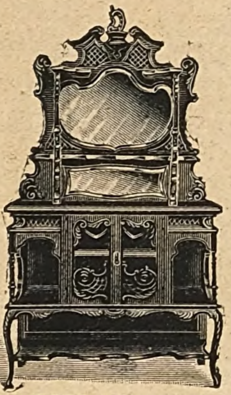

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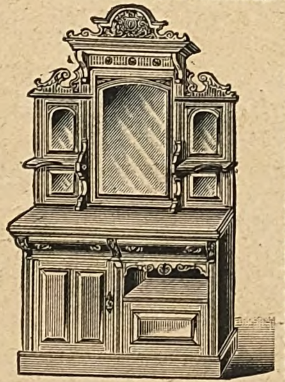

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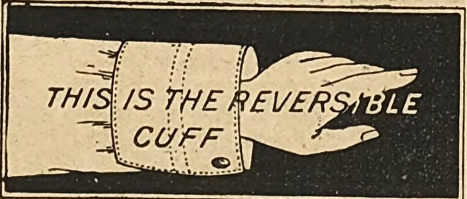
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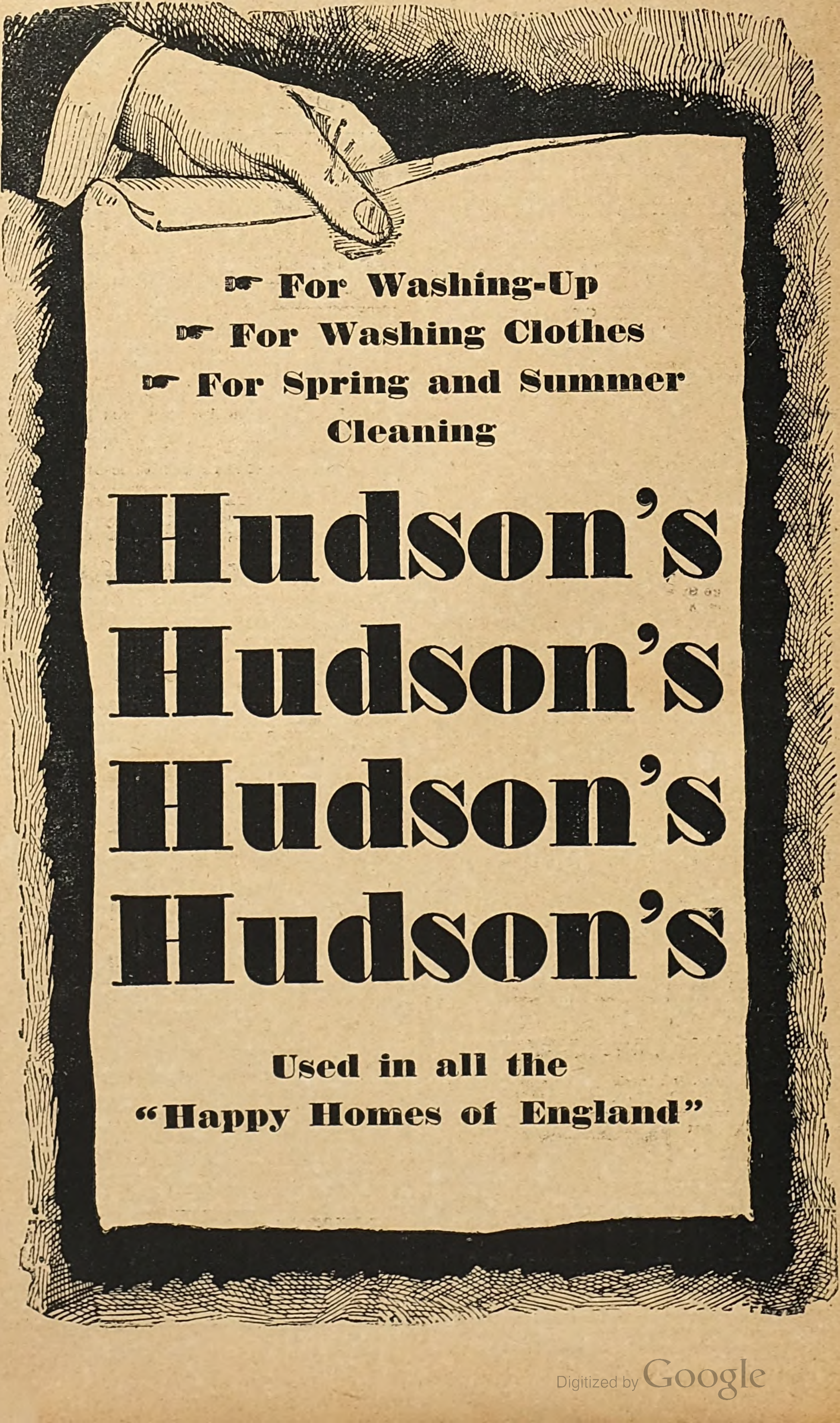

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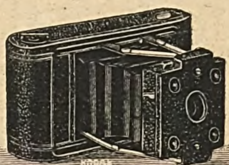

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THE ROYAL MAGAZINE.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

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The Editor will always be ready to consider contributions, whether literary or pictorial, and, where stamps are enclosed, will make every endeavour to ensure their safe return in the event of their proving unsuitable, although he cannot hold himself responsible for any MSS. or drawings or photographs sent on approval.

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Photo by London Stereoscopic Co.

THE ART OF THE CAMERA

BY RODERICK GREY.

The Spread of Photography. I WAS asked the other day, in perfect seriousness, if I had any idea as to how many amateur photographers there were in Great Britain. I sought refuge in round figures and said "a million," adding that I had not the slightest authority for my figures.

Not but what the question is full of interest. For of a surety no hobby has ever developed so rapidly and to such huge dimensions as has amateur photography. Fifteen years ago—I might almost say ten years ago—there were certainly amateur photographers, but as compared with to-day, very few.

With the advent of the hand camera there came a change o'er the spirit of the times. People who found it difficult or tedious to carry a stand camera with its various accessories, including an equipment—a decidedly heavy appendage—of glass plates, seized upon the light hand camera with eagerness. The disadvantages of bulk and weight had been overcome. The nuisance of setting up a tripod and focussing had disappeared. A snapshot had become the matter of a mere moment and could be achieved even in a crowded thoroughfare without attracting attention.

The Hand Camera. THE revolution—for it was little else than a revolution unless it were a revelation—following upon the introduction of the hand camera, must have astonished the most sanguine of those interested in its success.

With a vast crowd of people, photography ceased to be a mysterious and scientific pursuit, and became a fascinating hobby. I don't think myself that it has ever descended to anything less than that.

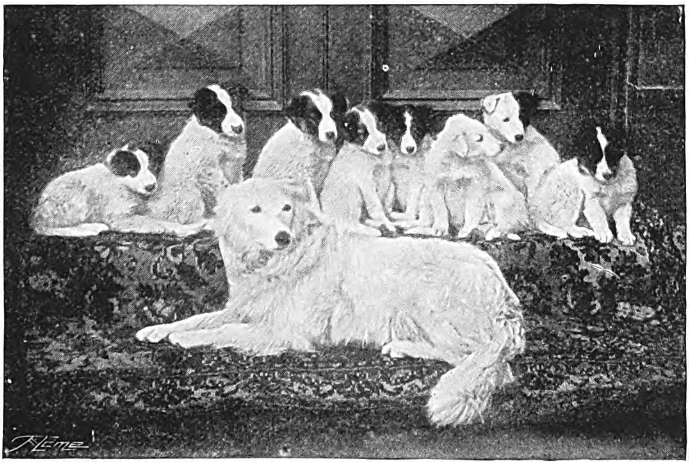
Photo by Slater, Llandudno.

A Well-behaved Family.

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Vol. V.—March, 1901.—No. 29.

The camera has not yet, and I, for my part, am inclined to believe never will, become a mere toy.

Photo by F. Ollo.

The Apple-woman.

The little Brownie five shilling camera might perhaps in a sense be called that, and yet I doubt if a really efficient camera sold for half a crown could be regarded as a toy.

After all it is not difficult to see why this should be. However cheap a camera may be it always offers, if there are any possibilities at all about it, a big margin for skill and care and artistic judgment.

I have seen really excellent little pictures taken with one of those five shilling cameras—far better pictures indeed than some I have seen taken with a five-guinea camera.

There are some amateur photographers—I might perhaps term professional amateurs—who probably know ten times more about photography than I do, who decry the hand camera. They claim that you cannot choose your subject with such artistic exactitude and taste as with a stand camera. They declare that you are apt to waste plates on worthless subjects, and finally contend that inasmuch as you have to use very rapid plates, you cannot get good negatives.

The Amateur Amateur.

Now I am not prepared to admit even from their standpoint the accuracy of these objections to the hand camera. From the point of view of the common or garden amateur—the amateur amateur in fact—who looks upon his or her camera as either a substitute for a sketch book or an amusement for a very small amount of spare time, such objections have no application whatsoever.

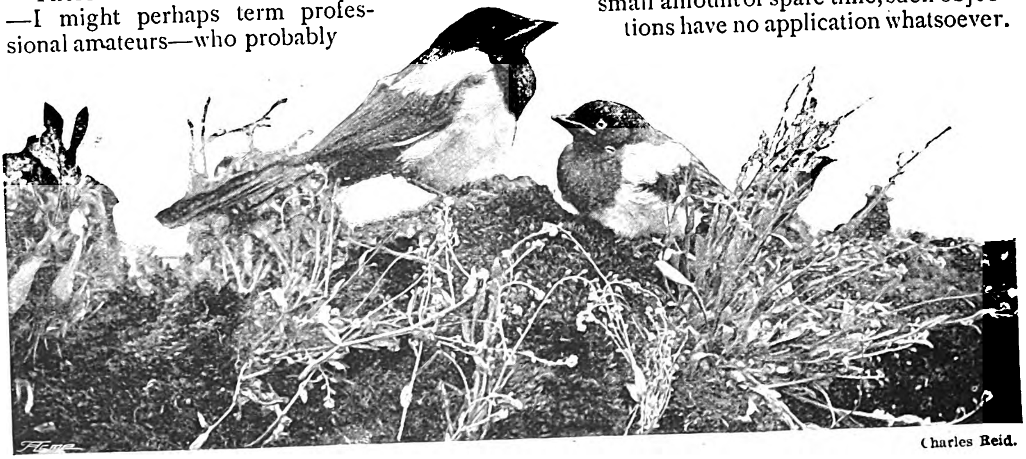


Photo by Charles Reid.

Twa Leetle Birdies.

There are, proportionately, very few amateurs with the time and the natural ability to attempt a serious rivalry in the matter of excellence with professional photographers. I do not for one moment imagine that I count any such individuals—whose skill I envy—amongst my many readers. Not that I think my readers are duffers, for I have from time to time had excellent specimens of their work sent to me. They simply regard, I fancy, photography as an amusement rather than an art, though they are quite ready to admit that for those who wish to treat it as such, it is an art. They take a camera with them on their trips abroad, and if they prefer their own various snapshots of scenes—of which they could buy cheaply excellent specimens done by professionals—it is because each snap-shot represents the scene exactly from the point of view from which they themselves saw it. I know, for I have found it so myself, and the album where I keep my prints is to me what a sketch-book is to an artist or a note-book to a writer.

Photo by Madame Lallie-Charles.

"Cross my hand with silver, kind gentleman."

Not a Society Craze.

Nor do I for one moment believe that to such folk photography is going to prove a mere transitory craze. Amongst Society with a very big "S." bicycling came with a rush, stayed for a day, and disappeared. For one brief season crowds cycled up and down the roadway in Hyde Park near the Serpentine or in Battersea Park. The crowds during last season were remarkable for their absence.

Croquet has been a craze. It has re-appeared I believe in a milder form.

Lawn tennis was once an absorbing craze. Golf is a craze still. But to my mind photography has just that foundation of solidity and seriousness, that element of art and interest which will keep it alive until—well, until some substitute having a similar but better result is discovered.

As a matter of fact this last remark is a contradiction in terms. What I really mean is that nothing but an improved method of photography will oust photography. When

Photo by John H. Coath.

A Happy Trio.

that philosopher's stone of photographers, viz., photographing in colours, is found it will, if it is sufficiently cheap and simple, become everybody's hobby. Until then the hand-camera of to-day with the gradual improvements of to-morrow will hold the field not against but in company with lawn-tennis and croquet and golf—and half a dozen successors to each of them.

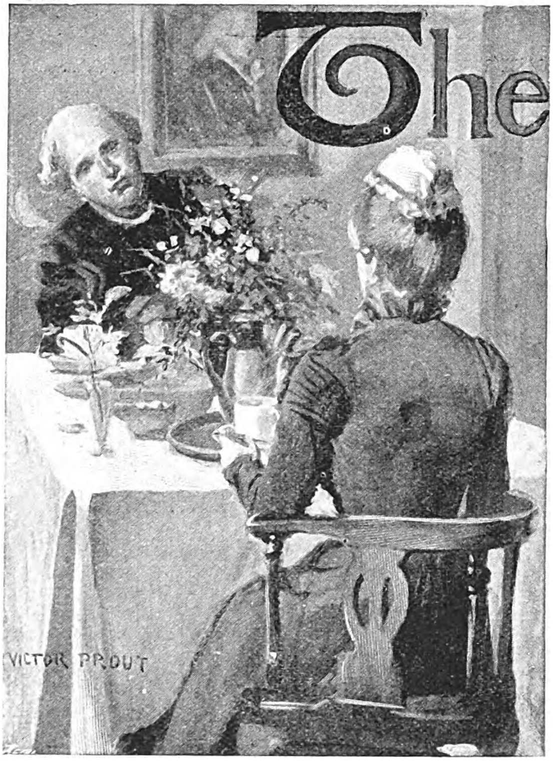
From a Photo.

A Wet Morning.

Washing.

I GENERALLY find that it is the least interesting portions of the various processes that are necessary to the completion of a photograph that become the most important, chiefly by reason of their being too often neglected. They are neglected, I presume, because they are comparatively uninteresting. The proper washing of films or plates and prints is a case in point. There are ways and ways of washing, and let me at once say that thorough washing is not necessarily to be measured by the amount of water consumed. The most efficient way to wash and the simplest is to have two basins. From basin to basin transfer the prints, filling up each time with clean water until not a trace of hypo is left.

Another rapid method is to place the negative face downwards in a full basin having a plug. Take out the plug, turn on the tap. The suction of the water down the plug-hole tends capitally to remove the hypo as rapidly as can be done,



The Curate of Gwennas Cove.

By Edward Tebbutt.

"Yes," repeated the Rev. Stephen Cuthbert, as he assisted himself to a second rasher of bacon, and beamed over the flower-stand at his silver-haired wife, "I certainly admit to a decided predilection in favour of Mr. Bourne, and, from what I have already seen of him, I feel quite satisfied that we shall work together in perfect unison, and that our association will not be marred by the—er—somewhat unpleasant occurrences which characterised the brief stay of Mr. Hollin-Smith."

"I'm sure I hope so—I mean, I hope not," returned Mrs. Cuthbert, "though I shall always assert, Stephen, that Denise was more to blame than he."

"Nonsense, my dear, nonsense, Denise is an heiress, and Hollin-Smith had no right to make his suit so unbecomingly conspicuous. The natural conclusion arrived at by the entire village was that, to use a vulgar phrase, he was after her money."

"So he was," declared Mrs. Cuthbert placidly.

"Of course he was," agreed the rector, "but he showed very poor diplomacy in advertising the fact. His really indecent haste in proposing to her, led one to assume that he had made inquiries concerning the eligible girls even before he accepted the position of curate here."

"Well," sighed Mrs. Cuthbert, "I hope Mr. Bourne will prove more sensible, that's all. He looks a very agreeable young man, though, and Denise is sure to attract him. She always does," and the good lady glanced with pathetic resignation at the photo of a girl in evening dress, who smiled in inviting fashion from beneath the shining mirror.

Meanwhile, the Rev. Derek Bourne, the new curate of Gwennas Cove, was leisurely shaving himself in a small bedroom over-looking the shingled, rugged beach, and was examining his own clean-cut features with every sign of tolerant complaisance. He was a young man who, in his time, had been designed for every available profession, but, owing to a lamentable distaste for regular study, had finally drifted into the Church.

The Church, however, suited him very well indeed. The prospect itself had afforded him a legitimate excuse for the perpetration of a series of wild excesses at Oxford, and had permitted him ample leisure in which to indulge in the many and varied sports at which he was worthily considered an adept.

He had won his "blue" at Rugger and cricket, and was undoubtedly the finest exponent of weight-putting that either 'varsity could produce. He had come to Merton as Holder of the Public Schools Boxing Championship, and had fully maintained his reputation in this respect on the sundry occasions when prowess of a pugilistic nature was demanded in the peaceful streets of Oxford.

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Gwennas Cove was a small Devonshire village of romantic and picturesque surrounding, and was much affected by individuals who purported to be artists, and by young ladies, discreetly chaperoned, who were supposed to be engaged in the production of serious literary work, and in the absorption of local colour. They resided, these artistic dilettantes, in small and uncomfortable cottages perched in all sorts of inconvenient positions, and it was their custom to discuss their "work" with much enthusiasm and gusto.

The life and soul of this interesting colony was undoubtedly Miss Denise Carnegie, who rejoiced in the pen-name of Cyril Arkendale, and was suspected of having contributed at least two short stories to a high-class magazine for ladies only. Denise was a source of perpetual wonder to her friends, and a source of unalloyed delight to herself. She was an orphan, and counted among her worldly possessions a rugged Scottish castle in the romantic district of Killiecrankie, rendered tolerable by a rent-roll of most wonderful and fearsome proportions.

For some months after ostentatiously attaining her majority, it had seemed good to her to live in old-day state at Scarrion Castle, and to enact the *rôle* of lady-of-the-manor after the fashion prescribed by tradition. Then, she grew weary of bestowing flannel petticoats on rheumatic old ladies, and of participating in family grievances all pitched in the same exaggerated key, so under the moral supervision of a humble and obedient aunt, she "did" the Continent and found it rather slow. In Paris or Berlin or somewhere like that, she made the acquaintance of a lady journalist, who imbued in her responsive soul the fascinations of a literary career.

Wherefore was the lady journalist promptly annexed as confidential companion, and with the long-suffering aunt, they settled in Bohemian quarters in Gwennas Cove, to collaborate in the production of an immortal novel, with an eye to subsequent dramatisation. The lady journalist was young and attractive, and knew her way about fairly well. So the pair of them wrought great havoc in the quiet Devonshire settlement, and the Rev. Stephen Cuthbert had found it necessary to replenish his stock of curates seven times in the comparatively short period of six months.

At the precise moment when the Rev. Derek Bourne was attending to his matutinal toilet, the collaborators were busy collaborating.

"I say, Denise," remarked Miss Gwendolyn Sindall, "the new curate turned up last night."

"Did he?" said Denise absently. She was, at the moment, engaged in coining a sparkling epigram in connection with the immortal novel, and was undecided as to the usual method of spelling "supposititious."

"He's awfully good looking," continued Gwendolyn——Gwendolyn, by the way, was the lady journalist, and her immediate duties lay in the superintendence of important culinary operations, in which the boiling of a tea kettle and the heating of a pair of curling tongs bore prominent feature. She had blue eyes and glorious auburn tresses, and her general appearance was one of unspeakable innocence. She was bright and cheery, and in her time was said to have refused two rising editors and an advertisement manager.

"What's his name?" queried Denise.

"Bourne—Derek Bourne. Merton man and a Rugger blue."

"What a jolly name," cried Denise, swinging round on the music-stool as though endowed with sudden inspiration, "I vote we call our hero Derek, what do you say, Gwen? We can soon alter it in the MS., you know."

"No, Dennie!"—Gwendolyn was the personification of feminine immutability—"We've altered it nine times already, and we promised we'd let it go at Granville. Besides, Mr. Bourne would think we did it on purpose, and, being a parson, he might object to seeing his name on a play-bill."

"I wonder," said Denise deliberately, "which of us he will propose to first." I merely insert this callous remark as an index to the awful condition of Miss Carnegie's perverted temperament.

Unconscious of the interest which his advent had already occasioned, the Rev. Derek Bourne, having breakfasted in liberal and leisurely fashion, strolled round to the rectory to better his acquaintance with Mr. and Mrs. Cuthbert, and to gather some details concerning the individuals over whom he had assumed the position of spiritual pastor.

As he entered the rectory gardens, he found the Rev. Stephen Cuthbert preparing for a tour among his parishoners, and readily fell in with the suggestion that he himself should accompany him. So, together, they turned their steps to a coiling, sloping lane, which led to the erratic cottages wherein the artistic colony found refuge.

"Er—by the way, Bourne," remarked Mr.

for himself a pedestal at which she might later kneel. In short, he enacted the mountain to her Mahomet!

Just at the moment when his tactics were becoming interesting, a new artist took up his quarters in Gwennas Cove, and, in him, Derek Bourne perceived a somewhat dangerous rival. The artist was of Irish persuasion, his handsome face crowned with a mass of tawny hair, and he laid siege to Denise's heart with all the glowing impetuosity of his race. *He* was an impecunious artist with a career ahead of him . . . *She* was an heiress owning vast possessions. To his delightfully artistic temperament it seemed to appear that they had been specially born for one another. In manners and appearance, this Guy O'Connor was the exact antithesis of Derek Bourne, but he speedily became as popular. For one reason, he was possessed of a very pretty wit, which adapted itself to the taste of his audience in true Irish fashion; for another, his black and white sketches of decadent ladies and impossible men were regularly appearing in a current artistic weekly, and his name was very well known to Gwennas Cove even before his arrival in that hallowed spot—which was seldom the case in regard to other celebrities who visited the colony. So he played the lion with much success, and in the intervals of his roaring, whispered soft nothings to the heartless lassie from Scotland. And Gwennas Cove prophesied a speedy union, and—individually—reckoned the cost of the wedding-present against the degree of intimacy in which the interested parties were held.

The Rev. Derek Bourne lay low, and, like the immortal rabbit, said nuffin'. His attitude towards Denise was precisely as it had been from the start, and only on one occasion had he actually met her alone. It was after a garden-party at the old-day rectory, and at the moment when twilight was fading into night, Bourne strolled along the wave-kissed beach on his way to Gwennas Head.

He was a passionate lover of nature in all her moods, and every evening, he climbed this rugged time-split crag to watch the sun sink red and golden in the West.

Other curates before him had done precisely the same thing, but had mostly taken Denise with them to heighten the effect; indeed, no less than three distinct curates had won Denise for a sister on this self-same Gwennas Head. Bourne was clad in grey flannels, with a straw hat bearing his college colours. His hands were deep in his pockets, and a pipe protruded offensively from the corner of his clean-shaven lips. For the moment, the curate was sunk in the 'varsity athlete . . . and the difference was all in favour of the man.

He reached the topmost rock to find it already occupied—by Denise. That versatile young lady was perpetrating poetry, and had inclined herself to such a degree of sentimentality that had Guy O'Connor been the intruder, he could scarcely have seized upon a more suitable opportunity for the consummation of his enthusiastic suit. Denise heard footsteps behind her, and turning quickly, discovered Derek Bourne. It may be stated to her credit that the probable meeting had been in no measure anticipated by her.

Bourne raised his hat, expressing orthodox surprise at this chance encounter. He seated himself on a boulder opposite the girl, and hitched up his trousers at the knees. For the moment, he seemed uncertain as to the more suitable tactics to pursue.

"Are you on the immortal novel, Miss Carnegie?" he inquired lightly, with a glance at the pencil and note-book.

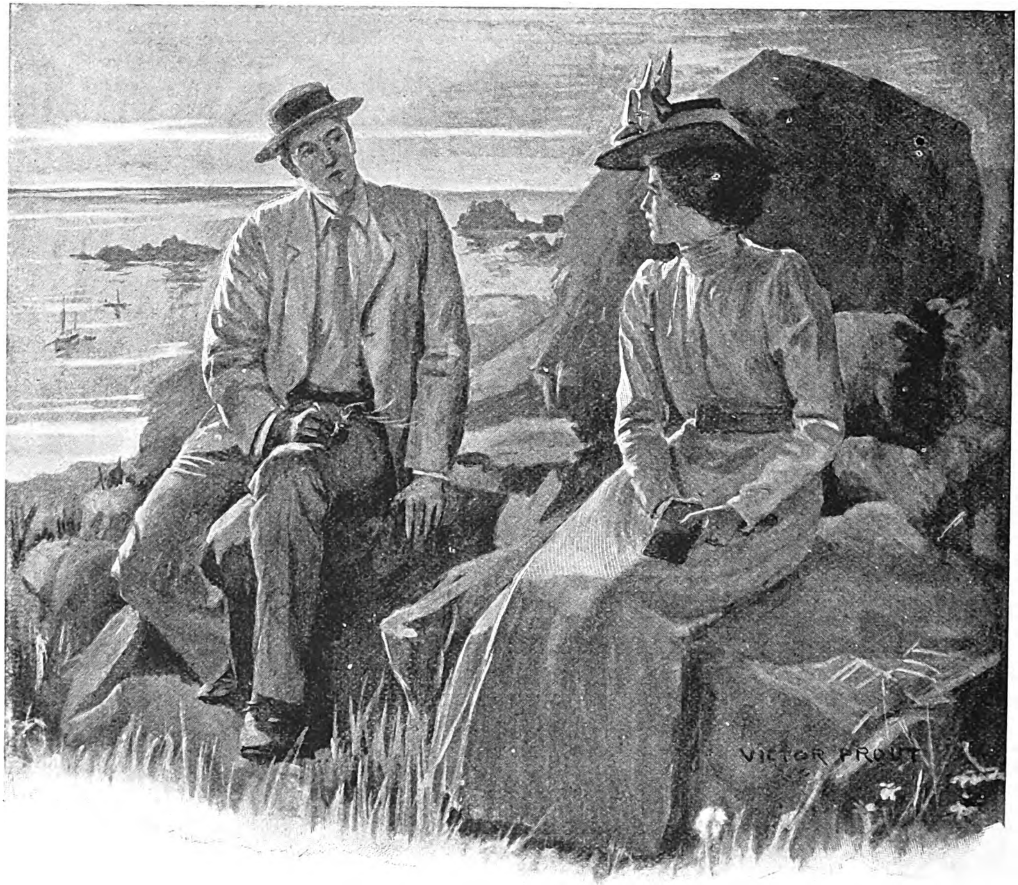
"Oh dear, no," returned Denise, "it's Gwendolyn's chapter just at present. I'm writing an epic!"

Poetry in Gwennas Cove was regarded more or less as a virtue, instead of being held in the just and proper abhorrence characteristic of better regulated classes of the community.

"An epic?" Bourne applied a match to his cold pipe, and its momentary flicker lit up a somewhat cynical smile, "I had no idea that your talents ran in that direction also. Do you know, Miss Carnegie, with all the genius evidenced around me in Gwennas Cove here, I feel decidedly like a fish out of water."

Denise deliberately closed her book, and circled it with an india-rubber band. Then she turned to Bourne. "Mr. Bourne," she said, with heightened colour, "I want to ask you something. Why do you make a point of going out of your way to snub me on every possible occasion? It's hardly gentlemanly on your part, is it?"

As she spoke, Bourne was frankly startled. There was something in her voice that made him wonder if he had been playing a losing game after all, and as the possibility flashed across his mind, something else flashed through his heart . . . the sudden realisation that he loved this girl with a great and overwhelming love, and that to be parted from her would mean something more than



"Why do you make a point of going out of your way to snub me on every possible occasion?"

he dared pause to consider. Upon the instant, he found himself in a dangerous and unexpected position. He removed his pipe from his lips and tapped it lightly against the boulder.

"Do you remember a certain remark that you made on the morning of my arrival?" he inquired slowly.

"No," replied the girl, in somewhat wondering tone, "there was no particular remark that deserved to be remembered, was there?"

"Among other things, you said you hoped that I should stay longer than my predecessors, and that just when you began to like them, they sought fresh spheres of usefulness."

"Well?"

"Well," said Bourne coolly, "I, myself, had no desire to seek—fresh spheres of usefulness."

Denise rose to her feet, and stared at him in her own disdainful fashion.

"Then if I am to draw an inference"—she began.

So far had she got when Guy O'Connor came scrambling over the rocks. To all appearance, he was running races with a terrier of his own nationality, who was also supplying the orchestral part of the entertainment. He pulled up short as he reached Bourne and Denise, explaining that he had no idea they were there. He said that he had come to see the moon rise. Denise laughed rather ostentatiously.

"You are just in time to escort me home, Guy," she observed.

The artist was immediately transported to a very valhalla of delight. It was the first time that she had ever called him Guy—in public. On the way home, he proposed for the seventh time!

After this encounter, the relations between Bourne and the heiress were even more strained than before, in spite of the fact that Denise was doing her utmost to bring him to her feet. Of the other men in the place she was utterly weary . . . even Guy O'Connor was, in reality, but barely tolerated.

This self-possessed curate who, in mental and physical gifts, stood a head and shoulders above the Bohemian poseurs of the colony, seemed a man apart from the rest of them; insensibly, she was drawn towards him in all her thoughts and dreams; it had needed the happening of some psychological event to unbar the very flood-gates of her love—facts which prove that the Rev. Derek Bourne had played his hand in unusually masterly fashion.

The psychological event took place one evening in September. Bourne had been rambling into the heart of Devonshire, and returning home, encountered the Swancote Hill. Swancote Hill is an incline of that description which seems to have been specially designed for the confounding of reckless cyclists. It leads off with a gentle, alluring slope, and ends up in a sheer drop after the manner of a young precipice.

Between the slope and the precipice, are a couple of right-angled corners, nicely banked up with solid rock and surmounting hedges, and practically impossible to turn with any degree of haste. At the crest of the hill is a regular phalanx of warning boards, and at the bottom an unlovely stone obelisk, upon which are engraven the names of those luckless cyclists whom bravado has lured to an early grave. Bourne had scaled the precipice, had passed the bottom corner, and ahead of him was a steep stretch of rutted road, which represented the second step towards destruction.

Suddenly he heard the frantic clanging of a bicycle bell, and round the corner shot a girl on a runaway wheel. She was making vain endeavours to regain her flying pedals, but was nerveless, apparently, to use her brake or to exercise any but the slightest control over her machine. It was Denise—rushing, with little likelihood of salvation, into the broad face of the rock-hewn wall beneath her.

There was one thing to be done, and Bourne did it. He sprang to the centre of the roadway and crouched, with set shoulders and muscles, in the path of the oncoming cycle. He smiled grimly to himself as he recalled his old International footer days . . . he had experienced a sensation similar to this when he set his back to the English goal line, and stood ready and hard for the Irish giant who tore down on him mad with the lust of victory. But on that occasion the yell of ten thousand throats had cheered him to stand firm and strong—and now there was only silence. He kept his nerve to the end. As the bicycle, with its tornado of dust, was almost on the top of him, he extended his arms and gripped the handle bars on either side . . . with a slight jerk he sent Denise flying head foremost into the bracken and heather of the roadside.

For his own part, the remainder was oblivion. With hands split open, a gash across his forehead, and every bone and muscle bruised and strained in utter helplessness, he was hurled some twenty yards down the road, with the twisted mass of steel dragging around him.

For some moments he lay as he had fallen, blind and dazed, yet semi-conscious.

Then Guy O'Connor came speeding over the slope, and pausing for a moment by the side of Denise, turned to where Bourne was lying. He carefully drew the battered cycle away, and kneeling on the grass-edge, he lifted Bourne's head from the white macadam dust of the roadway.

"Are you badly hurt, Bourne?" he cried anxiously.

The curate stared up at him, a mist creeping over his eyes.

"Were you with her?" he gasped.

"Yes. I tried to prevent her, Bourne, but——"

The Rev. Derek Bourne gave expression to a hollow, emotionless laugh.

"You *tried* to prevent her; oh, he *tried* to prevent her!" And with an awful caricature of a smile on his lips, his eyes closed and his jaw fell heavily to his throat.

* * * * *

The opinion of Gwennas Cove was divided. Young and enthusiastic lovers of chivalry—as all true Bohemiennes should surely be—applauded Derek Bourne to the extreme pinnacle of hero-worship, and called at the rectory every morning to leave rare and delicate fruit or flowers specially imported from London with a gorgeous disregard for expense. But maturer wisdom, doubtless experienced in the matter of stopping runaway cycles, urged that Bourne had been a little too rash in resorting to strategy so forcible, and hinted that he would have

FORGETFUL LONDON.

Written, and Illustrated, with Photographs.

BY FRANK FOULSHAM AND ARTHUR C. BANFIELD.

MAPLE & CO
GREAT CENTRAL
862

This is no toy engine; on the contrary, it is 55 feet long. The lady drawing it is 63 feet high. If all the articles of female apparel lost in London in the course of a year were made into one costume, they would fit this formidable giantess.

SINCE Mr. Kipling wrote his famous song, the phrase "absent-minded beggar" has come to be regarded by the world in general as a special designation of the English soldier. But it must not be supposed that nearly all the "absent-minded beggars" were shipped to South Africa to settle the quarrel between Mr. Kruger and the British Government; quite a small army remained behind in London (not to speak of the provinces)—"absent-minded beggars" who never wore a red coat or a khaki uniform—an army of 39,000 odd. And the members of this army deserve the rather hackneyed phrase we have presumed to describe them with far more than do the gentlemen in khaki.

Riding in trams, 'buses, railway carriages, or cabs, they become so taken up with their surroundings, or absorbed in themselves, as to forget where they are, or what is theirs, and, alighting from the particular vehicle in which they have been travelling, leave behind them material traces of their presence, which those in charge are required by a fatherly legislation specially devised for "absent-minded beggars" to deposit in the care of the police.

Did we say 39,000? This is not quite correct; the army of forgetful Londoners is in reality much greater, and may doubtless be reckoned by hundreds of thousands, for how many have mislaid or forgotten belongings of so trivial a nature that the finders do not even trouble to carry them to London's home for lost goods? But this grand army of forgetful Londoners is, as one may say, "guilty but not proven"; rather more than 39,000 is the number of the guilty *and* proven sinners, and the Chief Commissioner of the Police will bear out this statement. A year's forgetfulness on the part of persons travelling in London's hackney and stage carriages inflicted that sorely-tried functionary with the care and responsibility of 39,551 articles, great and small, and some of considerable value.

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Sickness, separation, death, wet holidays, and many unhappy events of a similar nature have come to be regarded as things inevitable—occurrences for which no sensible and right-minded individual should reproach himself, another, or inscrutable Providence. And the losing of one's umbrella may safely be passed into this mournful category, although, until they studied the question, the present writers were under the impression that this form of forgetfulness was, if not more imaginary than real, at least grossly exaggerated. They are wiser now. It is not only very real, but a positive disease. You will find that very few people, including the most orderly and methodical, have not been guilty of losing, at least, one umbrella in their day. And it is in 'buses, trams, and hansoms that most of these umbrellas are discovered.

How many umbrellas are lost every year and never heard of again? It would be hard to say. But in a recent year no fewer than 17,497 found their way, through the honesty of 'bus and tramcar conductors and cab drivers, into the Lost Property Office at Scotland Yard! Just think of it: nearly half of the total number of articles left behind by the forgetful Londoners are umbrellas, lost purses being a bad second at 3214.

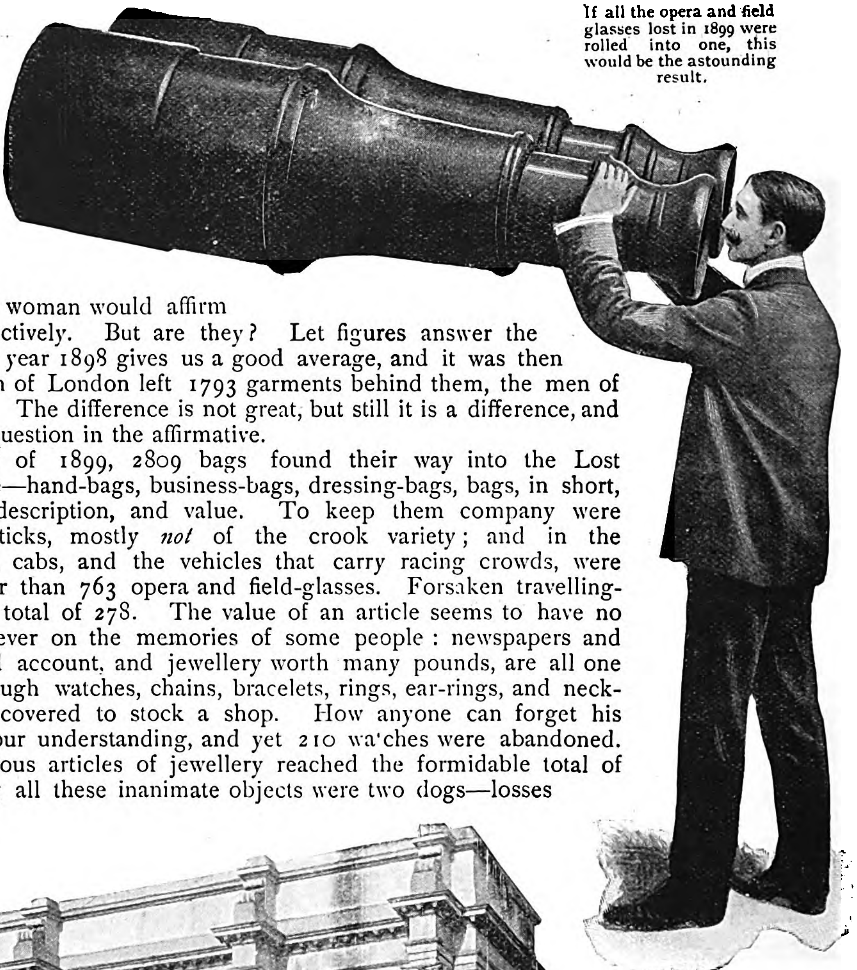
And why should this be? Why should umbrellas be treated with such contemptuous negligence? These are questions that might well exercise the mind of the brain specialist. The best solution of the mystery seems to lie in the fact that whereas most other articles happen to be in some way

No fewer than 17,497 umbrellas were left in London's public conveyances in a twelve - month. Rolled into one, these would make an umbrella of over 73 feet high.

attached to our persons, the umbrella depends for its safety merely on our brains and hands. Shall we remedy the evil by tying the umbrella to our waists? Very simple, but not quite satisfactory, such loving proximity to a wet umbrella on a rainy day being hardly a consummation to be desired. No, but let some ingenious person invent a simple but infallible umbrella-reminder. Let him patent his idea, and he would confer an inestimable boon, not only on mankind in general, but also upon himself in particular. Why, in a year or two that man would laugh to scorn all the Rockefellers and Rothschilds in the world. But until this public benefactor arises, why do not the 'bus and tram companies make an extra charge of a farthing for reminding passengers not to forget their gamps? Such an arrangement would, we think, be profitable to all parties concerned. But, of course—of course your conservative Britisher would kick violently at such an "imposition"; he prefers to pay twelve and sixpence for a new umbrella, or to borrow someone else's, to share ultimately the same untoward fate as his own.

Over 3,000 purses are lost in London yearly, of which the great majority are ladies' purses. The above photograph shows what these purses would look like if rolled into one.

All manner of trifles, which it would take pages to classify, from a leg of mutton to a barber's pole, accumulate in the Lost Property Office, and reach on an average the respectable total of 9000 a year. There is nothing much to be said of these; let us turn, therefore, our attention to that valuable article, the purse. In 1899 no fewer than 3214 purses went astray—or, rather, found their way into Scotland Yard—ladies' purses in the main, for your Englishman has all his wits about him; he has long ago discovered that the easiest way to lose his money is to put it in a purse, so he carries it loose in his trousers pocket, to the ignorant contempt of his Continental neighbours who still cling to the perfidious purse. It brings nowadays a covert smile to the faces of the male passengers of a 'bus or tram when anyone of their own sex produces a purse of the same shape as the one in the accompanying illustration. Ladies' purses, then, form the vast majority of those 3000 odd that find their way into Scotland Yard, and seriously, it is high time that some drastic measures were taken to improve matters in this direction. Seriously we say — not because we feel any pity whatever for the losers—but because stray purses constitute a great temptation to London's 30,000 drivers and conductors to join the ranks of the dishonest. Fancy the underpaid, over-worked 'bus conductor discovering a purse containing £250! Such a case happened only a short while ago, and the man, as in duty bound, delivered up his find at the proper quarters. But what a temptation for him! Two hundred and fifty pounds! Such a sum might well tempt a man to throw up his 'bus and set up as a butcher, a baker, or a candlestick maker! On other occasions purses have been found filled with sums of money varying from ten to twenty pounds in cash, to say nothing of bank notes. Yes, something must be done. Is there no woman who will arise and come forward with some grand idea for a money-pocket suited to feminine apparel—a pocket that shall be at once cunning, safe, and a thing of beauty? Such a woman, together with Dr. James Hanway, and the as yet unrisen creator of the umbrella reminder, would go down to

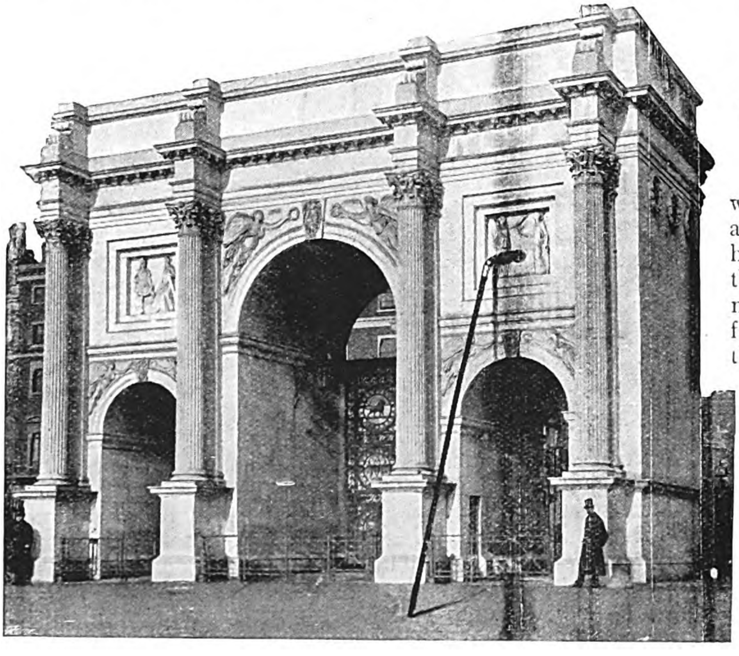


If all the opera and field glasses lost in 1899 were rolled into one, this would be the astounding result.

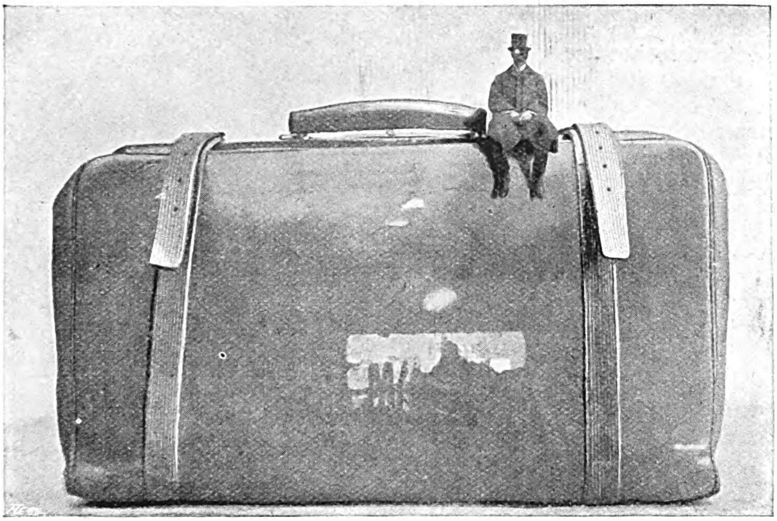
posterity as a benefactor of the human race.

Are women more forgetful than men? A delicate question, and one which, doubtless, every man and woman would affirm and deny respectively. But are they? Let figures answer the question. The year 1898 gives us a good average, and it was then that the women of London left 1793 garments behind them, the men of London 1647. The difference is not great, but still it is a difference, and it answers the question in the affirmative.

In the year of 1899, 2809 bags found their way into the Lost Property Office—hand-bags, business-bags, dressing-bags, bags, in short, of every sort, description, and value. To keep them company were 876 walking sticks, mostly *not* of the crook variety; and in the theatre, 'buses, cabs, and the vehicles that carry racing crowds, were found no fewer than 763 opera and field-glasses. Forsaken travelling-rugs reached a total of 278. The value of an article seems to have no influence whatever on the memories of some people: newspapers and books of small account, and jewellery worth many pounds, are all one to them. Enough watches, chains, bracelets, rings, ear-rings, and necklaces were discovered to stock a shop. How anyone can forget his watch passes our understanding, and yet 210 watches were abandoned. The other various articles of jewellery reached the formidable total of 1000. Among all these inanimate objects were two dogs—losses well-nigh inexplicable, and showing most reprehensible inattention on the part of the dogs. A man may be forgiven for forgetting his dog; but the dog, what shall be said of the dog who forgets his master? With regard to cats it is different; cats are not expected to pay undivided attention to their owner's movements, and those which were discovered in London's public conveyances can scarcely be blamed for negligence. In

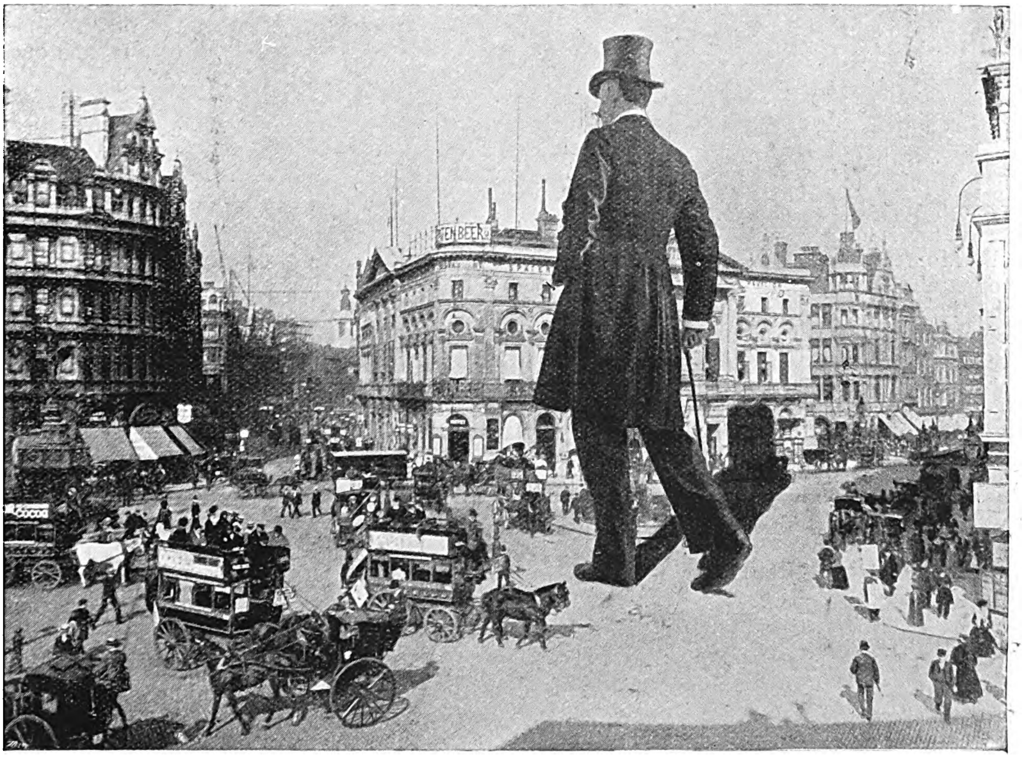


This walking-stick is 28 feet 4 inches long, and is an aggregate of all the walking-sticks lost in London in one year.



No less than 2809 bags were left behind by forgetful Londoners in 1899. The proportion between the ordinary man and the aggregate bag is forcibly indicated above.

addition to cats and dogs, several live birds found their way into the Lost Property Office, and among these an owl. Really, this last find makes a man meditate. How in the name of all that is wonderful can one possibly leave an owl behind in a 'bus? It seems to us that so remarkable a burden would claim the undivided attention of the majority of travellers. What extraordinarily diverting incident can it have been that caused the owner of the owl to leave his bird to the tender mercies of the conductor and the officials of Scotland Yard?



An up-to-date Culliver! This giant carries on him a suit made from all the male articles of attire left in London's public conveyances in one year.

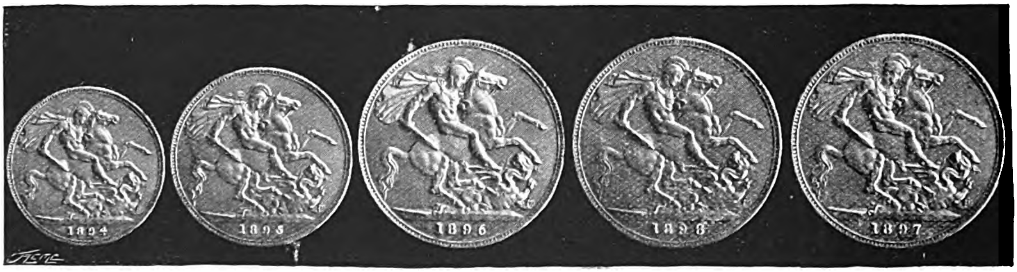
This mammoth watch, which is 1 foot 4¼ inches in diameter, is the aggregate of the 192 watches which were left behind in one year.

Forgetfulness is not only on the increase, but in the last few years has increased by 30 per cent. Thus the total number of articles left behind in 1894 was 29,716; in 1898 it reached the heavy figure of 38,201; and in 1899, the last year we have been able to record, 39,551.

But this is not all. Momentary forgetfulness in the hurly-burly of modern life is easily accountable. But how account for the fact that of the 39,000 odd who left their belongings about, only 19,804 ever looked them up again?

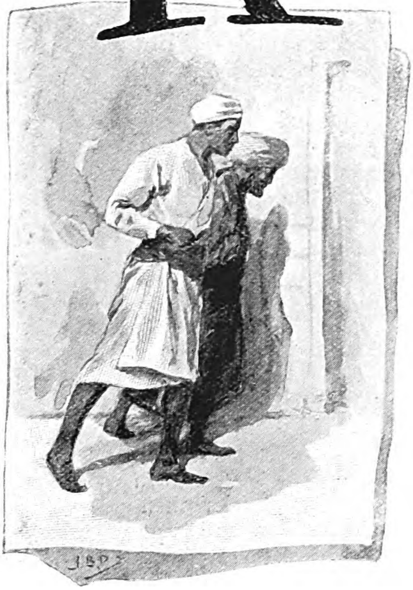
The awards paid to drivers and conductors during 1899 amounted to £2929, not over and above a colossal sum when one remembers the enormous amount of things which these gentlemen took the trouble to bring to Scotland Yard. Seven awards of £5 were paid, one of £6, one of £7, two of £8, one of £9, two of £10, one of £12, and one of £30.

Over 19,000 articles were restored to their owners, the unreclaimed residue being, after three months, returned to the drivers and conductors who deposited them at London's Lost Property Office.



This diagram shows the increase of lost property during recent years. It is true that in 1897 more things were left behind than in 1898, but the year 1899 beats all records.

The Khedive's Agent



The Experiences of Mustapha the Frank.

By David Beddoe.

I do not know why I, in my old age, having passed the time when men seek for new labours, should take up pen to tell you of events which happened many years ago, and of things and people which have long since passed away.

I suppose it is that lying here on the shelf, and dwelling on the past, as all men do who have much of it to their credit, I should seek to strengthen my recollections by putting them down in black and white, not without the hope, perhaps, that they might be of use to some serious-minded student, who, later on, shall seek for materials to compile a trustworthy account of the life and times of my old master.

It is some years ago since I lived in the East, where the name of Mustapha el Ingleezy was once a household word, and around which even now, so I hear, many and wondrous legends have grown up in the land under the shadow of the Ottoman Porte. Yet, nevertheless, I cannot throw off the habits of half a lifetime, and in my bachelor chambers, when the curtains are drawn close over the windows, I fall back again into the old familiar ways, and, discarding my frock coat for a jibbeh, and my top hat for a turban, I sit cross-legged on the divan and puff calmly away at my shishah like any full-blooded old Turk.

It is lucky that in my old servant, Hassan, I have one upon whom I can depend, for if some loquacious housekeeper but surprised me in the act, my character, I fear, would not be worth a moment's purchase among my neighbours.

But Hassan knows my ways. It would be curious indeed if he did not, and, though he utters many harsh, guttural words against the climate, he is not likely to forsake me now, for there are certain reasons known only to Hassan and myself why he should not again set foot upon the soil of the Ottoman Empire.

It had often been a matter of no little conjecture in the old days how I, an alien, and an Englishman to boot, had gained the ear and confidence of an Eastern potentate so as to become his confidant and private agent in all things which concerned both himself and his kingdom. Many and strange were the explanations put forward, but most of them, as such ofttimes are, were wide of the mark.

Here, however, for the first time I set down the true history of it, and I do so the more readily because it shows Ismail in a new light, and that, spite of the calumnies showered upon him, he was at least not altogether destitute of gratitude.

I had arrived, at the time I am going to tell you about, in somewhat low straits. Old Jacques Renals, engineer, enthusiast, genius, in whose company I travelled, had come down low in the world.

We had been up the Nile, high above Halfa—which in those days was a very different thing to the present—cutting here, there, and everywhere into the desert in search of the

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precious stones, and minerals which my old friend firmly believed to exist in those regions.

For twelve months we searched, enduring privations, which I bore all the more readily because my old companion received them, spite of his years, with patient, uncomplaining endurance, but at the end of that time, our means being exhausted, we reluctantly had to give up the pursuit, and return again to Cairo, where we arrived more empty-handed than when we started.

The old man was downcast. He had put all his savings into the venture, but, with that buoyant hope which ever characterises the Celt, he did not utterly despair, looking upon our present impecuniosity as but an unpleasant interlude before the harvest.

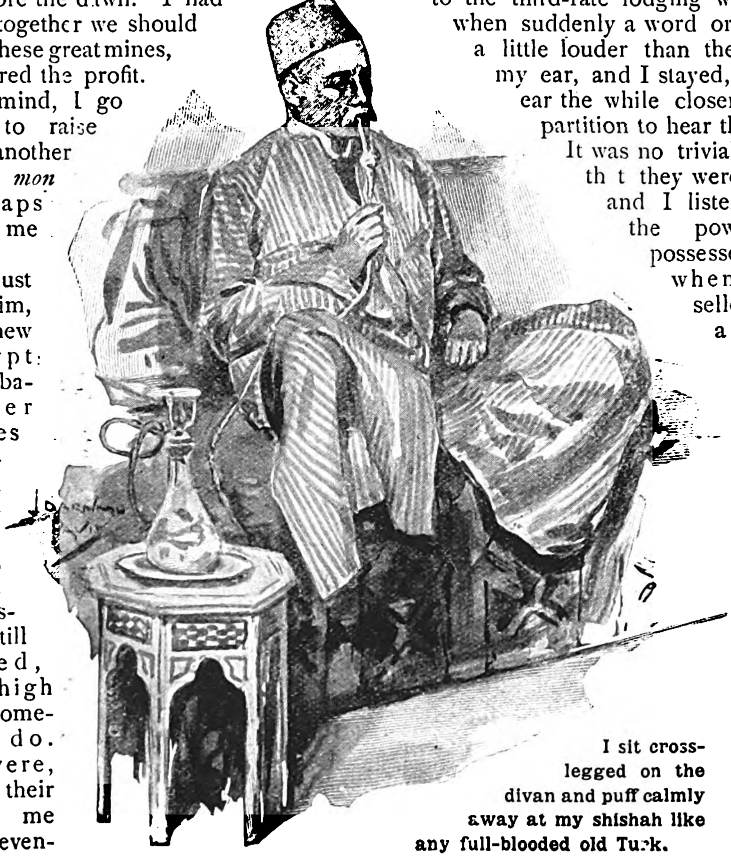
I, however, less hopeful, but perhaps more practical, began to search for other employment.

Dear old fellow, I well remember the pained look that came into his face when I first told him of my intention.

"Ah, *mon ami*," said he, laying his hand on my shoulder, "you are leaving me just before the dawn. I had hoped that together we should have found these great mines, to have shared the profit. But never mind, I go to France to raise funds for another trial, then, *mon ami*, perhaps you will join me again."

I nodded just to please him, though I knew that Egypt would probably never see Jacques Renals, enthusiast and mining expert, again.

He left, and I, with the few piastres that still remained, searched high and low for something to do. Things were, however, at their worst with me when one evening, having been out from early morning, waiting unsuccessfully in official ante-rooms, on the chance of some small appointment, I made my way somewhat disconsolately to a small café that I knew of in a bye street off the Mahomed Ali.



I sit cross-legged on the divan and puff calmly away at my shishah like any full-blooded old Turk.

It was the time of the great fast of the Ramadan, and as I sat smoking my shishah in a corner of the dirty, half empty, ill-lighted saloon, the sounds of dancing and music came in from the native cafés in the neighbourhood. But I was in small mood for enjoyment, and crouched up in the corner I sat dwelling with little pleasure upon the prospects before me, as I pulled mechanically at the shishah.

How long I sat thus I do not know, until almost dreamily I became conscious of voices in a room at the back of me. Two men were speaking in low tones, but the partition was thin, and I laid my head against it.

It was difficult to hear, and I grew weary, for it was probably only of some trivial matter they were speaking, and half wearily I was about to rise and return once more to the third-rate lodging where I lived, when suddenly a word or two spoken a little louder than the rest caught my ear, and I stayed, pressing my ear the while closer against the partition to hear the better.

It was no trivial matter this that they were discussing, and I listened with all the power that I possessed, and swore when a water-seller, passing along the street, noisily clinked his brass cups. Soon, however, there came from within the room the sound of stirring, and, rising quickly, I slipped out before them into the narrow, overhanging lane.

You must know that at this time

Said was Viceroy of Egypt, and Ismail, his nephew, through the death of Achmed, his elder brother, was now heir to the Pashalik.

It was a wild time. Rumour was already rife that Achmed had not met his death by fair means, and that it was only by pleading illness that Ismail himself had escaped when the train went over the drawbridge at Kafr el Zayyat into the waters of the Nile.

The heir to the Viceroyalty was ever a marked man. It was rare that he was the one desired by the existing Pasha to succeed him, rarer still that he was allowed to enjoy his inheritance without, at least, one attempt upon his life.

And I paced up and down outside in no little excitement, for the assassins were at their old work, and Ismail's life was forfeited if the plot did not miscarry.

As I have said, the great fast of the Ramadan was on, and it would be followed by the feast of Beiram, when all business would be at a standstill, and for days Cairo, relieved from the privations of the past month, would give itself up to holiday.

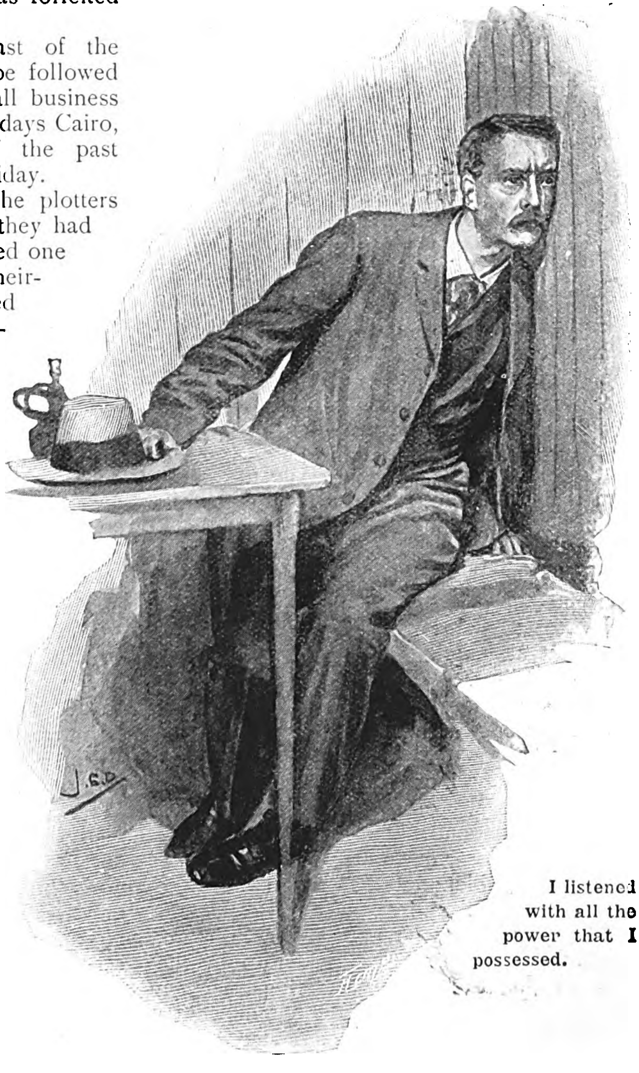
It was during this time that the plotters intended to strike the blow, and they had chosen it well, for Ismail, as behoved one who held the perilous position of heir-apparent, lived a somewhat secluded life, stirring out but on rare occasions, and then strongly attended. But at the great feast of Beiram the Viceroy would hold his customary *levée* in the Palace of Abdeen, and Ismail, as a prince of the blood, would have to be there.

It was already common property that the reception would take place on the second day after Ramadan, and the two conspirators, having still some details to settle, had agreed to meet on the last night of the fast to arrange the final plan of campaign.

This was all that I had gathered, though I had listened with horror-stricken ears to their murmuring. Who was behind them instigating the deed, or by what means they proposed to accomplish it — whether by a dagger stroke under pretence of preferring a favour, or by a rifle shot from a window on the route —I could not make out. Possibly they had not alluded to it, but in any case I had heard enough to give me something to think of other than my own woes and disappointments.

As I stood there bewildered at what I had heard, doubtful what course to pursue, two men brushed quickly past me. I glanced eagerly at them as they hurried by, and saw that they were Levantines, of that mixed breed which seems to embody in itself all the worst characteristics of the races from which it springs, beside whom the most depraved Mussulman in Cairo was a saint and a gentleman—trebly dangerous, because to utter unscrupulousness they added the cunning wits of the European.

As I saw them pass quickly down the narrow, evil-smelling lane, my first impulse



I listened with all the power that I possessed.

was to follow and give them in charge of the nearest shaweesh, but the recollection that I could prove nothing and should only bring discomfiture upon myself, restrained me, and even as I debated they disappeared.

I spent an uneasy night, for there was no one in Cairo whom I could consult, and Monsieur Jacques Renals himself had left for France. But by morning I had decided that I would go to Ismail himself, and, craving an audience, lay the matter before him.

Somewhat early I rose, and donning my best suit, which now, however, was much the worse for wear, I set out for his palace at Kasr el Nil.

The janissary at the gate, where I presented myself, eyed me askance, and smiled somewhat broadly at my request. "His Highness did not receive that day. It was impossible." But I persisted, and after a wordy argument was let into the Selamlik near the entrance, where, after some delay, a functionary in gorgeous uniform came to interview me.

On my mentioning that I desired to interview the Prince, he replied brusquely that it was impossible, and demanded my business.

I replied that that concerned His Highness alone. He tried many ways to induce me to inform him of the purport of my errand, but I held firm, stating that it was a matter of the greatest importance, and that if I were not allowed to see him he would be held responsible.

He wavered at this, and I pressed the matter home at length by loftily informing him that I had not the time to bandy words. Would he or would he not take a note into Monseignor?

He hesitated, tried to bluff, then at last consented.

I wrote a few hurried lines. Again a long wait, but at length he returned and sulkily bade me follow.

He led me across the ornamental garden, up some broad marble steps, then across the entrance hall.

I was conscious but of a blaze of colouring as we crossed the heavy, silent carpet into a room which I judged to be the private reception-room of the Prince.

Here my guide, after silently motioning me to a seat, disappeared.

I was standing regarding a picture, evidently some work of art picked up by the Prince in his European wanderings, when a door suddenly opened behind me, and a young man in frock coat and tarboosh entered.

He was slightly built, with fair hair, fresh complexion, and dark eyes, over which his eyelids drooped in half sleepy fashion.

"Ah, monsieur," he exclaimed. "His Highness has sent me to inquire your business. He is indisposed, but bids me request you to tell me what you have to say."

I looked doubtfully at him. He was evidently someone in authority, but I hesitated, for what I had to say was meant for Ismail alone.

"Monsieur, those are the Prince's commands," he replied with a firmness which effectually prevented my lame expostulations. I recognised that I had gone as far as I could, so thereupon briefly told him everything.

He spoke not a word to interrupt, but sat on the divan, eyeing me with his half-opened eyes as he listened. Then, suddenly rising to his feet, he paced the room hurriedly. "Monsieur, this is serious news," he exclaimed at length, as, stopping in front of me, he eyed me with a keenness that I had not looked for from beneath his dreamy, downcast lids.

"That is why I came," I replied.

"What reward do you expect?" he inquired abruptly.

"What for?" I asked.

"For this information. You did not come out of charity, I suppose," he almost sneered.

"I am not an Egyptian," I replied bluntly.

He smiled. "No, why did you come, then? What has Monseignor ever done for you that you should come and give this information?"

"Done for me?" I exclaimed in surprise. "Nothing. I don't even know him."

He smiled curiously. "You have come, then, out of sheer kindness, philanthropy, eh?"

"What do you mean?" I exclaimed, irritated at his manner. "Do you think that I have come simply to get something out of him? Thank God, we English are not beggars or touts."

Far from being annoyed, he only laughed. "Pardon!" he exclaimed. "You English see offence where none is meant. But I am glad that you want nothing, because this affair must be carried out without Monseignor's knowledge. It would disturb him greatly if he knew. He must never know. No one must know," he burst out, "for who set these men on, who, who?" and he looked at me as if waiting for an answer.

"I know nothing of that," I replied, "but I take it that someone will be the gainer."

"Hush!" he exclaimed; "walls have ears, as you English say."

"I suppose that the Viceroy, as I have heard, does not love——." He raised his hand warningly. "Monsieur, you English are too outspoken. You are in Egypt now, not London. But the thing is, what is to be done?"

"In any case," I hazarded lamely, "if complaint were made the authorities could not do otherwise than arrest them."

He smiled again. "No, no, of course, of course. Still English, I see. No, we must do this work by ourselves, do you hear, by ourselves," he whispered hoarsely, gripping me by the arm with a grip that I had not looked for from one so slightly built.

This was an aspect of the affair which I had not looked for. To warn the Prince of his danger was one thing, to enter upon what might be a deadly fray was another.

"Ah, M'sieur, you hesitate," he exclaimed, with a gathering frown. "Are you afraid?"

"It is not that," I replied, "but I care not to enter into things of which I do not see the end, and I know enough of Egyptian court life to keep out of it. If anything turns up, how do I know but what I shall be made the scapegoat. Ismail might disown the whole business, and I shall have to bear the brunt."

He laughed. "You are cautious, but Ismail won't go back on you, I promise you that. Come as you English say, here is my hand on it," and he held it out frankly.

Spite of his plain, homely face, there was something so winning in his manner that before I had done I promised to do even as he wished.

I was young and hot-headed at the time, and the thought of adventure was not altogether distasteful to me, so with the folly of youth I fell in with his devices, thus, though I knew it not at the time, taking the first step on that path which I followed with more or less success for so many years.

Then over a cigarette and coffee, which he ordered, we sat and arranged matters.

It was eventually decided that we should meet as if by chance in the *café*, fully armed, then when the confederates were making their final arrangements, surprise, and, if possible, secure them without exciting comment, for that was the one thing my companion laid stress upon.

"To put them out of the way, *mon ami*," he exclaimed with a shrug, "is an easy thing, but they are but the jackals. 'Tis the other I want—he who set them on, his name—and secrecy."

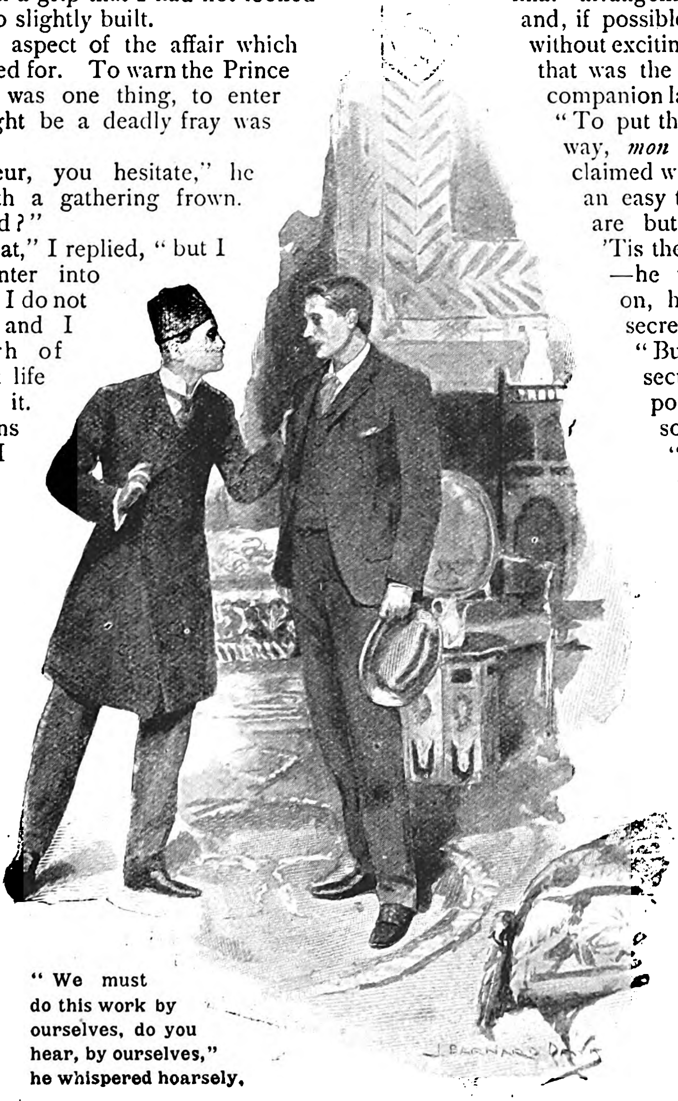
"But after we have secured them, supposing that we do so," I inquired, "what are we to do with them?"

"Leave that to me," he replied. "I will arrange all that."

I nodded. "Very well, then, I'll be there; but what name do you go by, 'tis as well to know?" I asked bluntly.

"Hafiz Pasha, chief of the Prince's household," he replied.

"Hafiz Pasha!" I exclaimed. "I have heard the name, but I always thought



"We must do this work by ourselves, do you hear, by ourselves," he whispered hoarsely.

that he was older than you seem to be. You are young for the post."

He smiled. "Yes, but if some people but had their way I should not be much older."

"Ah, scheming even here," I replied laughingly.

"Where is one free from it?" he answered gloomily. "But never mind, be there at the time."

"I'll not fail. The only thing I wish is to see the rascals swing."

It was on the last night of the great fast of the Ramadan that I cautiously made my way into the dirty little *café* in the native quarter, and took up a seat in the far corner, and as I sat there in the ill-lighted, evil-smelling room I began almost to regret that I had mixed myself in the quarrel of another.

Soon, however, I was roused from my mental croakings, for almost silently in came a slouching figure. A word to the landlord, and he entered the little room at the back.

I eyed him narrowly as he passed, measuring him with my eye in case it fell to my lot to have to tackle him, and heaved a sigh of relief as I saw that he was small and not strongly made, paying but little heed to his villainous countenance which combined the cunning of a fox with the sneaking expression of a jackal.

It was some time before he was joined by his companion. This man, however, was of a different build, and as I saw him go by and noted his big shoulders and his bull neck, I began to regret that we had not made other arrangements than the feeble ones we had.

They had been closeted together for some minutes, and through the thin partition came the faint murmur of their voices, but no sign yet of my companion, and I glanced impatiently to the far distant door where no one entered save only a Berberene in gallibeah and turban, who, taking up his seat some little distance away, sat almost drowsily sipping his coffee.

No sign of Hafiz Pasha, and I swore softly because time was going. At the sound, round turned the native. I looked keenly at him, and there beneath the turban I saw the sleepy eyes of the Pasha, eyeing me half-smilingly from under his downcast lids. He crossed over. "Ah, so you had not forgotten," he whispered; then, with a jerk of his thumb. "Are they here?"

I nodded. "There is no time to lose."

"Come then," he replied. "I am ready."

I led the way towards the door of the room. "Shall we wait or enter?" I whispered.

"Quick, open, or we shall be disturbed."

I turned the handle gently. The door did not yield. It was locked. But softly as I had turned it, the inmates had noticed the movement, for quick came the challenge: "Meen henak? (who is there?)" We did not reply. Again came the voice, almost threateningly in louder tones, "Meen henak?"

"Quick, burst it open, we'll take the risk," whispered my companion.

I placed my knee to the door, and threw my whole weight forward. The lock yielded suddenly, and, half stumbling, I fell into the room.

The big man was already on his feet, and had drawn his knife, but with a spring I had him by the throat, knocking a chair over as I dashed at him.

It was all over in an instant, and I glanced round eagerly to see how my companion fared.

He had been less lucky, for the small man at the first sound had placed the table between them, and now with drawn knife stood with a most fiendish expression on his face, glaring over at the Pasha, who, blocking the way, stood with drawn revolver just within the door.

There was no time to be lost, so, seizing the heavy goolah, half full of water, which was on the table near by, just as he turned his back towards me for an instant, I flung it straight at his head. There was a crash, a wild, blasphemous oath, and he fell heavily to the ground.

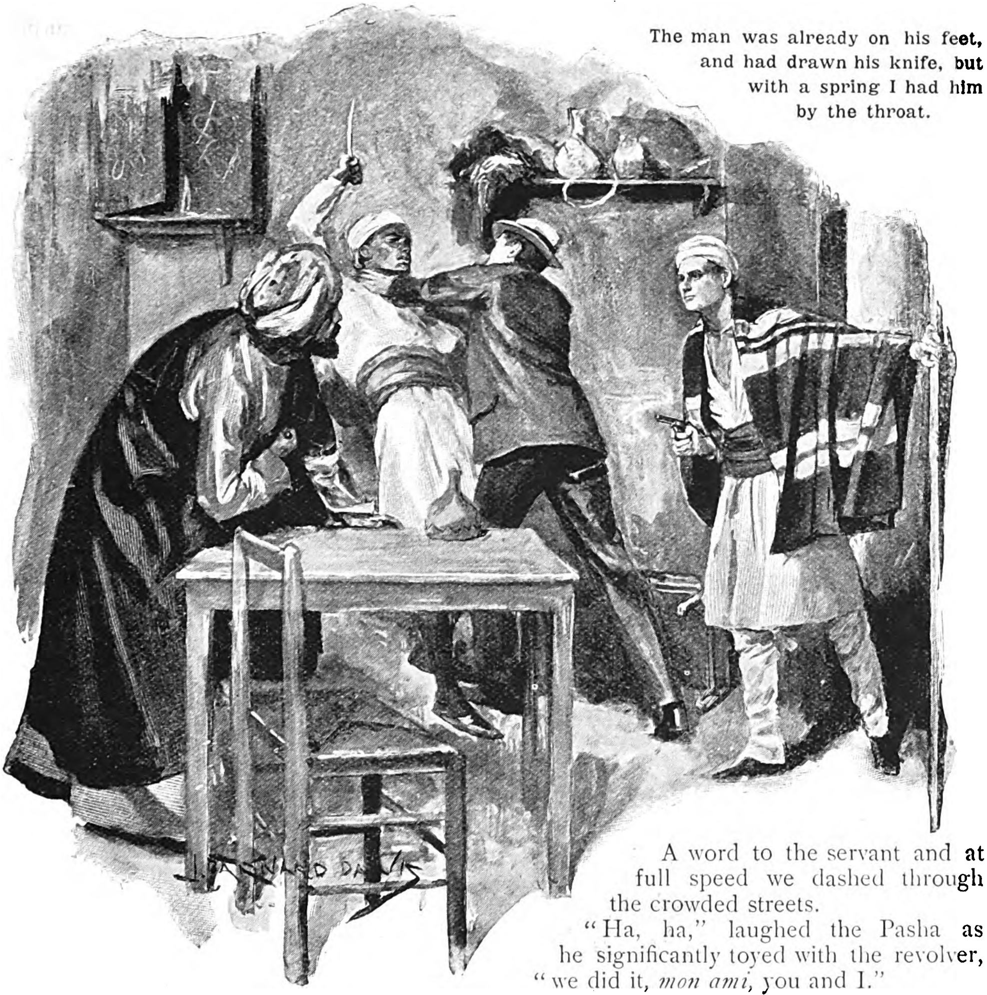
"Ah, ah, bravo," exclaimed the Pasha. "Got him, now quick, bind them," and rapidly he unwound a thin rope which was wrapped round his waist beneath the folds of his gallibeah.

With dexterous hands he tied their wrists, with a skill that no amount of wriggling could unravel. "Here get up, you son of a dog," he exclaimed, and seizing his late opponent by the collar he jerked him to his feet.

My man, however, still lay half-stunned, but after a liberal application of water he finally opened his eyes, bleared round, and commenced to blaspheme, giving vent to such oaths as only a Levantine can bring his mouth to utter.

I raised him to his feet. "Come," said my companion, passing his hand beneath the arm of his captive, who scowled fearfully, "Come along, and if you dare attempt to escape, by Allah, I blow out your brains," and he protruded significantly the glittering barrel from beneath the fold of his robe.

There was now no sleepy look beneath the



The man was already on his feet, and had drawn his knife, but with a spring I had him by the throat.

downcast lids. His oriental phlegm had gone in the quick struggle for life, but his voice was still cool and the tones suave as ever as he exclaimed : "Come, *mon ami*, it is time," and I, passing my arm even as he had beneath that of the swearing Levantine, followed in his wake.

We passed at length out into what is now the great thoroughfare of the Mahomed Ali. A carriage and pair were drawn up at the curb.

I had but time to note the thoroughbred horses, the big, unliveried servant waiting silently with one hand on the door handle when my companion stopped, gave a low signal, and the door was flung wide open.

"Get in, *mon ami*," he exclaimed. The big Levantine drew back, a gleam of the revolver, and he thought better of it. I followed, and soon the Pasha and his man did likewise.

A word to the servant and at full speed we dashed through the crowded streets.

"Ha, ha," laughed the Pasha as he significantly toyed with the revolver, "we did it, *mon ami*, you and I."

"We have fared better than I had dared to hope," I replied.

He laughed. "Ha! ha! the old fox will have to get up earlier before he catches Ismail."

"Ismail!" I exclaimed.

"Yes, certainly, it is not everyone who has such good servants as you and myself, *mon ami*. But, come, we are here," and in silence we drove in between the great gates into the courtyard of the Palace.

The door of the carriage was flung open, and, stepping out, I found two men fully armed awaiting us. "Here," exclaimed my companion, cutting short their salutes, "take them. I will examine them in the morning. If they escape, look to it."

With no gentle hand the two wretches were dragged out, and, still blaspheming, hauled away.

"You'll come back in the morning?" my companion said.

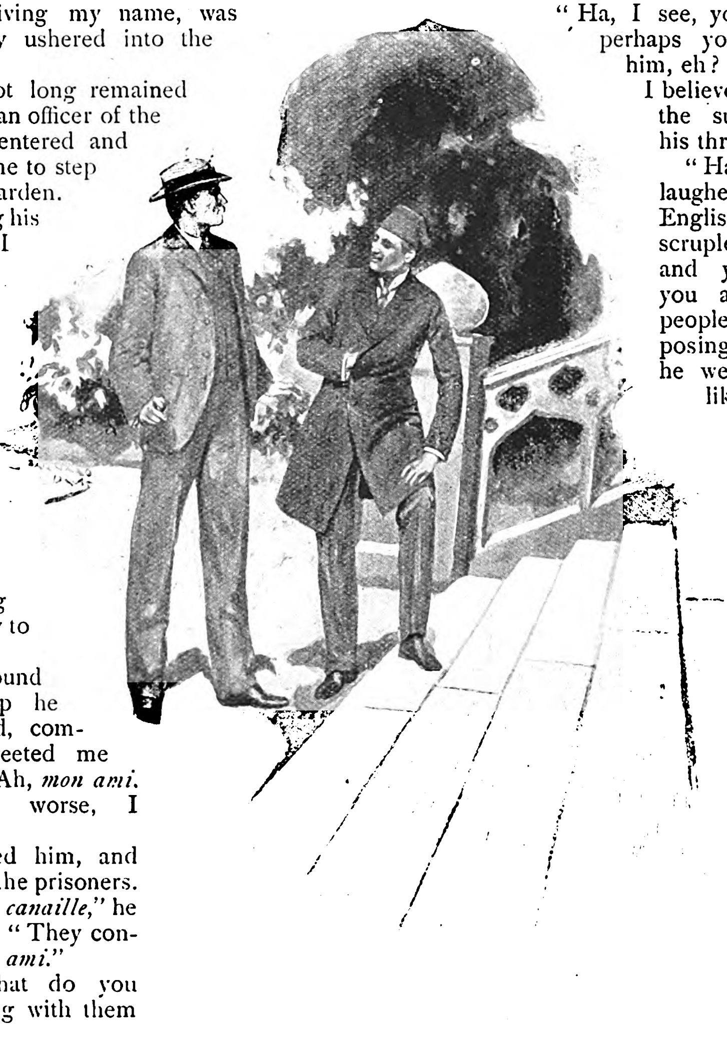
"Oh, I'll come since you wish it," I replied.

"Good-night. I'll leave my thanks till the morning," and, turning, he disappeared quickly in the direction of the main building.

On the following morning I presented myself at the Palace of Kasrel Nil, and, on giving my name, was immediately ushered into the ante-room.

I had not long remained there when an officer of the household entered and requested me to step into the garden.

Following his directions, I went down the broad marble steps which led into the garden, and saw in front my companion of the previous night pacing thoughtfully to and fro.



"Yes, I am Ismail," he replied laughing.

At the sound of my step he turned, and, coming up, greeted me warmly. "Ah, *mon ami*, none the worse, I hope?"

I thanked him, and asked after the prisoners.

"Ah, the *canaille*," he exclaimed. "They confessed, *mon ami*."

"But what do you intend doing with them now?"

"They have been transported to Dongola," he replied, with an enigmatic smile.

"Ah, to Dongola." I replied vaguely. Then was silent, for I knew what that meant. They would plot against no man's life again.

"But there, let us forget," said the Pasha. "The thing is finished and no man the wiser save you and I, *mon ami*. But you and I do not part just yet. I have need of such as you. Will you enter the service of Ismail. Come, you shall not regret it?" and he turned frankly towards me.

"But there is His Highness to consult," I demurred. "How will he like it?"

"Oh, I will answer for him."

"Yes, but——"

"Ha, I see, you think that perhaps you won't like him, eh?"

I believe I coloured at the suddenness of his thrust.

"Ha! ha!" he laughed. "Oh, you English, with your scruples, your likes and your dislikes, you are a strange people. But supposing that I said he were something like—well—like me, would that suit your fastidious Highness."

I laughed. "Yes, that would suit me well."

"Then that matter is settled. Come, let us go in."

"But I am not properly dressed to interview His Highness," I replied, drawing back.

"Tut, never mind, you are no stranger. His Highness has seen you before."

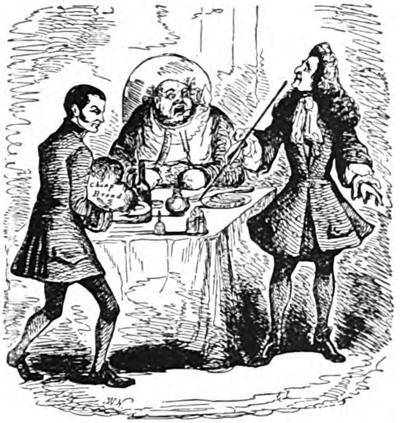
I stared. A gleam of intelligence flashed across my brain. "What —wh——"

He nodded. "Yes, I'm Ismail," he replied laughingly, and, passing his arm into mine, he led me up the marble steps.

JOHN BULL IN "PUNCH" 1841-1900

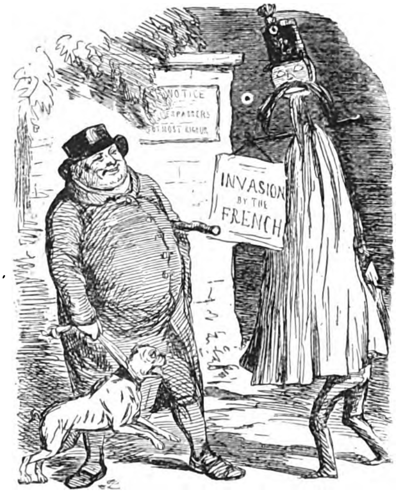
BY J. HOLT SCHOOLING.

(*The Proprietors of* "Punch" *have given special permission to reproduce the accompanying illustrations.*)



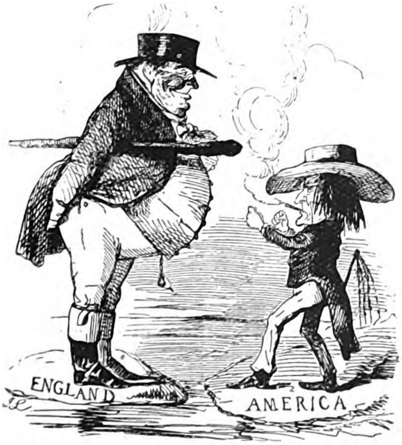
1.—Mr. Sancho Bull and his State Physician. The first "John Bull" cartoon in *Punch*; October 9th, 1841. By W. Newman.

ALTHOUGH Mr. Punch's cartoons have made John Bull very famous during the past sixty years, Mr. Punch did not invent John Bull. The name "John Bull," as representing an Englishman, was, I believe, invented by John Arbuthnot, a Scotch author, satirist and physician, who was born near Montrose in 1675. In 1712 Arbuthnot produced the humorous "History of John Bull," a political allegory, in which European Powers were personated by John Bull the Clothier, Nick Frog the Linendraper, etc. John Bull was a popular figure in the caricatures of Gillray and Rowlandson, and in the cartoons of other satirists of the George the Third period. Mr. Punch's John Bull, or his earlier representations of John Bull, were probably descended from Gillray's representation of George the Third as "Farmer Gearge," and in some of Mr. Punch's John Bull pictures there may be seen a likeness to Mark Lemon, the first Editor of *Punch*—a large, hearty, and jovial Englishman.



3.—A Silly Trick. *John Bull*: "Come, come, you Foolish Fellow; you don't suppose I'm to be frightened by such a Turnip as that!" 1848. By Leech.

Mr. Punch's first John Bull cartoon is that shown in No. 1. John Bull is here represented as "Sancho" Bull (from "Don Quixote"). "Though surrounded with luxuries, the Doctor would not allow Sancho to partake of them, and dismissed each dish as it was brought in by the servants." The "Doctor" in No. 1 is Sir Robert Peel, then premier, and this cartoon refers to the tax on bread-stuffs. The dispute between England and the United States, illustrated in No. 2, arose out of a difficulty concerning the boundary line of the State of Oregon, U.S.A., adjoining British territory in North America. The Oregon question was in 1846 a party cry in the United States, and a large proportion of the American public desired war with England upon this matter, which was settled by the Oregon Treaty of June 15, 1846.



2.—"What? You young Yankee-Noodle, strike your own Father!" 1846. By Leech.

Leech's amusing cartoon in No. 3, published in 1848, might have been published only the other day,

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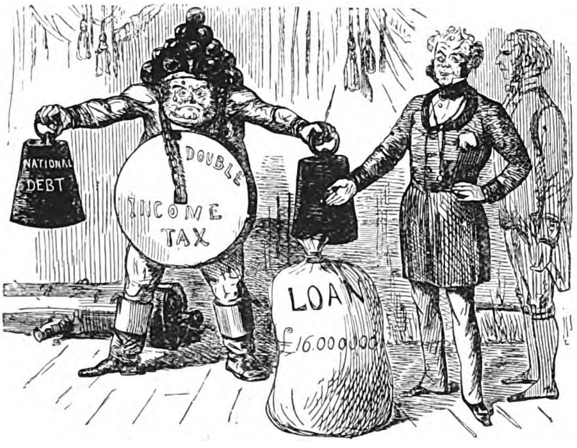
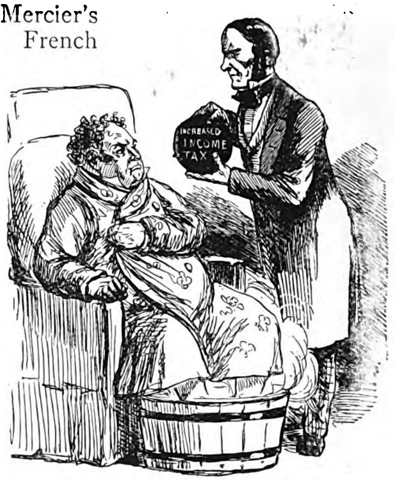
for it applies with exact force of humour to General Mercier's plan of invasion so ingenuously explained by the French ex-War Minister in the Senate on December 5th, 1900.

Even Parisian opinion condemned General Mercier's exploit as the equivalent of Leech's "Silly Trick."



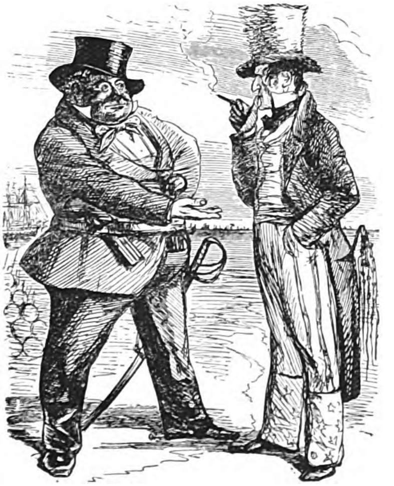
4.—Great Exhibition of Strength. *P-lm-rst-n:* "He will now take the sack between his teeth, and walk round the apartment, notwithstanding the great weight he has to bear already." 1855. By Leech.



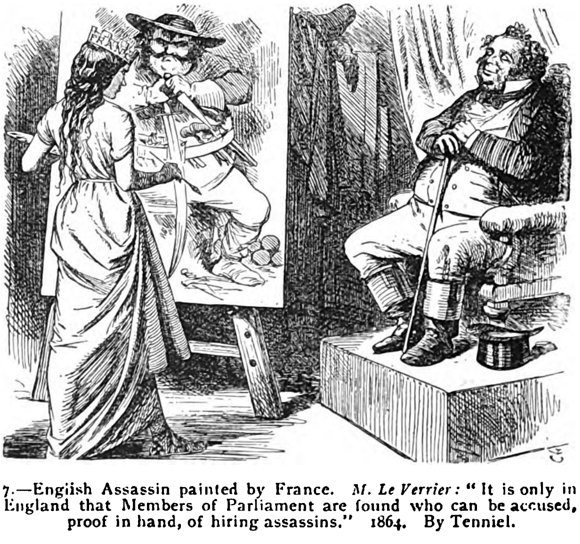
6.—The Gladstone Pill. *Dr. Gl-dst-ne:* "There, Mr. Bull—Swallow it at once, and it will relieve your chest directly." 1860. By Leech.

In April, 1855, when No. 4 was published, John Bull was in the Crimean War, and in that month he had to agree to carry a loan of sixteen millions in addition to the other financial heavy weights with which Leech has loaded poor John Bull in this cartoon.

Again, in No. 5, cousin Jonathan was on sour terms with hearty John Bull. This time, in consequence of the foreign legion raised by us as a contingent in the Crimean War, the endeavour to enlist for this legion in the United States (in 1854) having given great offence there. Our envoy was dismissed from the United States in May, 1856, and matters were at an awkward pass in June of the same year, when No. 5 was published.

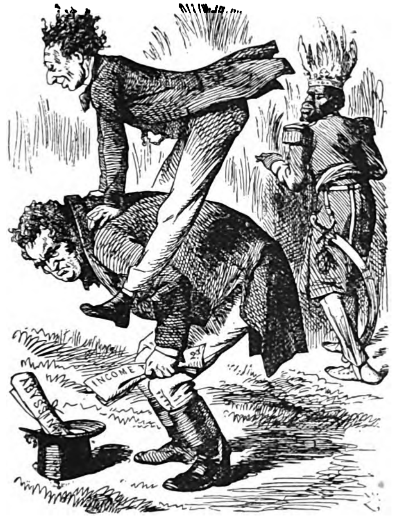


5.—"Come, Jonathan, why should we Fight—am I not a Man, and a Brother?" 1856 By Leech.

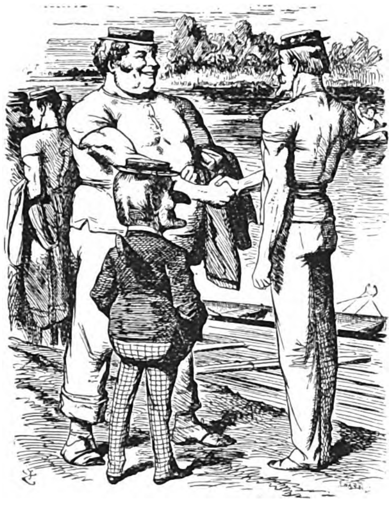


7.—English Assassin painted by France. *M. Le Verrier:* "It is only in England that Members of Parliament are found who can be accused, proof in hand, of hiring assassins." 1864. By Tenniel.

In No. 6 Mr. Gladstone is forcing upon John Bull the nasty pill of an increased income tax, which in 1860 ranged from *7d.* to *10d.* in the pound, these



8.—"Tuck in yer Twopenny!" *Dizzy*: "Now then, John, I'm coming over yer again! Tuck in yer Twopenny!" 1867. By Tenniel.



9—"Well Rowed All!" *Umpire*: "Ha, dear Boys! You've only to pull together, to lick all the World!" 1869. By Tenniel.

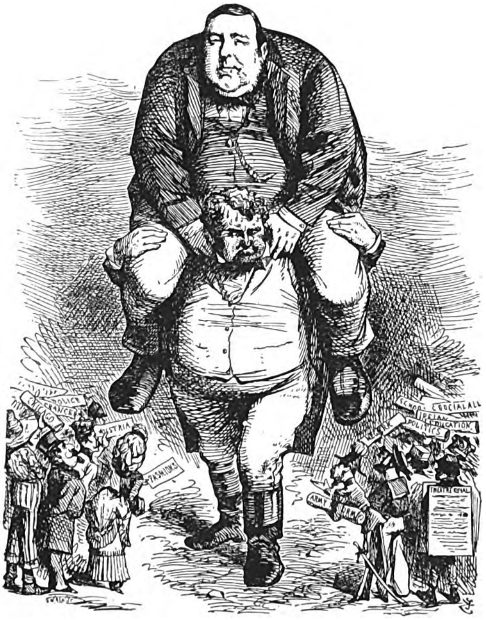
differential rates being based on a scale of incomes. The differential rate of income tax was abolished in 1863.

Easy John Bull is in No. 7 painted by France as an assassin. This cartoon was published in 1864, but it suggests the likeness of the John Bull of 1900 as he is seen by the unhappily distorted vision of the French populace deluded by the lies of Mr. Kruger and his henchmen.

Disraeli, in No. 8, is "coming over" John Bull for another *2d.* of income tax. We were then sending off an expedition to Abyssinia. £2,000,000 had just been voted for this war to release the captives in Magdala, and in the cartoon King Theodore is seen beating a retreat.

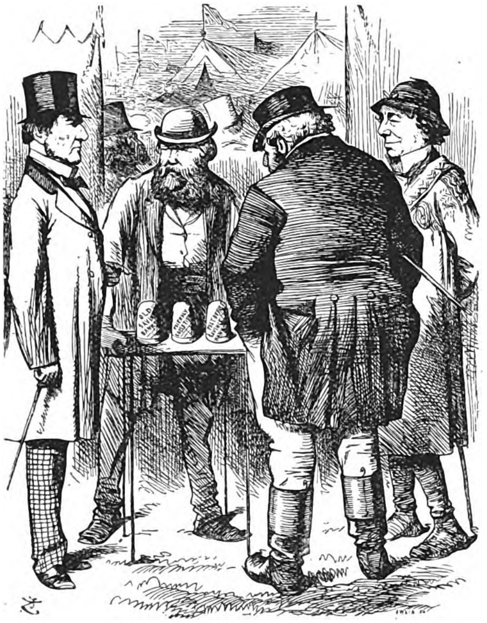
A more happy condition of Anglo-American relations is seen in No. 9 than in some of the earlier cartoons. This cartoon refers to the four-oared boat race from Putney to Mortlake between Oxford and Harvard Universities, which took place on August 27, 1869, when the Oxford crew won by a length and a half.

In November, 1871, when No. 10 was published, the famous Tichborne trial was in full swing—the first trial, when the claimant set up to be Sir Roger Charles Tichborne. The jury gave a verdict against the claimant on March 4th, 1872, and on April 9th, 1872, he was lodged in Newgate to be tried for perjury. This second trial ended on February 28th, 1874, with a sentence of fourteen years' imprisonment with hard labour for Arthur Orton, the claimant. The judge's summing-up alone occupied one month, and this second trial lasted from April 23rd, 1872, to February 28th, 1874—nearly two years—the longest trial known in England. The claimant died on April 1st, 1898, and in cartoon No. 10 his immense weight nearly breaks down John Bull, who is unable to attend to any of his country's business, which is being pressed upon him by the surrounding crowd.



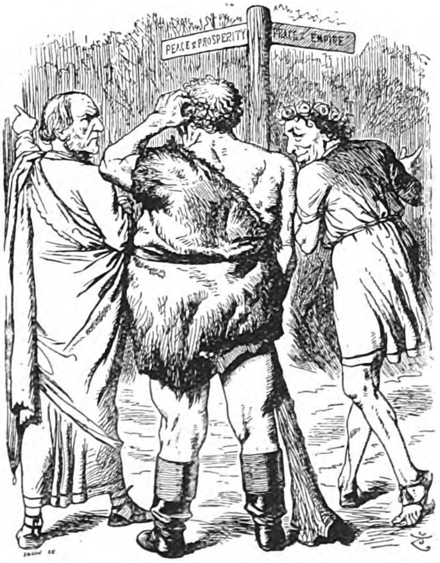
10—"The Old Man of the Sea." *Sindbad (as representing the British Public)*: "I can't be expected to attend to any of *you*, with this 'interesting topic' on my shoulders!" 1871. By Tenniel.

The very diverting cartoon No. 11, where Disraeli, as a sharper's confederate, says to John Bull, who is being diddled by the pea-and-three-thimbles trick, "Don't mind *him*,

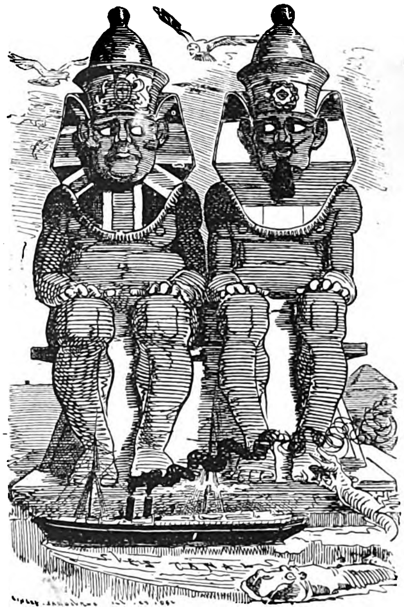


11.—The Indignant Bystander. *Mr. Gladstone:* "Don't you see, Sir, they're *Doing* you? You *Must* lose!—Really, the Police ought to interfere!" *Dizzy (a Simple Countryman):* Don't mind *him*, Sir! It's all his spite! He once kep' a table hisself!" 1875. By Tenniel.

sir! . . . . He once kep' a table hisself!" refers to the choice of the three "thimbles," under one of which John Bull is invited to find his financial salvation in the form of the pea. The three thimbles are marked Old Savings Banks, Friendly Societies, and Post Office Savings Banks; the "sharper" is Sir Stafford Northcote, then Chancellor of the Exchequer, Disraeli being Premier, and Gladstone as ex-Chancellor of the Exchequer strongly disapproves the financial measures being put before John Bull whom he warns with the words, "Don't you see, sir, they're *doing* you?"

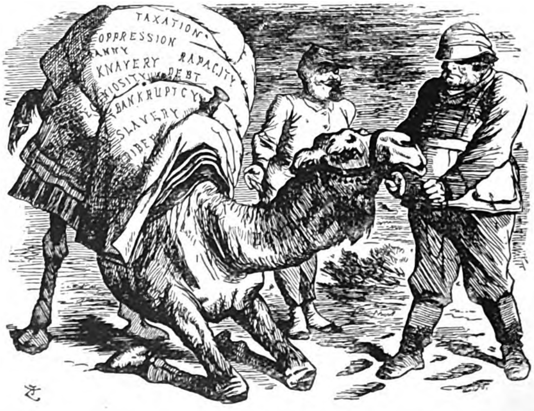


12.—The Choice of Hercules. 1880. By Tenniel.

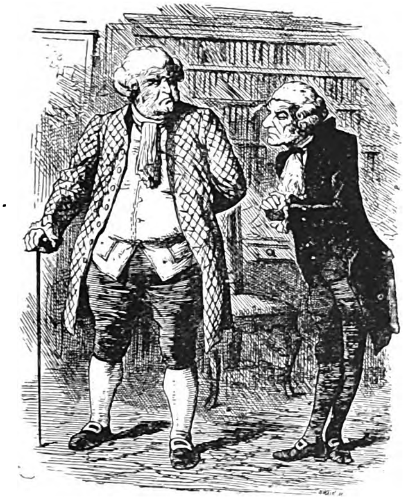


13.—The Two Memnons—jointly noting. 1882. By Sambourne.

At the date of No. 12, a General Election was imminent and John Bull as Hercules is invited by Gladstone to take the road

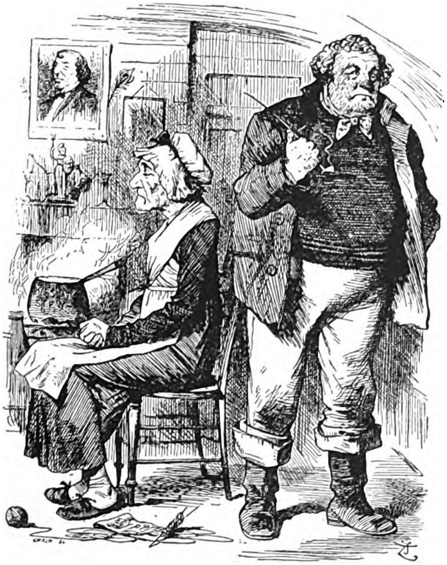


14.—The Beast of Burden. *Mossoo:* "If you cannot lead him, mon cher, let *me!*" *John Bull:* "No, thank ye. If I can't *lead* him, I'll *ride* him!!" 1884. By Tenniel.

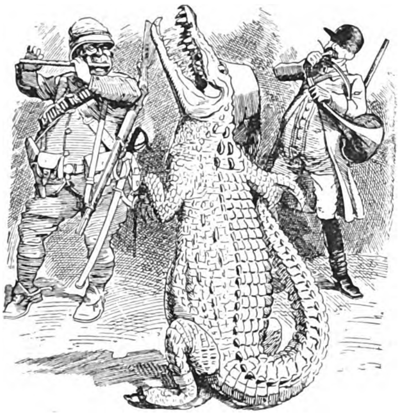


15.—Sheridan at St. Stephen's. *Joseph Surface (Mr. Gl-dst-ne)* : "But as to honesty of purpose, painful as the course I have had to pursue has been to me, I felt I had no alternative." . . . . "I almost think I shall carry with me your sympathy in uttering that sentiment." *Sir Peter (Mr. John Bull)* : "Oh, d——n your sentiment!"—[*Sheridan Gladstonised. Extracts from latest version.*] 1885. By Tenniel.

marked "Peace and Prosperity," while Beaconsfield suavely invites him along the path of "Peace and Empire." John went with Gladstone but found the sign-post delusive. He paid for his mistake—soon in Egypt and in South Africa, and later, and very heavily, again, in South Africa—by the great Boer War, which some ascribe to Gladstone's policy in March, 1881, when he recalled Lord Roberts from righting the Majuba disaster. The "choice of Hercules" refers to the classic choice of virtue in preference to pleasure, and in this cartoon John was sorely puzzled to know which of the two roads led to "virtue."

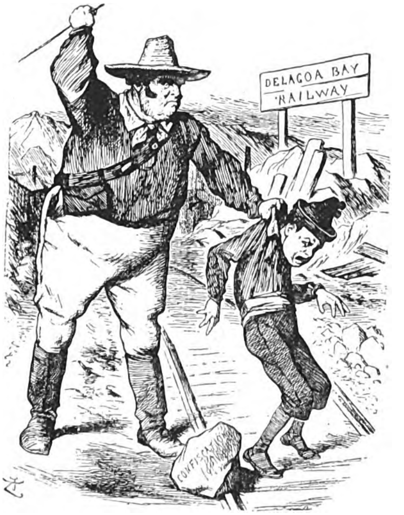


16.—The Political "Mrs. Gummidge." *Mrs. Gummidge-Gladstone* : "I ain't what I could wish myself to be. My troubles has made me contrairy. I feel my troubles, and they make me contrairy. I make the House uncomfortable. I don't wonder at it!!! *John Peggotty-Bull (deeply sympathising—aside)* : "She's been thinking of the old 'un!"—*David Copperfield.* 1885. By Tenniel.

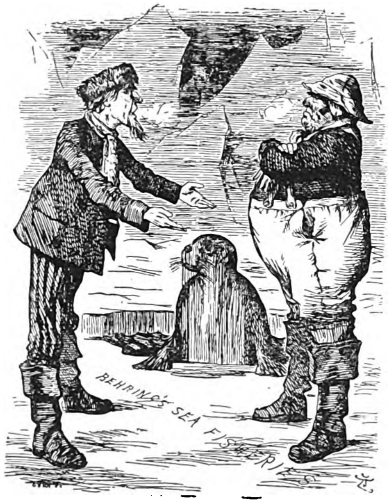


17.—The Confused Crocodile. 1887. By Sambourne.

Mr. Linley Sambourne's very clever cartoon in No. 13 shows John Bull as Memnon, an ancient King of the Egyptians, sitting side by side with a French Memnon. Both sit in Egypt on the bank of the Suez Canal, the Khedive's shares in which had

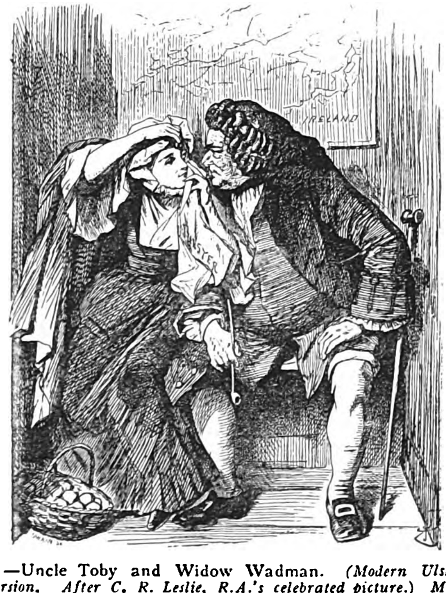


18.—Cheek! *Mischievous Little Portugal* : "Please, Sir, don't hit me,—Let's *arbitrate!*" 1889. By Tenniel.



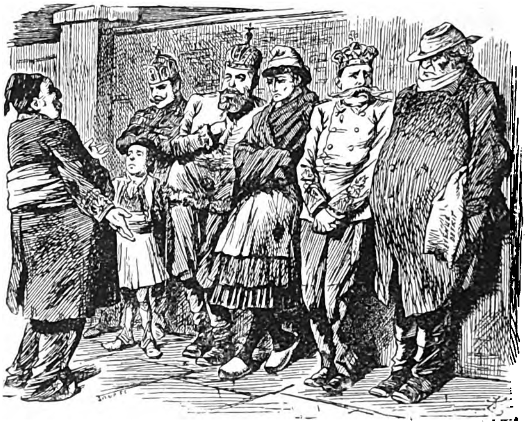
19.—Arbitration. *The Seal:* "Belay, you two Johnnies!—Avast quarrelling! Give me a 'close-time,' and leave the 'sea' an open question." 1891. By Tenniel.

been bought by England in 1875, and the two Memnons are closely watching each other. The words "jointly noting" in this very original cartoon refer to the fact that in January, 1882, England and France had prepared a joint note in support of the Khedive. There was keen rivalry and jealousy between England and France in the matter of control of Egyptian affairs. In 1884, when No. 14 was published, John Bull had the upper hand in Egypt; he is trying to lead the Egyptian camel, crushed under the oppressive burdens of native Egyptian control, and he says to France, who offers to "cut in"—"No, thank ye. If I can't *lead* him, I'll *ride* him!". And ride him John did, with Lord Cromer's skilful hand to guide the camel's hard mouth.



20 —Uncle Toby and Widow Wadman. *(Modern Ulster Version. After C. R. Leslie, R.A.'s celebrated picture.) Mrs. Ulster:* "Now, Mr. Bull, do you see any '*Green*' in my eye?" 1893. By Tenniel.

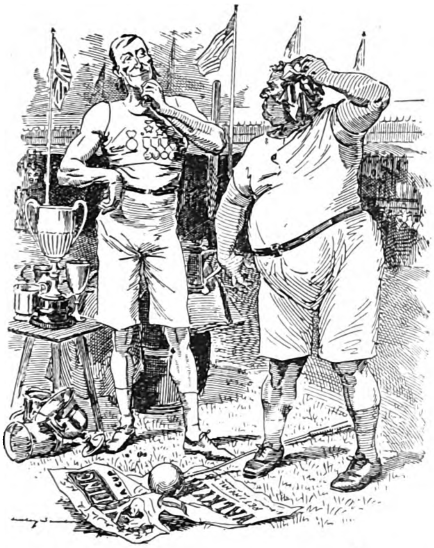
John Bull was very angry with Mr. Gladstone in March, 1885, the date of No. 15. The Khartoum blunder had lately resulted in Gordon's death, and a vote of censure on Gladstone's government respecting Egypt had just been passed by the Lords, to be negatived in the Commons by only a small Ministerial majority. Mr. Gladstone protested, and John Bull, as Sir Peter Teazle, turns in angrily from the plausible Joseph Surface, who, as Mr. Gladstone, is trying to smooth down John Bull's wrath. In No. 16 John Peggotty-Bull is more kindly disposed towards the discomfited Mrs. Gummidge-Gladstone. He pities rather than reproaches, with the words "She's been thinking of the old 'un!" The "old 'un" was Lord Beaconsfield, who would probably, according to Mr. Punch, had he lived and been in power, have followed another and very different line of policy that might possibly have been more successful than Mr. Gladstone's.



21.—"Waiting for Relief." *Turkey:* "Hullo! You've all come to it, 'ave you? Why, *I've* been a casual for years!" 1894. By Tenniel.

In February, 1887, the date of No. 17, improvement in the state of Egypt was reported owing to British control, but France again wanted to pipe the tune for the Egyptian crocodile to dance to. But sturdy John piped *his* tune lustily, and the crocodile was confused to know which tune to dance.

No. 18 relates to the improper confiscation



22.—*Brother Jonathan:* "Say, John! You'd better go into Training again!" 1895. By Sambourne.

by Portugal of the Delagoa Bay Railway. "Let's arbitrate!" says cheery little Portugal. We did arbitrate, with the result only lately pronounced that we found ourselves shamefully swindled. For John Bull to arbitrate with everybody "on the other side"—whatever the justice of the case may be—is a foolish proceeding that John is not likely to indulge in often.

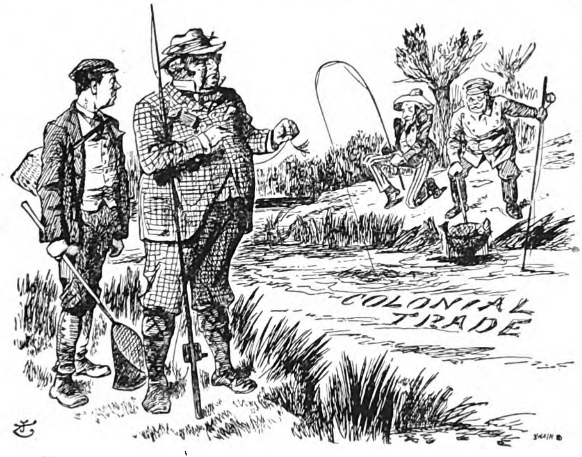
Cousin Jonathan is at us again, in No. 19, over the Behring's sea fisheries. The seal puts up his head from the hole in the ice, and very reasonably suggests a close-time for himself—the sea to be left an open question. Arbitration was agreed to in March, 1892, the arbitrators met in Paris in February, 1893, and the award, delivered in August, 1893, was in this instance not unfavourable to England.

The seal got his point also, and a three-months' close time for the seal fishery was one of the conditions of the award.

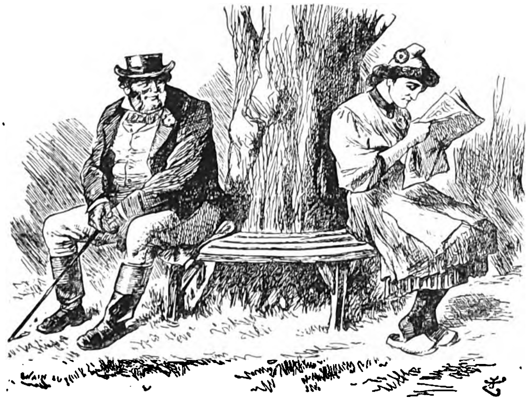
The very fine Tenniel cartoon in (No. 20) April 22, 1893, relates to the non-participation by Unionist Ulster in the Home Rule project of Mr. Gladstone, then lately introduced. There were great Unionist meetings in Ulster to protest against Home Rule, and on the day of publication of this cartoon there was a vast Unionist meeting in the Albert Hall, London, with the Duke of Abercorn in the chair, and 1200 delegates from Ireland were amongst the 10,000 persons present. Green being the colour of Nationalist and Home Rule Ireland, Unionist Ulster was anxious not to find even a speck of green in her own pretty eye—and she asked John Bull to look.

In January, 1894, many of the European nations were financially bothered, John Bull—the seedy "casual" at the right of cartoon No. 21 had a revenue deficit. The hardened "casual" Turkey comes to gloat over the financial troubles of his more prosperous neighbours as they are "Waiting for Relief."

The cartoon in No. 22 relates to the abortive attempt made by Lord Dunraven in 1895 to wrest the America Cup from the United States with his yacht *Valkyrie III.*—she was beaten by Mr. Iselin's *Defender*. In No. 23 Mr. Chamberlain is giving John Bull sound advice how to

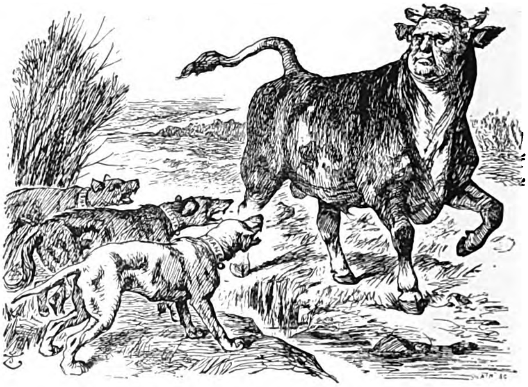


23.—The Incomplete Angler. *John Bull:* "I don't seem to be doing so well as I did." *Joe:* "Well, if you want to get the better of these foreign chaps, you must choose your fly to suit the fish—as *they* do!!" 1897. By Tenniel.



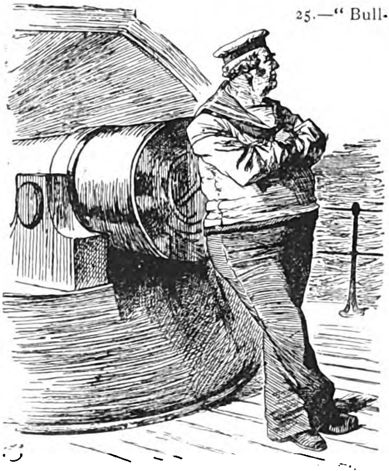
24.—"Rapprochement." *John Bull (aside):* "She's rather an attractive woman!" *Madame la République (aside):* "Tiens! Après tout, il n'est pas si mal!" 1895. By Tenniel.

compete against the United States and Germany in their growing onslaught upon our Colonial trade—" You must choose your fly to suit the fish—as *they* do!!"



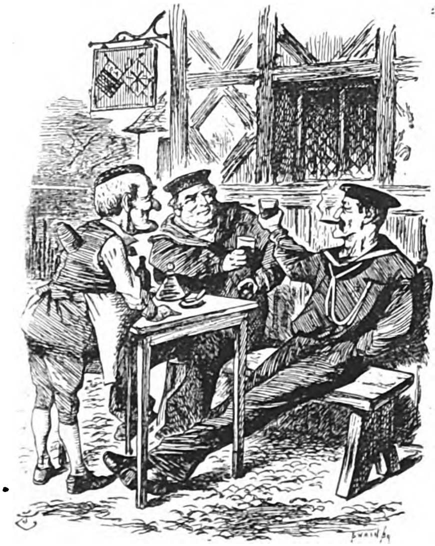
25.—" Bull-Baiting.' 1898. By Tenniel.

In No. 24 we see an illustration of "rapprochement" between France and England, in 1896, that one would very gladly see repeated now; but France's mind has been badly poisoned by the wholesale slander of England, with which she has of late been deluded by Boer agents. This "rapprochement" of 1896, if it then really existed, did not, however, last for very long, and in No. 25—a very dignified cartoon by Tenniel—we see the stately Bull being baited by the dogs of France, Russia, and Germany. That was a time of pin-pricks for us, from all round. But John Bull "stood by"—see No. 26—on the deck of his war-ship, and kept his weather eye open.



26.—"Standing By." 1898. By Tenniel.

The pleasant Anglo-American meeting of John and Jonathan at the sign of Mr. Punch's house, the "Two Cross Flags," **No.** 27, illustrates the extension of friendly feeling between the two kinsmen that was caused by the moral support rendered to the United States by England in connection with the war with Spain.



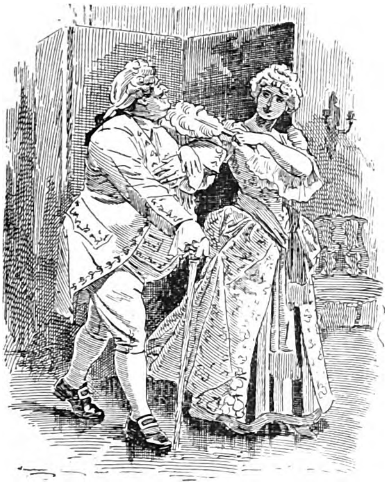
27.—" Doth not a Meeting like this make Amends!" *Punch (Landlord of the "Two Cross Flags")*: "Fill up, my hearties! It looks like 'dirty weather' ahead, but you two—John and Jonathan—will see it through, *together!*" 1898. By Tenniel.

There is a very beautiful cartoon by Sambourne in No. 28. It was published in February, 1899, prior to the Boer War, and it illustrates in charming fashion another temporary state of reconciled relations with our old neighbour France—who is perhaps a trifle *difficile,* sometimes. In No. 29, John Bull is sternly questioning the scheming hypocrite, Kruger. This cartoon is dated April 5, 1899, when the sand was running low in the glass, and John is beginning to mean stern business.

In the splendidly powerful cartoon, No. 30, published September 27, 1899, John Bull is goaded almost to action by the darts—quibbles and delays—that stick out from his great shoulders. The infatuated Kruger still angers the Bull by waving in his eyes the flag of the Transvaal. In No. 31, October 18, 1899, the fight has begun. That smart gunner Joe points the Maxim, and John Bull is bringing up the ammunition. The astounding effrontery of the Boer offer of peace, after they were getting badly beaten, upon conditions that all they originally wanted should be granted to them, is well illustrated by Tenniel in No. 32, published March 21, 1900. The last two neat verses of Mr. Owen Seaman's "Concessional" that faces this cartoon are:

MR. KRUGER TO LORD SALISBURY.

Having already done enough
  To "stagger" people, as proposed.



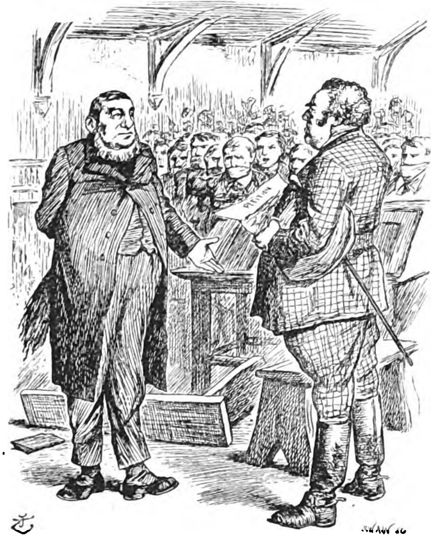
28.—"Till Further Notice." *Sir Peter Teazle* - - Mr. John Bull. *Lady Teazle* - - Madame La République. *Sir Peter:* "And we shall now be the happiest Couple——" *Lady T.:* "And never differ again?" *Sir Peter:* "Never——never——" *Lady T.:* "Never——never——" *Both:* "Never differ again!" (*Acting Version. For the remainder of the Dialogue, see "School for Scandal, Act III., Sc. 1.*) 1899. By Sambourne.

We surely may, without rebuff,
  Look on the late affair as closed.

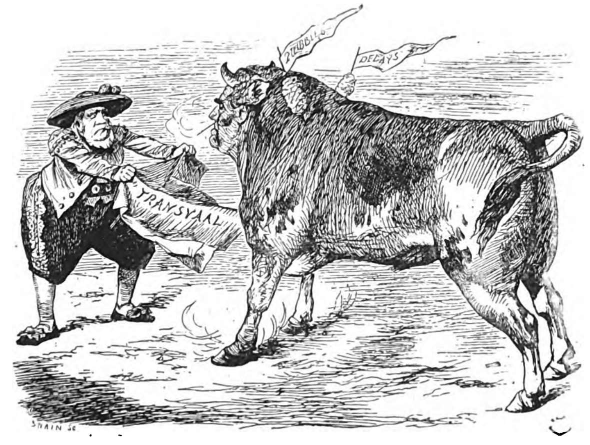
The terms we contemplate are light;
  My simple burghers would, I know,
Be willing to accept a slight
  Improvement on the *status quo*.

If ever Mr. Punch made Mr. John Bull give "The Straight Tip" to anyone, he made John Bull give it to Lord Salisbury, when, in cartoon No. 33, published October 24th, 1900, the Premier receives his "tip" marked "Majority 132," with the warning: "Mind and don't play ducks and drakes with it!" Mr. John Bull respects and trusts his aged servant, but John means to have good work done in the direction of a thorough defence of his large property.

The present selection of Mr. Punch's John Bull cartoons represents only about one-twentieth part of Mr. Punch's full collection of John Bull's portraits as drawn by his many artists. Of the thirty-three cartoons here shown, just two-thirds (twenty-two) were drawn by Sir John Tenniel, five by John Leech, and five by Mr. Linley Sambourne, who, at the commencement of this year, succeeded to Sir John Tenniel's place as Mr. Punch's "Cartoon Senior," and one by W. Newman. Mr. William Newman was of the Old Guard of *Punch*, and he was one of the original artists with whose work *Punch* started. He was the second of Mr. Punch's cartoonists, of whom the following is, I believe, a complete list since the commencement of *Punch* in 1841. In 1841, A. S. Henning, W. Newman, Brine, John Leech, and Birket Foster; in 1842, A. "Crowquill" (Forrester), Kenny Meadows, H. G. Hine, and H. Heath; in 1843, R. J. Hamerton; in 1844, Richard Doyle, whose design is still on the front of the wrapper of

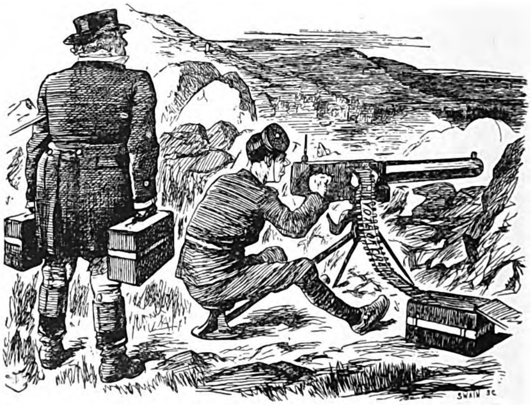


29.—"All the Comforts of a Home!" *John Bull (Inspector of Transvaal School)*: "Look here, Mr. Krüger! I've just received this complaint from the boys. Perhaps you'll kindly inform me what it means?" *Mr. Krüger (Headmaster)*: "Complaints, Mr. Bull! I've heard no complaints! Why, they're as happy as the day is long!" 1899. By Tenniel.



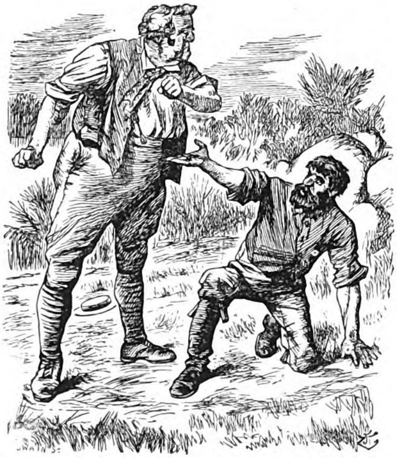
30.—All a Toss-up. 1899. By Tenniel.

Punch; in 1851, John Tenniel; in 1852, W. McConnell; in 1864, Charles Keene; and in 1884, 1894, and later, Mr. Linley Sambourne, who is now "Cartoon Senior." The preceding list of Mr. Punch's cartoonists is almost identical with the list given by Mr. M. H. Spielmann in his admirable "History of *Punch*," whence I quote these names, which, be it noted, are those of *Punch* cartoonists, not, one need scarcely say, the names of all the artists who have worked for *Punch* during the last sixty years—their names would make a very long list.

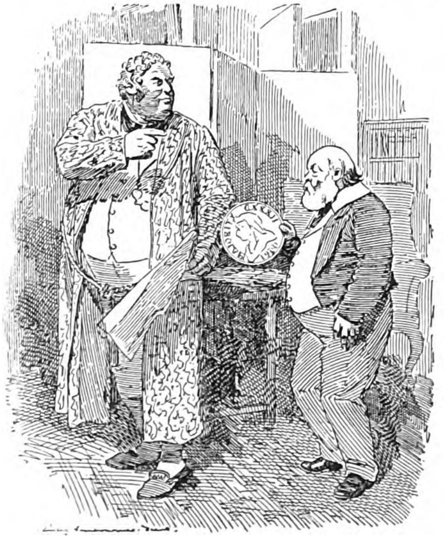


31.—The Sinews of War. *John Bull*: "Fire away, Joe! I'm with you! *I'll* look after the *ammunition!*" 1899. By Tenniel.

But of all the cartoonists just mentioned, there is one who stands out pre-eminently, at any rate in the eyes of the present generation. Sir John Tenniel, whose place at the *Punch* dinner-table has been given to Mr. Leonard Raven-Hill, his function as "Cartoon Senior" passing to Mr. Sambourne, has been for us the *Punch* cartoonist of our time. Sir John has lately retired, full of years and honour, after fifty years' service. His first cartoon was published on February 8th, 1851, and is on page 46 of Vol. XX. of *Punch*. It represents Lord John Russell, who was then Prime Minister, attacking Cardinal Wiseman with his sword named "Act of Parliament"—an Act to prevent the establishment of Roman Catholic bishoprics in England. Cardinal Wiseman was identified with the "Papal Aggression" that in 1851 made a great stir in England, and Lord John Russell, in this first cartoon by Tenniel, is being well backed up by Mr. Punch and by John Bull.



32.—A Handsome Offer. *Boer (considerably damaged)*: "I didn't like to mention it before, but now that 'you've recovered your prestige,' give me everything I want and all shall be forgiven!" March 21st, 1900. By Tenniel.

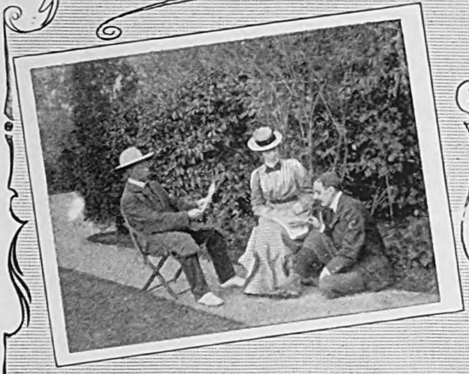


33.—The Straight Tip. *John Bull*: "Now, my boy, this is more than you expected. So, mind and don't play ducks and drakes with it!" October 24th, 1900. By Sambourne.

It was, in fact, this matter of Papal Aggression which led to Sir John Tenniel being connected with *Punch*. Richard Doyle left *Punch* in the year 1850, in consequence of *Punch's* onslaught against Roman Catholicism, Doyle being of that faith, and at Christmas, 1850, Tenniel was invited by Mark Lemon, then the editor of *Punch*, to fill the place suddenly left vacant by Doyle, whose abrupt retirement had left *Punch* somewhat in a fix. This invitation went to Tenniel on the strength of his illustrations to "Æsop's Fables."

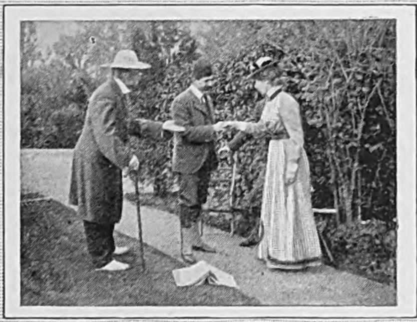
For fifty years Sir John Tenniel has worked for *Punch*, and for nearly forty years (from 1862) he has worked regularly at the weekly cartoons, rarely missing, and then only from illness. It is not easy to over-estimate the importance of Sir John Tenniel's work; his cartoons have never failed to treat political affairs with dignity.

A Tale of Spoons



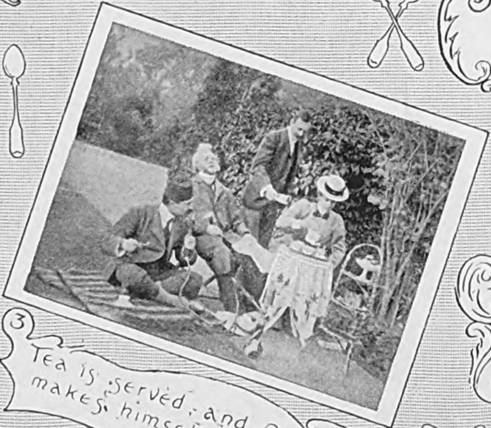
1

Mr. Peter Thompson, his daughter Lily, & her "fiancé" Charlie Snype, await the arrival from Turkey, of a Mr Stanley-Robinson who has forwarded a letter of introduction from a mutual friend.



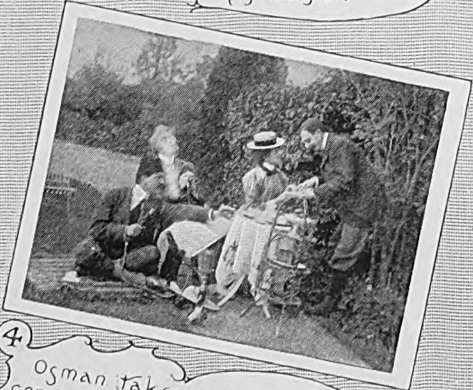
2

Mr. Stanley-Robinson sends Osman his Turkish servant, in advance, who, for reasons of his own, impersonates his master.



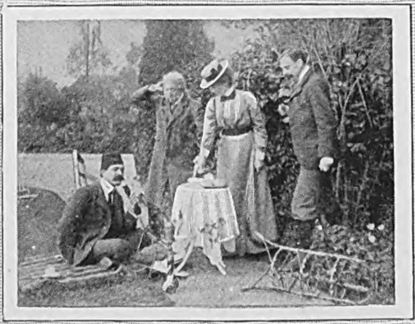
3

Tea is served, and Osman makes himself at home.



4

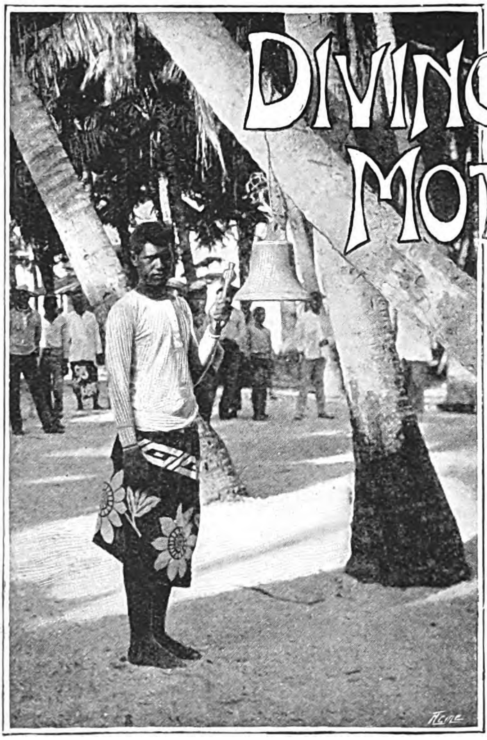
Osman takes advantage of a convenient moment and appropriates the tea spoons



5

Their loss is discovered.

DIVING FOR MOTHER-O'-PEARL



Ringing the divers to work in the early morning.

Written and Illustrated with Photographs

BY EDWIN PALLANDER.

> Hære rii au i Hikueru é
> E foito au i te reni é.
>
> *Kanaka Fisher-song.*

THE first glimpse of the little island of Hikueru is not an impressive one. Like the majority of the Paumotu coral atolls, the land is so low as to be barely discernible at a mile, and invisible at five. A long green band of verdure first rises above the sea-rim, then the yellow line of sand and the reef with its tumbling breakers.

The long-boat puts you ashore. Even here matters do not end satisfactorily, for the slanting beach of coral shallows so gradually that the boat cannot come within more than fifty yards of dry land. Hence—unless you are lucky enough to get carried ashore on the shoulders of a Kanaka—you will be condemned to wade.

Once ashore, a surprise awaits you. Hikueru, at first sight, hardly comes up to one's idea of a cannibal island. The whole place looks disagreeably, aggressively "new." The long rows of wooden diver shanties are sticky with paint, the gaudy print dresses of the women look fresh from the band-box—the very coco palms are young and (we are nearly under the equator) their thin dusty leaves offer little protection from the glare.

The hour for work has struck. The strokes of a bell come sobbingly through the white stems. The bell itself is a quaint concern. It is hung on a sloping palm trunk—a Kanaka in a scarlet pariu (loin-cloth) and a vest strikes it with a wooden mallet.

A short walk of two hundred yards across glaring sand patches brings you to the edge of the lagoon, where the inevitable topic begins to din itself into your ears. Shell—shell—shell. What these worthy folk are fishing for is not the true pearl, but its mother, the large, flat, iridescent shells with the rough black outside cover. Real pearls are, indeed, occasionally found, but the shell is the true article of Paumotu commerce—its value running from £50 to £75 per ton.

What you are witnessing is the genesis of a million shirt-studs. The seasonal output of the island is at present computed at from 1500—2000 tons. Should improvements

Native divers at work.

be eventually introduced into the working operations it is probable that even a higher figure may be reached.

About a mile or so towards the centre of the lagoon rises a tiny submerged island of coral, just visible as a pink shadow under the blue surface. The edges and caverns of this strange place are choked with pearl-shell. Our mentor beckons to one of the nearer skiffs in which two men are sitting. Will they dive for the gentleman with the camera? They will. The elder of the two, a tall bony Kanaka attired in the sweet simplicity of a short brown rag, rises to his feet, sways and —plump!—over he goes; the neatest header ever witnessed.

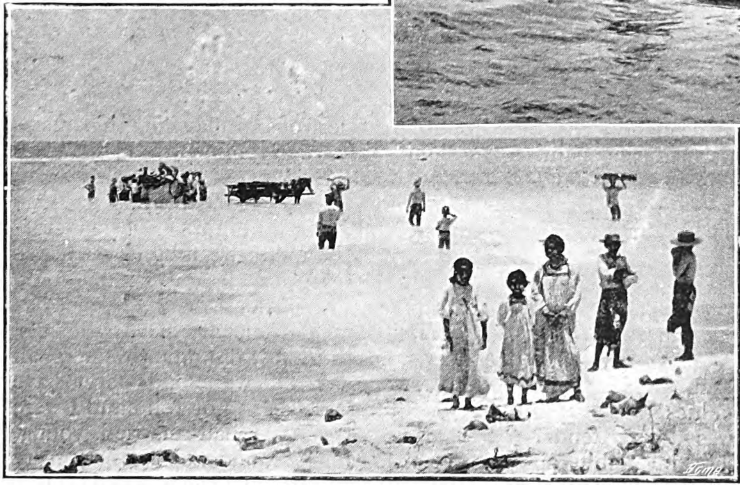
And now a full minute has elapsed and we begin to look anxiously at our watches. Seventy seconds, eighty, ninety —a splendid dive that—a hundred, ten, twenty—he must have the lungs of a grampus—thirty —fifty—he's drowned to a certainty. No—all's well; for here he comes, pufiing and blowing, with draggled trails of seaweed clinging to his hair, and a black something in his right hand. His assistant splits the something open and discloses two beautiful pearl shells, one of which he holds triumphantly up for our inspection.

Two minutes and a half! A very fair dive that, but not the record by any means. Cases are known where the Hikueru diver has remained under water for the space of *three minutes and a half!* How he does it is only known to himself.

Hikueru produces the very finest quality of black-edged shell known to the Eastern Pacific. Among the other islands noted for productions of a similar variety may be mentioned Mangareva, Fakarava, Rurutu, Makemo, and Rangiroa—the last named being the largest atoll of the archipelago, its lagoon measuring an odd forty miles in diameter.

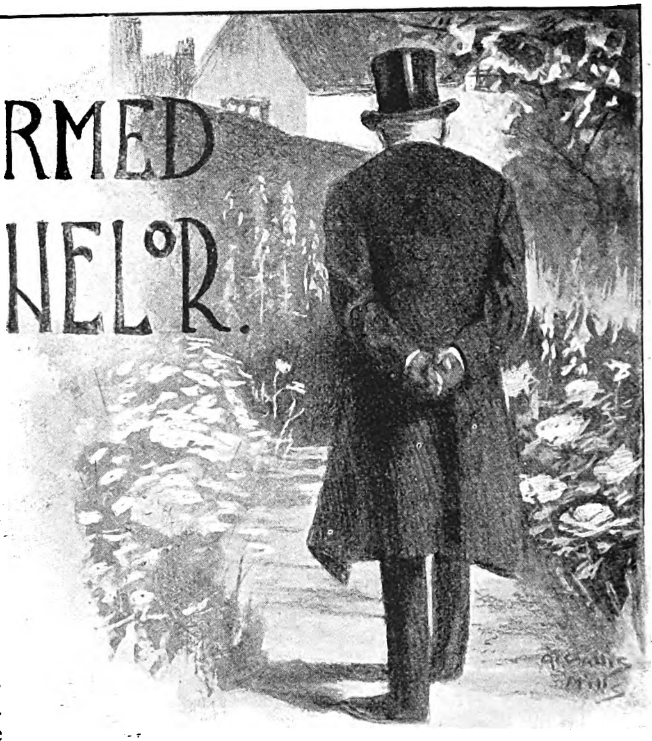
Once torn from its native rock the preparations the shell undergoes before shipment are simple enough. The inclosed oyster—a hideous, slimy creature large enough to straddle a breakfast saucer—is rudely scooped out with a knife and flung back into the waters of the lagoon, a treatment which is reputed to assist in the fructification of the pearl beds at the bottom. The outside of the shells are then chipped clean of adhering rock or coral, the shells themselves are sorted, weighed and packed in wooden cases for shipment. Pearl-shell is fairly delicate merchandise, and, taking into account the miles of banging and general ill-treatment the cases undergo in those murderous little native schooners, one can hardly wonder at the piles of broken shell littering the warehouses. Mother-o'-pearl would be a very inexpensive article indeed were it not so brittle.

Juvenile mother-o'-pearl divers.



Landing a day's spoil.

A CONFIRMED OLD BACHELOR



By

L. G. MOBERLY.

WE always knew he was a confirmed old bachelor; my husband and I had made up our minds that there must have been some romance in his youth to account for his having remained unmarried. I never for a moment guessed what the romance was, but we felt that so attractive a man as Mr. Streatham would not be a bachelor at sixty-five unless there was some special reason for it.

He was a very dear friend of ours. Before my marriage he had been an acquaintance only. Afterwards our acquaintance ripened into friendship—warm friendship; and he was constantly at our house. John and I were very fond of him, and our children simply adored him. He was goodness itself to them.

But then he was in every way a generous man. Nobody ever asked him for help in vain; and John has told me of many, many cases in which Mr. Streatham helped some foolish boy out of his difficulties, and set him on his feet again. He was a very tender-hearted person, and misery invariably appealed not only to his heart but to his purse.

Yet I have heard him blamed for not entertaining more largely; and for not keeping a bigger establishment. He was popularly supposed to be exceedingly rich, and our mutual friends often told me that they were quite sure he must be miserly, and that he certainly seemed to hoard his money unnecessarily. Their argument was that, as he had no wife or child, nor apparently any near relations, it would be advisable that he should spend his money during his lifetime. I could never quite understand why his friends should be so desirous of managing his affairs for him. He was eminently capable of looking after them himself.

He was unfailingly good to John and me—too good, I often told him. But he merely smiled when I said that, and told me it was the greatest pleasure he had, to be able to do small things for his friends.

"Small things" meant theatre tickets, concerts, coach drives, restaurant dinners, all the pleasures which we could never have obtained for ourselves. For John and I were struggling folk. We had married young, and married for love, and we had been very happy. But we were not rich, and as the girls and boys grew up, the struggle did not grow easier. If it had not been for Mr. Streatham our children would have had few amusements indeed. He kept my drawing-room fragrant with flowers. Nothing I could say would persuade him to leave off sending me great baskets of delicious, costly blossoms twice a week, and he lavished birthday presents on the children with a reckless generosity, for which I often scolded him.

"You must remember, Mr. Streatham," I said to him once, "that we are bringing the children up to be working men and

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women, and they must not be spoilt now. They will have to rough it in life, and not go through the world receiving beautiful presents."

"Oh! they will have to rough it, will they, Mrs. Meadows?" he said slowly. "Well, then let them enjoy life now." And he smiled, a strange enigmatical smile. I wondered at the time what it meant.

He was the most gentle and courteous of men. There was an old-world flavour about his manners, a deference to women, and a certain old-fashioned stateliness, which formed a delightful contrast to the brusqueness and rudeness of some of the rising generation.

It seemed a grievous pity that he should be living the lonely life of an old bachelor. He was the sort of man who would have made a woman so happy, and whose children would have worshipped him. Yet he was living in rooms—a solitary man, with no joys of home to make his old age bright. The pity of it!—I thought. The pity of it!

And one afternoon I taxed him with it.

We were alone in the drawing-room. It was a June day, warm and sunny. The windows were open, and a little breeze danced in, and ruffled the leaves of the roses in the great bowl on the table. The voices of my girls and boys came up to us from the slip of garden into which the room looked. Somewhere in the distance a barrel organ was audible. A thrush sang in the one lilac bush of which our garden boasted.

"You are very peaceful here," Mr. Streatham said, and I thought he sighed just a little. He was leaning back in the armchair. His face was white, and it struck me that he looked old and tired. "It is a very ideal life," he went on, "to have your children growing up round you."

I leant forward impulsively.

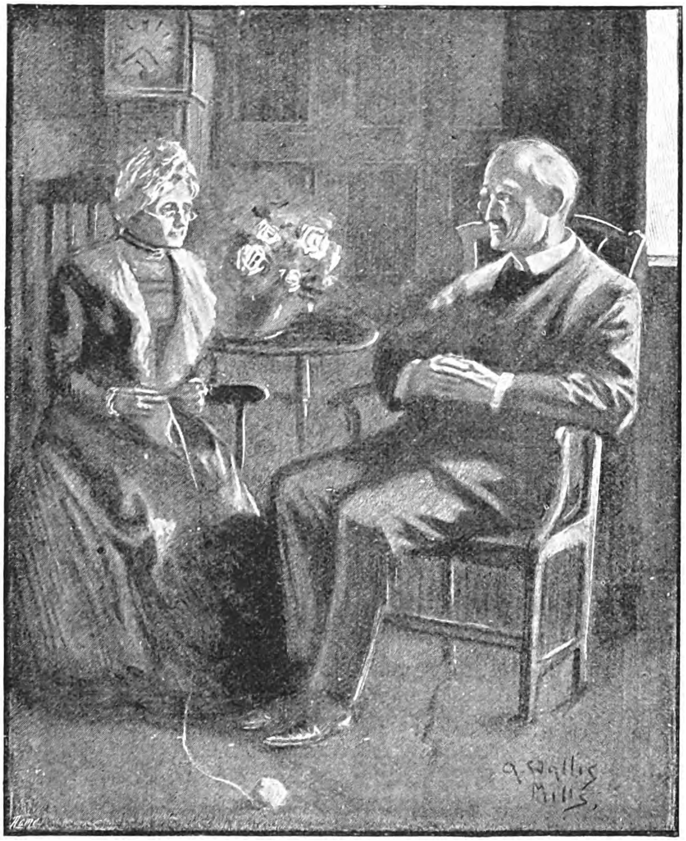
"Oh! Mr. Streatham," I exclaimed, "how I wish you could have had all this too. It is such a pity that you have not a home of your own, and a wife and children," I spoke eagerly. His kindly blue eyes met mine, and he smiled, that same curiously enigmatical smile which I had noticed before. But he did not speak.

"Is it too late?" I said, laying down the sock I was darning, and looking at him earnestly, "is it too late? You would be so happy with a good and a loving woman to take care of you."

"I am afraid—it is a little too late," he said slowly, "I am sixty-five you know."

"But that is not really old," I protested, "and you would make any woman happy. Surely it is not too late—unless—of course—there is some other reason, besides your age."

"There is—another reason," he answered, after a pause, and in the pause I heard the thrush in the lilac bush break forth into a passion of song, "there is a reason. Shall I tell it to you?"



"Oh, they will have to rough it, will they?" he said slowly.

I nodded without replying. Something in his face gave me a queer, choking feeling in my throat.

"It is not a very new sort of story," he said quietly, and with an attempt at cheerfulness, but his smile gave me a sudden desire to cry, "it is only that I am not—a very good hand at—forgetting—and in my youth—I—was—the wrong man. The woman I—loved—married—the right one. I am thankful to say she is very happy—but——"

"Oh! how could she?" I broke in, "how could she choose someone else when you cared for her?"

"Ah! well—I don't know how it was," he said, with a little whimsical look which I could not interpret, "I am sure she chose the best man—and the man she loved best. When I saw she loved him, I did not urge my cause. I do not think she ever knew I cared."

He lowered his voice a little, and his eyes which had met mine, suddenly shifted and wandered to the glowing loveliness of the roses on the table.

"It was in this way," he went on dreamily. "We were all in the country at the time—a big house party. I had known—her—in town. I loved her the first night I ever saw her—at a great dance in the house of a mutual friend."

"Was she so lovely?" I asked.

"Very lovely. She was the loveliest woman I had ever seen," he answered softly.

I wondered vaguely whether I had ever seen this lovely lady, and thinking over all the people known to us, as well as to Mr. Streatham, I could not recall one who would answer to his description; but, naturally, I did not know all his friends.

"After that dance," he continued, "I saw her often, and then we were both at the house of which I spoke. It was spring time. The woods were carpeted with primroses, the blackthorn was white in the hedges; the thrushes sang as the thrush is singing in your garden to-day."

He paused for a moment, and a far-away look came into his eyes. I, too, felt as though I were being carried back to my own past, for it was in springtime, when the copses were starry with primroses, and the thrushes sang of love, that John asked me to be his wife!

"I shall never forget those days," he went on, and I woke from my own dreams with a start, "and it is because I never forget them that I have become a stupid old bachelor." He tried again to smile, but there was a pathos in his smile that made me want to cry.

"She never cared for *me*, Mrs. Meadows—never looked upon me as more than the acquaintance of an hour, even though I worshipped the ground she walked upon. ("Stupid woman!" I thought to myself,) There was always somebody else, from the very beginning. But I could no more help loving her than I could help rejoicing in the sunshine and the springtime, and the song of the thrush. It was joy to be able to wait upon her sometimes—to hear her voice, and watch her face. But she never knew—she never knew."

"What a singularly obtuse woman she must have been!" my thoughts ran. But aloud I said:

"It seems such a pity. Perhaps, after all, if you had spoken you might have won her."

He shook his head.

"No; it was always the other man; a better fellow than he is does not exist. If anyone was ever worthy of her, he was."

"What a lucky woman she has been," I said, "to have won the love of two such men, and what a sweet woman she must have been—though dense," I added mentally.

"There is no one like her," he said emphatically, "and because she has not her counterpart I am—a confirmed old bachelor. For her sake I reverence every woman. She is my ideal of all that is most noble and womanly."

"It must be beautiful to be that," I exclaimed. "Oh! she is a very lucky woman."

"I think it is I who am lucky to have known and loved her," he said in his courtly fashion.

"And do you ever see her now?" I asked. "Oh! you must forgive my impertinent curiosity, but your story is so beautiful—it takes one out of this matter of fact, sordid life."

"You are not impertinent," he said, and his smile was charming. "Yes, I often see her, and she is still my ideal woman."

When I told John about that conversation he smiled.

"Dear old chap," he said, "I always thought there must be something to account for his bachelor existence. I wonder who the woman is? Someone we all knew when we were young, I suppose, though of course Streatham was only an acquaintance of yours and mine before we married."

It was only a very short time after my conversation—with Mr. Streatham that we heard he was ill. At first it seemed to be nothing serious, but he became worse with startling rapidity, and one hot July evening his old butler came round to me in terrible distress. His old master was dying, he said, and he was calling for me—would I come? Of course John and I went off to his rooms immediately, and directly I saw our old friend I knew that he was drawing very close to the Valley of the Shadow. When I knelt down beside him, he opened his eyes suddenly, and looked into my face with a smile.

"Would you mind," he whispered, "would you mind giving me a kiss—just once—even though I was the wrong man?"

I stooped over him, and kissed him gently, and he smiled again radiantly.

"It was because of her"—his voice grew fainter—he seemed to be growing unconscious once more—"that—I—am a confirmed—old—bachelor." He looked full into my face again. "Good night—my—sweet."

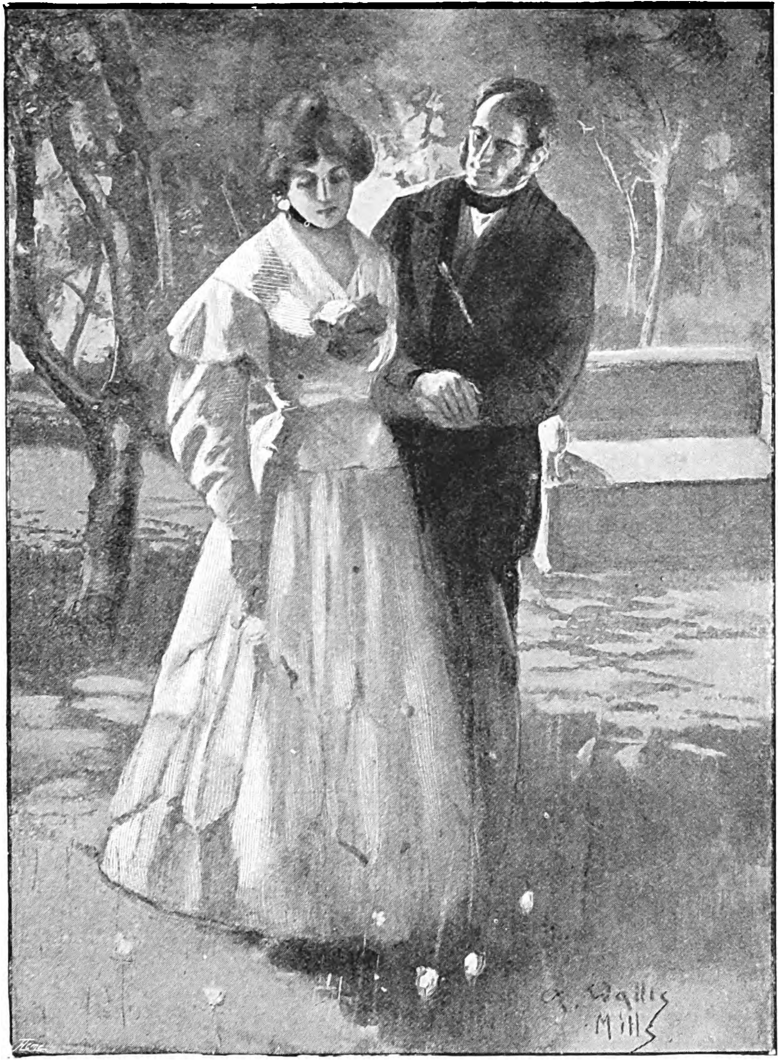
His eyes closed—I thought he had fallen asleep—but it was the sleep from which our dear old friend would never wake again, and I turned away, my eyes blinded with tears.

"I believe he mistook me for the woman he loved," I said to John. "I wish *she* could have come to him."

And she *had* come to him! A great surprise awaited me. By Mr. Streatham's will every atom of property of which he died possessed was left to *me* and to my children. When I was first told of it, I could not believe it, but the simple words of the will left no room for doubt.

"I give and bequeath my whole property, real and personal, to Mrs. John Meadows, the only woman I have ever loved." When I read those words I sat down and sobbed helplessly, whilst John said very gently:

"Dear old chap, he kept his secret well, even when he was telling you his own story. So after all it was my wife who was his ideal woman. God bless her!"



It was in springtime that John asked me to be his wife.

SINGING IN TWENTY LANGUAGES

By
M. Dinorben Griffith.

Illustrated with Photographs.

Miss Viva Cummins Doan, the Race Impersonator.

Miss Viva Cummins Doan, the Race Impersonator, was born in Sacramento City, California; she was an only child, and her talents are evidently inherited. Both her parents were musical, her mother well known as a composer, and her father — the late Professor Cummins, who died at the early age of thirty-nine — was, notwithstanding his extreme youth, a famous philologist, conversant with sixty different languages and dialects.

When very small, Viva loved to drape herself in shawls, or dress up in any garment that looked to her like fancy dress, covering her tiny arms, neck, and hair with all kinds of gew-gaws and barbaric ornaments from the many curios in her father's possession.

On one of these occasions a photograph was taken of her, and was on view at Taber's studio in San Francisco. General Grant, who happened to be staying in the town, took a great fancy to it, and said: "I will buy the picture if you can get me the child's autograph on the back of it. She was not much more than a baby, but looked about nine as she was represented reclining on a couch covered with a tiger skin — the dimpled bare limbs visible through the long fringe of a beautiful white shawl in which she had draped herself—decorated with anklets of gold, bracelets, and necklaces of beads, the loose hair crowned with an oriental bangle, and the hands holding peacock's feathers. This picture has often been reproduced in American magazines. General Grant obtained the autograph, but not for some time, for writing was not then one of Viva's accomplishments, but she succeeded after many trials in printing her name, and the signature appeared to her quite a work of art.

Miss Doan as a squaw, leaning over her papoose, and imploring the "Great Spirit" on its behalf.

Among the most interesting impersonations given by Miss Doan are the Iroquois brave, the young Sioux maiden, and squaw, Mohammedan priest, Hindoo woman, Arab maid, and Javanese and Hungarian types.

During the World's Fair in Chicago, Miss Doan had splendid opportunities for racial studies. She watched the Pah-Ute Indian braves on

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pay-day at Buffalo Bill's show, and observed that as the chiefs filed by, one by one, dignified and calm, to receive their money, the women crooned a strange recitative which extolled the appearance, the manly and warlike qualities of the braves, and their heroic deeds.

It was a novel form of advertising, and proves that even a conquered tribe of Nevada Indians understands the value of *réclame*. This particular tribe lived about half a mile from a town, and the men were noted as being inveterate gamblers, but possessed one or two redeeming qualities, among which were kindness to their women folk and honesty.

Miss Doan as a Spanish dancer.

In the typical position of a Hindoo when reciting his prayers.

Singing a Javanese song——

——with characteristic gestures.

"I was a frequent visitor," said Miss Doan, "at the quarters of an Iroquois tribe, the chiefs of which were 'Big Thunder' and his son, 'Little Big Thunder.' It was not very long before I could understand their language, and while sitting round the camp fires at night I learnt the chant of the young Cherokee brave when he has taken his first scalp, and the plaintive love song; when thus qualified he holds out his blanket and intreats his love to come to his side. If the maid accedes to his request, it is equivalent to an acceptance on her part to a proposal of marriage.

"'Little Big Thunder' was a long time teaching this song, and when it was learnt, he asked his pupil to become his bride, as she was 'just the girl for him.' To his great surprise and no little anger, the flattering offer was firmly declined. 'Little Big Thunder' was persistent, and the wooed white girl had to fly hurriedly. The noble chief was not difficult to console, and soon found that a copper complexion was almost as pretty as white. As a token of his forgiveness he presented his pupil with an Iroquois chief's full dress, and all the appendages and ornaments."

Very successful is her conception of a squaw carrying her papoose on her back, or leaning over it imploring the protection of the "Great Spirit" for the little one, or hushing it to sleep with a lullaby that would be a delightful addition to any collection of cradle songs.

Each dress worn in each character is absolutely correct. Either they have been locally made by, or purchased from, the natives of the various countries from which she selects a type for an impersonation, or they have been presented to her by the original owners.

“The necklace worn with the Indian costume,” explained the lady, “I value very much; it has come from Alaska, two thousand miles inland, and is composed of bear and seal claws, alternating with the teeth of the walrus, elk, and sea lion. The elk teeth are the most valuable, as each animal has only two of the kind represented in my necklace, and by some tribes they are used as money, each tooth representing about four shillings. This ornament was the property of a famous chief, and was jealously guarded as the principal jewel of his primitive regalia.”

Sioux Indian manner of carrying the papoose.

Two typical poses of a Hungarian csada.

“The Muezzin,” the Mahommedan call to prayer.

Questioned regarding a curiously carved snake ring, Miss Doan said: “It was a souvenir of a visit to Alaska in 1892. I was among the splendid Indians that Duncan settled at the mission of Metbakatla. The squaws came out to welcome us, carrying garlands of spring flowers. Their general appearance and their manners were alike charming. One very pretty girl was wearing this ring, and I badly wanted it, but it was a token from her sweetheart, a clever young silversmith, who made all kinds of pretty jewellery from silver coins. After some days, friendship—backed by money—prevailed, and that ring became mine.”

The bracelet of beads sewn on leather is a medicine man’s charm supposed to have the power of keeping off all the “ills that the flesh is heir to,” and the beaded bag worn in her interpretation of the Indian woman was a present from a Canadian Indian.

Miss Cummins Doan found the Javanese, of all the races she studied, the most difficult character to learn. For days and days she brought every influence she could exert to bear upon the manager of that section of the World’s Fair. “I want to learn some of their songs and dances,” she explained, “simply for stage purposes.” The man sniffed contemptuously, “*You* learn their songs and dances? Well, you can go in and see them, but I will not have their rehearsals and exhibition performances interfered with. You are only wasting your time.”

Miss Doan in the part of a Bedouin woman playing the Darrabukeh.

Singing the praises of an Arab horse.

In six weeks she had learnt some of the songs that she liked best, had been fitted out with a costume, taught a dance or two, the gestures and positions of which seemed absolutely a copy of the Egyptian. She was initiated into the mystery of the head dress, a most intricate decoration, which she succeeded in purchasing from a Javanese beauty for several gold coins, and was also presented with a gold chain as a souvenir of friendship.

As a Hindoo youth playing the *sitar.*

“The preparation for my race impersonations has taken up about six years,” said Miss Cummins Doan, “and this notwithstanding the assistance I derived from my peculiarly advantageous home training. My love for languages is hereditary on both sides, for my mother was always speaking to me of an uncle of hers on her mother’s side. He was Captain William Mitchell, of Bordeaux, France, who spoke fluently thirteen languages.”

Miss Cummins Doan’s list of friends was long and varied. Captain Jack Crawford, the poet-scout, was a great admirer of her talents, and was present at one of her first entertainments.

A Brahmin Pundit helped her greatly with one or two of his studies, but his instruction was somewhat mixed up with his domestic infelicity. With the wisdom of the wise he had married three wives, and thought that his happiness and comfort were secure. The first was chosen because she would be a good companion, the second for her beauty, and the third because she was a good housewife. Alas for the fallacy of human wisdom. Number one contradicted him on every point. “What man could stand that?” said Miss Doan sympathetically. Number two was a scold, and number three a fool.

Playing the Arab *segats* or metal castanets.

I was anxious to know if this was preliminary to choosing number four, but was promptly told that had nothing to do with the article.

One of the most realistic and wonderful performances of this little lady’s is the Mahommedan call to prayer. It was taught her by a native second lieutenant in the Anglo-Egyptian army who had been banished from Egypt for political reasons.

An Indian in war paint on the war-path.

His grandfather had chanted the "Muezzin" at the Khedival Palace all his life. "The young officer was pardoned soon after," added Miss Doan, "became first lieutenant, and greatly distinguished himself at Omdurman."

The first appearance of the Race Impersonator was at "The Grand Opera House," the largest theatre at San Francisco. The novel entertainment was a great success. Asked if that had always been her experience, she said no. Once she was engaged to give an entertainment, for children principally, but the moment she appeared as an Indian Chief the children rose *en masse* and wanted to run away.

There is an amusing story about her appearance in this character. At a large music hall in America she arranged a series of character tableaux with music. The band played a weird prelude, and the curtain rose slowly, revealing a forest scene. A dusky figure glided from tree to tree, breathlessly watched; at last, with one noiseless bound it reached the footlights, and bent over the conductor tomahawk in hand. Then a few seconds after stood upright with an ear-piercing yell, holding aloft in one hand a scalp, and in the other the weapon. The poor conductor nervously smiled and rubbed his bald head, whilst the audience roared their delight and the band chimed in. These Indian characters are eminently realistic.

The Bedouin costume was made by an Arab girl, Nazireh, who became very attached to Miss Doan. The Turkish Commissioner to the Chicago Exhibition, a very learned and courteous man, was much interested in Miss Doan's "craze"—as most people called it—and gave her every facility for learning Turkish and Arabic songs.

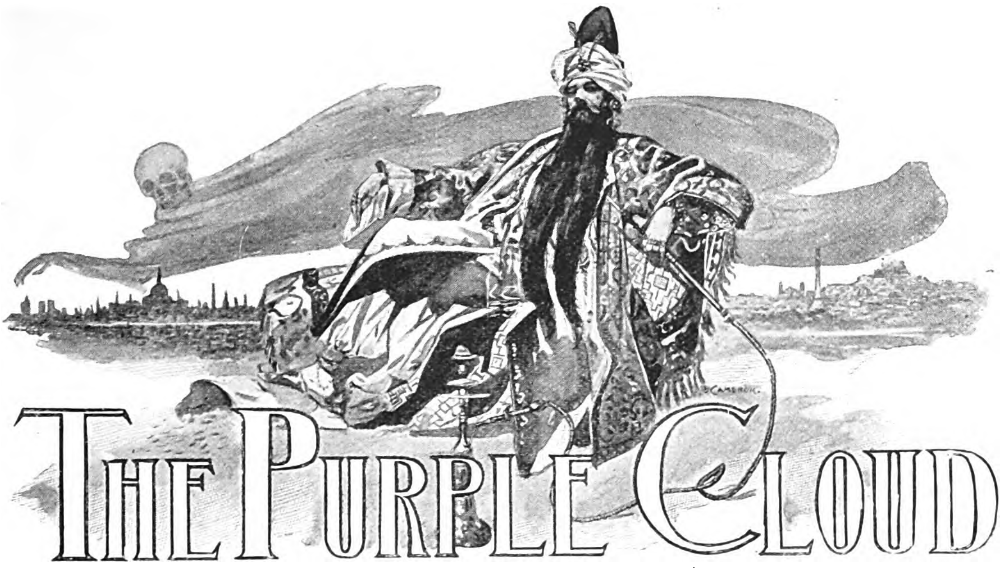
"The metal drum I use, as the Arab woman, is called by them *Darra bukeh,* and the metal castanets or *sagats* were bought for me in Egypt, and are veritable antiques. As the Hindoo youth I play that historic instrument, the *sitar.*"

"Little Big Thunder," whose story may be read in this article.

Miss Cummins Doan finally told me that her idea in preparing her impersonations was that the delight she experienced in the study of the racial peculiarities, dress, music, and language, might be given to others in a series of living pictures, accompanied when suitable by the speech, dancing, or music, both vocal and instrumental, associated with each individual type.

Miss Doan singing an Indian scalping song ——

—— And in the typical posture of an Indian "brave."



THE PURPLE CLOUD

By M. P. Shiel.

SYNOPSIS.

A millionaire has left a fortune to the first man who reaches the North Pole. In spite of the warning of a preacher that misfortune will happen to the earth if the Pole is reached, a great expedition is prepared. In order that her *fiancé*, Adam Jeffson, may take the place of her nephew, who was a member of the expedition, the Countess Clodagh poisons the latter. Jeffson, the narrator, after killing his five companions, reaches the Pole alone. Then, seized with a strange terror, retraces his steps.

III.

I continued my lonely way south through the desert ice with a great terror in my heart; for very fearful is the burden of that vast Arctic solitude upon one poor human soul.

Sometimes, on a halt, I have lain and listened long to the hollow silence of the Pole, with a shrinking awe, hoping, hoping that at least one of the dogs might bark. I have even crept shivering from the thawing sleeping-bag to flog a dog, so that I might hear a sound.

I had started from the Pole with a well-freighted sledge, and with the sixteen dogs left alive from the ice-packing which had buried my comrades. This was on the evening of April 13th. I had saved from the wreck of our things most of the pemmican, whey-powder, etc., as well as the theodolite, compass, chronometer, train-oil lamp for cooking, and other implements. I was, therefore, in no doubt as to my course, and I had provisions for ninety days. But ten days from the start my supply of dog-food failed, and I had to begin to slaughter my only companions, one by one.

In the third week the ice became terribly rough, and, with moil and toil enough to wear a bear to death, I did only five miles a day. After the day's work I would crawl with a dying sigh into my bag, clad still in the load of skins which stuck to me a mere filth of grease, to sleep the sleep of a swine, careless if I never woke.

Always—day after day—on the southern horizon brooded sullenly that curious stretched-out region of purple vapour, like the smoke of the conflagration of the world. And I noticed that its length constantly reached out and out, and silently grew.

Once I had a very pleasant dream. I dreamt that I was in a garden—an Arabian paradise—so sweet was the perfume. All the time, however, in the dream, I had a subconsciousness of the gale which was actually blowing from the S.E. over the ice, and, at the moment when I woke, was half-wittedly droning to myself: "It is a garden of Peaches; but I am not really in the garden; I am on the Ice; only, the S.E. storm is wafting to me the aroma of this garden of Peaches."

I opened my eyes, I started, I sprang to my feet, for, miracle of miracles—there could be no doubt of it—an actual aroma like peach blossoms *was* in the air about me.

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Before I could collect my astonished senses, I was violently ill, and at the same time I saw some of the dogs, mere skeletons as they now were, in the throes of death. For a long while I lay very sick in a kind of doze, and, on rising, found two of the dogs dead, and all very queer. The wind had now changed to the north-west. I went staggering on my weary way. This odour of peach blossoms, my sickness, and the death of the dogs, remained a wonder to me.

Two days later, to my extreme mystification and joy, I came across a bear and its cub lying dead at the foot of a hummock. I allowed the six dogs a glorious feed on the blubber, and I myself had a great banquet with the fresh meat. But again and again I found myself asking: "What can have killed these two bears?"

On I trudged with brutish stolidness, almost like a machine, sometimes nodding in sleep while I helped the dogs tug and manœuvre the sledge over an ice-ridge. On the 3rd of June, a month and a half from my start, I took an observation with the theodolite. I was not yet 400 miles from the Pole in latitude 84° 50′. It was just as though some Will was obstructing and retarding me.

However, the intolerable cold was over, and soon my clothes no longer hung stark upon me like armour. Pools appeared on the ice, and presently, what was worse, long lanes, across which, somehow, I had to get the sledge. About the same time all fear of starvation passed away. I began to come across, not bears only, but fulmars, guillemots, snipes, Ross's gulls, little auks—and all, all, lying dead on the ice. And never anywhere a living thing, save me and the two remaining dogs.

If ever a poor man stood shocked before a mystery it was I now. I had a big fear on my heart.

On the 2nd of July the ice began packing dangerously, and soon another storm broke loose upon me from the S.W. I broke off my trek, and put up the silk tent. And again—for the second time—as I lay down, I smelled that delightful odour of peach-blossoms, a mere whiff of it, and presently afterwards I was taken sick. However, it soon passed off. Now it was all lanes, lanes, yet no open water, and such was the difficulty and woe of my life, that sometimes I would drop on the ice and sob: "Oh, no more, no more—here let me die." The crossing of a lane might occupy ten or twelve entire hours, and then, on the other side, I might find another opening right before me. On the 8th of July one of the dogs, after a feed on blubber, suddenly died; and there was left me only "Reinhardt," a white-haired Siberian dog, with little, pert, upsticking ears. Him, too, I had to kill on coming to open water.

This did not happen till the 3rd August, nearly four months after my start from the Pole. I had known from the look of the sky, and the absence of fresh-water ice, that the sea was near, and had spent three days in repairing my battered kayak. On resuming my way, I sighted far off a streaked haze, which I knew to be the basalt cliffs of Franz Josef Land. In a craziness of joy I stood there, waving my ski-staff about my head with the feeble cheers of a very old man.

In four days this land was visibly near, and soon I arrived at the edge of the pack-ice. I killed "Reinhardt." I put the last of the provisions and some of my implements into the kayak, and, with my little lug-sail spread, went coasting along the shore-ice. Low on the horizon loomed the red blurr of the midnight sun, as my skiff lightly chopped her way through this silent sea. Silent, silent: for neither snort of walrus, nor yelp of fox, nor cry of startled kittiwake did I hear; but all was as still as the shadow of the cliffs on the sea; and many bodies of dead things strewed the surface of the water.

* * * * *

When my feet at last touched land, I sat down a long, long time in the snow, and sweetly wept. My eyes were like a fountain of tears. For the firm land is health and sanity, and dear to the heart of man; but the great ungenial ice is like a nightmare, and a blasphemy, and a madness, and the realm of the Power of Darkness.

* * * * *

I knew that I was at Franz Josef Land, in the neighbourhood of Cape Fligely (about 82° N.). Though it was so late, and already getting cold, I still had the hope of reaching Spitzbergen that year, by alternately sailing all open water, and dragging the kayak over the slack drift-ice. All the ice I could see was good flat fjord-ice, and the plan seemed feasible; so that after three day's rest, I stocked the kayak with what artificial food was left, and with bear and walrus flesh; and I set out, coasting with sail and paddle by the shore-ice. But I had not gone far when a strong tempest overtook me from the north. My sail was snatched away, my kayak upset, and I only saved it by chancing to be near a floe with an "ice-foot," which, projecting under the water, gave me foot-hold. I lay on the floe in a faint a whole night under the storm, for I was half drowned.

And at once, on recovering myself, I abandoned all thought of whalers, and of Europe, for that year. Happily my instruments, etc., had been saved by the kayak-deck.

* * * * *

I built myself a semi-subterranean Esquimeau den near the shore for the long Polar night. The roof of walrus-hide was soon buried under snow and ice, and hardly distinguishable from the general level of the white-clad ground; the entrance was a passage through which I crawled on hands and knees. Here mostly sitting in a cowering attitude, I wintered, harkening to the large and windy ravings of darkling December storms above me.

Blubber served me both for fuel and light. Food I had in plenty by merely stretching out the hand.

Around me lay bears, walruses, foxes, and thousands upon thousands of little auks, kittiwakes, snow-owls, eider-ducks — all dead. The only living things I saw were some walruses on the drift-floes, but very few compared with the number I expected to see. It was clear to me that some undreamable catastrophe had overtaken the island during the summer, destroying all the life about it, except some few of the amphibians.

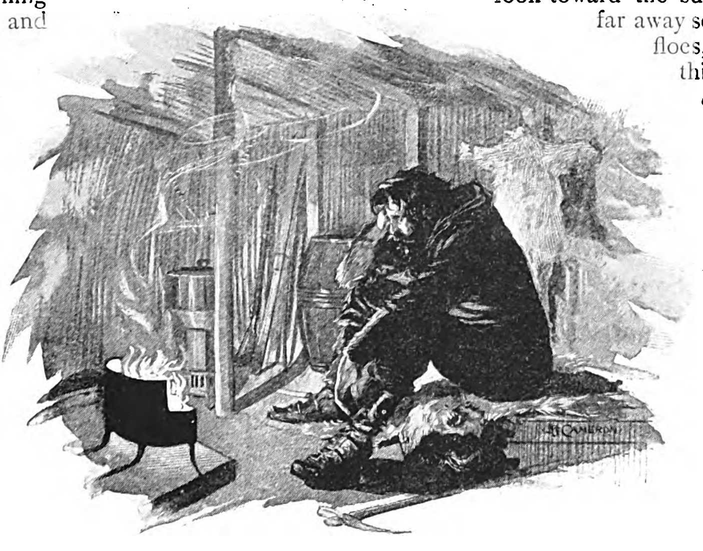
On the 5th of December, during a southern storm, I had for the third time a distinct whiff of that self-same aroma of peach-blossom, but this time without any after-effects.

* * * * *

Again came Christmas, the New Year, Spring. I set out with a well-stocked kayak. The water was fairly open, and the ice so good that at one place I could sail the kayak over it, the wind sending me sliding at a fine pace. Toward the end of my first day out I noticed a large flat floe, presenting far off a singular and lovely sight, for it seemed freighted thick with a profusion of pink and white roses, showing in its clear crystal the empurpled reflection. On getting near I saw that it was covered with millions of Ross's gulls, all dead, whose pretty rosy bosoms had given it that appearance.

From the 22nd of May, when I set out, to the 29th of June, I made good progress southward and westward, sometimes meeting dead bears floating away on floes, sometimes dead and living walrus-herds. On that last day—the 29th of June—I was about to encamp on a floe near midnight, when, happening to look toward the sun, my eye fell, far away south across the floes, upon something—*the masts of a ship!*

My heart set to beating in my bosom as though I must surely die, and, feebly waving my broad kayak-oar of cane round my head, I staggered to my knees, and toppled flat with wry mouth upon the ice.



Here, mostly sitting in a cowering attitude, I wintered.

The hope of regaining semblance to a human being, of once more springing, like the beasts of Circe, from a walrus into a man, was overpoweringly sweet. At this time I was tearing my bear's-meat just like a bear; I was washing my hands in walrus-blood to produce a glairy sort of pink cleanliness, in place of the thick black grease which coated them.

Worn as I was, I set out at once for that ship, and I had not got half-way, when, to my indescribable joy, I recognised in her the *Boreal*. She must have forced her way thus far west, I concluded, out of the ice-block in which our party had left her, and perhaps now was loitering here in the hope of picking us up.

But she was in a queer state—that I soon perceived. Two of the wind-mill arms were missing. A boat hung askew half over her side. Her main-sail and foremast square-sail were set, and about ten in the morning, as I drew nearer, I saw that these were all in tatters. She was not anchored, though a sheet-anchor hung over at the cathead; she was not moored; and two small ice-floes, one on each side, were sluggishly bombarding her bows.

Nearer, with panting impatience, I drew. I began to wave the paddle. I could distinctly see someone at the bows, leaning over, looking my way. I thought it was Burns. I began a wild shouting. "Hi! Burns! Hallo! Hi!" I called.

I did not see him move. I was still a good way off. There he stood, leaning steadily over, looking my way. I dug the paddle deep into the smooth water. I was ten times frantic with excitement, with a maniac haste, I was crazily shouting: "Hullo! Hi! Victory! *I have been to the Pole . . !*"

Nearer still I drew. I was half a mile away —I was fifty yards. But on board the *Boreal* I perceived no movement of welcome. All was still; only the ragged sails flapped. One on each side, those two ice-floes sluggishly bombarded the bow with hollow sounds.

I was certain now that Burns it was who looked across the ice; but when the ship swung a little round, I noticed that the direction of his gaze was carried with her movement. He was no longer looking my way.

"Hi, Burns!" I cried. "Why, Burns, man . . !" I whined.

Even as I cried and whined, a hideous certainty filled my spirit; for an aroma, like peach-blossoms, was wafted from the ship upon my senses, and at that instant I knew —I felt—that those eye-balls of Burns were seeing *nothing*—that on the *Boreal* were only dead men. And now, again, my wretched body failed, and my head dropped forward on the kayak's deck.

* * * * *

They had died, it seemed, very suddenly, for nearly all the twelve were in poses of activity. Egan was in the very act of ascending the companion-way; Lamburn was sitting in the chart-room door, apparently cleaning two carbines; Brown seemed to be drawing on a pair of reindeer *komagar* in the cabin; and Cartwright, who was often in liquor, had his arms frozen tight round the neck of Wallis, they two lying stark together at the foot of the mizzen-mast.

Over all—over men, decks, ropes—in the cabin, in the engine-room, between the leaves of the skylight, on every shelf, in every cranny—lay a purple-brownish dust, very fine and impalpable. And steadily reigning throughout the ship, like the very spirit of Death, was that aroma of peach-blossom.

Here it had reigned, as I saw from the log and the condition of the bodies, for over a year. It was therefore mainly by the random workings of wind and current that this fragrant ship of death had been brought to me.

And this was the first direct intimation which I had, that the Unseen Powers who, all through the history of the world, had been so very, very careful to conceal their Hand from the eyes of men, no longer intended to be at the pains to conceal their Hand from *me*. It was just as though the *Boreal* had been openly presented to me by a spiritual Agency, which, though I did not *see* it, I could readily apprehend.

The first thing I did, after running over the ship, was to examine the dust, which lay thickly below decks and thinly above. On recognising the odour, I had approached the *Boreal* very warily, watching at each paddle-stroke its effect upon my own body; but nothing now happened to me, and I had climbed on deck.

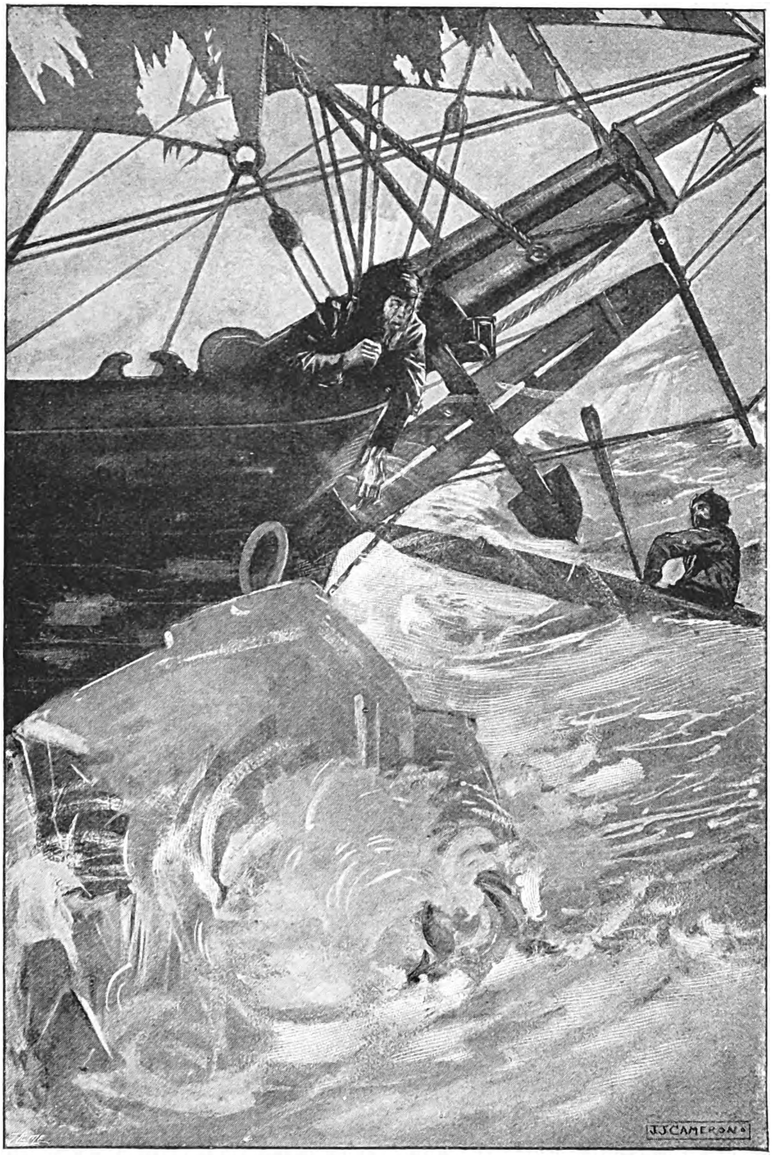
An odour of peach-blossoms in the air resulting in death could only be connected, as I, of course, knew very well, with some vaporous effluvium of cyanogen or of hydrocyanic acid (commonly called "prussic" acid), or both. And, on examining some of the dust under the chart-room microscope, I was not therefore surprised to find among the general mass of purple-brownish ash a number of bright yellow particles, which could only be minute crystals of potassic ferrocyanide.

I had neither the means nor the force of mind to dive then further into the natural mystery that lay before me. I saw only that, by some mighty means, the air south of the region round the Pole had been impregnated with a vapour which was either cyanogen, or some product of cyanogen; also that this vapour of death (which is very soluble) had been by now dissolved by the sea, or otherwise dispersed, leaving only its faint after-perfume. And seeing this, I let my abandoned head drop on the table, and a long time I sat there staring mad; for I had a suspicion—and a fear—in my breast.

* * * * *

The *Boreal*, I found, contained enough provisions to last me, probably, fifty years. And when I saw this, I laid the twelve dead together in the chart-room, I hoisted the poor little kayak, which had served me through so many tribulations, and I descended to the engine-room. The screws of the *Boreal*, like those of most modern ships, were driven by the simple contrivance of a constant stream of liquid air exploding through a turbine; it was therefore the easiest thing in the world for one man to take her round the earth, since she moved on the turning of a steel spigot. I had tanks of liquid air sufficient to last me through twelve years' voyaging, and there was a machine on board for making it.

The ice here was very slack, the weather being bright, and the thermometer at 41°. I found that I was mid-way between Franz Josef Land and Spitzbergen, in longitude 39°, and latitude 78° 23′. After two days, when the filth of fifteen months had been partially scrubbed and boiled from my skin, and my body solaced with better food, I stood at the wheel as the long-silent screws began to churn the Arctic sea.



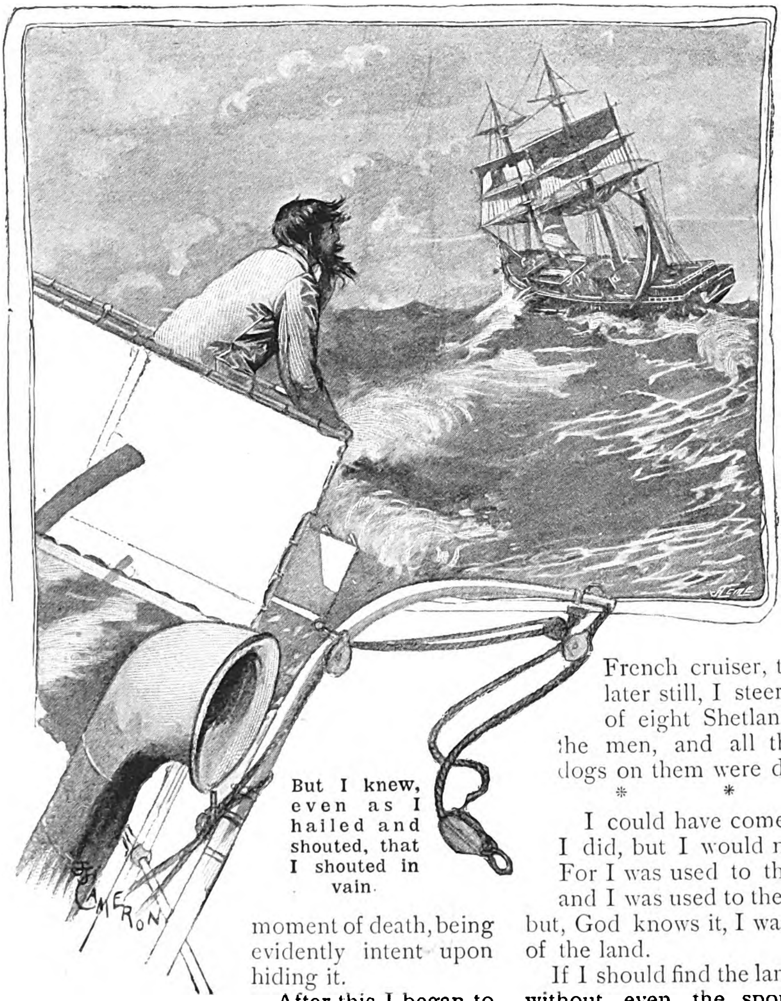
"Hi, Burns!" I cried. "Why, Burns, man!" I whined.

The bows of the *Boreal* turned southward.

* * * *

When I needed sleep, the ship slept too; when I awoke she continued her way.

On the fifth day I sighted a whaler, and with beating, impatient heart bore down upon her. But I knew, even as I hailed and shouted, that I shouted in vain. She *looked* like a ship of death—her boom slamming to port and starboard as she rocked, and her foresail reefed that calm morning. I boarded her in the kayak, and found fifty-nine dead persons—one of them a young boy in the fo'castle, in his hand being a bottle of rum under all the clothes of a chest, over which he was kneeling; he, at the



But I knew, even as I hailed and shouted, that I shouted in vain.

moment of death, being evidently intent upon hiding it.

After this I began to sight ships not infrequently, and soon I ceased to board them, the spy-glass showing me that no life was on them. That suspicion which I had, and that fear, grew very heavy upon me.

Sometimes I would see a whale spouting afar on the sea, of the spear-mouth of a narwhal, or a herd of tumbling sea-hogs; and I would say bitterly to myself: "Ah, well, I am not alone—not quite alone—in the world."

On, day after day, I went southward, standing like a sentinel at my wheel, the sun bright around me by day, and glowering upon me by midnight. I reached latitude 72°. And now, even while a few ice-floes still surrounded me, I was just like some adventurous mariner who, having set out to search for Eden and the Blessed Isles, finds them, and balmy gales from their gardens come out to meet him with perfumes. I had now reached a zone where the peach - blossom aroma was constant. All the world seemed embalmed in its spicy fragrance; and I could imagine myself voyaging toward some unknown clime of perpetual and enchanting spring.

Soon I began to see around me many kinds of craft. I passed, near lat. 67°, through a whole fleet of Brittany cod-fishers; later, I boarded a big French cruiser, the *Lazare Treport*; later still, I steered close by a group of eight Shetland "sixerns"; but all the men, and all the boys, and all the dogs on them were dead.

* * * *

I could have come to land long before I did, but I would not—I was so afraid. For I was used to the silence of the ice, and I was used to the silence of the ocean; but, God knows it, I was afraid of the silence of the land.

If I should find the land as still as the sea—without even the spouting whale or the tumbling sea-hog there—if Paris were dumber than the Eternal Ice—then what, I asked myself, should I do?

I could have made short work, and landed at Shetland, but I would not; I was so afraid. I preferred to try first a foreign land.

Down the Norway coast, with a slow dallying reluctance, I moved. In lat. 68°, as I knew from the chart, I ought to sight the lighthouse light on Moskenaes Island. But I passed close, and, oh, my God! it was not there. And all the way down I saw the bold and rugged sea-board slumber darkling afar, with never one friendly light.

On the 10th of August I passed into Trondheim Fjord. It was near sunset—a benign Autumn evening, strongly spiced with the peach-blossom scent. Even as I steered my slow way up I had the glass at my eyes, watching the quiet cliffs. There I saw perched the homely *burg*, the little low-roofed cottage; but around them not one movement of life. And suddenly I became conscious that, mingling with that delicious odour of peaches, there was *another* odour, wafted to me on the wings of the land breezes. I knew it well; it was the odour of corruption.

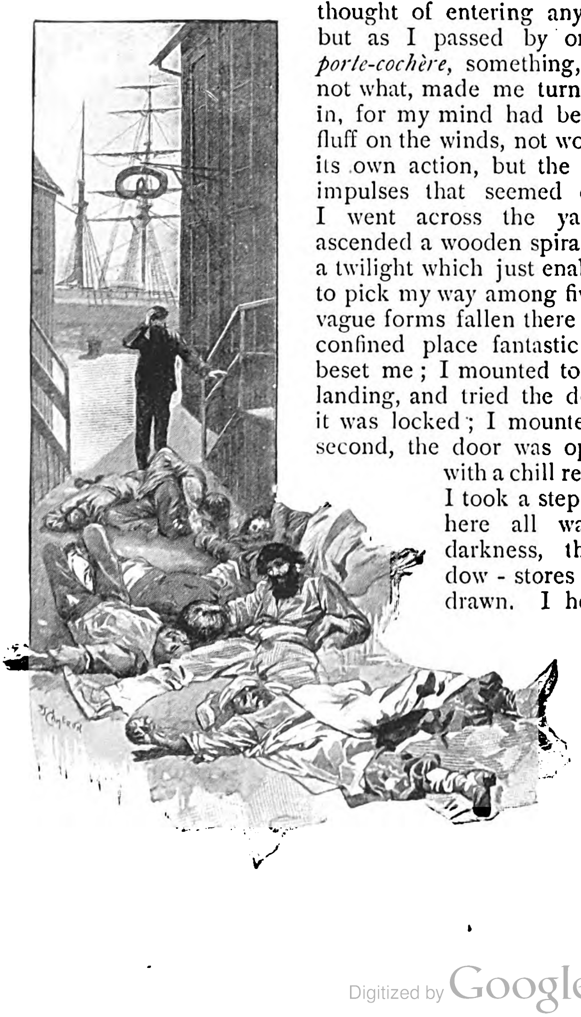
I left the *Boreal* in the calm bay, and, with desperate heart, landed. Familiar as I now am with the sight which met me in the little town of Trondheim, I can never, never forget that first horror. It was a town full of dead. The country people around seemed, for some reason, to have flocked into it to die; and I saw, too, corpses which I could not believe to be those of Norwegians; some seemed like Latins—Spaniards or Italians—and I noticed four Magyars, two negroes, and two turbaned Moors. I concluded that there must have been a wild stampede westward and northward of the races of the world.

* * * *

I felt, I felt that in this townlet, save the water-gnats of Norway, was no living thing; that the savour of eternity filled and wrapped, and embalmed it.

The houses are mostly of wood, some of them fairly large; with a *porte-cochère* leading into a semi-circular yard, around which the building stands very steep-roofed and shingled, in view of the heavy snow-masses of winter. Glancing into one open casement near the ground, I saw an aged woman, stout and capped, lie on her face before a very large porcelain stove; but I passed on without stoppage, traversed several streets, and came out, as it became dark, upon a piece of grassland leading downward to a mountain gorge. It was some distance along this gorge that I found myself sitting the next morning, and how and what trance I passed that whole night is obliterated from my consciousness. When I looked about with the return of light I saw majestic fir-grown mountains on either hand, almost meeting overhead at some points, deeply shading the mossy gorge. I rose, and, careless of direction, went still onward, and walked, and walked for hours, unconscious of hunger; there was a profusion of wild mountain strawberries, very tiny, which must grow almost into winter, a few of which I ate; there were everywhere blue gentianellens and lilies of the valley, and luxuriance of verdure, and a noise of waters. Occasionally I saw little cataracts on high, fluttering like white, wild rags, for they broke in the mid-fall, and were caught away and scattered; patches also of reaped hay and barley hung up, in a singular way, on stakes six feet high, I suppose to dry; there were perched huts, and a seemingly inaccessible small castle or burg, but none of these did I enter; and five bodies only I saw in the gorge—a woman with a babe, and a man with two small oxen.

About three in the afternoon I was startled to find myself there, and turned back. It was dark when I again passed through those gloomy streets of Aadheim, making for the quay, and now I felt both my hunger and a dropping weariness. I had no thought of entering any house; but as I passed by one open *porte-cochère*, something, I know not what, made me turn sharply in, for my mind had become as fluff on the winds, not working of its own action, but the sport of impulses that seemed external. I went across the yard, and ascended a wooden spiral stair by a twilight which just enabled me to pick my way among five or six vague forms fallen there; in that confined place fantastic qualms beset me; I mounted to the first landing, and tried the door, but it was locked; I mounted to the second, the door was open, and with a chill reluctance I took a step inward: here all was pitch darkness, the window-stores being drawn. I hesitated:



It was a town full of dead.

it was very dark. I tried to utter that word of mine, but it came in a whisper inaudible to my own ears. I tried again, and this time heard myself: "*Anyone?*" At the same time I had made another step forward, and trodden upon something soft; and at that moment terrors the most ghastly thrilled me through and through, for it was as though I saw in that darkness the sudden eye-balls of horror and frenzy glare upon me, and with a low gurgle of affright, I was gone, helter-skelter down the stairs, treading upon flesh; across the yard and down the street, with pelting feet, and open arms, and sobbing bosom, for I thought that all Aadheim was after me; nor was my horrid haste appeased till I was on board the *Boreal*, and moving down the fjord.

Out to sea, then, I went again, and within the next few days I visited Bergen, and put in at Stavanger. And I saw that Bergen and Stavanger were dead.

* * * *

I stopped at Christiansund, and again at Bergen; and I saw that Christiansund and Bergen were dead. I turned my bows toward my native land.

* * * *

From Bergen I steered a straight course for the Humber, meeting on the way many craft of all sorts — liners, fishing-fleets, trawlers, great four-masters, with sails. All were tombs, listlessly wandering — on the wandering sea with their dead.

The ocean lay palely calm, and all the bright autumn weather was aromatic with that vernal perfume of the peach; but always, if I passed to the lee of a ship, the spicy air wafted me faint puffs of the odour of mortality over-ready for the grave.

I had some knowledge of Morse telegraphy, and of the manipulation of the ordinary wireless transmitter and coherer. I could therefore have sent a message from Trondheim, or Christiansund, or Bergen to Paris, to London, to Pekin. I thought of it; but I would not: I was so afraid—afraid lest for ever no reply should come from anywhere.

I could have landed at Hull, but I would not: I was so afraid. For I was used to the silence of the ice, and I was used to the silence of the sea; but I was afraid of the silence of England.

I continued my southern way with slow deliberation. I passed the Wash, Yarmouth, the Thames-mouth. All night the long coast lay dark, without one light. I passed the North Foreland, the South. Finally, in an hour of despairing courage, I put in at Dover Harbour. There, at 9 a.m., August 20th, the *Boreal's* anchor-chain ran thundering through the hawsehole near the Cross Wall custom-house.

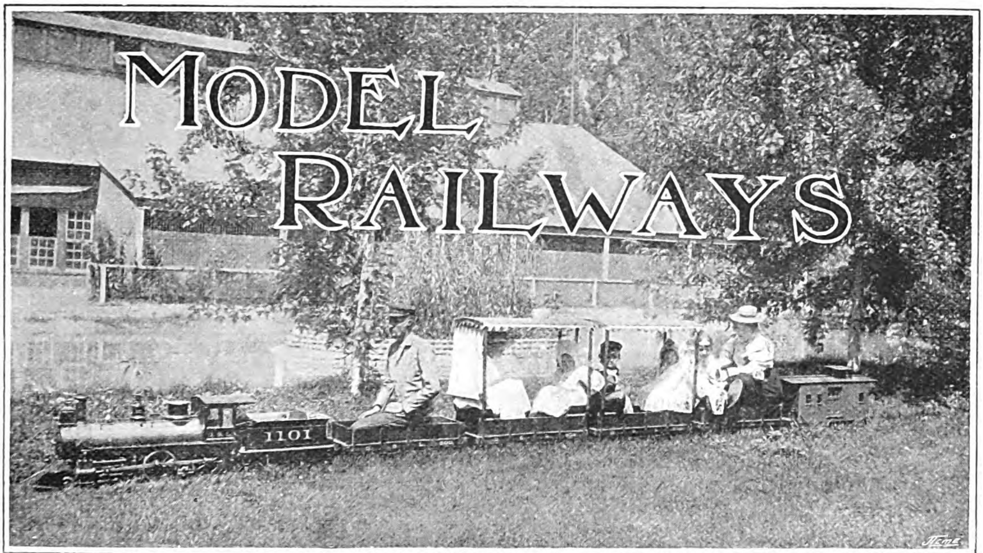
This uproar so appalled me, that I stood with shivering knees and flinching heart. It seemed, in all that vast cemetery, quietude not less terrifically loud than the clatter of the last trump.

On the crenellated summit of the castle I saw a faded Union Jack hang motionless; on the Cross Wall near I saw a grey sea-crab fearlessly crawl; on a Calais-Dover boat, ten yards away, which must have left Calais hideously crowded, I saw the rotted dead lie thick, she being unmoored, and continually bumping against an anchored green brig.

I dropped then to my knees, and my poor heart sobbed out the frail cry: "Oh! Lord God, Thou hast destroyed the work of Thy hand——"

(*To be continued.*)

MODEL RAILWAYS



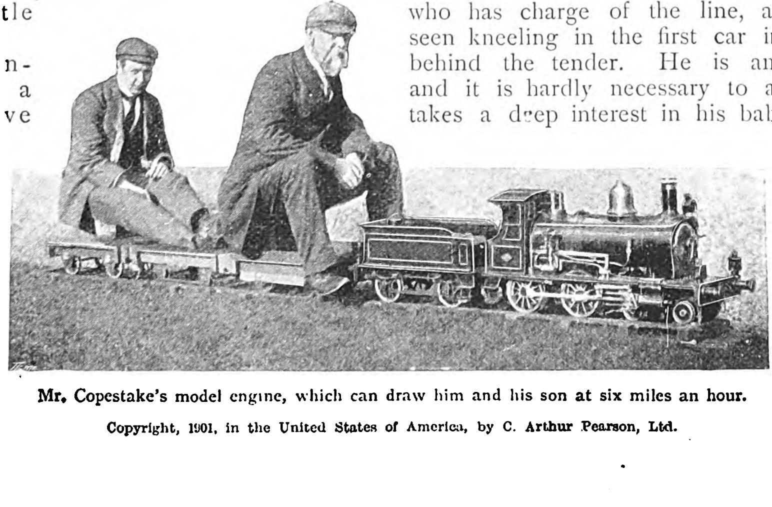
This railway runs through a zoo The engine weighs 450lb.

BY HAROLD SHEPSTONE.

It is doubtful if there is a more interesting or more fascinating hobby — especially to those of a mechanical turn of mind—than the possession of a model railway. Unfortunately, however, the cost of building a complete model miniature railway system in one's own grounds, or, for that matter, in an ordinary room, prevents many from enjoying the delights which such a railway would afford them. Nevertheless, there are quite a few wealthy persons who have been so smitten with the wonders of the steam-engine, and its still more remarkable powers, that they have built railways of their own, and derive both interest and pleasure in watching their lilliputian engines racing round their little tracks.

To construct a diminutive engine capable of drawing passengers is no easy undertaking, and in many of the cases referred to in this article some years have been spent in constructing the "lines." The beautiful miniature railway shown in the above photograph is one. As will be seen from our illustration, it is a model of an American engine, and is designed with the object of drawing children. It runs on a miniature track, over 1,000 feet in length, in the grounds of Mrs. John Elitch, jun., who owns and runs a zoological garden in Denver, Colorado, U.S.A. This lilliputian train is undoubtedly one of the chief attractions in Mrs. Elitch's gardens—excepting, of course, the animals—a wonder to grown-up people and a delight to children. Both engine and cars were built by the man who has charge of the line, and who is seen kneeling in the first car immediately behind the tender. He is an engineer, and it is hardly necessary to add that he takes a deep interest in his baby locomotive and its tiny coaches — the work of his own hands.

The weight of the engine



Mr. Copestake's model engine, which can draw him and his son at six miles an hour.

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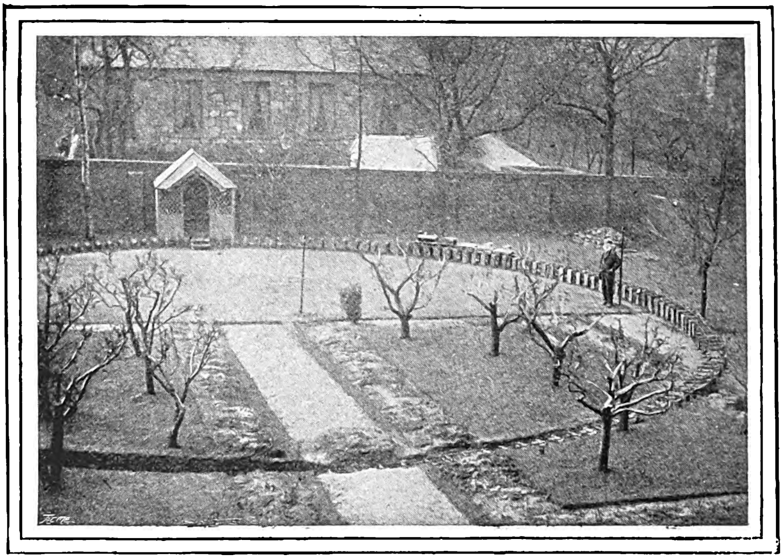
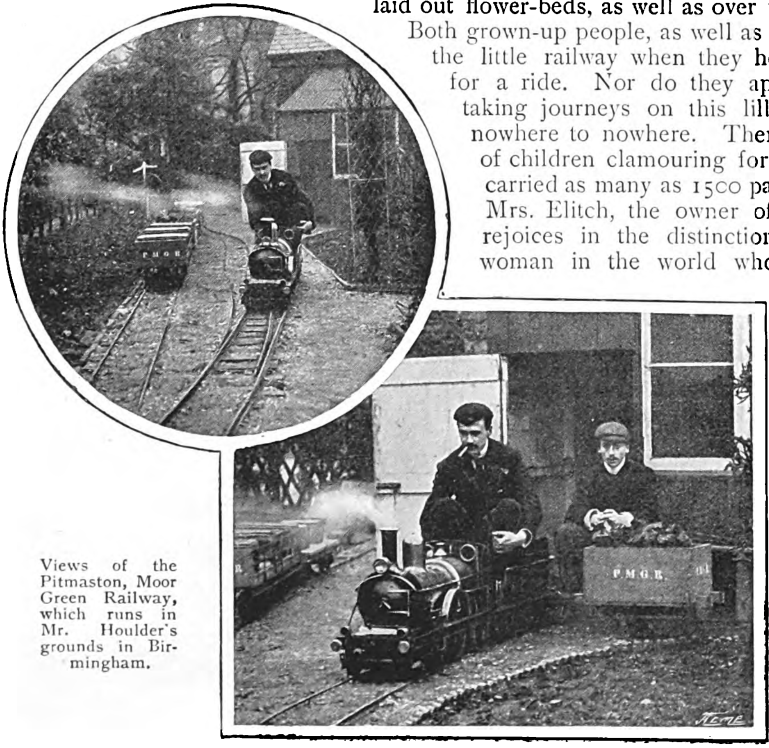
is 450lb., the size of the cylinder 1½in. by 2½in. The size of the driving wheel is 8in., and the length of engine and tender 6ft. 7½in. It is a complete steam engine, burns coal, and can run either backward or forward. The cars are 14in. wide and 42in. long, and are designed to carry either three children or two adults. Eight cars make up a full train, and the engine has drawn as many as eighteen passengers in one load, without any signs of being overburdened. The total weight of the train, including the cars, is about 900lb. The gauge of the track is 12in. The tank of the locomotive is capable of holding six gallons of water, and the boiler is capable of standing a pressure of from 150lb. to 175lb.



The circular track of Mr. Copestake's railway in Glasgow.

The "country" through which this powerful little locomotive runs is exceedingly pretty. In its course of 1000ft. it passes through artistically laid out flower-beds, as well as over trestles and bridges. Both grown-up people, as well as children, flock round the little railway when they hear its whistle, eager for a ride. Nor do they appear to get tired of taking journeys on this lilliputian railway from nowhere to nowhere. There are always scores of children clamouring for a "ride," and it has carried as many as 1500 passengers in one day. Mrs. Elitch, the owner of the zoo—and who rejoices in the distinction of being the only woman in the world who runs a zoological garden — is seen in the car with her ever pleasant face, evidently deriving as much enjoyment in a trip on her diminutive train as the children themselves.

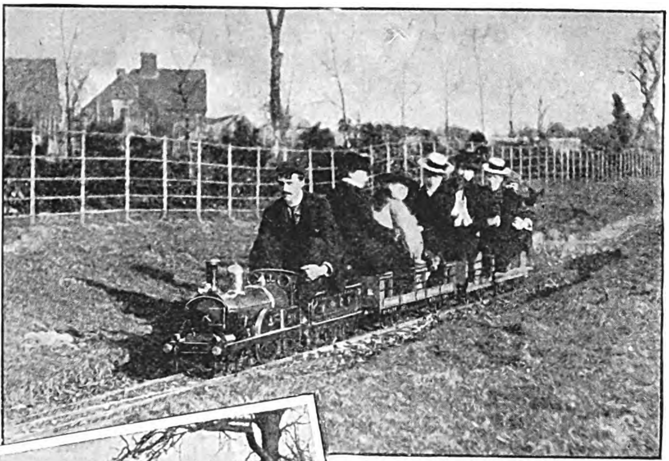
It is not necessary, however, to go to America to discover miniature railways capable of carrying passengers, and Mr. S. E. G. Copestake, of



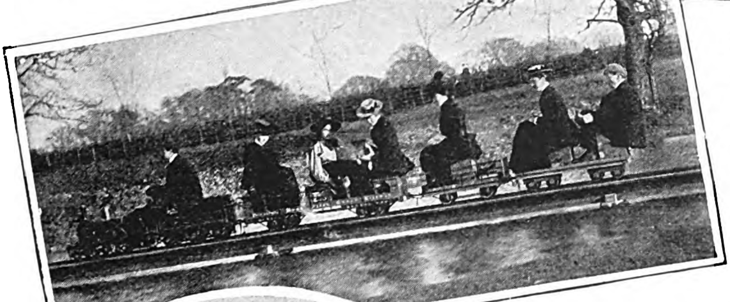
Views of the Pitmaston, Moor Green Railway, which runs in Mr. Houlder's grounds in Birmingham.

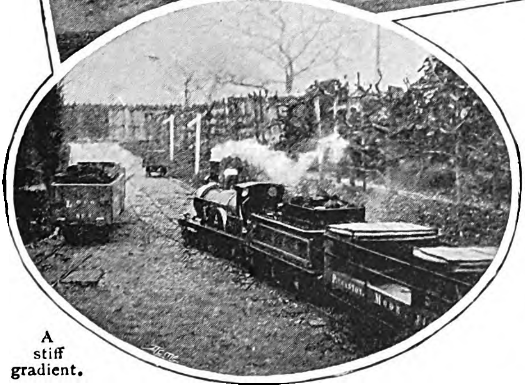
Glasgow, can boast of a very powerful model locomotive, which has demonstrated its ability to draw him and his son round a circular track at the rate of six miles an hour. The engine, which is so distinctly seen in the photograph together with Mr. Copestake and his son seated on the cars, is a very powerful one indeed for its size. It took about two years of leisure time to make, and its owner undoubtedly derives much enjoyment and satisfaction in his now completed and powerful toy.

The fuel used is hardwood charcoal, and steam to a pressure of 40lb. per square inch is raised from cold water in about half an hour. The weight of the engine is 145lb. The length of engine and tender is 5ft. 3in., while the track has a gauge of 7in. The diameter of the driving wheels is 6in., while the little bogie wheels are $2\frac{3}{4}$in. in diameter. With the exception of the boiler, which is of copper, and the driving wheels and frames, it is entirely the creation of his own hands.



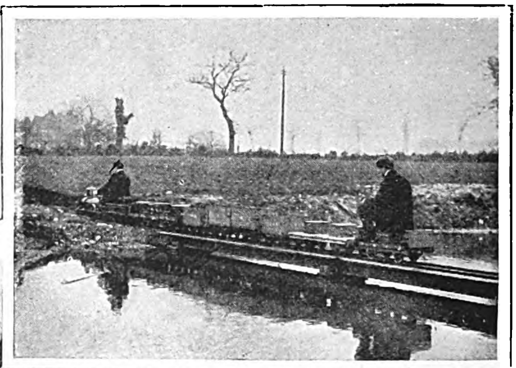
The P.M.G. Railway has a great deal of passenger traffic. It can carry seven persons at one time (to say nothing of the dogs).



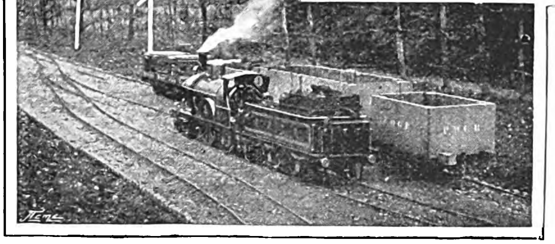


A stiff gradient.

Another interesting "line" which conveys passengers is the Pitmaston, Moor Green Railway, and for the particulars and photographs of this "line" the writer is indebted to its owner, Mr. J. A. Houlder, of Moor Green, Birmingham. The railway runs in Mr. Houlder's own grounds, and is a practical working model in every respect, the line having been laid for actual running and not for looks. Recently the Pitmaston, Moor Green Railway had a run of about 200 yards, but the line has been recently extended, and is at the present time about 400 yards in length — not a bad distance certainly for a miniature railway in one's own grounds. Our first illustration of this line represents the engine leaving the "sheds." It is a model of the Great Western Railway locomotive, with a large single wheel, 12in. in diameter, the little bogie wheels having a diameter of 4in. The engine and tender weigh about four hundred-weight, and have a total length of 7ft. 7in. The boiler holds about five gallons of water. The engine is fitted with electric light, the current being supplied by batteries carried behind the tender. There are two pumps worked from the crossheads, and also an injector. The coupling on the engine is fastened to a spring under the footplate which presses the driving wheels



Crossing the lake on the P.M.G.R.

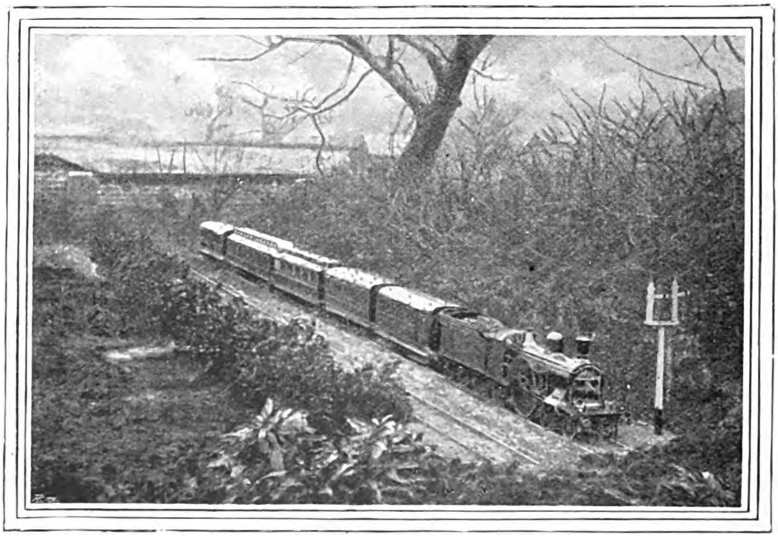


On a siding.

down on to the rails as the strain of the train behind is felt. The throttle valve, sand boxes, and cylinder cocks are worked from the foot-plate. The points are at present worked by a lever at the side, but it is Mr. Houlder's intention to control the points by a set of levers from a signal box.

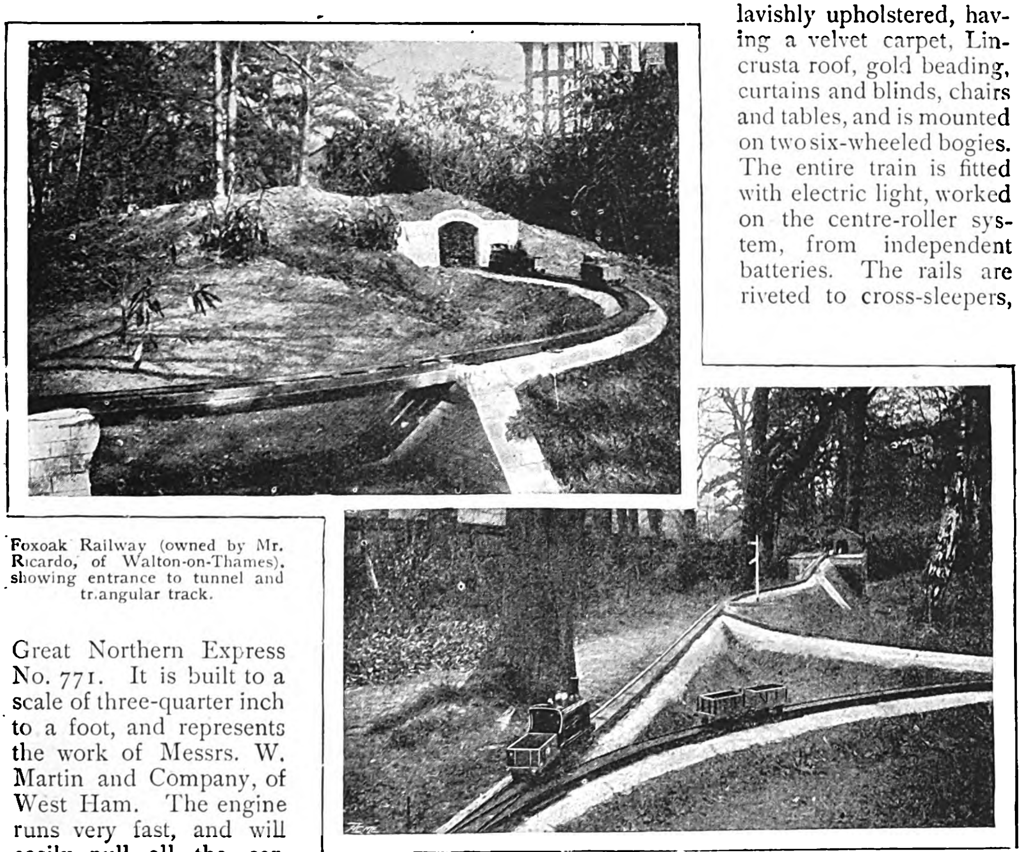
The P.M.G. ordinary "express" consists of three carriages, a bogie dining car, an ordinary bogie car and a four-wheeled brake van. An ordinary load for an express is four passengers and the driver, but the P.M.G.R. has undoubtedly a great deal of passenger traffic to contend with, and in one illustration seven passengers may be counted; it has carried as many as nine people. We notice also that the directors of this lilliputian railway company have not yet inforced very stringent bye-laws as to the carrying of passengers' dogs, and it cannot be denied that the canine tribe is not well represented in our photograph. No less than three dogs may be seen sitting on the passengers' laps, calmly surveying their surroundings.

The sensation experienced by a trip on the P.M.G.R. is a very pleasant one, and the country through which the line passes cannot in any sense of the term be described as monotonous. A stiff gradient of over one hundred yards has to be climbed during the course of the journey, while a deep cutting on a curve has also to be negotiated and a lake crossed by a bridge some thirty yards in length. The goods and ballast train consists of three waggons, one bogie and two four-wheeled trucks. The sides and ends of these latter open so that they can be easily emptied. Mr. Houlder also informed us that he had two more locomotives on order. When these have been completed the rolling stock of the P.M.G.R. will certainly be an enviable one.



Model train belonging to Rev. T. B. Parley, of Darlington. The engine is a model of the famous Great Northern express No. 771.

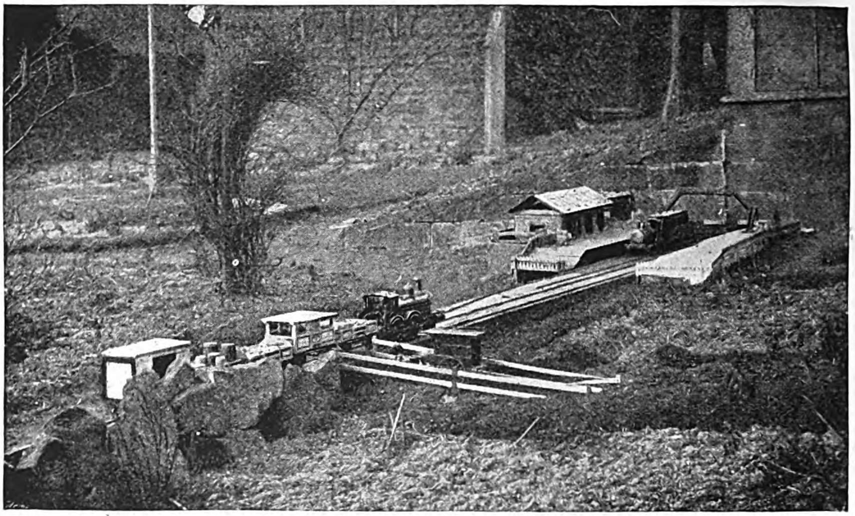
All the foregoing railways have received prior attention, and rightly so, on account of their ability to draw passengers. There are, however, some very fine and wonderfully complete model railways deserving of consideration on account of their elaborate finish, although they have not been constructed to convey passengers. The Rev. T. B. Parley, of Darlington, possesses what is undoubtedly a most complete and up-to-date model railway. The engine is a model of the famous Great Northern Express No. 771. It is built to a scale of three-quarter inch to a foot, and represents the work of Messrs. W. Martin and Company, of West Ham. The engine runs very fast, and will easily pull all the carriages seen in the photograph. The tender carries a supply of "fuel" in the shape of methylated spirits, and also water for the boiler. An interesting feature about the engine, however, is its marvellous, and excellent finish. Not only is the whole engine and tender built exactly to scale, but even the lining and painting has been carried out with wonderful exactness. To make sure that the model should bear the exact shade in green—the colour which characterises the engines of the Great Northern Railway—Messrs. Martin sent their painter to King's Cross with the sole object of securing the exact shade of colour.



Foxoak Railway (owned by Mr. Ricardo, of Walton-on-Thames). showing entrance to tunnel and triangular track.

A careful inspection of our illustration also reveals the fact that much time and patience has been spent in building the carriages, for, like the engine, they are exact models. With the exception of the metal work they were made by Mr. Parley himself, of thin wood for the floors, partitions, and ends, cardboard for the sides, and, with the exception of the Pullman's Car, cartridge paper for the roofs. This latter car is most lavishly upholstered, having a velvet carpet, Lincrusta roof, gold beading, curtains and blinds, chairs and tables, and is mounted on two six-wheeled bogies. The entire train is fitted with electric light, worked on the centre-roller system, from independent batteries. The rails are riveted to cross-sleepers, and form a very solid road, and are constructed with points and signals. Some of these latter are to be worked by electricity, each arm being controlled by a magnet. It is also Mr. Parley's intention to construct a mail van, or post-office van, with net, and all complete, and go through the performance of taking up the letters from a standard by the side of the line.

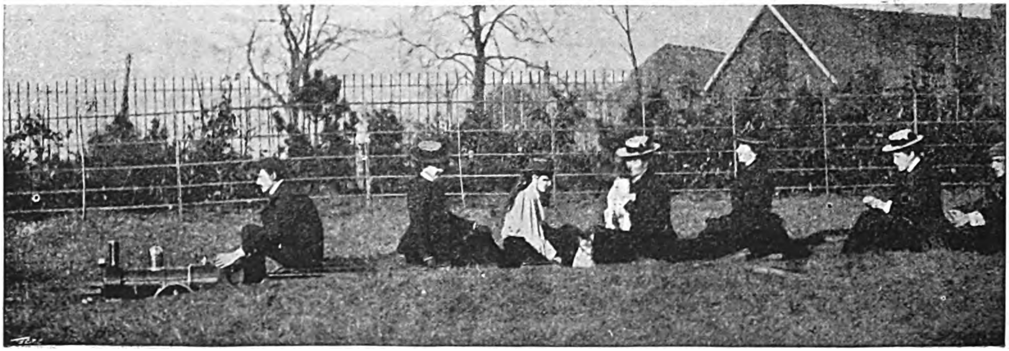
To boys especially there is probably nothing that appeals with such intense interest as the wonders of the steam engine. Very few,



Alnmouth Station, on the Alnmouth and Madagascar Railway. The complete railway system was constructed by two schoolboys aged respectively fifteen and eleven.

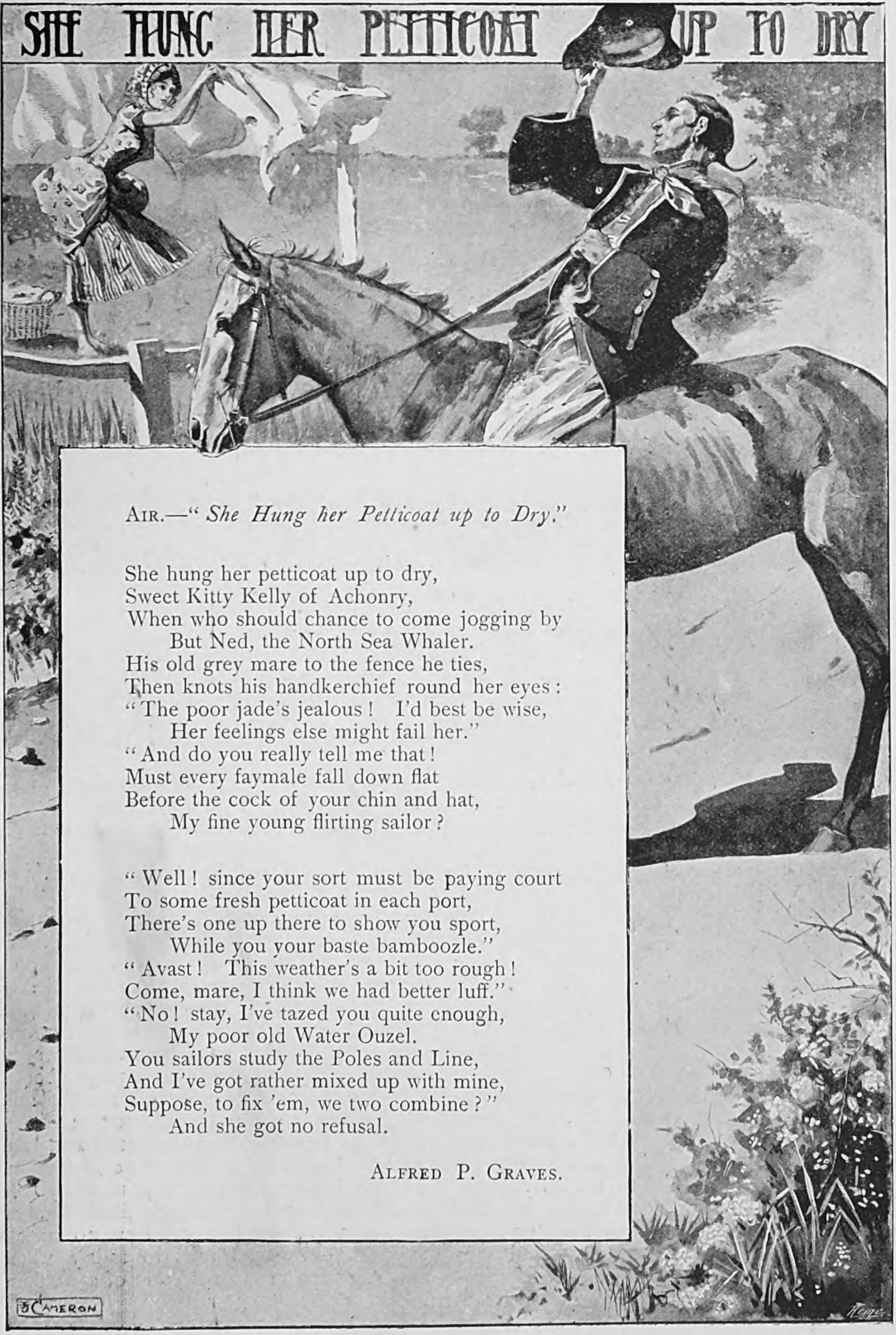
if any, school boys, however, have undertaken the construction of a complete railway system on any elaborate scale, for the details connected with the carrying out of such a project are innumerable, and much time and patience, let alone cost, is necessary to successfully accomplish an undertaking of this description. But Master J. Mawson Routhwaite, of Denewell House, Low Fell, and his cousin, two schoolboys, aged respectively fifteen and eleven at the time, have built a railway of their own, which rejoices in the name of the Alnmouth and Madagascar Railway. It is some 130ft. in length, and consists of a single line of rails except at the two termini. There are three stations, Alnmouth and Madagascar, the termini, and Brinkham situated about halfway along the track, which has a gauge of 4½in. Alnmouth Station is seen in our photograph, where the line is double, while at Madagascar, the headquarters of the line, there are three running roads. Alnmouth Station can boast of waiting-rooms, and in fact would appear to be a modern and up-to-date station. There is a foot-bridge connecting the two platforms, as passengers on the A.M.R. are forbidden to cross the line. A short distance from Alnmouth we come to a tunnel, 9ft. in length, at the entrance to which is a platelayer's hut.

Before concluding this article a passing reference may be made to the Foxoak Railway, a practical little toy owned by Mr. A. R. Ricardo, of Foxoak, Hersham, Walton-on-Thames. In this case the gauge is three inches. The total length of line is about three hundred feet. Two bridges are crossed and a tunnel negotiated in the course of a run over this lilliputian railway. The engine is undoubtedly a very powerful one and made "to go." It was built to Mr. Ricardo's own designs and is not a model of any particular type.



Going through a cutting on the P.M.G. Railway.

SHE HUNG HER PETTICOAT UP TO DRY



AIR.—"*She Hung her Petticoat up to Dry.*"

She hung her petticoat up to dry,
Sweet Kitty Kelly of Achonry,
When who should chance to come jogging by
But Ned, the North Sea Whaler.
His old grey mare to the fence he ties,
Then knots his handkerchief round her eyes:
"The poor jade's jealous! I'd best be wise,
Her feelings else might fail her."
"And do you really tell me that!
Must every faymale fall down flat
Before the cock of your chin and hat,
My fine young flirting sailor?

"Well! since your sort must be paying court
To some fresh petticoat in each port,
There's one up there to show you sport,
While you your baste bamboozle."
"Avast! This weather's a bit too rough!
Come, mare, I think we had better luff."
"No! stay, I've tazed you quite enough,
My poor old Water Ouzel.
You sailors study the Poles and Line,
And I've got rather mixed up with mine,
Suppose, to fix 'em, we two combine?"
And she got no refusal.

ALFRED P. GRAVES.

HOW THE NAVY IS OFFICERED AND MANNED

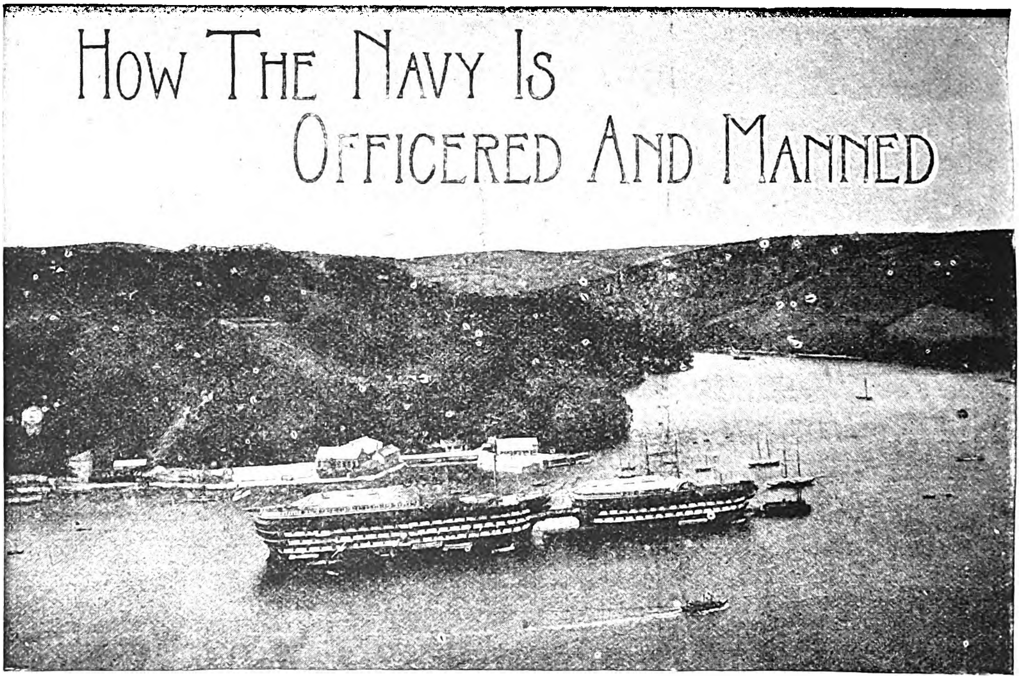


Photo by Crockett.

H.M.S. *Britannia*, in Dartmouth Harbour, where all naval cadets are trained.

Being One of a Series of Articles on "How the Navy is Run."

By ARCHIBALD C. HURD.

LIKE all things which are of ancient growth the British Navy is full of strange anachronisms, and the manner in which it is officered and manned, is an attempt to graft on to old methods a system more in accord with present day ideas. The officers of the Fleet are divided into two classes, the military (or executive as it is more often styled) and the civil. To the former belong all the officers ranging from midshipmen to Admirals of the Fleet. This line is intrusted with the maintenance of discipline, and enjoys the plums attaching thereto—social position and a slender prospect of rising to a large income.

It is erroneously thought by some, that anyone can become a naval officer just as any young man of "parts" can enter any department of the Queen's civil service. But this is not true of the military or the accountant branches of the Navy. A parent who has a boy whom he would like to see an admiral, must first get what is known as a nomination or recommendation, from the First or some other Lord of the Admiralty, or admiral commanding a squadron, or from a recently promoted captain. This is the social bar that still renders this branch undemocratic, though the Army becomes more and more democratic every day.

Somewhat similar is the method by which a lad is entered for the accountant branch He must be nominated by the First Lord. When these serious formalities have been gone through, all is fair sailing such as sailors like.

Having obtained a nomination, the would-be admiral has to be examined by a naval doctor, and if he has any weakness or deformity; if he suffers from an impediment of his speech; if his eyesight is in the slightest degree defective; if he has bunions or unsound teeth; or if his toes have been misplaced by Providence or improper boots, he is cast aside as no good for the sea. Only the very best of the candidates, viewed from a purely physical standpoint, are permitted to sit for the entrance examination, which is intended to test them mentally. It is easier to become a member of Parliament or a Cabinet Minister (for such have no social, physical, or mental tests to satisfy when anything from 14½ to 15½ years of age), than to win the flag of an admiral.

The competition is very keen. Though

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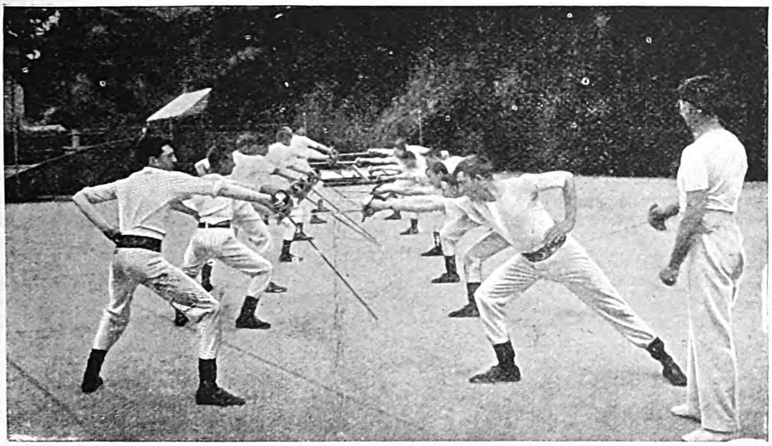


Photo by Crockett.

Fencing is an important item in the training of a naval cadet.

about 190 cadets are entered every year, three times that number of lads obtain nominations, pass the doctor, and sit for the educational examinations. Those who are successful go to the training ship *Britannia* at Dartmouth, where they spend fifteen months completing their education, and drinking in a mass of information which is to fit them for the onerous and multifarious duties of naval executive officers.

There are further examinations in the training ship, then the naval baby is sent to sea, where he studies still, for about four and a half years, and he goes successively to the Naval Colleges at Greenwich and Portsmouth, to become further versed in mathematics, navigation, surveying, engineering, pilotage, torpedoes, guns, and other subjects, in all of which he is examined.

If all has gone well with him he will be promoted to the rank of lieutenant, and receive pay at the rate of 10s. a day, out of which he has to meet all his heavy expenses, unless he has had the good fortune to be born with a silver or golden spoon in his mouth. If he has no rich father to whom to look for additions to his pay, he will probably find it difficult to make both ends meet.

The training up to this point will have cost his parents about £1000. His pay rises, and if he has the good fortune to become an admiral he will get as much as £5 a day, or £6 as an Admiral of the Fleet, with certain allowances when actively employed, which an Admiral of the Fleet, who ranks with a Field Marshal in the Army, never is. But many, very many, lieutenants never get promoted, and among those who rise to commanders fewer still get any higher. Promotion to the ranks of commander and captain is made by selection by the Admiralty, and does not depend on length of service or age. A lucky young officer with social influence, will get appointed to one of the Royal Yachts, and after a short period of service there, will be

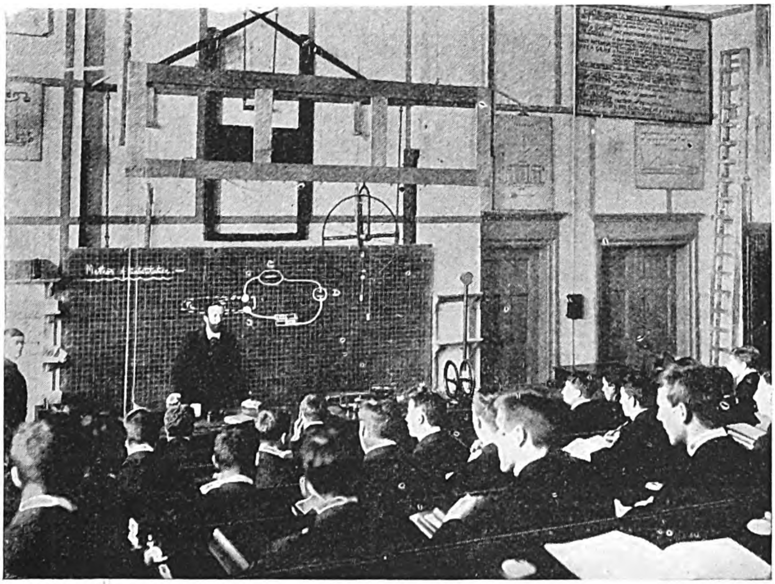


Photo by Crockett.

Profession class at the Royal Naval Engineer College, Devonport.

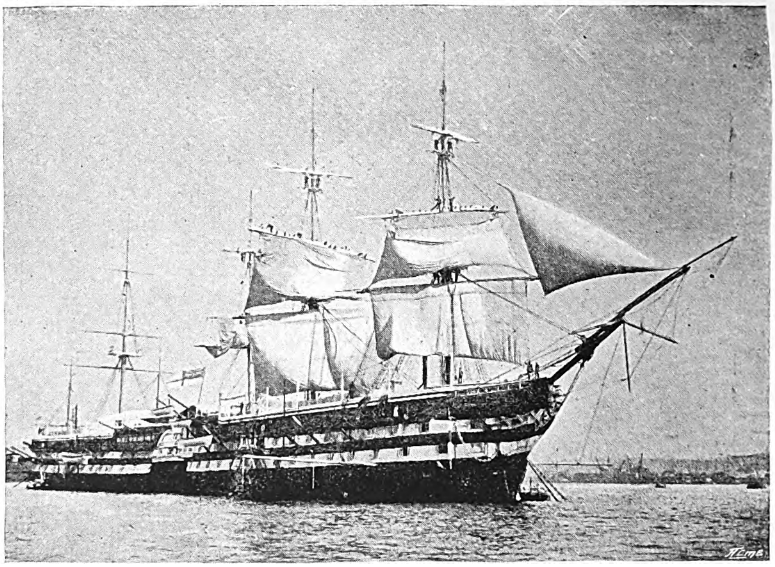


Photo by Crockett.

Sailor boys at sail drill on board H.M.S. *Lion*. This old vessel was present at the battle of Trafalgar.

promoted over the heads of those unfortunate companions who have no fathers or uncles to push them forward. The selection of his father is a point to which a future officer cannot give too much attention.

Much, indeed, depends on his social position, though no amount of social influence will ever turn the fool of a family into an admiral. Those days are gone for ever. If he has not a father who can help him much, he may bask under the smiles of some peer or naval officer of high rank, whom he will call his "sea dad."

At present there are 687 midshipmen in the Fleet, 287 sub-lieutenants, 1015 lieutenants, 300 commanders, 196 captains, thirty-seven rear-admirals, twenty-one vice-admirals, ten admirals, and only five Admirals of the Fleet, so it will be seen that there is considerable weeding out by the Admiralty before promotions to captains are made, and thence upward it goes not by favour but by seniority. If a lieutenant has not been promoted while still on the right side of thirty-five, the chances are he will be passed over altogether, and at forty-five will retire with a pension which may amount to as much as £300 a year.

As has already been indicated, the accountant line is a "close corner." But having obtained the necessary nomination and satisfied the physical and educational examiners, the future paymaster's troubles are behind him. He has not much more study, but he must know the Queen's Regulations and all the Admiralty Instructions issued from time to time. For on every ship in which he will serve he will be expected to be a walking "inquire within" on all matters affecting official

Photo by Crockett.

Where the newly-entered boy goes first: the bath in the receiving hulk, *Circe*.

routine, punishments, pay, uniform, and a hundred and one details. As this official publication runs to several hundred pages, it is no easy task to master its contents. The young officer of this branch enters the service as an assistant clerk at the age of seventeen or eighteen, with pay amounting to £45 12*s.* 6*d.*, which is increased in a year's time—an accountancy examination is inforced—to £73. The parents of an assistant clerk have to pay to the authorities a sum of £20 a year, and he will need further assistance from home to live in comfort. At twenty-one years of age, after passing a further examination, he becomes as a matter of course an assistant paymaster with pay ranging from £91 5*s.* to £209 17*s.* 6*d.*—it will be noticed that the Admiralty are most exact in their calculations. Promotion depends merely on seniority. The officers move up automatically, and a fortunate officer will become in time, about twenty-seven years, a fleet paymaster with a little over £600 as his income, and probably one of those allowances which most senior officers of all branches enjoy for special duties.

An ambitious paymaster, if he has luck or influence, may come into association in the course of his early career with some promising commander or captain, and when the latter becomes an admiral his former shipmate may be selected by him to act as his secretary while he is in command of a squadron. Such appointments are the ambition of most accountant officers, but there are very few of them. If after fourteen years' service he becomes secretary to a commander-in-chief, the paymaster receives

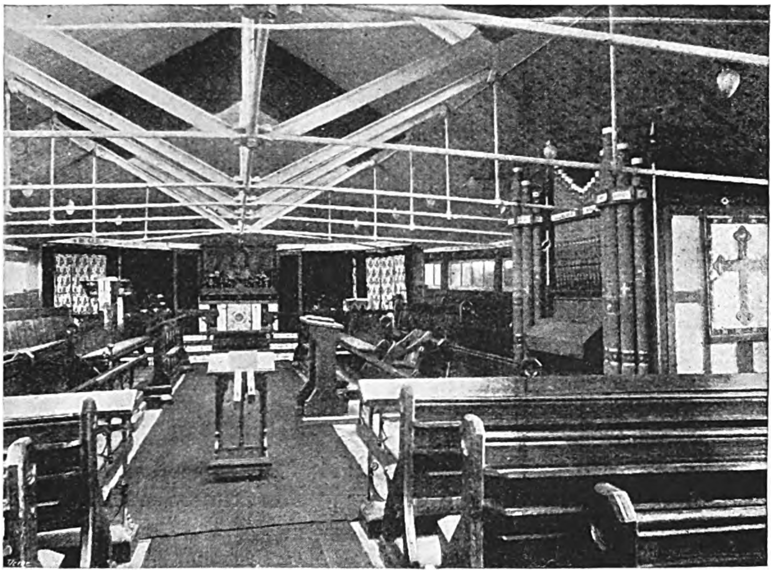


Photo by Crockett.
The church on H.M.S. *Britannia* where naval cadets worship.

Photo by Crockett.
Engineer students learning how to mould in the Royal Dockyard, Devonport.

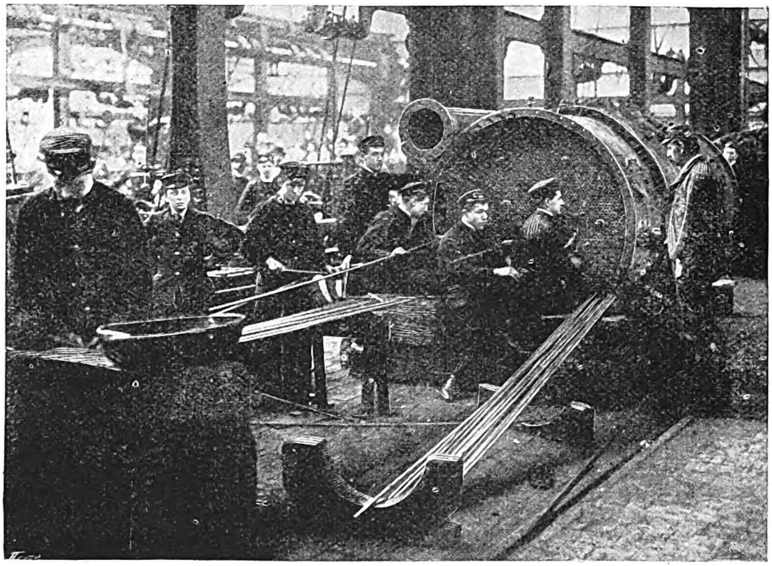


Photo by Crockett.

A boiler-tube fitting class at Devonport Dockyard

a salary amounting to £547, with a house and £40 a year as an allowance in lieu of servants. Such a position, however, entails so much work, tact, and presence that it can only be filled by a man of exceptional calibre, who must also have good social qualities and be able to keep a secret, for he is the admiral's *alter ego*.

Opinion on such a point may differ, but it is probably true that no officers of the Navy have to go through a more arduous training than those who are styled engineers. "Engineer," by the way, is in this connection a somewhat quaint term. If a man rises to the highest rung of the professional ladder, and ranks with a rear-admiral, his card reads: Cornelius Jones, Chief Inspector of Machinery, as though he were a kind of superintendent mechanic who went round the engine-room with an oil can in his hand. As the naval authorities were slow to adopt steam (for years after the merchant service had adopted it, the Admiralty regarded its application to men-of-war as the veriest absurdity), so they have been in no hurry to grant to the engineer officer a position commensurate with his position and responsibility. Every year, in different parts of Great Britain, examinations are held for those who desire to join this branch of Her Majesty's sea service, and those who are successful are admitted to Keyham College at Devonport, where they undergo a training spread over four or five years.

At entry they are from fourteen and a half to nearly seventeen years old, and at the Devonport establishment enjoy many advantages,

Photo by Crockett.

Sailors learning how to fire a big gun on board a man-of-war.

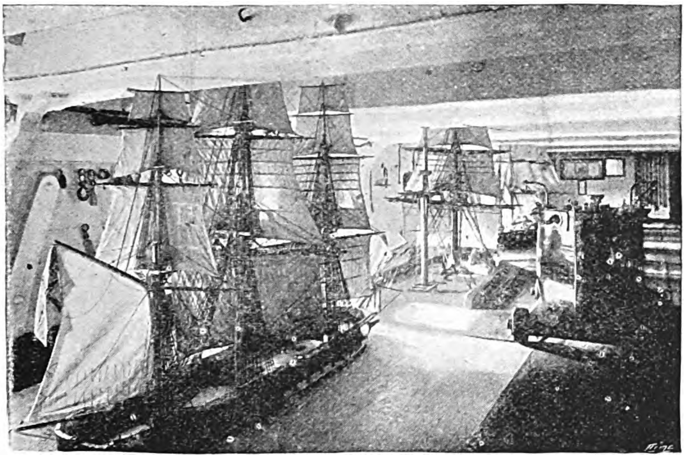


Photo by Crockett

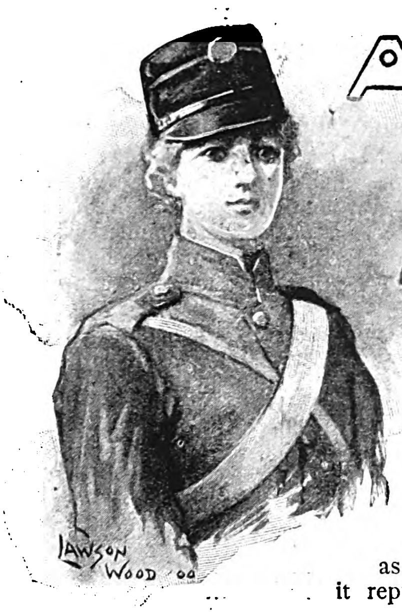
Seamanship-room on board H.M.S. *Britannia*, where cadets are taught all about sails, ropes, and yards.

but the comforts and athletic benefits do not compare with those provided for the cadets at Dartmouth, though the parents of students have to pay £40 a year to the Admiralty, besides providing them with their uniforms and outfits. The training is both theoretical and practical, but mainly the latter, though the student must be a good mathematician. The College adjoins the dockyard, and here he spends much of his time learning by the labour of his hands and the sweat of his brow all that he can, in the time at his disposal, of the construction of electrical machinery, guns, torpedoes, boilers, and of shipbuilding and repairing; he must also know how to prepare plans and make models. In fact, he must do his best to acquire an intimate knowledge of everything mechanical in connection with a modern warship. Later, if he passes his examinations well, he becomes a probationary assistant engineer, and at the end of twelve months if he has given satisfaction to the officer of the Steam Reserve at the dockyard under whom he has worked, the word "probationary" is removed, and his pay after another year's service is increased from £109 10*s.* to £136 17*s.* 6*d.*, or 7*s.* 6*d.* a day. After at least seventeen years' service he will become a senior engineer, and he may rise to inspector of machinery with £730 a year.

Photo by Reinhold, Thiele & Co.

A party of blue-jackets being instructed in the all-important art of rope-making.

In previous articles side-lights have been shed on the training of the bluejacket. He is the splendid product of a splendid system. He is caught young, younger than in any other navy in the world. He is still undeveloped, and is as clay in the potter's hands. He is moulded and polished while still a lad, both physically and mentally. It costs £300 and takes about five years to turn out an efficient seaman, dating from the time when, only fifteen to sixteen and a half years of age, he goes on board a training ship to the day when he completes his training in gunnery and torpedoes, cutlass and rifle. On the training ship he learns merely the A.B.C. of his life work, while all the healthy physical exercises and field sports convert him



A GRECIAN HEROINE

BY MRS. TOM GODFREY.

"ARE you in pain?"

The man moved his head slowly. "No," he murmured, smiling faintly into the nurse's anxious face—"but, I was thinking, and . . ."

His voice dropped, and his thin hand fumbled under the pillow.

"I was thinking of this . . ." he continued, as he held out a tiny leather case . . . "of her it represents . . . Ah well! I shall meet her soon now . . . look!"

The nurse looked at the inclosed photograph carelessly, for she had been shown so many by various patients.

"In spite of what they say, we Greeks are not all cowards, Nurse," resumed the man with a ring of pain in his voice. "*She* died in the front rank, on the battlefield." . . .

The nurse started, her interest was aroused.

"What do you mean? *She, a girl.*"

The soldier nodded affirmatively.

"Listen, and I will tell you, and when you go back to England you must tell them how the Greeks really feel about this War, how they really are not cowards, how . . . but what good? Is not all against us? . . . "

He drew his brown palm across his eyes. There was a mist before them that neither thoughts of the girl, nor regrets for her loss had caused—It was the cloud that dims the sight of the loyal brave after failure, one that had troubled many a veteran before, but that had seldom been accompanied by such distrust and sickness at heart as was now the case with thousands of the Greek soldiers.

The nurse's face grew grave. The sight of mental pain hurt her.

"Never mind that," she said, "we English who *know*, love and honour you; for the others, what does it matter?"

"Yes, what does it matter?" sighed the soldier. "But do not go . . . I want to tell you about her . . . my brain is muddled . . . but I think I can remember . . . As we were marching to our position a young recruit joined us. Rough as most of us were our hearts softened towards him. He was so young, so gentle, so unlike us all. When his eyes wandered over our weather-beaten faces with an inquiring look, we all became silent and ceased laughing, we thought of the little ones at home, his look had the same trusting expression.

"His influence over us was soon noticeable; no coarse word was allowed in his presence, for something about him forbade it, and he looked so dignified despite his youth that the oldest acknowledged his superiority and treated him accordingly, and, partly for that, we nicknamed him 'Corporal.'

"What surprised us most was the devotion paid to him by Demetrius, the aristocratic private. *He* watched over the lad from morn till night.

"Demetrius was a young man of high birth who had run through a large fortune. He was tall and handsome, as strong as a horse, as true as steel, as brave as

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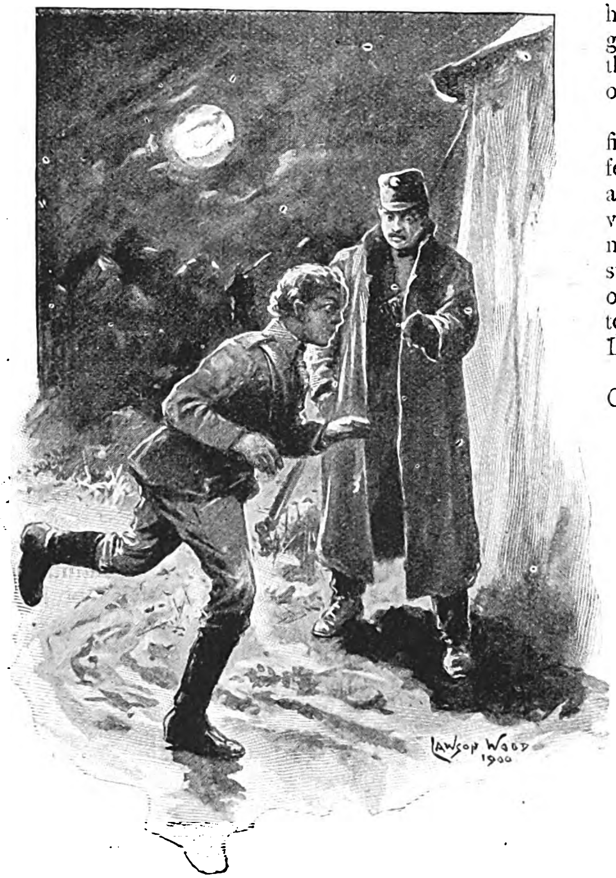


Corporal, white and dishevelled, ran up, and pushed past me into the tent.

a hero. . . . His only obvious fault was his love of dissipation, but in Corporal's presence he was as meek as a lamb, and as loving as a woman.

"Poor fellow! I fancy I see him now with his eyes full of tenderness fixed on the fair young face of our boy. Such a lovely face that was, as expressive as a girl's, anon pale and sad, then blushing and excited, as he listened with flashing eyes to some tale of heroic life such as Demetrius loved to tell. Then he would clench his small hand, toss his curl-decked head, and shout in his ringing voice: 'Down with tyrants! Traitors! Turks!'

"But who was he? Whence did he come? We none of us knew; although his face haunted me I could not remember having seen him before. In answer to all our inquiries, he would shake his head and laugh.

"We had hard times to put up with. Our Colonel (whose orderly I was), was a gruff harsh man, made doubly so by disgust at our position, and grief at the news of the disappearance of his only child from Larissa.

"He hated the Turks with all his fierce old heart, and haunted by the fear that his child had been carried away or massacred by them, he vowed to give them no mercy. He never noticed any of us, his short-sighted eyes wandered aimlessly over our faces. Once or twice he spoke to Demetrius, after the affair of Larissa.

"For Demetrius had loved the Colonel's daughter, and had been dismissed by the Colonel as an unworthy suitor. Then he had given himself up to wild debauch, and lastly had entered the Colonel's own Regiment.

"Why? To aggravate him with his presence, to wheedle round him? I know not.

"It was just before that fatal day on the Plain of Thessaly, and the news had gone round that the Colonel was taken suddenly ill, that he was dying in fact.

"It was true, and in the night he sent for Demetrius.

"When Demetrius entered, the old man asked all others to leave him, and I, as the Colonel's servant, stood outside, ready to enter again if he called. As I stood there wondering, Corporal, white and dishevelled, ran up, and pushed past me into the tent. I moved forward to remonstrate, and then I saw a sight that held me fast. Corporal had thrown himself by the bed, and was weeping over the Colonel.

"'Father! Father!' he gasped between his sobs. The Colonel started up and uttered a loud cry.

"My daughter! Then he fell back exhausted with his arms round Corporal's neck, and I stepped outside."

"Was it really his daughter?" asked the nurse.

"Yes, . . . Love for her dismissed lover Demetrius made her follow him. She had disguised herself as a recruit. Love for Demetrius carried her through the hardships of a soldier's life, and although it seems incredible that none should have found her out, it was so—a soldier's daughter, she had a soldier's heart. She worshipped the Army and her poor maligned country, and anger against her father for his treatment of Demetrius was only softened by hearing of his illness. *He* died a few hours later.

"I was astounded at this strange revelation—our idol was only a woman! but what a faithful loyal heart!—Should I betray her to the others? No! But henceforth Demetrius should not be the only one to protect her, I would watch over her and her lover, I, a husband and a father, would guard them on our march to victory. But there was little time for thought, the Turks were on us. Before I could collect my wits after the first shock of the news, balls were whistling past me, smoke was blinding me, and I could only hope that Demetrius had left his darling in safety. At last I saw him. He was surrounded by Turks, fighting bravely, like the gallant man he was, and, to my horror, Corporal, our idol, a *woman*, was beside him. Something like a sob rose in my throat.

"'Corporal,' I gasped.

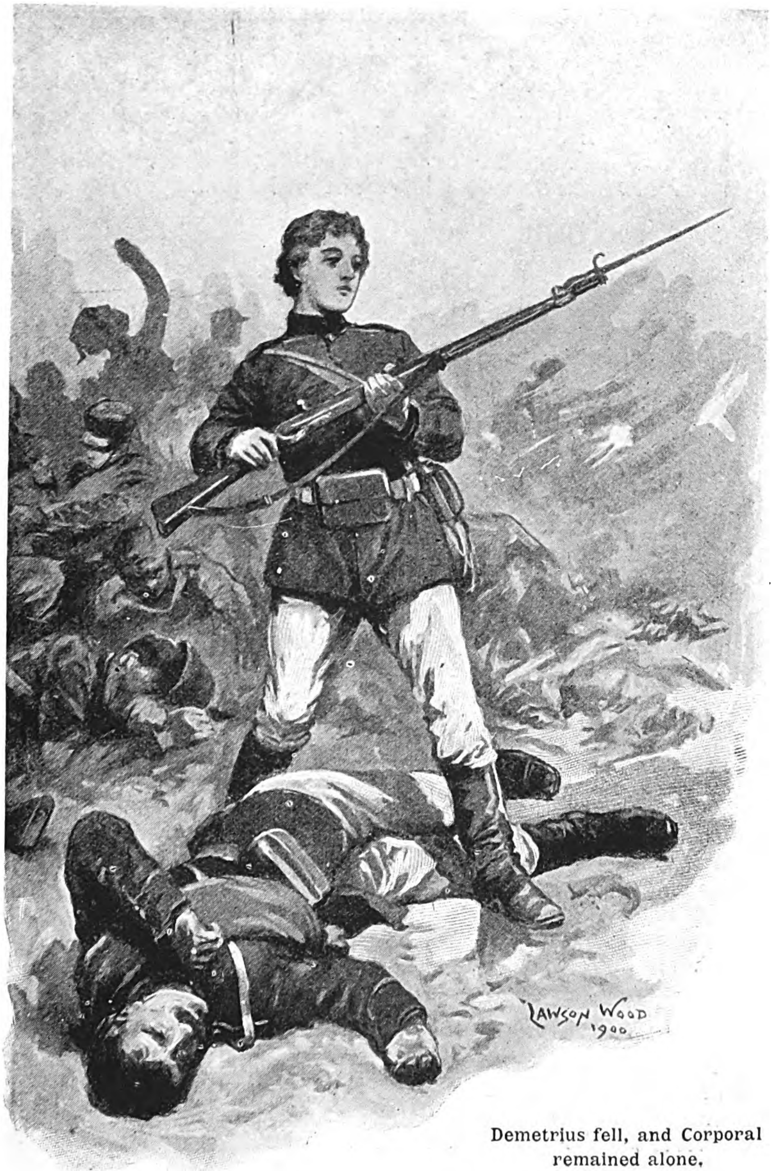
"A comrade close to me replied.

"'Do you not see him! the brave youngster. Hurrah, down with the Turks!'

"The words had scarcely left his lips when a ball passed through his brain and he fell. And then there was a cry of shame, and, were my eyes deceiving me or had we mistaken our position, I saw the field in confusion, and the Greeks fleeing in front of the Turks. Demetrius alone stood his ground, fighting fiercely, and so I strove to reach him, and her. As I fought my way I kept my eyes on her face, and shouted 'Down with the Turks' with all my might.

"Then I got desperate but could not reach them, and to my terror Demetrius fell, and Corporal remained alone.

"I shouted in despair, and a few others of



Demetrius fell, and Corporal remained alone.

ours seeing the peril Corporal was in stopped in their flight and strove to reach her.

"On and on I struggled. Courage! I shouted, and then, a short, sharp stinging pain, and I fell to the ground oblivious of everything.

"I had fainted; when I opened my eyes dead or wounded bodies and blood pools were all that remained to tell the tale of the skirmish. Then came the stinging thought of shame that the Greeks had fled, that we had disgraced ourselves.

"I raised myself on my arm. I looked to where I had last seen Corporal. There was nothing now but a heap of bodies. I crawled slowly and painfully to it, passing a dying comrade on my way. I arrived to find my worst fears confirmed.

"There, with the pallor of death on his features lay Demetrius, this case clasped in his stiffened hand. Across his breast was Corporal, the boy soldier to us, the sweetheart to him, with a smile on her ashen face and the glassy eyes wide open, looking meaningless for the first time—She was dead.

"As I stooped to verify the fact the giddiness I had before experienced overcame me and I fell again. . . .

* * * *

"They found us, I, the only living one, lying with my head on the girl's white hand . . . and . . . you know the rest . . . that soon *I* shall be numbered amongst the dead. What does that matter now? Better so than to live branded as a coward . . . and yet *she* had a brave heart . . . people may laugh at this as an impossible tale, but *I* know it is true, just as I know that we Greeks are loyal and stout-hearted. People will laugh at that also, well, let them . . . nothing matters now." . . .

A FOSSILISED MONSTER.

THE usual tranquility of Stockton, a village some ten miles from Warwick, was disturbed one summer's morning two years ago by one of the quarrymen rushing into the village tavern with the news that he had unearthed a "crocodile," 20ft. long.

All Stockton and his wife went off to the quarry armed with pitchforks, knives, sticks, and other deadly weapons.

Judge of our surprise when we found the "monster" quite dead. In fact, it had been dead many thousands of years.

Having taken an interest in geology for some time past I was able to announce that the "crocodile" was the fossil remains of an extinct animal known to geologists by the name of *Ichthyosaurus*.

Photo by Blundell.

The fossilised remains of an *Ichthyosaurus*, a huge antediluvian monster.

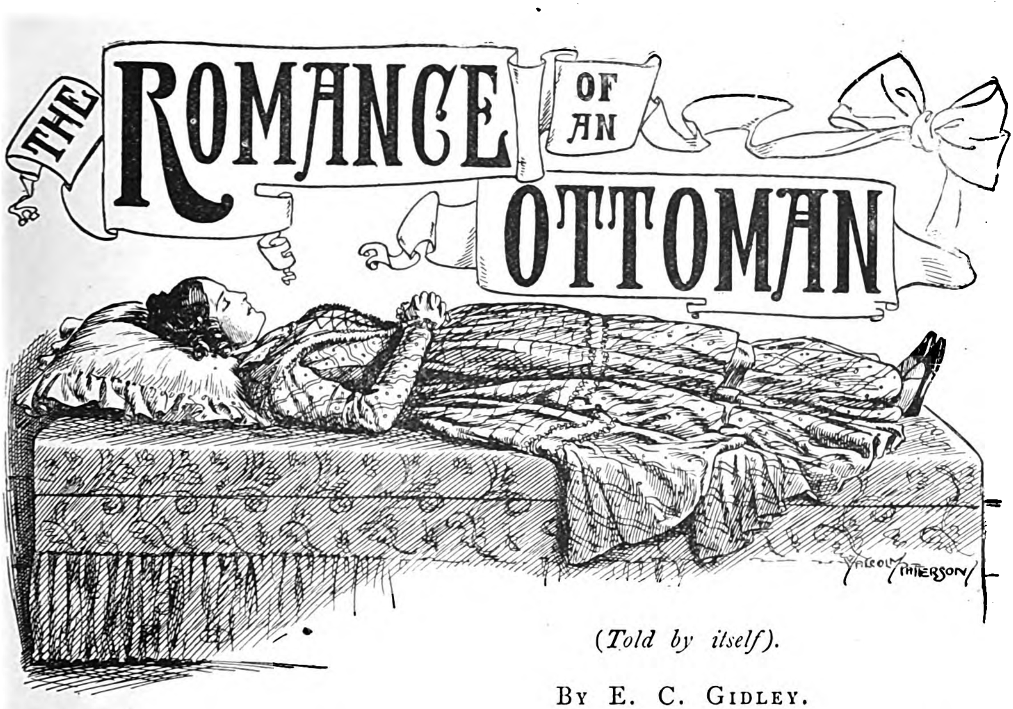
It was an exceptionally fine specimen, measuring 20ft. in length and 3ft. 6in. wide.

This remarkable reptile belonged to the Oolitic or Lias period. In appearance during life, as nearly as natural history can reveal, the monster bore a striking resemblance to the mystical sea-serpent of the present day.

News of the discovery soon spread to various parts of England, and attracted the attention of many eminent geologists.

The owner of the pits (H. M. Lakin, Esq.) has very generously given this interesting fossil to the British Museum, where it may now be seen.

THE ROMANCE OF AN OTTOMAN



(*Told by itself*).

BY E. C. GIDLEY.

THE watery rays of a November sun were coming in as best they could through the dusty little aperture, designated by the name of a window, which was all we could boast of in the lumber-room, where we—a heterogeneous collection of worn-out furniture—spent the remaining years before our ultimate dissolution. And the short afternoon was slowly drawing to a close, when the arm-chair which had been very talkative ever since it made its appearance, three months ago, scoffed at me derisively saying:

"Well! at any rate *that* shabby old thing has no story to tell!"

"Haven't I?" I said quietly, "I will try and you shall judge for yourself."

* * * *

I am not a Turk, I have never even belonged to one, and have no connection whatever with the Empire whose name I bear, so I really have not the slightest idea why the appellation "ottoman" was given me. I thought, once upon a time, that I might have seen the reason in a dictionary,—but no! search only went to prove the fact that I am "a stuffed seat, without a back"; and that "Othoman was the founder of the Turkish Empire." I mention this for the guidance of anyone who may wish to sift the matter to the bottom, and succeed where I have failed.

I remember, I was covered with beautiful crimson damask, when I left the upholsterer's shop many years ago, and went to my first home, in a little village in the Midlands. The house was large, and belonged to a man who owned several of the large iron foundries, for which the district is famous. The gentleman himself had bought me, while on a visit to the Metropolis, and I knew from the conversation held over me in the shop, that I was destined to grace the room of his only daughter; and as I have the bad,—or good—taste to prefer the stupidest woman on earth to the cleverest man any age has ever produced, I rejoiced to think that I was in a safe way to having my desires gratified.

I travelled down in the luggage van of the train my purchaser made the journey in, and the next day was presented to my future mistress.

"Oh! Papa," she exclaimed, "what a dear you are, to bring me such a sweet ottoman," and so saying she threw both her arms round his neck and kissed him.

I seem to see her now, as I carry my mind back to those days, from my last resting-place in this old lumber room in a Devonshire Rectory, where I have been stored away for the last five years, with a lot of other rubbish, out of sight and useless. But you, younger ones, who only joined us a few weeks ago, have begged me for a story, to

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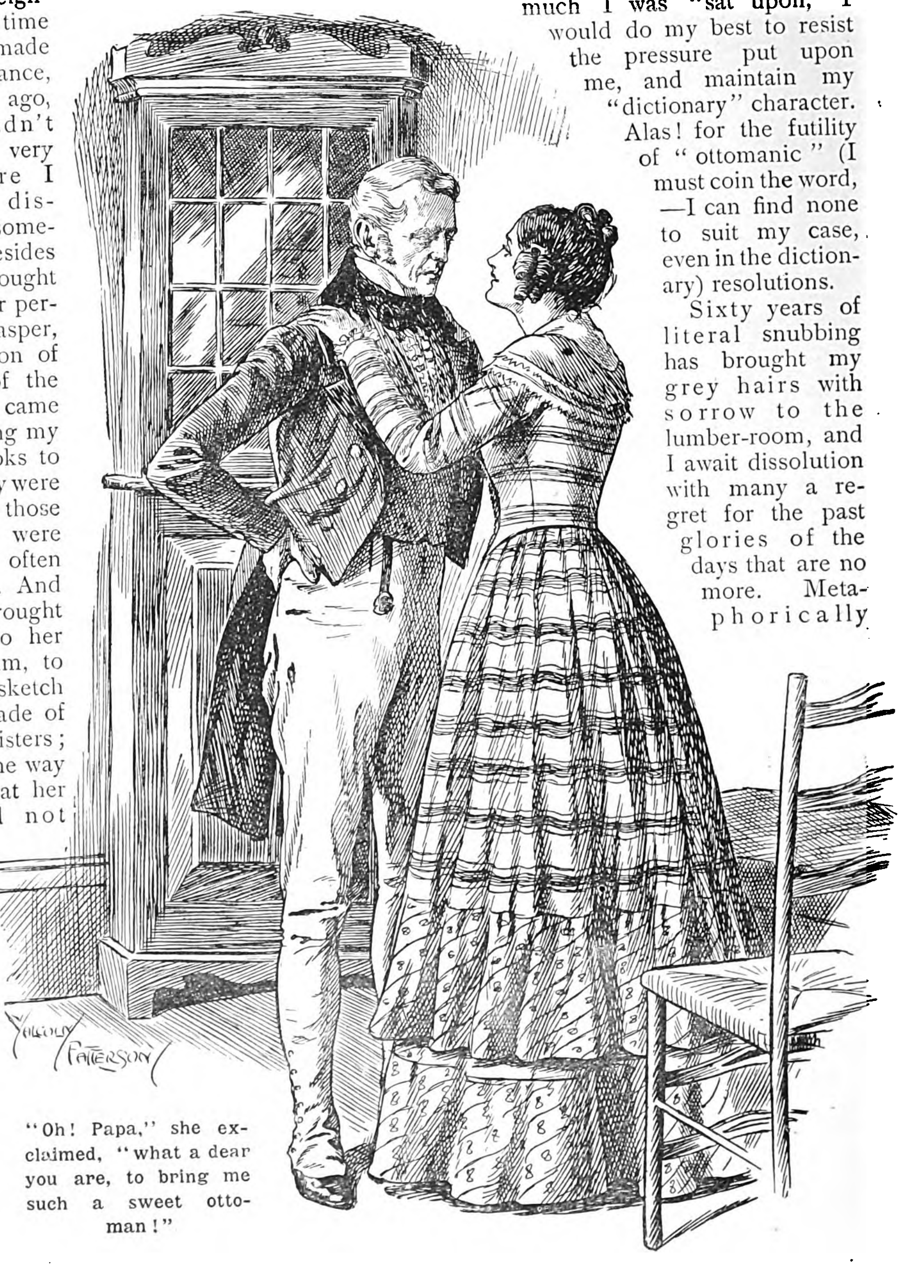
while away the dulness—and what better one could I find to tell you than my own?

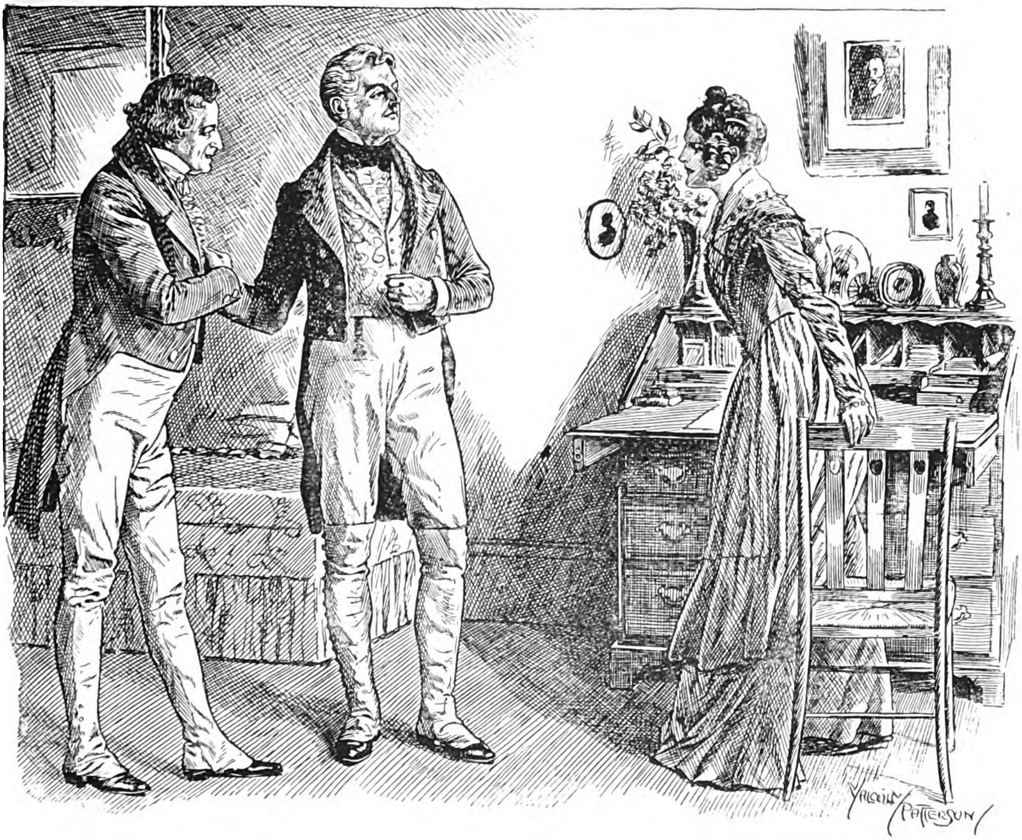
Dorothy Carre was tall and slender, with brown eyes and hair, and a complexion which owed none of its fairness to the arts or soaps of the day! She had a graceful, easy carriage, and a well-shaped little head, and her crimson lips closed over the whitest, prettiest teeth I ever saw. She must have been about eighteen at the time when I first made her acquaintance, sixty years ago, and I hadn't known her very long before I made the discovery that somebody else, besides myself, thought her very near perfection. Jasper, the eldest son of the Vicar of the place, often came over, bringing my mistress books to read, for they were scarce in those days, and were lent more often than bought. And once, she brought him up into her little sanctum, to show him a sketch she had made of one of his sisters; and from the way he looked at her then, and not much at the picture, I guessed where his heart was.

My place as a "stuffed seat without a back," was against the wall in Dorothy's private sitting-room,—she would have called it her "boudoir" had she lived in these degenerate days of French idioms and affectation—and many were the approving glances cast at my crimson chest from time to time by my mistress's admiring but envious friends. And my crimson face would have grown more crimson, if it had been possible, and my padded chest more puffed up with pride, as I determined, that however much I was "sat upon," I would do my best to resist the pressure put upon me, and maintain my "dictionary" character. Alas! for the futility of "ottomanic" (I must coin the word,—I can find none to suit my case, even in the dictionary) resolutions.

Sixty years of literal snubbing has brought my grey hairs with sorrow to the lumber-room, and I await dissolution with many a regret for the past glories of the days that are no more. Metaphorically



"Oh! Papa," she exclaimed, "what a dear you are, to bring me such a sweet ottoman!"



Her father motioned her to shake hands with the stranger.

speaking I am still snubbed, but time has softened the hurt, and age feels no resentment.

One sunny afternoon in October, about three years after my arrival, Mr. Carre put his head inside the boudoir, and asked his daughter's permission to bring a friend to see her. Dorothy, writing at her little bureau, answered in the affirmative, and the gentlemen entered.

The younger of the two was a stout man, with a florid complexion, and fair hair. His age might well have been anything from thirty to forty-five, and his eyes had the heavy look of one whose senses are not always under command, and whose nights are unnaturally curtailed.

As Dorothy looked up from her writing, her father motioned her to shake hands with the stranger, and as she did so I saw a shiver of repulsion pass through her frame. I little thought how often I was to see it in later days!

This visit was only the first of many, and one night Dorothy came upstairs from an interview with her father, and flinging herself on my crimson surface, sobbed as if her heart would break, while she brokenly murmured Jasper's beloved name. And I was powerless to console her; what could an ottoman do, but receive the tears and say nothing about it to anyone.

I was glad when the door opened and admitted the old nurse, who was warmly attached to her motherless young mistress, and was horrified at the sight of her distress.

"Miss Dorothy!" she exclaimed, gently raising the tear-stained face—"What is hurting you, my dear?"

It was Nanny's quaint way of expressing herself, and a very true one. It is hurt, we are, either mentally or bodily, when the unavailing tears flow, and the spirit sinks in woe.

My mistress turned and wound her arms about the old woman's neck. "I think my heart will break, Nanny," she said between her sobs, "for—for—father has told me he owes such a lot of money to Mr. Price (mentioning the florid gentleman), that he can only keep from utter ruin, and perhaps, prison, by—by giving *me* to him instead of the money."

It was all out now, the pitiful little story, and I couldn't repress a creak of horror at the monstrosity of the plan. Both the women started at the unexpected noise, but Dorothy said:

"It's only the ottoman, Nanny; perhaps it's sorry for me," a little bitterly.

"But, my dear, no one shall force you to marry Mr. Price, nor anyone else you don't love, while I'm alive to forbid the banns," said the old woman indignantly. "And I'd forbid the banns, sure enough, if I'd got to stand up in the church all by myself to do it!"

A faint smile crossed Dorothy's white face.

"No, you wouldn't," she said sorrowfully, "if you had heard all father has to say on the subject. And I am only a girl, so he says, and it doesn't matter! But oh! Jasper."

The last name echoed round the room, an exceeding bitter cry. Jasper Wyndham, alas, was a young man blessed with more than his share of good looks and brains, but with no money at all beyond his subaltern's pay. In after years Jasper showed that he had great worth in him, and came near to the top of his profession in the army; but at the present time he was only a poor lieutenant, very much in love with the daughter of a man who was supposed to be the richest iron-master in Warwickshire, and she was in love with him. Many a time had their blithe young voices floated up to me from the garden below; and now — never again should I hear their whispered words of love, nor the harsher tones of Aunt Anne, who lived at the Manor, and kept house for her widowed brother—calling them to come in, or to keep off the grass, as the dew was very heavy in the evenings.

Perhaps, Dorothy was thinking of all this too, as she grew gradually calmer, under the affectionate soothing of Mrs. Horner. At any rate the sobs grew less violent, and by and by, worn out with weeping, she lay down on me, and Nanny drew the blinds and left her to the sleep of utter exhaustion.

The days dragged on apace, and brought the awful wedding-day ever nearer and nearer. Jasper, who was in India with his regiment, had received from his little love a heart-broken letter explaining the situation, and the only, awful way out of it. He had answered, expostulating, and affirming his undying love, but Dorothy with the shadow of doom hanging over her head, had written again, telling him that intreaties and threats were of no avail with her father, and that he must forget her, as she must try to forget him. And Wyndham, at that time with General Nott marching upon Cabul to avenge the slaughter of the English there, had no chance of further letters, either from or to England.

The night before the wedding, Dorothy, looking pale and tired, came into her little room, after dinner was over. Every available space was taken up with presents, which had poured in from all sides. An enormous silver salver and two cases of fish knives and forks were weighing me down I remember—presents from the employés at her father's works. She quietly removed them and lay down on me as she often did now, and closed her eyes with a sigh. Presently, however, a thought struck her, and rising, she fetched a little blotting case she always wrote on, and commenced a letter. Frequently she knit her brows, and passed her hand across her blue-veined temples, as if to steady the throbbing nerves. When she had finished and sealed the note she slipped it into a little crevice at my head.

"I shall send it to him to-morrow, on my wedding day," she murmured to herself drowsily; then she once more lay down and folded her hands calmly in front of her. It gave me a kind of shock, she looked so like a corpse, but I was more concerned for the moment, with the letter, which owing to an unseen slit in the material of my skirt, had slipped down between it and the lining, and I had no means of drawing my mistress' attention to the fact. However, I comforted myself with the reflection that sooner or later someone would be sure to find it, and as my mistress seemed in no hurry to go to her bedroom, I composed myself for the night.

The next morning was fairly well advanced, and it was about seven o'clock before I became conscious of the fact that Miss Dorothy was still lying where she had been the night before, and I became anxious. To my relief old Nanny appeared at the door not long after, consternation on her face, for her young mistress' bed had not been slept on all night. She approached me and gently touched Dorothy's hand, which she dropped with a scream. Then recovering herself, bent over the motionless form, a shudder passing over her as she did so. For as she looked she knew that never more would the sun rise or set for Dorothy Carre in this world, until the last day of reckoning should dawn; and that her young mistress had passed the boundary between this world and the great Hereafter, whence no human being has ever returned, however vainly prayed for, and deeply mourned.

So the day of rejoicing was turned into woe, and a week later all that remained of Dorothy Carre was laid to rest in the adjoining churchyard. Jasper's father read the burial service over her with trembling lips and unsteady voice. He had known her from earliest childhood, and was one of the few who believed her end to have been "righteous." There had been ugly rumours afloat about suicide and poison, but the doctors called in, disagreed upon the subject, and gave my poor young mistress the benefit of the doubt, so she was allowed to be buried in consecrated ground; and Mr. Price attended as one of the principal mourners, with a deep hat band on his hat.

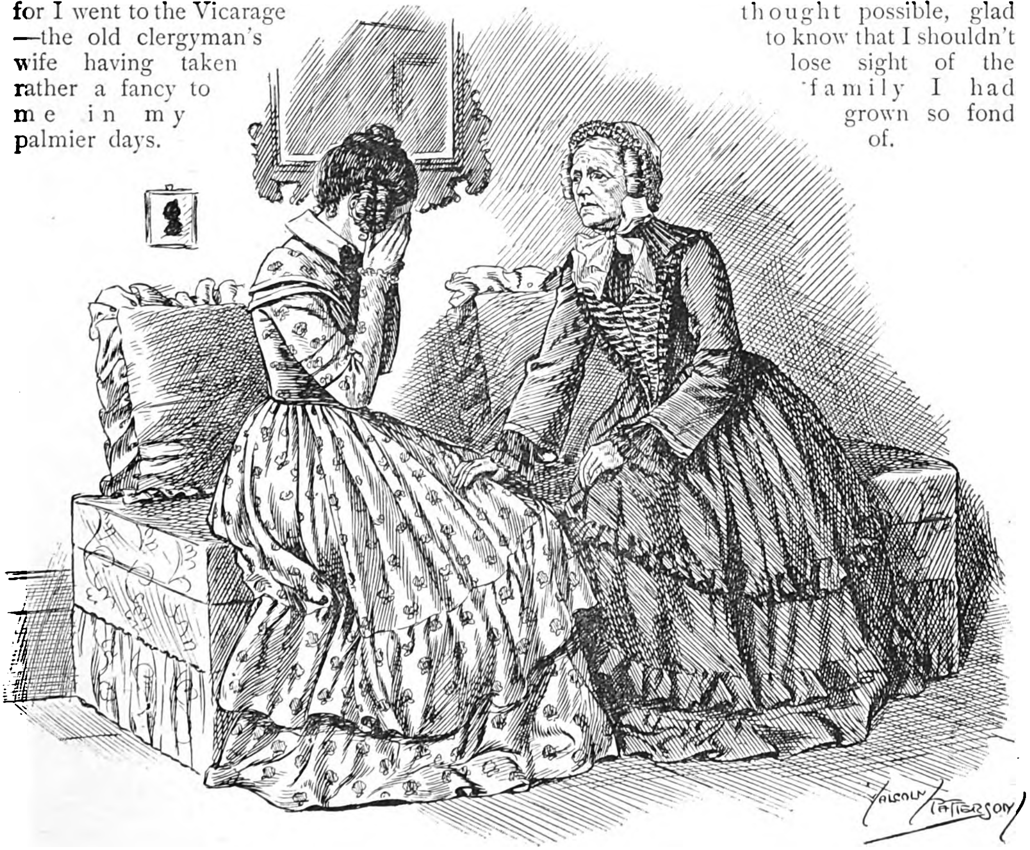
Not long after, Mr. Carre was declared insolvent, and Carreton Manor and all the contents were put up for sale. I trembled for my fate, but I needn't have, for I went to the Vicarage—the old clergyman's wife having taken rather a fancy to me in my palmier days.

And I remained in the best spare bedroom there for many a year, but master Jasper never came home, and I used to wonder sometimes what had become of him all this time, and if he had really grieved for my beautiful Miss Dorothy's sad end.

It must have been quite twenty years after her death that the old Vicar followed her, and the widow sold most of the furniture to the in-coming clergyman, and went to live with her married daughter in Devonshire. Once again I became the subject of much discussion, while my fate trembled in the balance.

"It's rather old, don't you think, Mumsey," I heard a voice say, "and if you take it, it will want re-covering. Still, perhaps, it would be useful for the spare room, so we'll say yes—and if Jasper—" here, just when I was beginning to prick up my ears—I mean my chest—the two ladies moved away, and I heard their footsteps retreating downstairs.

So I took another journey in my old age, and arrived at my destination with more comfort than I should have thought possible, glad to know that I shouldn't lose sight of the family I had grown so fond of.



"And I am only a girl, so he says, and it doesn't matter."

But no one thought again about re-covering me—and I *did* so long for new clothes. I wonder if half the housekeepers in the world think that a piece of furniture may possibly take an interest in its appearance. Why does your sideboard creak, except to convey to you by the best means in its power that it would like a little more polish on, or—a little less dust?

I think ten years must have passed away, and I still graced—or disgraced—the spare room at Markham Rectory; for Miss Wyndham had married an old curate of her father's—I have noticed most clergymen's daughters do—and the time slipped by so uneventfully that I thought I should never have any fresh interest in life, and might as well give up my "ottomanic" ghost.

But one day the two eldest daughters of the house came into my room—another Dorothy, tall, slender, and twenty, and her sister Mary.

I caught their eye—or they caught mine.

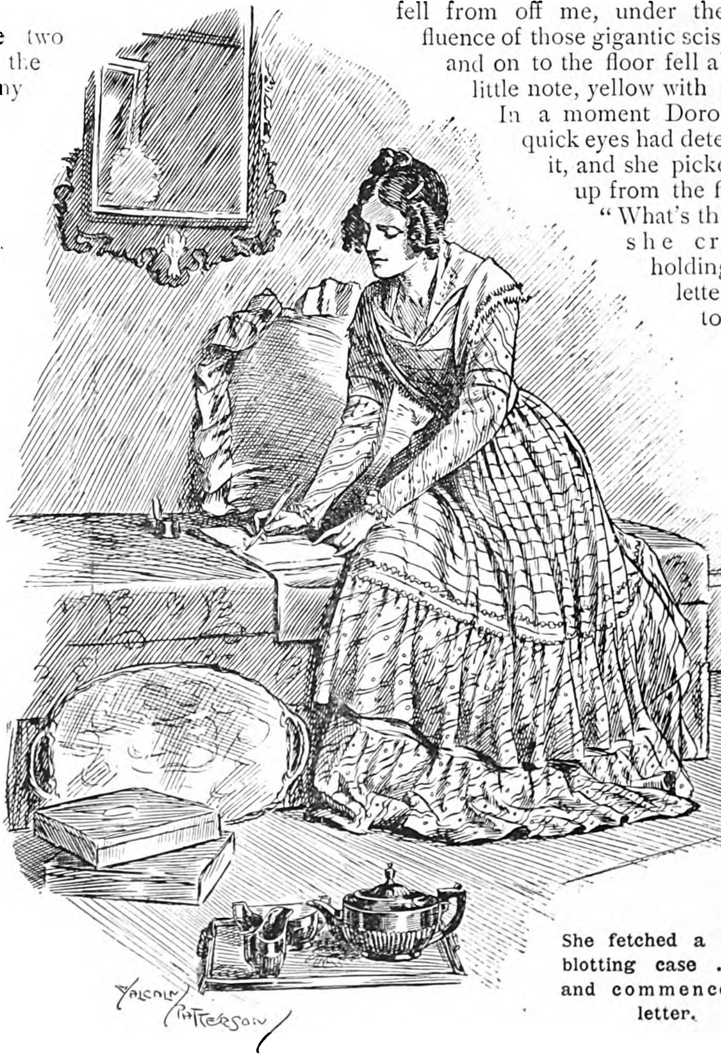
"Oh! and Dorothy, this must be recovered," I heard the younger girl say deprecatingly. "If I get the scissors we might rip off all this dreadful old crimson damask at once!"

Dreadful old crimson damask indeed! It might be old and shabby, but, damask is damask all the world over, as everybody of understanding knows, and my yellow silk binding had been the envy of all the other ottomans in the shop once upon a time.

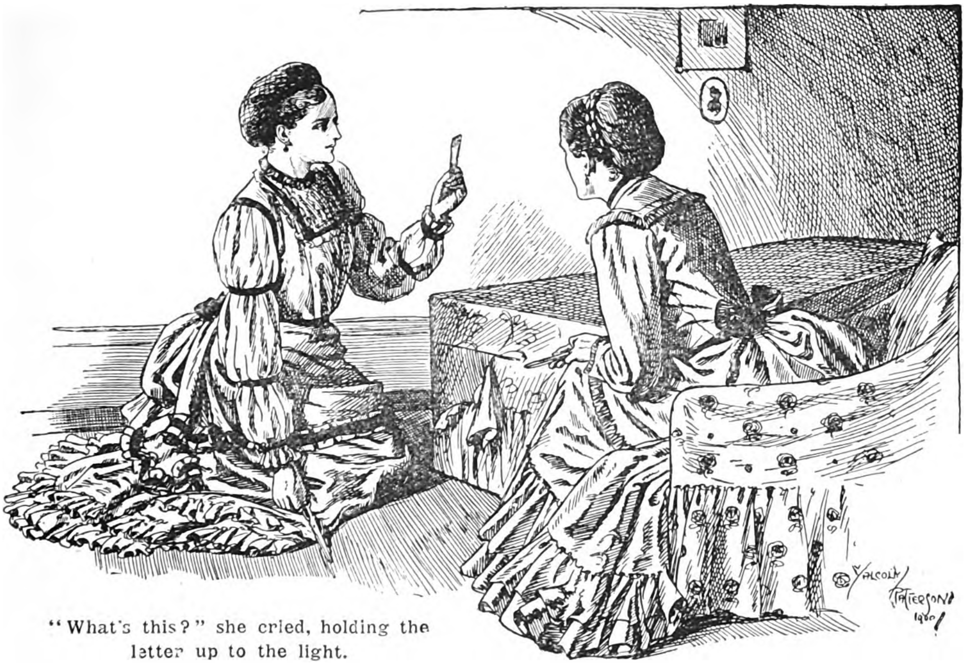
"Yes, it *is* shabby," assented Dorothy, casting her pretty brown eyes over my form with a pitying glance. "I should like some of that nice pink rosebud cretonne for it very much. Perhaps Mamma will let us have some, and we could get it finished by the time Uncle Jasper comes. Let us go down and ask her now."

Uncle Jasper! Could it indeed be, that after all these years I should see the only man whom *my* Dorothy had ever loved? And if so, would he bring a wife and children with him, or would he come alone, faithful to the memory of his dead love? Time would show, I thought, and then, the girls came back with a huge pair of scissors, and yards of pretty fresh cretonne, and I knew that patience and virtue are sometimes rewarded even here, and sooner or later every ottoman has its day!

Snip! snip! the old shabby covering fell from off me, under the influence of those gigantic scissors, and on to the floor fell also a little note, yellow with age! In a moment Dorothy's quick eyes had detected it, and she picked it up from the floor. "What's this?" she cried, holding the letter up to the



She fetched a little blotting case . . . and commenced a letter.



"What's this?" she cried, holding the letter up to the light.

light which it had not seen for fifty years. "A note addressed to Jasper Wyndham—I wonder who it belongs to? It isn't even in an envelope; and, look, Mary, it has never been opened. I shall see if Granny knows anything about it."

So saying she left Mary to grapple alone with my new frock, and ran lightly down the stairs.

What the conversation was, that took place in the Rectory study, miles away from the little room where that loving tender note had been penned, I know not. I can only tell you the result, which took place a fortnight later, when Jasper Wyndham, a tall man, of soldierly bearing and bronzed by the Indian sun, was brought into the room by his two nieces, and had his attention drawn to me in all the glory of my pink rosebuds.

His dark eyes were full of pathos, and the unshed tears of middle age; and in his hand he held a yellow note whereon the ink had faded, till the writing was almost illegible.

"It was here Uncle Jasper that we found it," said the new Dorothy, giving me a pat of satisfaction. "We were re-covering it, as it was so shabby, and that letter fell out. I suppose it's meant for you. Mother and Granny say so."

The man's lips quivered a little, but the girls were looking at me, not at him, and it escaped their notice.

"Yes," he answered slowly, "I suppose—it belongs to me."

Their mother called them at this moment—perhaps she guessed a little what her brother would be feeling—and they left him standing alone in the middle of the room.

As the door closed on their retreating figures, Jasper took one long stride and fell on his knees by my side, throwing his arms out despairingly.

"Dorothy, oh! Dorothy, my darling," he cried, kissing the note again and again. "How glad I am to have your dear little letter, though so *very, very* late. It seems as though you were just within my reach, here, by the old ottoman, which has been the grave of this scrap of paper for such years and years. And dearest, they wrote to tell me that it was thought you committed suicide—you! the purest, fairest being that ever lived. But they lied, your letter tells me that at any rate, and I can let all the world know that they wronged you. Oh! Dorothy, would that you could come to me, or that I could come to you, for ever so short a space of time ———" he paused. Only once a curious shiver passed over him, but he still knelt on in the gathering gloom of the short November afternoon.

And so his sister found him when she came to see if he were coming down to tea.

"Jasper!" she said, moving towards the corner of the room occupied by me.

Getting no answer, she struck a match, and gently touched his shoulder. Then she started back in horror, and her piercing scream brought the rector up from his study, with flying feet, to ask what the matter was.

His face paled when he caught sight of the inanimate figure kneeling at my side.

"Jasper!" his wife gasped, pointing to her brother.

The clergyman laid his hand on the heart that had ceased to beat for ever.

"He—— he is dead!" he answered quietly, getting up from the ground.

"Can't anything — be done, Morgan?" urged the other in agonised tones.

The rector put his hand on his wife's shoulder, and pushed her gently towards the door.

"No power on earth can call Jasper back again," he said, solemnly.

The doctor who was called in shook his head.

"Heart disease!" he said briefly. "This Indian climate is positively ruinous to Englishmen; the only wonder is that so many survive it at all. I can do nothing; he must have died quite suddenly and painlessly."

Six days later a funeral procession wound its way up the hill to the little churchyard, where all that was mortal of Jasper Wyndham was laid to rest. A simple white cross marks his grave, with his name, and the dates of his birth and death.

But it was not the Indian climate that killed Colonel Jasper Wyndham.

* * * *

"That is the end of my story, at any rate as regards interest."

* * *

"You seem to have had a remarkable career," said the arm-chair, after a minute's silence. "Two people died on you, no wonder you're where you are! Is that all you can remember? Or did you see the letter?"

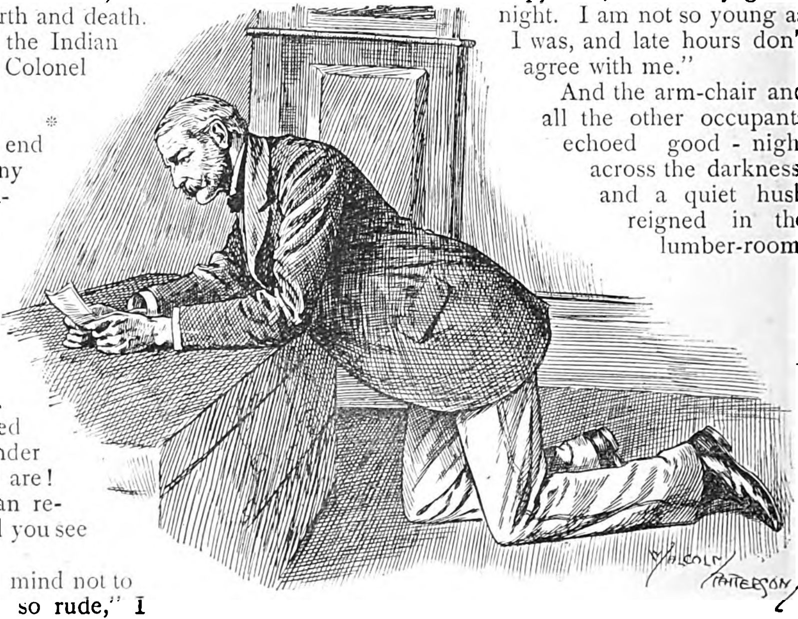
"I have half a mind not to tell you, you are so rude," I returned, with some of my old spirit, "but since we are companions in misfortune, I will be forgiving. Yes, I *did* see the letter, for it dropped from Jasper's hand when they carried him away. I couldn't tell you the exact words, for I only saw them once, and it all happened so long ago; but Miss Dorothy told him in it that she felt very drowsy and queer that night, and she thought it must have been the powder that an old woman in the village had given her for her headache. And she finished by adding her love, 'for' she wrote, 'I'm getting so sleepy I must go to bed now, or I shan't be awake for the wedding-day, and I shall want all the strength I possess to marry one man, loving another. Fortunately, he knows, and won't expect too much. Good-night and good-bye Jasper; for the next time we meet I shall be married, and must never think of you again, if I can help it. But pray for me,—Your heart-broken Dorothy.'"

I heard the arm-chair give a creak, and I knew that the story had made an impression. She looked at me across the darkening lumber-room.

"I am glad he died too," she said huskily —"he must have been *so* tired of waiting, and that letter——"

"That letter—" I interposed. "It wasn't exactly my fault that I had kept it so long. I really ought to have had a new cover years before; but you know what people are, they never think about it, as I said before. I am sleepy now, so I'll say good-night. I am not so young as I was, and late hours don't agree with me."

And the arm-chair and all the other occupants echoed good - night across the darkness, and a quiet hush reigned in the lumber-room.



Jasper . . . fell on his knees by my side.

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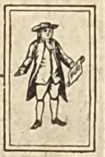

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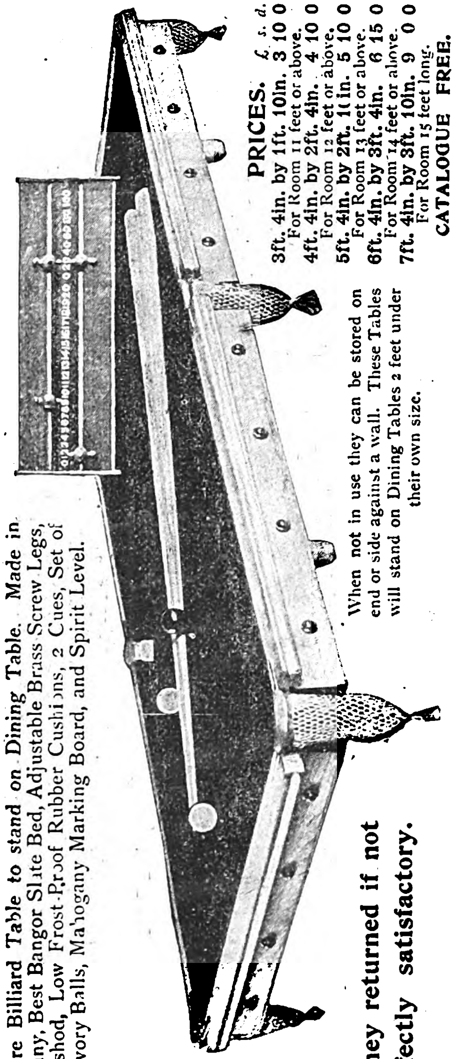

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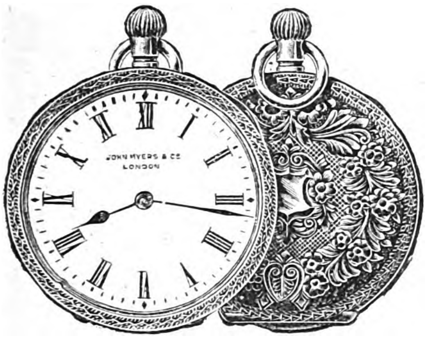

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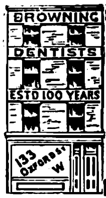

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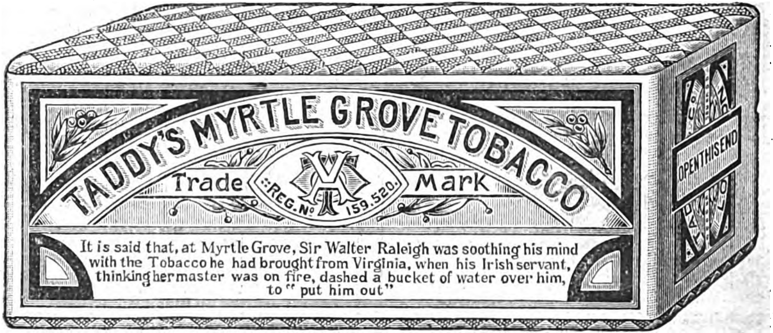
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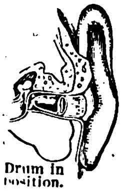
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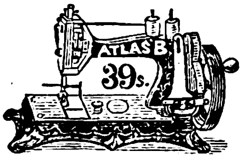

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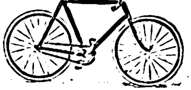

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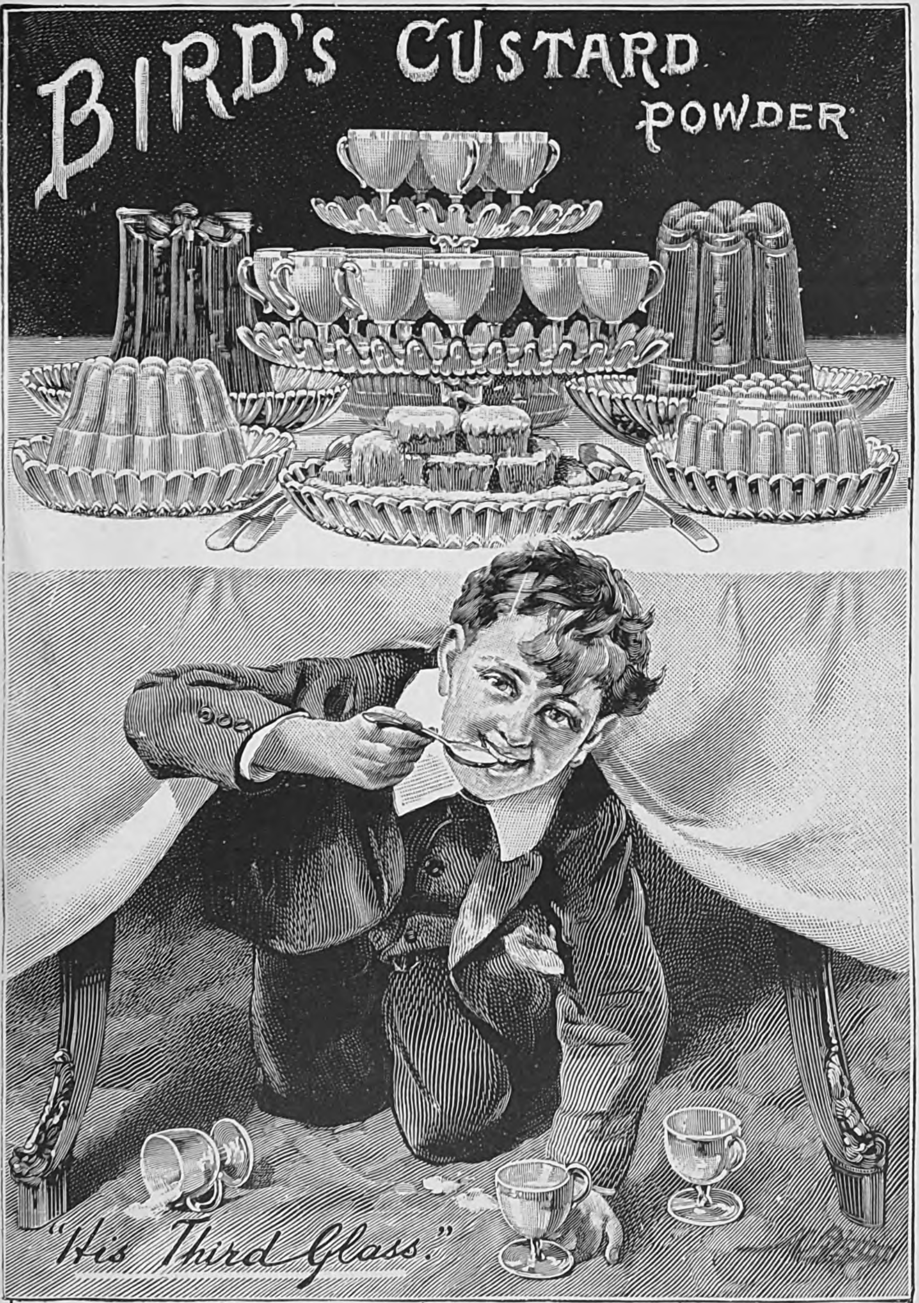
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'In Life's PLAY the Player of the Other Side is hidden from us. We know that his play is always Fair, Just, and Patient, but we also know to our cost that he never overlooks a Mistake. It's for you to find out WHY YOUR EARS ARE BOXED.'—*Huxley.*

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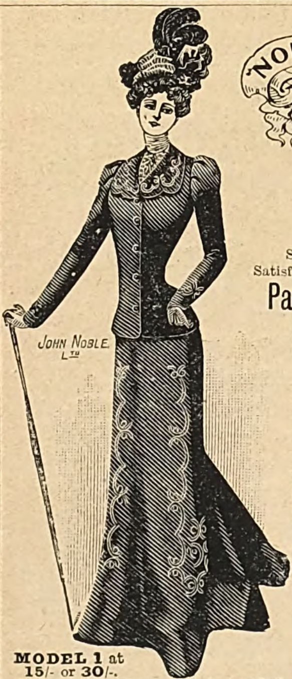

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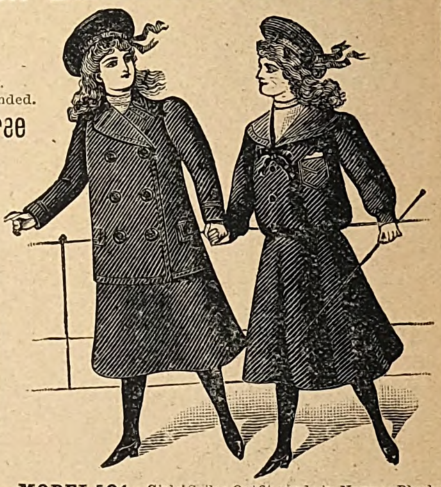

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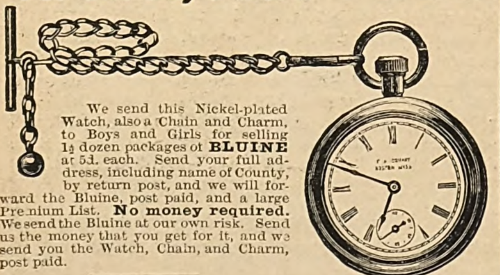

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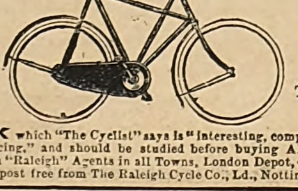

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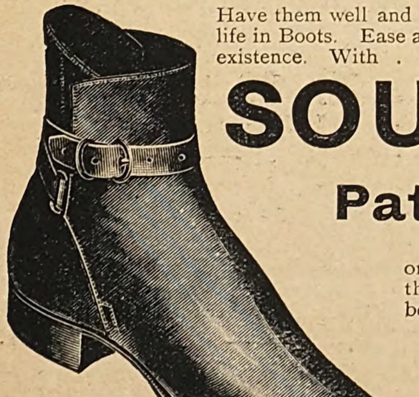

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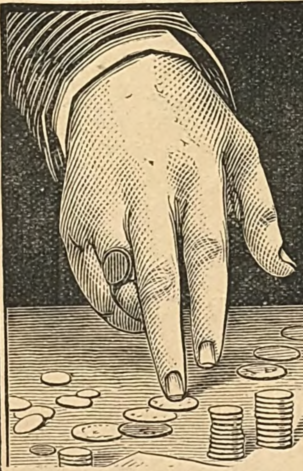

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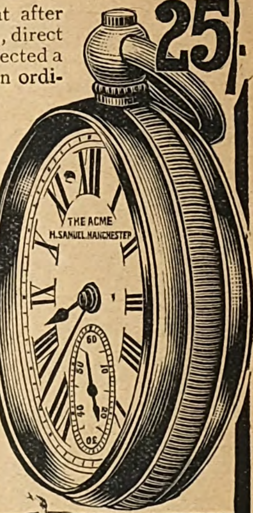

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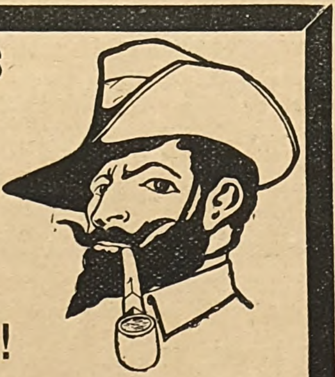

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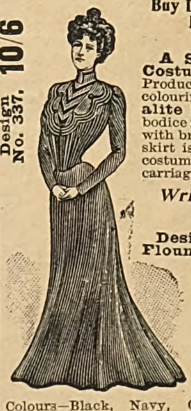

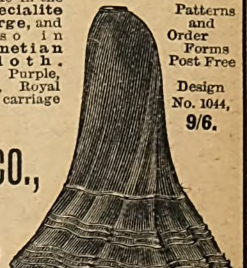

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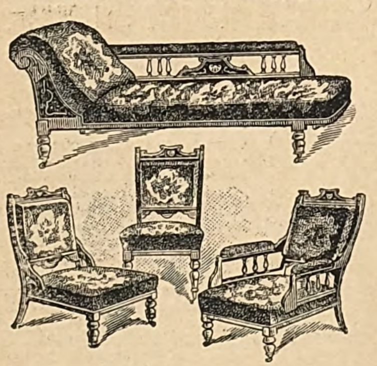

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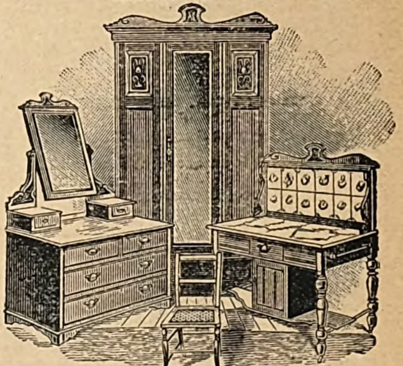

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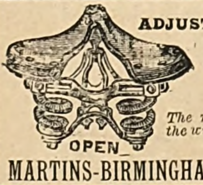

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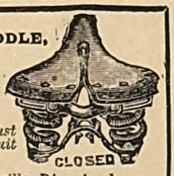

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SAMPLES OF TESTIMONIALS.

Countess Seckendorff, of Berlin, writes: "I have taken Tablets with success, and am recommending them to friends."

Mrs. Drew, of 1, Bellevue Gardens, The Nursery, Devizes, writes: "I took Tablets some years ago; they soon reduced me, and I have not got stout since. Send a box for my mother."

Colour-Sergeant Whittle, of East Lancashire Regiment, Burnley, Lancs., says: "A man in our regiment in 1891 lost several stone from taking your Tablets."

Mrs. Darnley Smith, of Landscove Vicarage, Ashburton, writes: "Trilene Tablets have reduced my weight very much. I am so much lighter in every way, and better in health."

"87, Alexandra Road, Norwich, 19th Oct, 1896.

"Gentlemen,—In reference to Trilene Tablets, I may say that my wife found the greatest possible benefit from the use of them, and their action was rapid, as my wife was for many years growing too stout, but the Tablets soon reduced the same completely.

"Yours faithfully, **J. R. Canham.**"

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Mrs. T. Boston, Cambridge Villas, Clifford Street, South Wigston, says: "I congratulate you on your wonderful Tablets. My weight at first starting them was 11st. 7lb., and I now weigh 9st. 11lb."

Mrs. Fenton, 11, Wood Street, Tyldesley, writes: "Been fat all my life, but now your Tablets tell a tale. I have lost 17lb. already, and am delighted. Suffered untold trouble previously, but now do my work with pleasure."

Mrs. Boulton, of Filton Laundry, Filton, Bristol, says: "I am much better, my heart more regular; also Tablets reduced me greatly round hips and stomach."

Mrs. C. Sharp, of Grange Farm Cottage, Wellingborough, says: "Your Tablets have made me very much thinner. All my friends notice the great reduction in weight."

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Mr. William Usher says: "A sister of mine, who was 17st., was greatly reduced by your Tablets to 15st."

"77, Hindhill Street, Heywood, 5th February, 1898.

"Gentlemen,—Your Tablets work wonderfully in curing obesity. I have not quite finished the box, and am 21lb. lighter. The change is so great that several friends have begun the treatment, which not only reduces fat, but strengthens rheumatic joints—at least, such has been the case with me. "(Signed) **M. A. Heywood (Miss).**"

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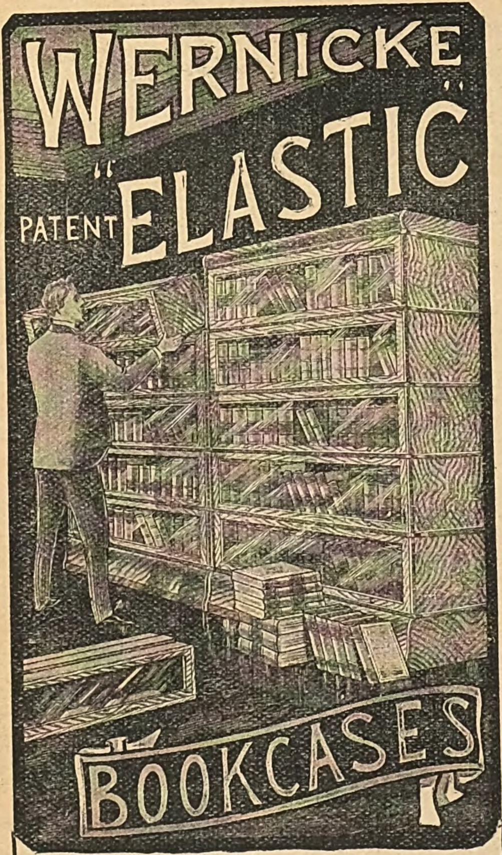

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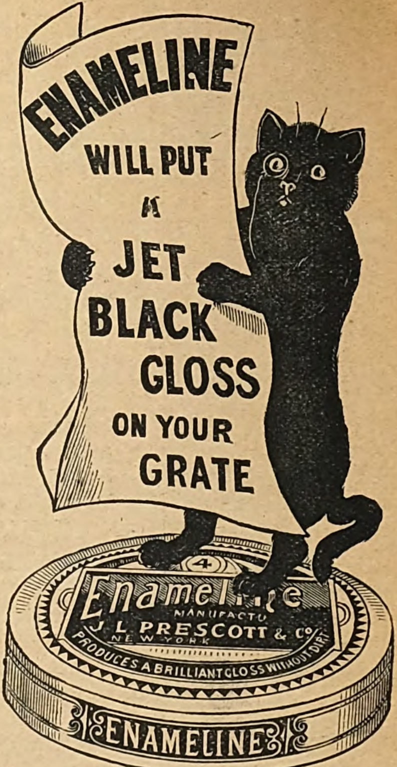

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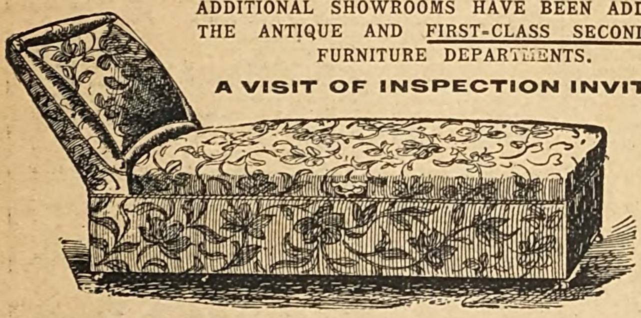

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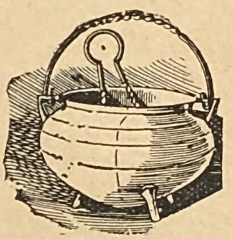

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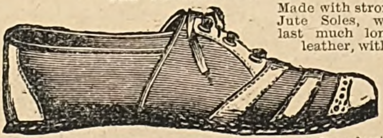

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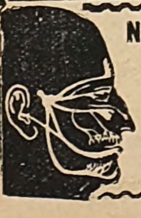

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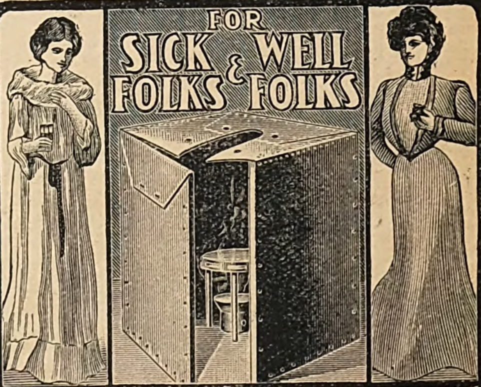
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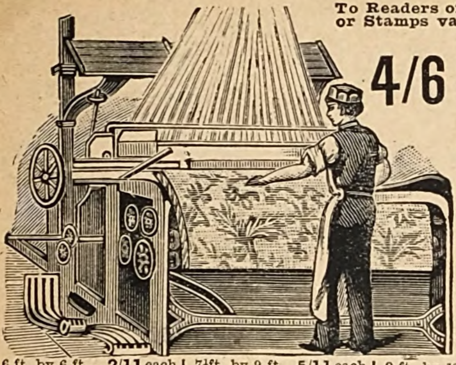

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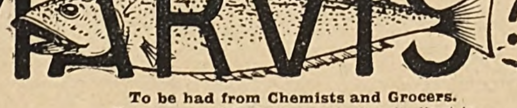

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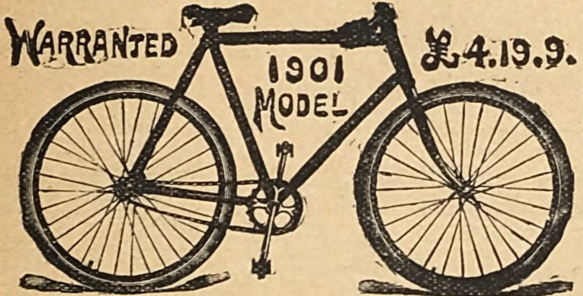

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£4 19 9

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GEAR, any ordinary gear supplied.

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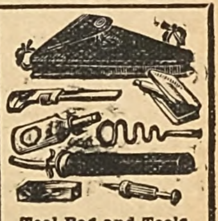

Tool Bag and Tools free with Bicycle.

CASH PRICES

We sell for money down at prices given and will fill orders promptly, as we carry the largest stock in the British Isles, and send bicycles from our warehouses in **Birmingham or London,** according to distance. Remit by money order, payable at "London, E.C.," to "Symonds' London Stores," or cash in registered letter. **If wanted on approval,** send deposit of **£1,** also 5s. for careful packing and carriage, also 2 references, agreeing to pay balance upon receipt of machine, if satisfactory, or to return cycle promptly and we will refund your deposit.

EASY PAYMENTS

Send only five shillings as booking fee deposit, then send as much as you can spare weekly, but never more than 20 shillings in one payment, nor less than one shilling. When your instalments have amounted to **sixty shillings,** we will forward the bicycle, allowing you to pay the balance while riding it. No householder's guarantees required on this plan.

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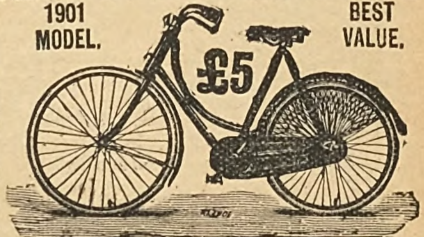
We charge the same prices for Men's, Women's and Juveniles' Cycles—our £12 12s. grade at **£4 19s. 9d.** our £13 13s. grade at **£5 13s.,** and our £14 14s. grade for **£6 14s.** We sell to people in all classes and vocations. Among those who are riding Symonds' Standard Cycles are **Clergymen, Solicitors, Editors, Doctors, Business Men, Shopkeepers, Clerks, Mechanics, Farmers, Policemen, Army and Navy Officers, Publicans, Dressmakers, Milliners, Shop Women, Factory Employees, Typewriters, Boys and Girls.** Our Cycles are sent to **all parts of the world,** and are adapted to all climatic conditions.



TWO YEARS' WARRANTY.

A Two Years' Signed and Verified Warranty is given with our Thirteen and Fourteen Guinea Cycles at £5 13s. and £6 14s. **We also offer to buy the bicycle back from you** at any time within two years, repaying every penny that you have paid us, if it is not as represented. This is certainly the **fairest offer** ever made by any manufacturer.

OUR LATEST £100 CHALLENGE.

Last season we boldly set forth a **£100 Challenge** to any other manufacturer if we could not prove in severe tests that Symonds' Standard Cycles are **equal in serviceability to any others sold at Twelve to Fourteen Guineas.** Nobody dared accept our challenge. We now make another. We agree to pay to any Hospital, **the sum of £100,** if we cannot prove by **riders' testimonials, experts' testimony,** and by our financial accountings, that **Symonds' Standard Cycles** are the **Best Value for the Money** ever sold in the British Isles by a genuine "going" concern, and that cycles of similar construction and similar value have been widely sold by other manufacturers at **Twelve to Fourteen Guineas.** Any concern accepting this challenge is to agree to devote £100 to any Hospital when we prove our claims of the **cheapness and superiority** of our bicycles to a chosen jury of disinterested persons.

SEND FOR FREE CATALOGUE.

Send stamp for free bicycle catalogue. Don't buy elsewhere until you do. Remember, we have no agents; because we save you all the intermediary profits. Buy directly of us and save sovereigns. Take notice, we provide **a two years' warranty** in event of need of repairs, and you can send your machine back and get every penny of your money if not as represented, therefore you take no risks. If you buy **two or more** of our cycles we will allow you **5 per cent. discount.** To dealers we can offer no better terms but will supply without our name plate if desired, so cycles may be sold at any price you desire. **Anybody can earn money easily** by purchasing several of Symonds' Standard Cycles to let on hire at two shillings daily. A cycle will pay for itself in less than three months, and yet be good for many seasons. **Order now and take advantage of present prices.** They will certainly increase soon. When writing for catalogue, be sure to mention name of this publication.

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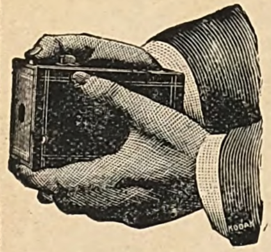

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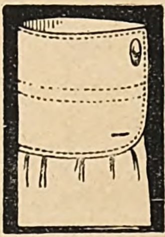

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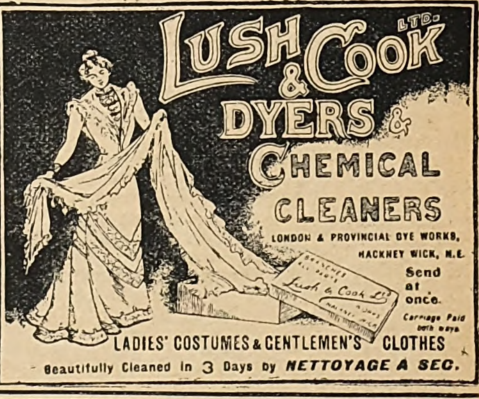

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THE ROYAL MAGAZINE.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

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Cases for the first three half-yearly Volumes of THE ROYAL MAGAZINE are now ready, and can be obtained at the Publishing Office, price 1/- each, or post free, 1/2.

Bound Volumes of the first and second six months are also ready, price 3/6 each, post free, 4/-; third and fourth six months, 4/- each, post free, 4/6.

The original drawings in this Number are on sale on application to the Editor.

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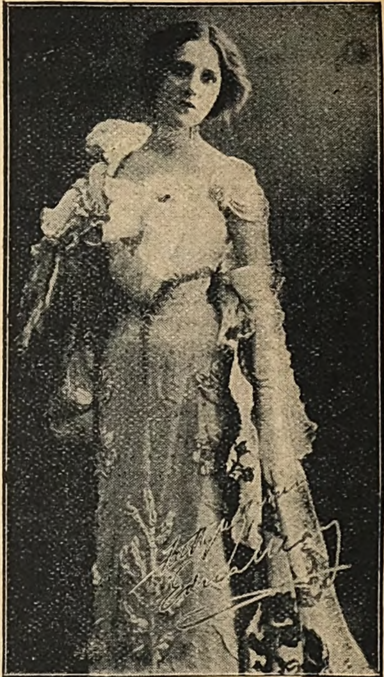

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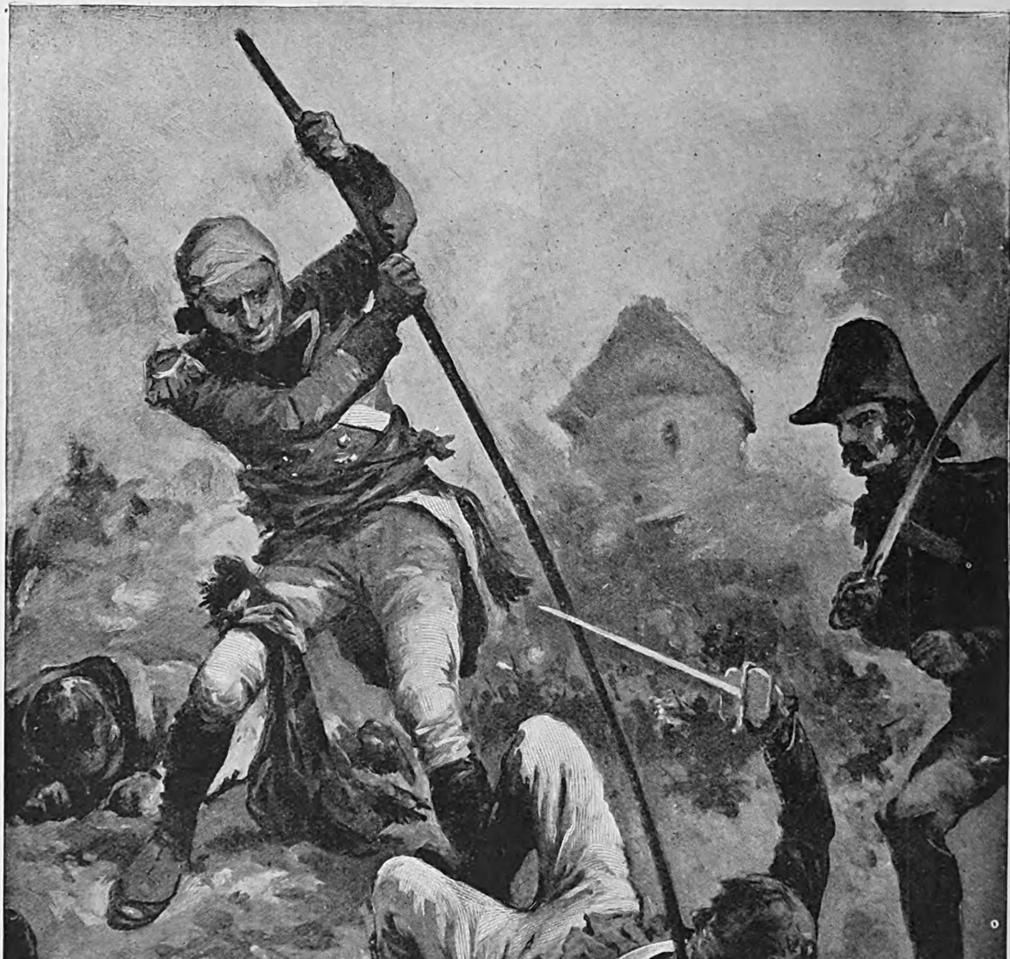

ENSIGN JOHN RENTON'S GALLANT DEFENCE OF THE FLAGS.

He tied his dead comrade's to his thigh, his own round his waist, and, armed only with the bare staff, saved them against heavy odds. (*See page* 518.)

THE ART OF THE CAMERA

Photo by E. T. Sheaf.

Queen Alexandra as a Photographer. BOTH the Duke and the Duchess of Cornwall and York are enthusiastic devotees of the camera; but Queen Alexandra is quite the best amateur photographer of the English Royal Family. She has practised the art for many years, and has a large collection of photographs, taken at various times and places, of scenes she has visited, and of relatives and friends. One of her most prized possessions is a tea set with a photograph of her own taking printed on every piece. A favourite subject of the Queen's camera is a crowd viewed from some eminence, especially when most of the faces, as, indeed, is generally the case, are upturned in her direction. When Queen Victoria arrived in London shortly before the relief of Ladysmith and greeted the crowds of enthusiastic Londoners from a window in Buckingham Palace, Queen Alexandra was stationed at a neighbouring window and took a unique snapshot of the cheering multitude beneath.

Photography and Crime. As most people know, it has for many years past been the custom of our prison authorities to make photographs of criminals before they leave prison. Excellent as this method undoubtedly is, merely as a means of identification, it will, in all probability, shortly be given up. When it was first adopted there was comparatively little difficulty in running through the collection of photographs when it was required to know whether a prisoner had been previously convicted. To-day, however, the photographs have so accumulated that it takes an official accustomed to the work, on an average eight hours to identify his man. As this waste of time is likely to go on increasing, drastic changes are necessary, and it is the so-called Bartillon system that is to supersede the use of the camera—a system which consists in the registration of certain measurements, such as the length and breadth of the head, face, ears and fingers, and is capable of easy and

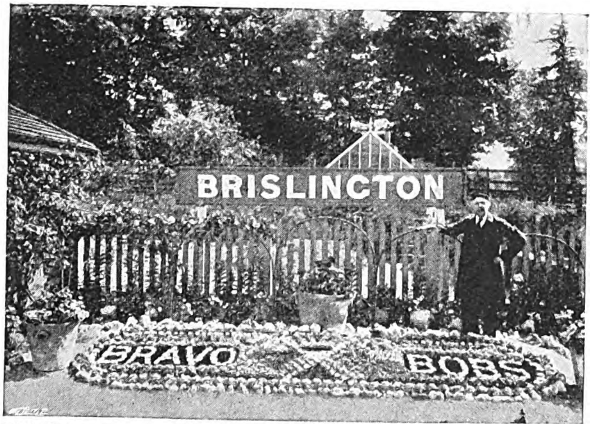

Photo by Austin, Bristol

A Stationmaster's Remarkable Tribute to Lord Roberts.

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Vol. V.—April, 1901.—No. 30.

ingenious classification.

Photographing on the Human Skin.

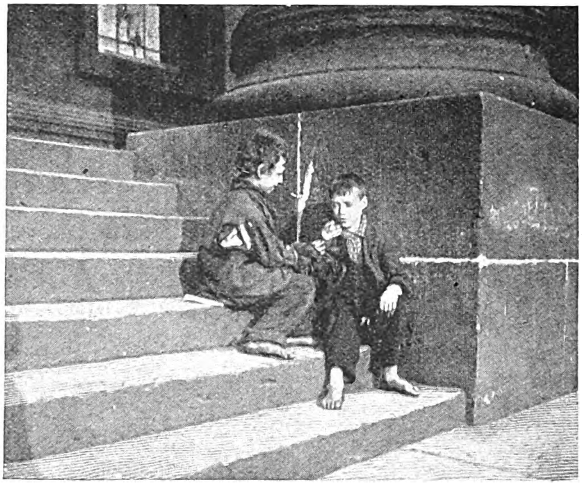
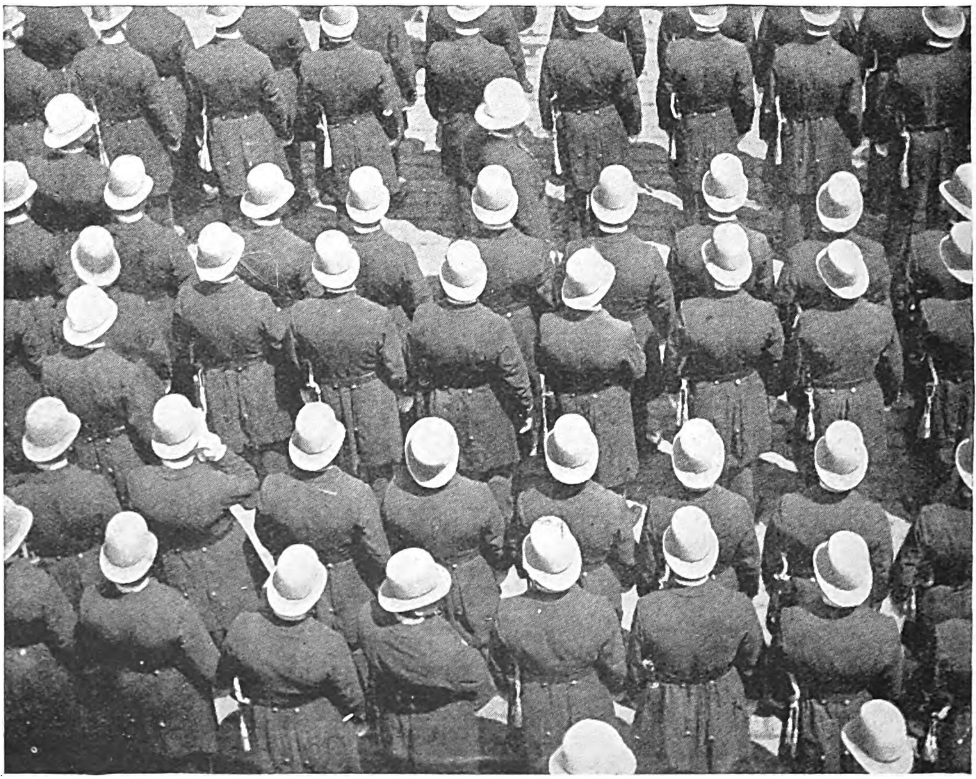


Photo by Charles F. Inston.

Two Gutter-snipes.

Is it possible to photograph on the human skin? Until quite lately we should have been inclined to meet such a question with an emphatic denial. The experiments of a certain Mr. Dinkeresco, a Roumanian chemist, have brought us to a pause. This gentleman, it appears, has discovered a process by which a photograph can be permanently printed on the skin. This process is neither injurious nor painful, and the pictures are said to be as distinct as those printed on paper in the usual style. The chief drawbacks to the operation seem to be the time it takes to complete—three hours at the least, and its cost—five to ten guineas. The details of Mr. Dinkeresco's discovery are a profound secret, but we should be very much surprised if he guarantees the *permanence* of his photographs, having regard to the facts that, unlike tattooed pictures, they are merely superficial, and that our outer layer of skin is being perpetually renewed.



From a Photo.

Snapshot of New York Police on Parade.

demand the same treatment. That Mr. Kipling is familiar with the photographic art all his readers must be well aware. But then, what art or science, profession or trade is Mr. Kipling wholly ignorant of? Whether he is a practical photographer is more than we can say. Miss Marie Corelli, though she hates being photographed herself, and puts critics and "snap-shot fiends" in the same category, is an enthusiastic devotee of the camera; and among prominent writers who pass their leisure hours taking and developing photographs, are Mr. S. R. Crockett, Mr. Robert Barr, Mr. Cutcliffe Hyne, Mr. W. L. Alden, Mr. Henry Norman, and Mr. John Bickerdyke.

Photo by Madame Lallie Charles

A Sailor of the King.

A Photographic Trick.

A SHORT while ago a facetious young man went to a photographer to sit for his portrait. When the plate came to be developed, the photographer noticed to his amazement the clear outlines of a skull and crossbones right in the middle of his client's forehead. Putting down the strange phenomenon to some inexplicable imperfection in the plate, the photographer arranged a second sitting, when lo! the self-same skull and crossbones appeared on his client's forehead. In utter bewilderment he turned to the sitter, who, no longer able to control himself, burst into a shout of laughter, and afterwards gave his explanation of the mystery. He had painted the skull and crossbones on his forehead with a solution of sulphate of quinine, which, though invisible to the eye, acts as pure white to the photographic plate.

Beware of the Flashlight.

THE following very distressing accident happened a short while ago in Paris. It appears that a visitor to the Exhibition in an

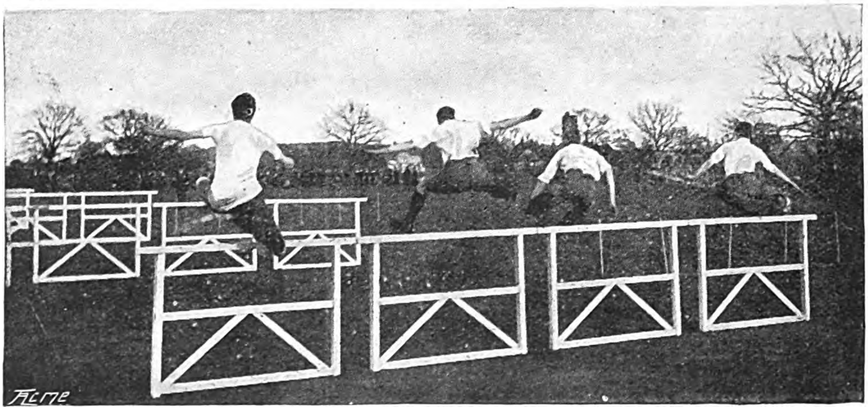


Photo by W. A. Fry.

In Mid-Air.

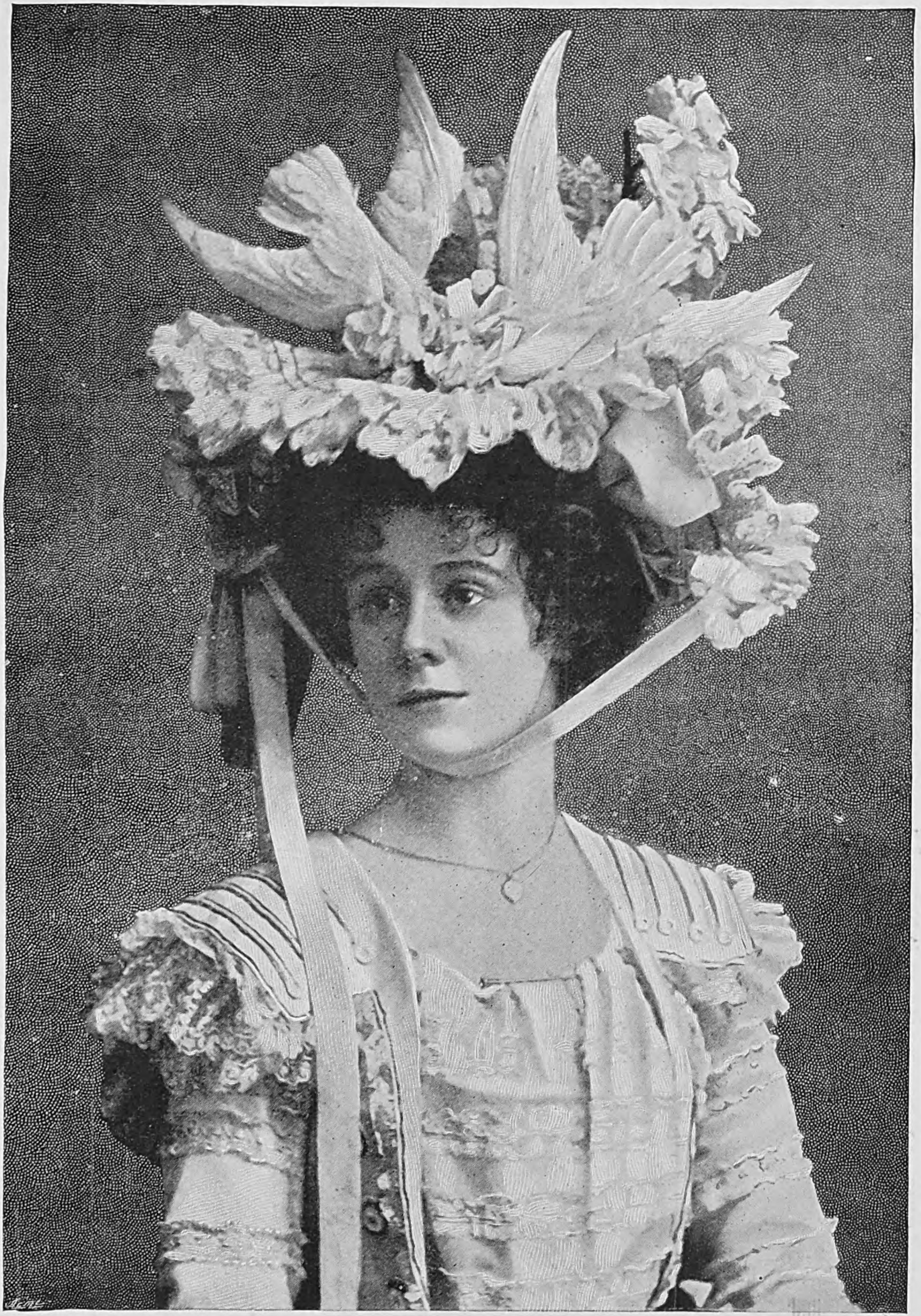
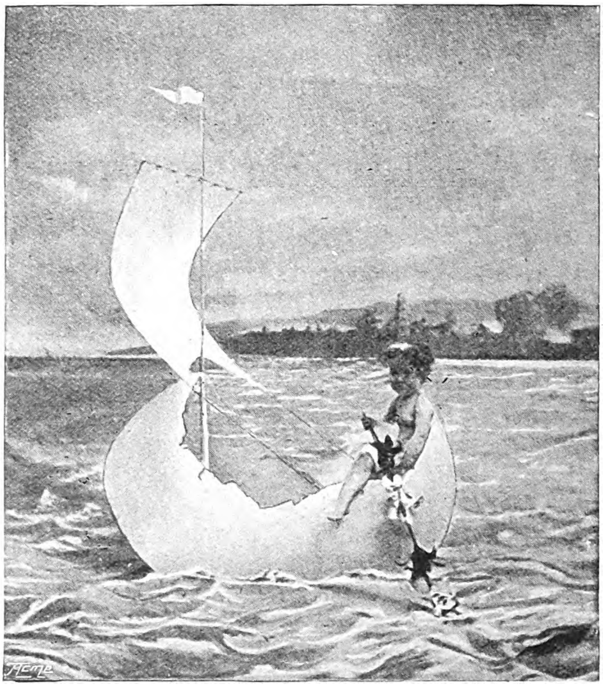


Photo by W. and D. Downey.

A TRIUMPH OF MILLINERY.



From a Photo.

A Voyage to Fairyland.

unlucky moment sat for his portrait before an automatic photographic apparatus worked on the sixpence-in-the-slot system. The camera being placed in a badly lighted spot, the magnesium flash was used. At the moment when the flash struck his face the sitter felt an acute pain in the left eye. He was given, a few minutes later, his photograph, which proved to have been over-exposed, showing that an excess of magnesium powder had been ignited for the flashlight. For three days after this the unlucky sitter continued to experience pain in his eye. The orb then became veiled with a yellow film, which changed later to a blue colour, growing opaque and entirely obscuring the sight. An oculist has diagnosed an injury to the cornea and pronounced it absolutely incurable. This is the second accident of a photographic nature which occurred at the Paris Exhibition; the other happened to a lady who went to the Exhibition to be X-rayed, trusting thus to cure some neuralgic pains in her head. The only effect of the operation was to deprive her of half her hair. She is now bringing an action against the operator.

Special Notice to all!

Nobody at all interested in photography should miss our next number, for in it we propose to publish a large assortment of the most remarkable instantaneous photographs ever taken. The beautiful, the humorous, the curious, will all be represented in these pages—a veritable feast for the layman as well as the photographer.

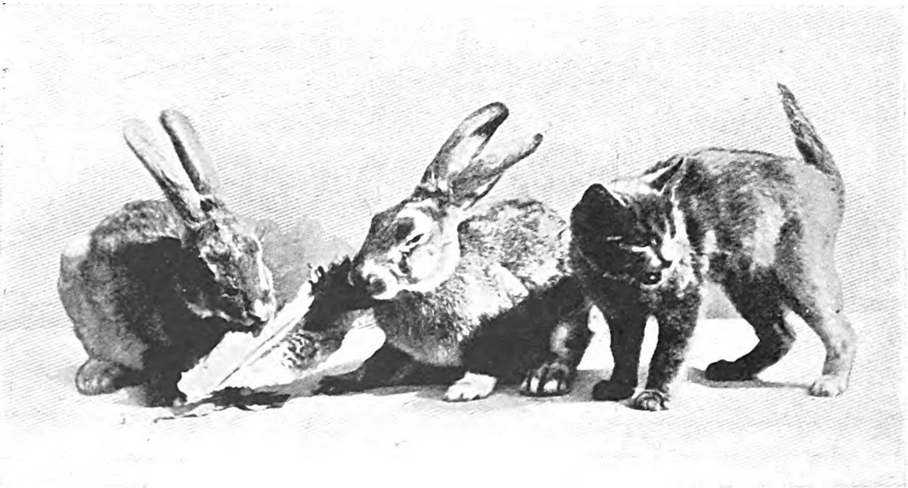
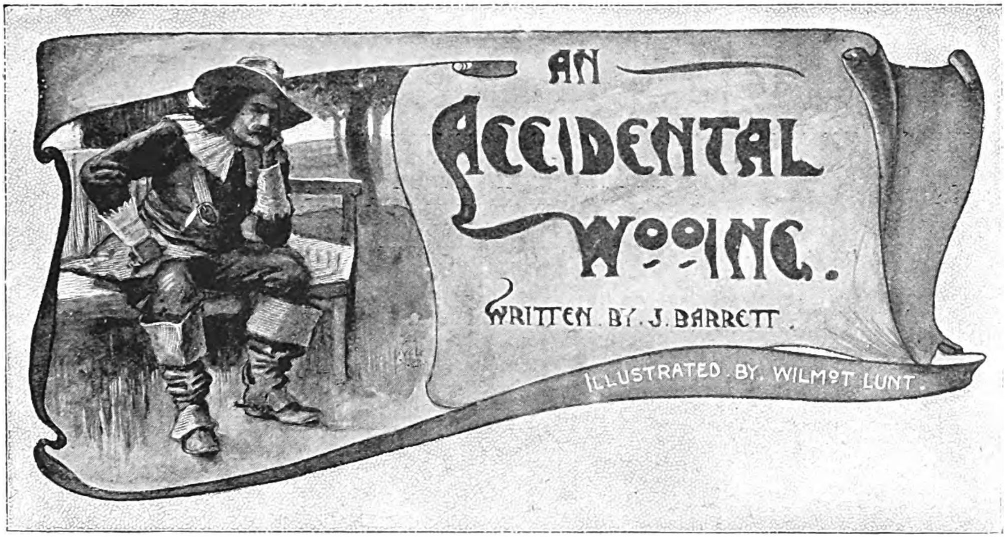


Photo by H. Bunnett.

"Two's company, three's none."



AN ACCIDENTAL WOOING.

WRITTEN BY J. BARRETT.

ILLUSTRATED BY WILMOT LUNT.

THE sun poured down upon me with all the fulness of its summer strength, the trees above danced as the gentle breeze played upon them, and at my feet little sparrows hopped and chirped as if they found everything very good and just as it should be. I gazed at the river moving lazily onwards, and was fully conscious of the beauty around me; yet as I sat on that chair in the Temple Walk, there was, I believe, in my heart less of happiness or thankfulness than might have been found in any of the little chirpers around me.

And I had little cause for either, save that I was strong and sound, heart and limb—a sufficient reason, God knows. In our moments of failure, however, we are apt to forget our constant causes for gratitude. And I had failed terribly. I had come to the end of my resources; I had tried everything, but fortune refused to smile on me. Only last evening in desperation I had staked practically the whole of my small possessions on a single pass; and I had lost.

But that did not make much difference. For was I not out of favour with my Lord Clarendon, and who else in the whole realm could I hope to serve now? I was a younger son, and I had been a fool when success might have meant my Lord's constant favour. To have been sent by his Lordship on a special mission and then to have failed so utterly as I had. Pah! Outwitted, too, when I should have been most cunning! It made my blood boil. And then my Lord Clarendon's curt and proud dismissal: "I expected more of you, Sir George Fordham." My sword was sharp, and my hand itched to use it. I could have quarrelled with anyone for sheer pleasure. But of ways of replenishing my slender purse I could see none.

So far had I reached with my ruminations, when, raising my head, I saw my Lord Clarendon advancing along the walk, and almost opposite the point where I was seated. I would not now have sought a favour of him for the world, but I could do no less than rise and bow. He saw me, and to my astonishment, instead of passing proudly by with the merest acknowledgment, as was his wont, he beckoned me with a slight movement of his hand.

"I need someone I can trust," he said, "for an important affair."

"I am at your Lordship's service," I replied, "if your Lordship has still sufficient confidence in me."

With his customary curtness he made no answer to my query, but after thinking for a moment he continued:

"I shall be at Salisbury House at five o'clock, and will give orders that you see me directly you call."

He passed on, doubtless on a visit to one of the Bishops, and I watched his figure out of sight. For the moment I was considerably elated at the prospect before me. Spain vanished from my sight as I built a castle in England. And then I wondered what the cause could be of my Lord Clarendon's sudden change of front towards me. Something must have happened to induce him so soon to recall me. What could be the nature

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of the enterprise? Had this new task anything to do with the present state of England?

Having an hour or so to spend, I walked slowly down the Strand, and then turned off into "The Folly"—a floating house of entertainment on the Thames—now much resorted to by persons of quality for refreshment and pleasure. Already many people had gathered there, and the air was heavy with the buzz of voices. But I soon left, eager to keep my appointment punctually.

Lord Clarendon received me immediately, and quickly came to the matter on which he required my services.

"I trust to your secrecy in this matter, whether you accept the task or not," he remarked.

"Your Lordship has, I believe, had no reason to doubt me in that respect," I replied, somewhat warmly.

He nodded his head.

"You possibly do not know Lord Stanning," he said, "for he has not been at Court for several years now."

I assented that I had heard his name, but that was all.

"He resides in Yorkshire," he continued, "at Highcombe Hall."

He hesitated for a moment.

"He wears a signet ring—it is impossible to mistake it—a large ruby set in massive gold. I require that ring. Will you obtain it?"

At first I scarcely recognised what this request meant, but soon I saw that at best it would really be little less than stealing. And then it dawned upon me that the possession of the ring by my Lord might have very serious consequences on the life of Lord Stanning. It was scarcely the business of a gentleman. True, it was for the Lord Chancellor of England. But I liked it not.

My Lord Clarendon noticed my hesitation.

"You fear your inability to conduct such an affair?" he asked.

This was his first reference to my past failure. I felt nettled.

"Your Lordship must acknowledge that the business is somewhat peculiar," I suggested.

"It certainly requires tact," he agreed. "I have a dozen men at my beck and call who can carry out any ordinary task."

"Would it please your Lordship to acquaint me with the possible result to Lord Stanning in the case of my success?" I asked.

"Do you require to know my reasons for desiring to obtain the ring?" he said bluntly.

"I only wished to learn if my action would possibly be attended by serious consequences to Lord Stanning," I returned.

"Affairs of State," replied my Lord shortly. "You need not trouble. I anticipate no immediate harm."

He evidently would not say any more. Was that enough to satisfy me? I wavered. Here was my one chance of remaining in England. If I was successful it would mean position and ease to me, for my Lord was not ungenerous to those who served him well. And if I did not accept, someone else would, and only I should be the loser. Besides, it was after all for the Chancellor.

"Your Lordship shall have the ring as soon as I can obtain it," I said.

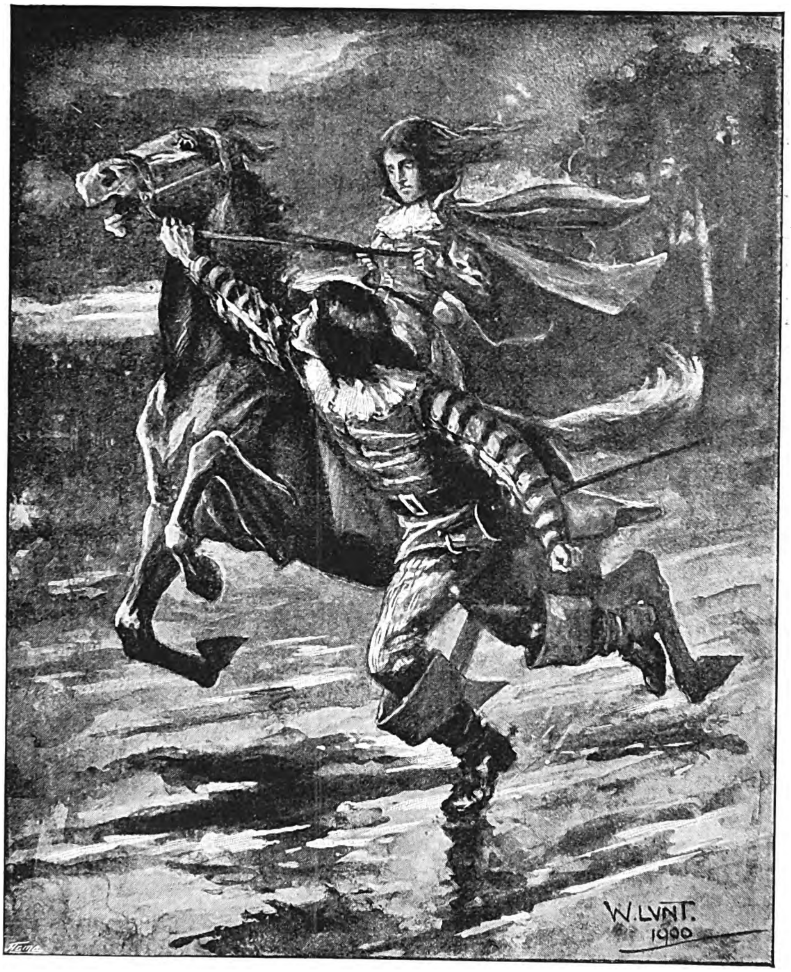
"Very well, Sir George," he replied. "If you need anything, draw upon me. I shall look for your return within a week or two at the outside."

I was far from pleased with the nature of the affair, but having accepted the commission from his Lordship, I determined to lose no chance of carrying it out to a successful issue. Accordingly after drawing upon him for a sufficient amount to tide me over a couple of weeks, I hired a nag and started for Yorkshire.

In due course I reached the vicinity of Highcombe Hall, but deeming it prudent not to lie too near my ultimate destination, I put up at the village of Farnley, some four or five miles distant. Here I soon learnt all the details about the residents at Highcombe. It appeared that at present only Lord Stanning and his ward, Lady Anne Marfield, were living at the Hall. They entertained very few visitors as a rule, for his Lordship, having retired from public life, preferred, as far as possible, the quietude of his country estate untainted by the bustle and gaiety which entertaining necessarily engendered.

The next day was heavy and overcast; the air was oppressive, and thunder clouds hung gloomily overhead. But it was plain I must move soon, so I determined to make a call at Highcombe under some pretext. About a mile from my destination one of my straps broke, and I had to dismount in order to patch it up. The black clouds loomed heavily, and all seemed still with expectancy. A few big drops fell, and then suddenly the thunder pealed out from above. Clap followed clap with a deafening and reverberating intensity, and then the heavens opened, and a deluge fell.

To reach shelter was impossible, and I had just reconciled myself to a wetting, when I heard the clattering of a horse's hoofs on



As it reached me, I sprang to the rein and we rushed along.

the road beyond. As it approached, I saw that something had happened. The horse was galloping wildly, head forward, snorting loudly, evidently frightened by the thunder, and on its back a lady was clinging by rein and mane. If the brute was not stopped the pace meant certain injury or death to the rider, for she had apparently entirely lost control of the beast. As it reached me, I sprang to the rein and we rushed along. Luckily, for a few moments, I was able to keep my feet, and then half-stumbling, half-running, I was dragged along for a considerable distance. But my intervention was effectual, and at last we came to a standstill. Not a moment too soon, however, for as I turned my head to look at the rider, she slipped from her saddle and fell to the ground senseless. I knelt beside her and did my best to revive her. Slowly her consciousness returned, and looking around in a dazed manner, she at last remembered what had happened, and rising with difficulty, endeavoured to thank me. The rain still pelted down and we were both wet to the skin. Her steed had now become calm, so I turned to the lady and asked if I could assist her to mount. But as I moved I could not suppress a cry of pain, for I discovered that in the recent stumbling I had managed to sprain my ankle. I could not move my foot; I found it impossible to walk.

She came to me quickly, and a look of deep concern spread over her already pale features.

"You are hurt," she exclaimed in a voice deep and rich. "I am so sorry. Is it your foot?"

"I fancy my ankle has been twisted slightly," I said smilingly. "But do not trouble, madam. It is a mere nothing. I am well repaid in being able to render you so slight a service."

"But it hurts you," she continued. "I must bind it up. I can," and she smiled so sweetly that I turned round and suffered an extra sharp twitch.

So she took a long kerchief from her neck and proceeded to bind it round the injured member. I have that kerchief now; I thought she would not miss it.

"You must accept my hospitality," she said presently, "for I am sure my home must be much nearer than yours. The Hall is not more than a mile from here."

The Hall! Of course, I might have guessed it. She must be Lady Anne. And this was to be my way in! I endeavoured to think that perhaps after all a deed could not be so bad when Fate thus aided me. Yet it seemed the meanest treachery to attempt my task when assisted by such a kind and trusting hand.

She fetched my nag which had waited where I left him down the road, and after considerable difficulty I mounted. She followed suit, and then we wended our way slowly towards Highcombe. Neither of us spoke, but I noticed that she glanced at me several times.

When we reached the Hall, I was assisted in, and my Lord Stanning, to whom Lady Anne quickly explained all, could not thank me too much for my services, and ordered everything that was possible to be done for my comfort.

My ankle was extremely weak, and for a couple of days I was obliged to use it as little as possible. Lady Anne was a constant nurse, bandaging it at intervals with cold water bandages, and ever eager to satisfy my needs. Before I was aware of it, I had lost my heart to her. As she bent her fair head before me, I thought the sun had never kissed tresses so beautiful, and then her brown eyes would send me a glance full of softness and concern or bright with the joy of life, or she would laugh, and 'twas like the music of the woods.

Was there ever so poor a fool as I? A mere beggarly adventurer, or worse; and I lifted my eyes to a beautiful heiress. And then the meanness of my task came back to me with renewed vigour, and I determined to give back my commission to my Lord Clarendon, shake myself free of the whole business, and try my luck abroad as I had first intended. Then other thoughts rushed through my mind. What could Lady Anne ever be to me? I should probably never see her again. And should I throw up my last chance of position and ease and employment for a sentimental attraction? Who cared what might happen to me? It was like throwing away fortune. Finally my reason conquered my heart, and I determined to bring my visit and my task to an end as soon as possible.

My Lord Stanning had received me more than kindly. He was a fine gentleman, middle-aged, and quiet, but proud, and, as I discovered, a Roman Catholic. I wondered whether this was the cause of the Lord Chancellor's present desire, and of my consequent presence at Highcombe Hall. Each evening after dinner Lady Anne had played and sung to us for a time with just the charm and sweetness one would have expected of her, and then Lord Stanning and I had played a hand or two with the cards, but not for money, as he had renounced all gambling I noticed that he always wore the ring on his second finger.

It was now the third day of my stay at Highcombe, and my foot being strong again, I decided, if possible, to carry out the plan I had formed in my mind, and finish my relations with Lord Stanning that evening. At dinner my Lady Anne seemed more charming than ever, but I hardened my heart as best I could, for I was determined to waver no longer. I could not go back to my Lord Clarendon as a fool once more. Better to be a knave for a moment—yes, far better, so I made myself think.

As usual Lady Anne left us at our wine. This was my opportunity. I had previously possessed myself of a drug, which would insure the drinker's almost immediate insensibility for half an hour. My Lord Stanning chatted in his pleasing way. He drank moderately, but by calling his attention to a picture hanging at the end of the room, I was enabled to empty the contents of the phial into his second glass unnoticed.

"As this is my last night at Highcombe," I said, 'may I call for a toast, my Lord?"

"Ah! Sir George," he smiled, "I was not behind in such things once. Well, well, here's to His Majesty, the King."

Our glasses clinked and we drained them at a draught. The drug was potent, and my Lord Stanning, finding himself immediately drowsy, cast a wondering glance at me, but before he could say anything his head fell on his chest and he was senseless.

I noticed that the door of the room was slightly open, but refrained from closing it, thinking I should be the easier apprised of any possible intruder. Assuring myself that his Lordship was certainly insensible, I caught his hand and commenced my task. There was the ring I coveted, and the richness of the stone flashed as I turned it round. But it was not coming off as easily as I had hoped. Another ring, which was in front of it and had to be removed first, fitted tightly around the finger-joint. I have risked my life many times and felt no fear, but now my face burned and my fingers were nervous with a previously unknown dread. Several minutes passed and at last, after repeated efforts, I was successful. The signet ring slipped off, and I replaced the band I had removed in order to obtain it.

I breathed deeply as I held the ring at a distance to survey it before secreting it on my person, and as I raised my head I was unconsciously attracted by something strange in the mirror that hung opposite the door. It was at first but an unintentional glance that I gave, but with the recognition of the reflection I found myself unable to remove my eyes from the figure I saw. It was Lady Anne. She must have entered the room very quietly, and, intent as I had been upon my work, I had not noticed any movement behind me.

She did not move, but continued to look at me. I could feel her gaze burning into my very soul. And I stood there, the ring between my two fingers, and my eyes fixed on the mirror. The silence was terrible. I could hear my heart beating, as though 'twere a hammer pounding the dull earth. At last a clock struck the hour, and the spell was broken.

I turned round and met her gaze fixed fully upon me. But my eyes fell to earth, and I bowed my head. A man can fight a fighter and enjoy the battle; he can even face the fierceness of a woman's eyes. But there was nought of anger here; only sorrow and pain—an anguish unspoken.

Inwardly, I cursed the Chancellor, his influence, and everything attached to him, and myself as a fool, a knave, and worse. And then a sob escaped her, and I guessed what I had lost. Almost mechanically I turned round, and approaching my Lord Stanning, replaced the ring in the position it originally occupied. The idea of endeavouring still to keep it did not even present itself to me. Lady Anne did not move from the door.

Once more I faced her, and as I looked her lips opened, but gave forth no sound. At last the words reached me:

"I thought you were a gentleman," she said, and her voice was low and soft, with nought of sarcasm—only pain which she could not hide.

What could I say? I believe, too, that I was once.

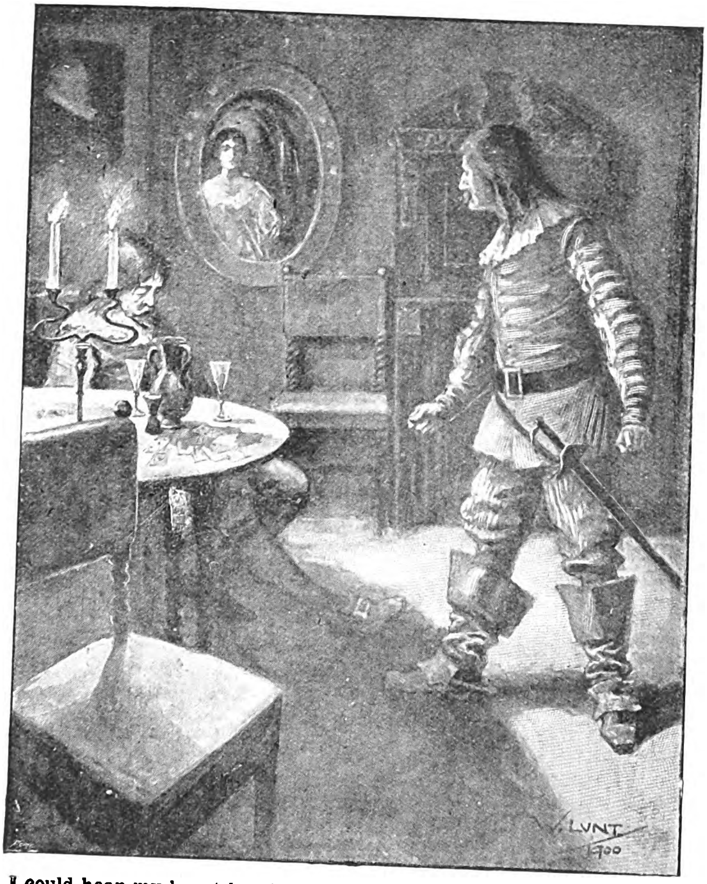
She moved slowly from the door as I moved towards her, and then suddenly she stood still and pointed towards his Lordship, who remained in his drugged condition.

"Lord Stanning?" she asked.

"He will recover in less than half an hour," I assured her. "The drug I used is quite harmless."

She looked at her guardian and then at me, and dropped her face in her hands.

I again moved towards the door, and she did not attempt to stop me. I doubt if the thought of so doing even crossed her mind, although I was entirely in her power, for she could very easily have raised an alarm and hastened the servants to her. I reached the



I could hear my heart beating, as though 'twere a hammer pounding the dull earth.

door, and was about to pass out, when, giving a last glance round, I saw her raise her head and make a movement towards me. A moment later, she asked me in a low tone, "Why did you? Tell me.'

Had her curiosity overcome her repulsion towards me, or did she care for me even more than I had dreamt possible? I wondered. At all events, I could do no less than endeavour to explain if that was her wish, though shame made me desire to go.

"It was a commission," I said.

"Ah!" she exclaimed curiously. "A commission—who from?"

I hesitated.

"I can scarcely say," I muttered. "It is not my secret."

"And you fear to taint your honour, I suppose."

She looked me up and down, and for once an expression of scorn passed over her soft features. I did not reply, and she burst into a cruel, bitter laugh.

"A common pilferer!" she exclaimed. "Any man's tool! Honour! You do not know what it means. To live as a guest for days, and then to turn round and—Ah! 'tis too low, too base. And you to think of honour now!"

It was true; I knew that. But it stung me to the quick. She had said it—she, of all the people in the world, the one whom I could least bear it from, the one who had most right to say it. My pride fell beneath her scorn. She must have seen how much she had hurt me, for almost immediately in a voice changed and soft as was its wont, she spoke again.

"Ah! forgive me," she said, "I did not mean it. No, I did not mean it. But I thought you might have told me who was Lord Stanning's enemy."

"My master is the Lord Chancellor," I replied immediately.

"Lord Clarendon!" she exclaimed, and a thoughtful frown gathered on her brow. "I see. I did not think he bore Lord Stanning ill-will after so long a retirement. Do you know what peril your action would have placed my guardian in? Is it because of his religious views?"

"It may be, my Lady," I replied, "but I gathered from my Lord Clarendon that he meditated no great harm on Lord Stanning. As to the reasons of my Lord Clarendon's desire for the ring, I know nothing, on my—" I was about to say "honour" but I stayed myself in time. She noticed my unfinished sentence and her face coloured.

"I am sorry," she said, "I did not mean it."

Did I hear aright? Twice she had spoken thus. My heart beat at the thought of unhoped-for joy.

"My Lady," I replied, "you were quite right. I am all that you said, and more, far more. You could not speak too hardly of me."

"Why did you accept such a commision?" she asked.

I looked at her, and her eyes were kind, although her face was troubled. Could I tell her all?

"Would you really care to know?" I said. "If not, pray send me away."

"I have asked," she replied.

"I was weak," I began, "and ill fortune seemed to dog my steps. I had failed and could obtain no influence. I had determined to leave England, to lend my sword to Spain. And then my Lord Clarendon offered me this chance of retrieving my fortune. I did not like it, but I accepted. I felt the taint, but it was for the Chancellor, and success might mean much to me."

I stopped, but she did not speak. Why should I not tell her all?

"It was by chance I met your Ladyship," I continued. "Fortune opened my entrance into Highcombe. Each hour I hated my task more; each hour I learnt what a good woman could be. I looked at you and I hated myself. I cursed the fate that had hopelessly led me to you—I, a penniless adventurer, you—I could not hope that you—I determined to execute my commision at all costs. Can you guess all else?"

"I think I can," she murmured, and held out her hand. I took it to my lips.

"And was my hope too great, too foolish?"

"To hope is never foolish," she said, "it is fear which is weak."

"And I feared. The distance between us was so great."

"Could not love bridge it?" she asked.

"Lady Anne," I cried, "can you forgive me?"

"You may still hope," she answered.

"I will always," I said. "I shall never forget," and I moved towards the door.

"Where do you go?" she asked.

"To my Lord Clarendon to renounce his service."

She nodded her head.

"I shall tell Lord Stanning everything," she said.

I glanced at him. He was still in the

same condition, but would certainly recover very quickly now.

"It will be best," I agreed.

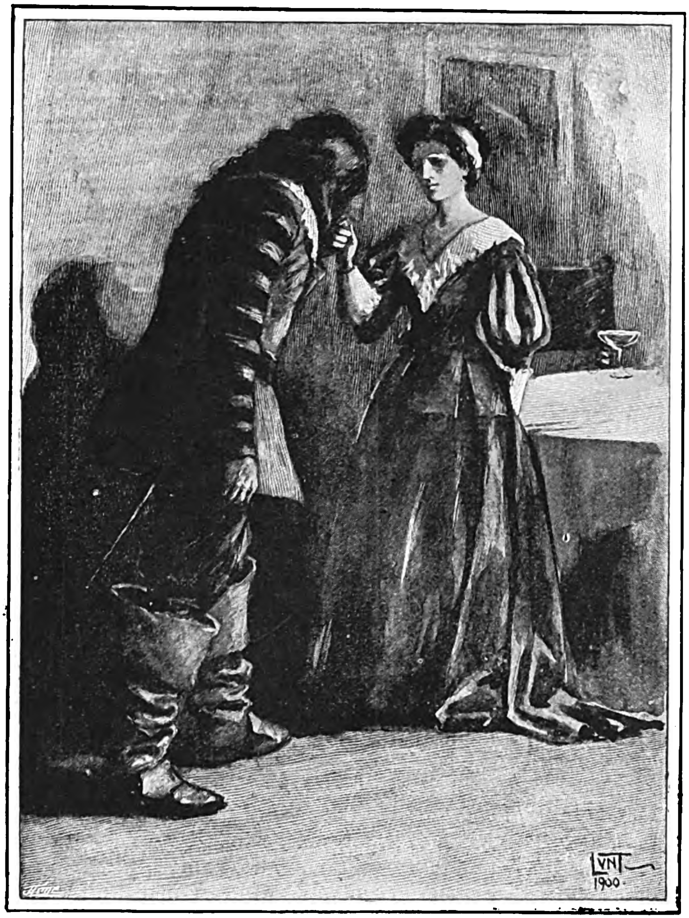
I kissed her hand once more.

"Farewell, my Lady," I cried, and rushed from the room.

Once free from my present commission, what might I not hope for? The thought lent me speed. The face of all things had changed. I could see joy and love and happiness, where before had been a dreary waste of hopelessness.

My nag was soon saddled, and I was off. On the following day when I had reached about half way to London, whilst resting at an inn, I was startled by the sudden news of the fall of my Lord Clarendon. The King had at last thrown him over, and he was to be tried on a long list of articles. When I reached London, I found the rumour to be correct. My service had ended, my commission was no longer of any import, for my Lord Clarendon was doubtless now engaged in preparing a defence.

My fortune changed. Through an unknown channel, which I afterwards discovered to be none other than my Lady Anne, I was offered a post at Court. And need I add that when I put down my pen and pass to that room at the end of the passage, where the flowers bloom and the birds sing sweetly, the face that will smile at me as I enter and the arms that will be stretched out to meet me are those of that same benefactor? I hoped and I won; my degradation heralded the new morn of my life.



"I think I can," she murmured, and held out her hand. I took it to my lips.

HIS BRITANNIC MAJESTY

Showing King Edward as he appears in all the various private and public engagements which form so large a part of his life.

BY PAT BROOKLYN.

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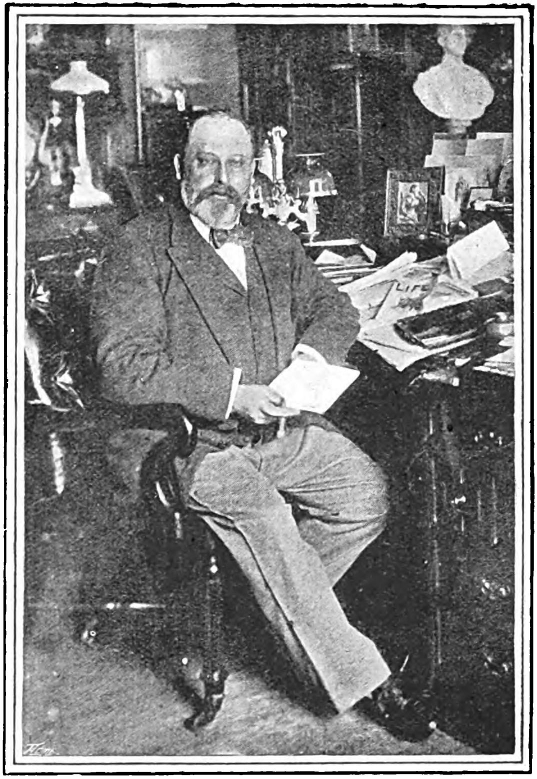

Photo by Russell.

The King attending to his correspondence in his private study at Marlborough House.

To quote all the titles, ranks and decorations of the King would take up too much space in so brief an article as the following. I will, therefore, content myself with quoting merely the most important.

His Majesty King Edward VII. of Great Britain and Ireland (formerly the most high, Puissant and Illustrious Prince, Albert Edward Prince of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, Prince of Wales); Duke of Saxony, Earl of Chester, of Carrick and of Dublin; Baron of Renfrew; K.G., K.T., K.P., G.M.B., G.C.S.I., G.C.M.G., G.C.I.E., G.C.V.O., F.C.; Field Marshal in the Army and Honorary Admiral of the Fleet; Colonel in Chief of the Household Cavalry and of the Gordon Highlanders; Colonel of the 10th Hussars; etc., etc., etc.; Grand Master of the Freemasons of England, Bencher of the Middle Temple, etc., etc., etc.—such are a few of the titles, ranks and decorations of His Majesty the King.

Besides being the first gentleman of England, the King is, without doubt, the most popular, for his kindliness, tact, and remarkable gift of making anyone feel at ease when in his presence, have endeared him not only to his friends and acquaintances, but indirectly to the whole nation. The King, if I may be permitted to use the expression, is the best of good fellows, and better still—the truest of friends; he is slow to take offence, yet always dignified, ready to extend his help and sympathy to those who may be in need of them, and quick to observe and appreciate the sterling qualities of every man with whom he has to do.

Personally, it has been my privilege to come in contact with His Majesty, when still Prince of Wales, on more than one occasion, and those meetings, brief as most of them were, will always remain among my most treasured memories. I think the meeting to which I look back upon with the greatest pleasure, was at a large fire which raged in London some years ago. Doubtless the King has forgotten all about it by now, but with me the memory of his kindness and consideration will always remain. His Majesty had driven up unattended from one of the clubs to the scene of the conflagration. I happened, by the merest chance, to be standing a few yards from where his cab had come to a standstill. Seeing me taking notes, he called me to the cab door and asked me for particulars. I gave him such information as I could, and did my best to obtain more for him, he being naturally loth to leave the cab and draw attention to himself. For nearly an hour I stood in the road answering the questions that were put to me; then, all of a sudden, he noticed my forlorn condition, for it was pouring with rain and I was hatless, and with nothing better than house-

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shoes on my feet, having rushed out of my rooms just as I was when the fire engines passed by. The King asked me to get into the cab.

"You can see just as well from here," he said, "and it's much warmer."

Taking out his cigar case, he selected a cigar for himself, and turning to me, asked me if I would not smoke. "It will keep out the cold, you know," he remarked with a smile.

Well, I took the proffered cigar, and determining to keep it as a souvenir, quietly placed it in my pocket-book, the moment I thought the action would escape his notice.

"Why, are you not going to smoke?" he asked after a while, and it was then that I was forced to own that I had recognised him. For up to that moment I had kept my knowledge to myself. "I would rather keep it if I may, your Royal Highness," I replied; "it is not every day that I receive a cigar from the Prince of Wales."

He promptly pulled out his cigar case again. "Well, have another," he said with a laugh—"but to smoke this time." When he drove away he thanked me warmly for the information I had given him, expressing himself in such terms as to make me feel that I had done him an inestimable service.

If ever anyone deserved the description—"a busy man," it was the Prince of Wales, and the position of King is certain to bring with it an increase of duties. There are, indeed, very few commercial or professional men who had more to do than His Majesty, when still Prince of Wales. The general public can have no idea of the immense amount of work he managed to get through in the course of a day.

Photo by Downey.

King Edward as Grand Master of the Freemasons.

In this article it is proposed to reproduce photographs showing His Majesty in a few of the many uniforms he wears according to his various ranks and appointments, and snapshots of him as he appears on sundry official and unofficial occasions.

One had only to glance through the Court News for any week during the London Season, to see how fully the King's time, before he came to the throne, was taken up with social and public engagements, and to get an idea of the vast number of official positions he filled. To-day these positions have certainly increased, and it is only by adhering to a precise and methodical arrangement of his time, that he is able to perform with such unfailing exactitude his multifarious duties. As a

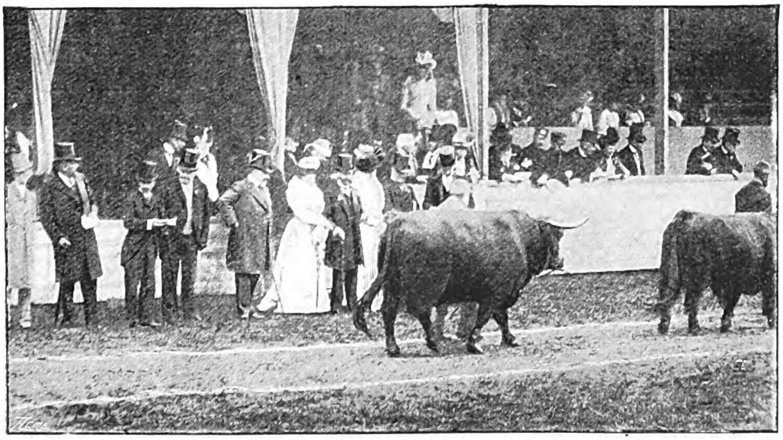


Photo by The Biograph Co.

The King and Royal party inspecting the prize-winners at the Royal Agricultural Society's Show at York.

Photo by The Biograph Co.

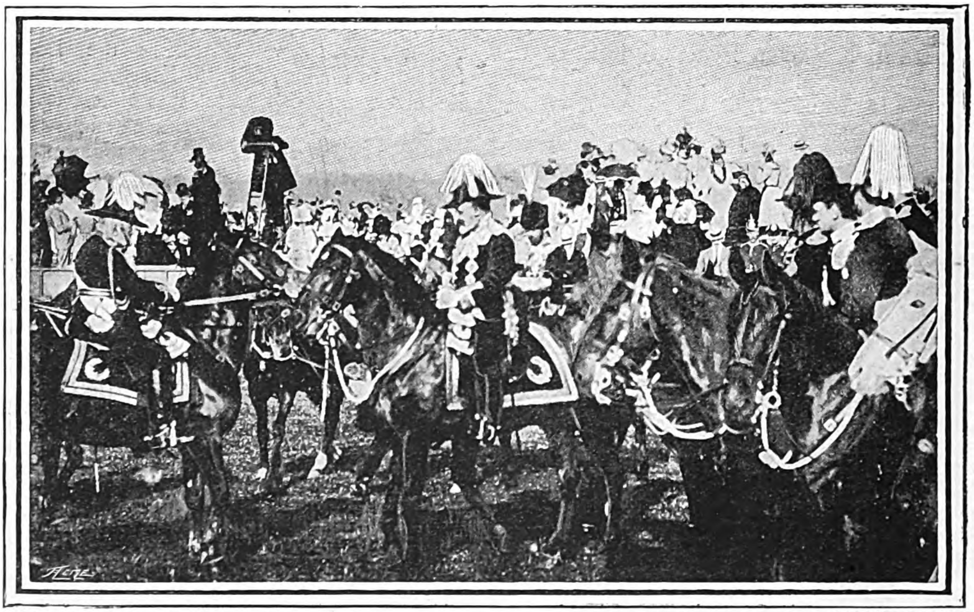
His Majesty inspecting a contingent of the Imperial Yeomanry at Albany Barracks, Regent's Park.

matter of fact, all his engagements, both social and public, are made weeks and often months ahead. Every hour, almost every minute of the day, is mapped out for him.

His first proceeding in the morning is to attend to the immense pile of correspondence which he receives from all parts of the world, every day, year in and year out. The photograph, reproduced at the head of this article, shows the King as a man of affairs, in his study at Marlborough House. None but his most intimate friends are admitted to this room. It is strictly a place of work, and is so unpretentious and plainly furnished, that it looks more like the office of a hard-working and successful man of business, than the study of the King of England. By the way, the old-fashioned pedestal desk shown in the photograph, is modelled exactly on that which was used by the late Prince Consort.

As may easily be imagined, the work of dealing with the King's daily correspondence is very heavy. Most of it devolves upon his private secretary, Sir Francis Knollys, but this is only one of his many duties.

Even in the days before the Prince of Wales became King, his daily correspondence was enormous. It is the misfortune of all great personages to be assailed

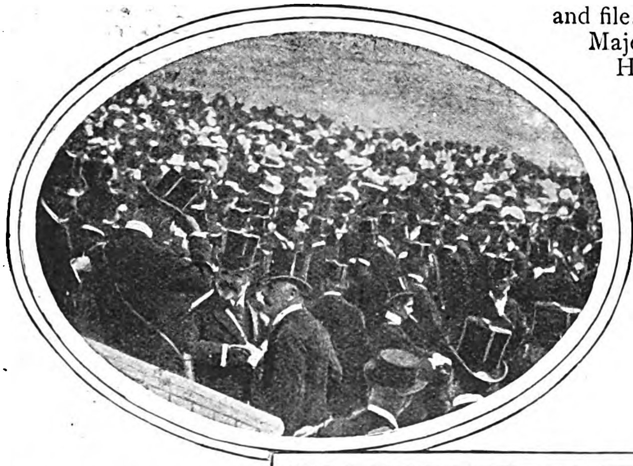


Phot by The Biograph Co.

The King as Field Marshal at a review at Aldershot.

building being decorated with the utmost magnificence.

Of all the occasions on which the Prince has appeared in his Masonic capacity, perhaps the most interesting were on the occasions of the Jubilee in 1887 and the Diamond Jubilee in 1897. At the first of these the sum of £6000 was received for admission tickets alone, and was divided among the three great Masonic charities.

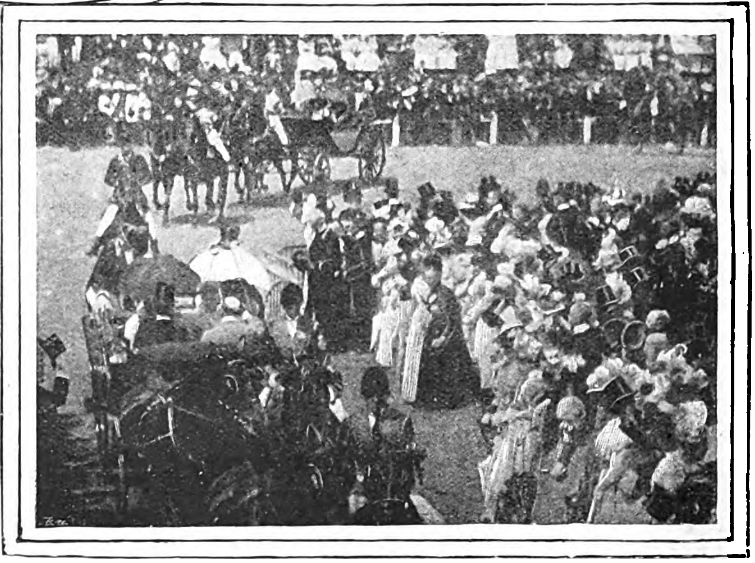


The King smiling his thanks to the congratulations of various friends when his horse, "Diamond Jubilee," won the Derby.

The Prince of Wales, as everybody knows, was one of the holders of a Field Marshal's baton. Whether he will retain this position as King it is impossible to say. In another of our illustrations he is seen in full uniform at a review at Aldershot. To the left of the picture, we find the Duke of Cambridge, also a Field Marshal, talking to the Prince.

During the war His Majesty has been called upon many times to inspect troops prior to their departure for the Cape, and has never failed to perform this duty whenever it lay in his power to do so. Indeed, he has often given up his few leisure moments in order to attend some parade or other, and to give the departing troops his good wishes and a few words of advice. No one who has heard His Majesty speak on such an occasion will ever forget his words, which are not those of a man performing an obnoxious duty, but are sincerely uttered straight from the heart. And it is this doubtless, which has so endeared the King to the Army, both rank and file. In our photograph we show His Majesty in the undress uniform of a Headquarter Staff Officer, inspecting a contingent of the Imperial Yeomanry at the Albany Barracks, Regent's Park.

As a judge of live stock and an expert in all matters connected with it, the King has few equals, and in another photograph we see him at the Royal Agricultural Show accompanied by the Duke and Duchess of York, and other members of the Royal Family, watching the parade of the prize winners. It was when posing for this photograph that the King gave another instance of that unfailing good-nature and thoughtfulness which have won for him the unique popularity he enjoys at home and abroad. The picture in question was taken by the Biograph Company, the camera being placed, by special permission, directly facing the Royal Box. When the operator



Photos by The Biograph Co.

The King arriving at Ascot.

Photo by Gregory.

The King and Queen at the inspection of the Honourable Artillery Company.

arrived on the scene and started making his preparations, he discovered to his consternation that the interior of the Royal Box was so much in the shadow that its occupants would have been practically undistinguishable in the picture. He was about to abandon the attempt altogether when one of the Royal party informed the King of the situation. "Oh, if that's all," he replied, "the difficulty's soon got over. We'll stand outside." And accompanied by the other Royal Personages, he allowed himself to be placed in a position favourable for the taking of the picture.

King Edward, who in his capacity of Admiral of the Fleet, represented Queen Victoria at the Diamond Jubilee Naval Review at Spithead, takes an extraordinary interest in all matters concerning the Navy, and entertains a special liking for naval men. He is known to be one of those who believe that their country's greatness depends almost solely on her "first line of defence," and uphold the policy that disregards all expense and sacrifice so long as the Navy maintains a supreme and unrivalled position among the other navies of the world. No man could be more enthusiastic than the King when the Navy in any way distinguishes itself, and on the occa-

Photo by Downey.

His Majesty as Chancellor of the University of Wales.

Photo by Downey.

The King leaving Sandringham House for a drive in the Park.

sion of the visit to London of the Naval Brigade of *The Powerful*, His Majesty, in the full uniform of Admiral, was the first to welcome it.

King Edward's connection with the Turf is too well-known to require detailed mention in this article. But it will come as news to the majority of people to learn that although His Majesty owns race-horses and attends all the principal races, he is strongly antagonistic to betting, and has for many years past done all he could and used all his personal influence to discourage the practice, and particularly for heavy stakes. When in 1896 a horse of his own breeding, the famous "Persimmon," not only won the Derby but established a record, the wild delight of the crowd at Epsom very conclusively proved the King's unrivalled popularity, and Diamond Jubilee's victory four years later was no less enthusiastically received.

Both the King and the Queen are passionately fond of horses, and when at Sandringham, pay almost daily visits to the stables. The stable-room is one of the most interesting portions of these buildings. It contains a large assortment of beautiful harness, gold and silver-plated, and the walls are full of interesting photographs, paintings and relics of old favourites. Perhaps the most remarkable memento there is Mr. John Porter's silver wedding-gift to his Royal patrons: the name "Ormonde" woven from famous race-horses' hair on a white velvet tablet, surmounted by the Prince of Wales's feathers and surrounded by a silver frame. The border contains pieces of hair from thirty-three famous winners, the name of each being in silver letters underneath.

A few words concerning the King's wardrobe will not be out of place. Nearly every official appointment that he holds requires that he should have some uniform or robe, and these are very often exceedingly costly. Every military appointment necessitates the possession of four complete uniforms—full dress,

Photo by The Biograph Co.

King Edward as a country squire, attending a sale of stock on his Sandringham estate.

undress, mess jacket, and cloak. Anyone at all familiar with military matters will know what an outlay all this requires, when they consider the number of merely military appointments the King holds. His official wardrobe is, as a matter of fact, valued at several thousands of pounds, and requires the constant attention of several valets to keep it in order. The King is always spoken of as "the best dressed man in Europe"; and this he undoubtedly is, although there is never anything in any way ostentatious about his apparel. His usual dress is a dark frock coat, striped trousers, and patent leather boots, and it is in this style of dress that he makes calls and attends afternoon receptions and garden parties.

When Prince of Wales, His Majesty was always happiest when living the life of a country squire at Sandringham. He is unaffectedly absorbed in all matters agricultural. "It is impossible," he once said at a public meeting, "for any British gentleman to live at his country place without taking an interest in agriculture, and in all those things which concern the farmers of this great country."

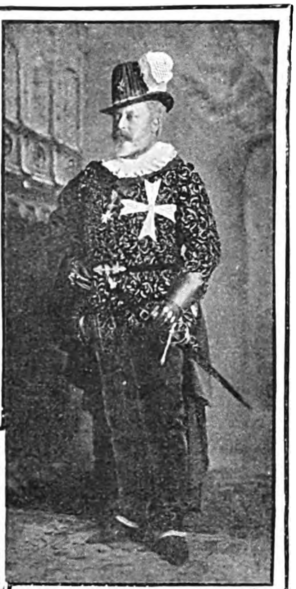


Photo by Lafayette.

At the Duchess of Devonshire's great Diamond Jubilee Ball the King wore the costume of the Grand Master of the Knights of Malta.

Photo by The Biograph Co.

The King leaving Marlborough House to hold a *levée.*

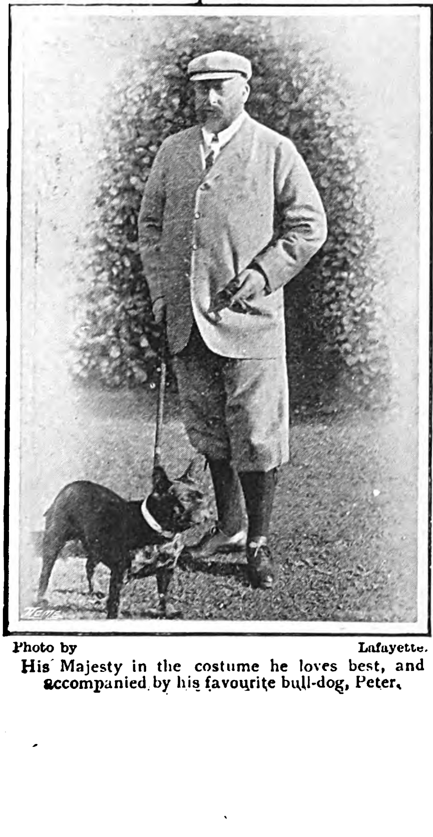


Photo by Lafayette.

His Majesty in the costume he loves best, and accompanied by his favourite bull-dog, Peter.

His Presidency of the Royal Agricultural Society he takes with the utmost seriousness, and no man is a keener competitor at the various national and local shows than he. An accompanying picture shows him in attendance at one of the periodical stock sales on his Sandringham estate, and the camera has caught him in the act of smiling a welcome to some friend.

One of the King's favourite recreations is yachting, and there is no event to which he looks forward to with keener anticipation and pleasure than the annual regatta at Cowes. This may, perhaps, be due to the fact that fortune has always favoured him as a yachtsman. In 1877 His Majesty won the Queen's Cup, which is annually presented to the Royal Yacht Squadron at Cowes, with his 198-ton schooner *Hildegarde.* Again, in 1880, he came off victor with the *Formosa,* a cutter of 103 tons, and in 1895 and 1897 he won the Cup a third and a fourth time with the world-famous cutter *Britannia,* of 151 tons.

The annual dinner of the Royal Yacht Squadron is held usually at the old castle at West Cowes, the King generally taking the chair. He presented, a few years ago, twenty-one cannon to the club-house at Cowes. These were taken by him from the *Royal Adelaide*, the toy warship which William IV. placed to guard Virginia Water. To-day they are used merely for firing salutes.

Photo by The Biograph Co.
His Majesty in German uniform, on the occasion of the Emperor William's visit in 1899.

The King, like the majority of the Royal Family, is closely connected with many benevolent and charitable institutions. He takes especial interest in the work of the Housing of the Poor Commission. He has always been a patron of the Cabdrivers' Benevolent Association, and whenever he takes a hansom cab, the cabby may be sure that his fare will be a liberal one. In almost every branch of charity the influence of the King is felt. From his high position a certain amount of publicity in whatever he does is inevitable. But great as have been his public acts of charity, those done in private have been, if possible, more numerous, and Marlborough House has always been the source of a ready and handsome subscription whenever a calamity or accident affecting British subjects in any part of the Empire has called for it.

And then, again, whenever the King or Queen Alexandra happen to be at any philanthropic gathering, their mere presence is certain to influence, directly or indirectly, the charitable instincts, and bring in large sums of money. On the occasion when their Majesties first appeared together as Prince and Princess of Wales, in support of a deserving charity—the British Orphan Asylum at Slough—one gentleman announced that he would contribute £12,000.

The King is very careful in the selection of tradesmen on whom to confer the advantage of his custom. Only those who are in every way worthy of the honour are recipients of Royal Warrants, and no tradesman can become a Warrant Holder without having first supplied the King's household for one year in a satisfactory manner. Any tradesman who sends in his account twice over is never again patronised by their Majesties.

King Edward has still to be crowned, but we know that he is just the right man in the right place. His wide experience, and knowledge, his high intelligence, captivating amicability, his eloquence and industry—all fit him for the high post he occupies.

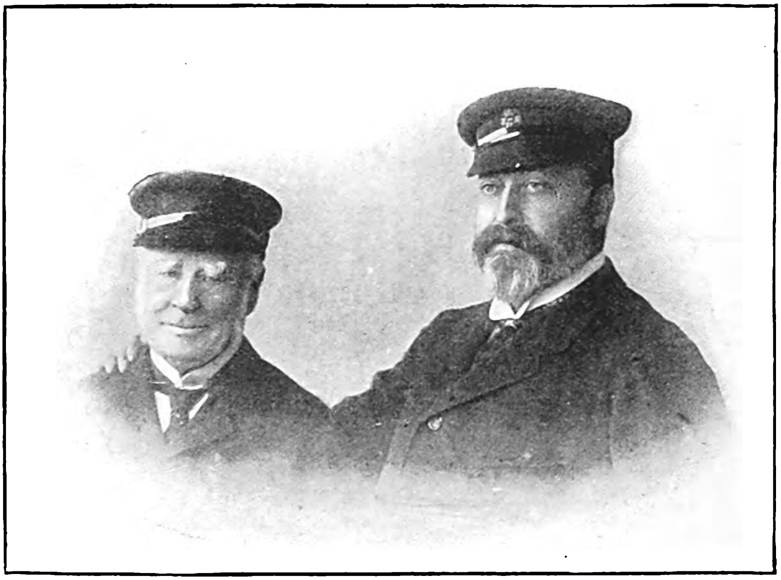
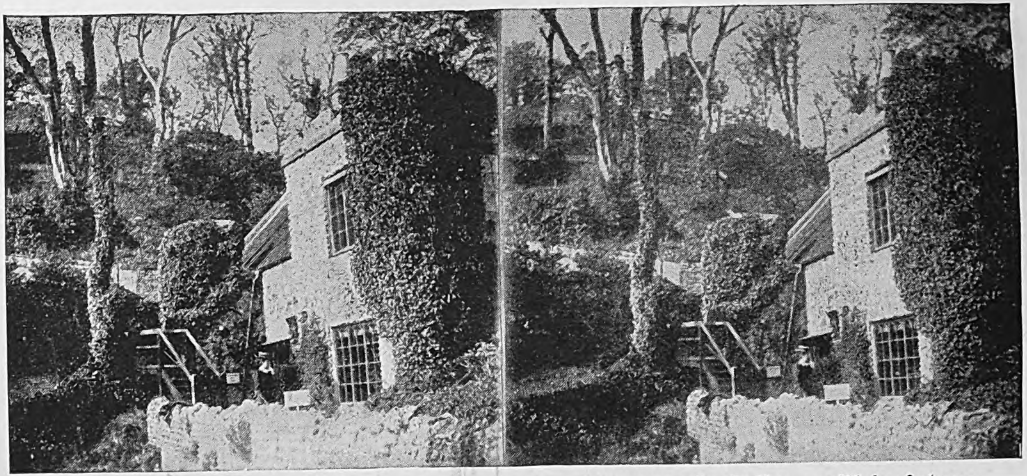
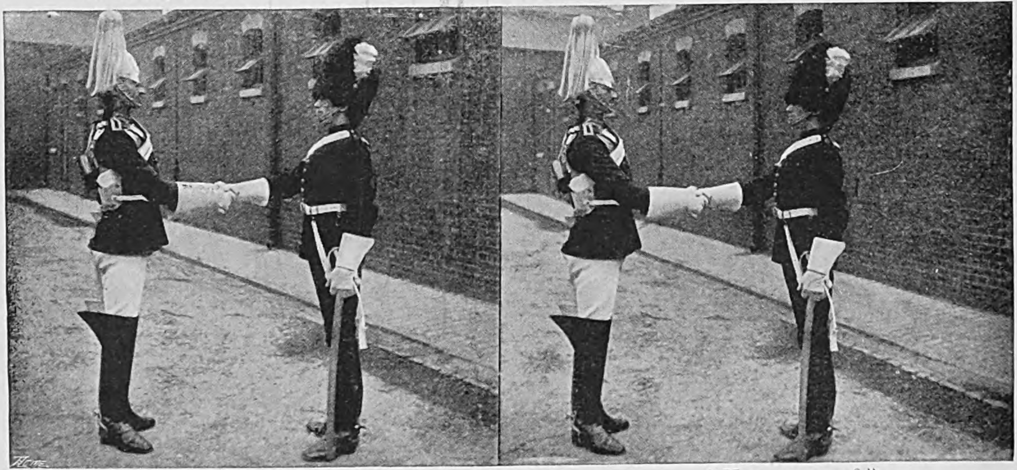


Photo by A. Debenham.
King Edward and Sir Harry Keppel. His Majesty is dressed in his usual yachting costume.



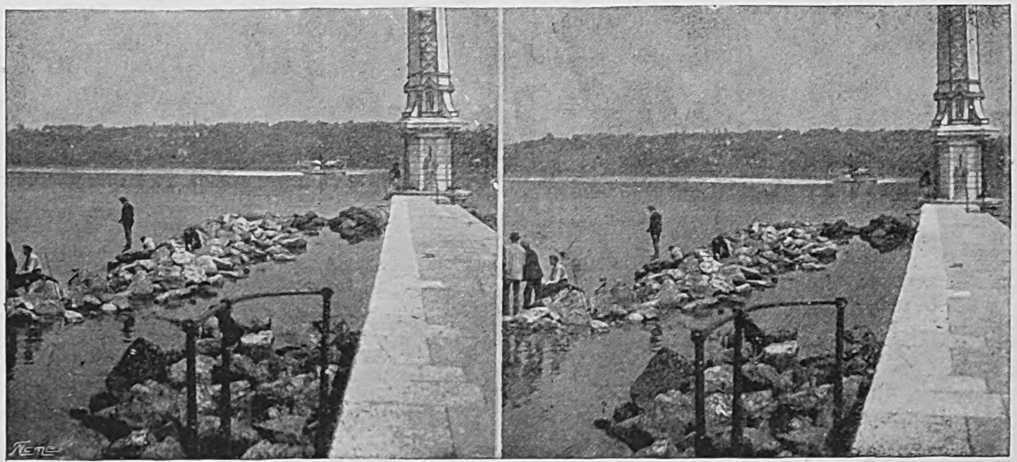
The courtyard, Lewes Castle.

Our Stereoscopic Gallery will in future——



——be continued weekly in——

"How are you?"

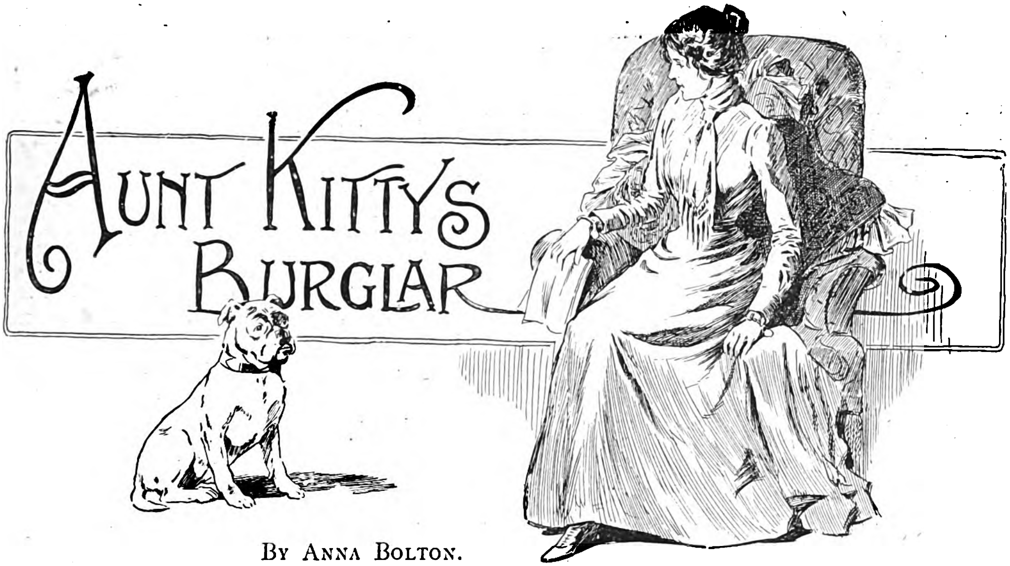


Fishing from the breakwater.

——"Short Stories," 1d., Tuesday.

To be cut out and looked at through a Stereoscope, which can be supplied from the office of the ROYAL MAGAZINE, *18, Henrietta Street, London, W.C., at* 2s., *post free.*

Aunt Kitty's Burglar



By Anna Bolton.

"Kitty, I don't half like leaving you, but you see there's no help for it, is there?"

"Why, you needn't bother about me, Alice, I shall be all right. The children will keep me lively, and after they have gone to bed I shall find a nice book, and amuse myself that way. It's you and Tom I'm thinking about—especially you—obliged to turn out-of-doors this dreadful night. Is it really necessary?"

"Well, the poor thing has sent to beg me to go to her, and I don't like to refuse."

"What it is to be a doctor's wife, and the best nurse in the county! Just listen to the wind and the rain! It isn't fit for either of you to be out in it."

"It won't hurt us, well wrapped up. Tom is used to it, and I shouldn't mind so much for myself if it were not for leaving you alone. Good-bye, dear, and be sure not to let the boys worry you, and don't sit up for us unless you like. It may be twelve o'clock, or even later, before we are home again."

I followed her to the door, and saw them start off in the high dog-cart—my brother and his clever, practical wife, to whom I had just come on a visit. The rain sprinkled me plentifully, even in the short time I was standing on the steps, and I was not sorry to close the door again and shut out the wild night.

It was rather too bad to fetch them out like this the first evening of my stay, I thought. Of course, a doctor's time is never his own, and if there should come worse weather than usual, he is pretty certain to be called upon to make a journey to some one or other of his out-lying patients. In this case the patient had sent, not only for the doctor, but also for the doctor's wife. Certainly it is flattering for Alice that her husband's patients consider her opinion at least equal to that of another professional man, in a difficult or complicated case that calls for consultation; but it is an honour that has its drawbacks.

I had hardly had time to settle myself in the most comfortable easy-chair when the door opened with a rush, and in dashed my two small nephews, breathless with a race from the top of the stairs.

"Auntie, you're going to tell us a story," shouted the eldest hope, who was always called Pip by his family, perhaps because he had been named Thomas after his father, and the names were found to clash. "Please!" he added with an after-thought, fearing refusal unless tardy politeness came to the rescue.

"Please, Auntie, a 'tory!" echoed sweet little baby Frank, leaning against my knee, and looking up at me with his big, beseeching grey eyes, "a 'tory 'bout wobbers."

"About robbers, Frankie! But you'll be frightened, won't you?"

"Fwightened, no!" with much scorn at the suggestion. "Fwank's never fwightened at wobbers."

So I began, and one tale led to another, until nurse came to fetch her unwilling charges away to dream of robbers and giants and fairies in the land of Nod.

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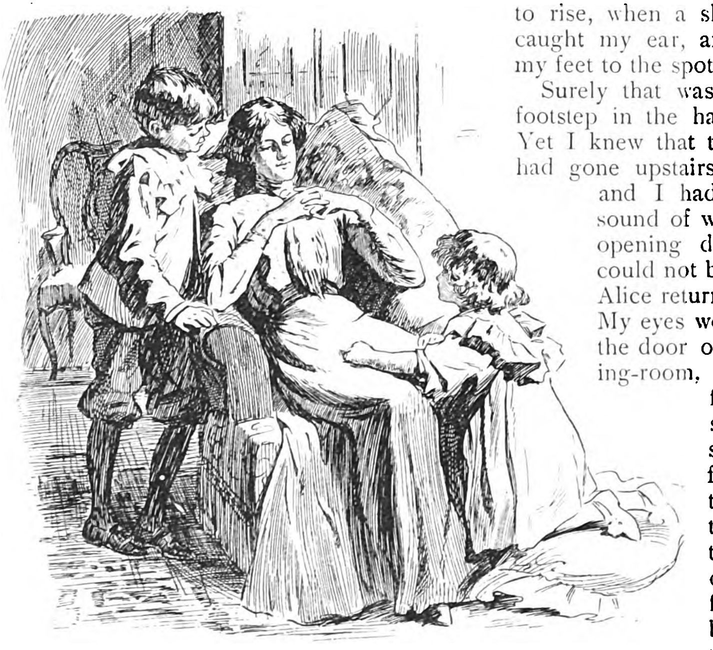
I walked over to the window when at last they had gone, and stood there for some time watching the wind-blown trees, and deploring the havoc that the storm had made with the flowers in the garden-beds. Torn by the wind, dashed and battered by the heavy rain they lay, with here and there among them a branch blown from a neighbouring tree, making their ruin more complete. It was really sad to see, especially as things seemed getting worse rather than better; and with a hope that Tom and Alice were by this time at least safely sheltered until their return journey, I turned away, and opening the piano soon lost myself completely, as usual, to the outside world. More than an hour I played on, wandering from one favourite air to another until daylight had quite gone, and Joan, the housemaid, appeared with a tray of wine and cake and biscuits for my refreshment.

"Why, Joan, it's not long since dinner! I haven't had time to get hungry again yet," I exclaimed.

"It's after nine o'clock, miss," the girl answered, smiling. "Mistress gave me particular orders to bring you something before I went to bed. I think you'd like that cake, Miss Kitty."

Joan was an old servant and privileged. More to please her than because I really wanted anything, I took a piece of the cake and drank half-a-glass of wine, while she lighted the lamp and drew down the blinds and made the room cosy.

"Is there anything more I can do, miss?" she asked. "Would you like me to sit up until you go to bed yourself? It's rather lonesome for you with no one else downstairs."



"Please, Aunty, a 'tory!" echoed sweet little baby Frank, leaning against my knee.

"Oh, dear, no!" I answered, with a laugh. "I dare say I shall soon go myself if I get sleepy. Don't stay up on any account, Joan, thank you. Good-night."

"Good-night, miss," she replied, and I was left alone again.

I busied myself for a few minutes in choosing the most interesting-looking book from a pile that Tom had thoughtfully brought in for my special amusement, and then comfortably settled myself by the fire for a quiet read. Whether it was the sound of the wind soughing and sighing round the house, or the effect of the robber stories I had been inventing for the children, I do not know; but anyway, the book failed to keep my attention; and when I chose another it was just as bad, so I gave up trying to read and sat basking by the fire, and thinking of various matters, for some little time.

The house grew very still at times as the wind died down, and somehow, unlike my usual self, I began to grow unaccountably nervous. When the wind suddenly rose again, the flutter of the blind against the window brought all sorts of silly fancies into my head. I should have gone to bed, but absurd as it seemed, I could hardly make up my mind to take my candle and face the long journey to my distant room. However, reflecting that there I should at least be near the nurse and the children, I was just about to rise, when a slight sound caught my ear, and chained my feet to the spot.

Surely that was a stealthy footstep in the hall outside! Yet I knew that the servants had gone upstairs long ago, and I had heard no sound of wheels or of opening doors, so it could not be Tom and Alice returned already. My eyes were fixed on the door of the drawing-room, and with a feeling of sick terror I shall never forget, I saw the handle turn, I saw the door open, and from the blackness of the hall outside there stalked into the room an immense and ferocious-looking bull dog! Someone's voice spoke, but what the words were I could not tell. Apparently they were addressed to the dog, for he came, as if under orders, and sat down exactly in front of me, plainly showing by his manner that he intended me to stay just where I was.

What did it mean? What could it mean? Ever since the time when I was bitten by one as a child, a bulldog has been a deadly terror to me at close quarters. There sat the huge beast, with his foaming jaws, and his blood-shot eyes fixed threateningly on mine, and for a moment my brain reeled. I grasped the arm of my chair involuntarily, and a low, menacing growl escaped from my unwelcome visitor that bade me be more careful of my movements.

I sat still and watched him as if fascinated; but finding that he did not move an inch unless I did myself, by slow degrees some of my courage came back to me, and I was able to reason the matter out. I argued that the dog had evidently been set to watch me while someone robbed the house, someone who probably knew of the doctor's absence, and might have been able to see me alone through the chink of the window-blind. I told myself that they did not wish to harm me, but only to guard against my arousing the house. I said that half-past eleven had struck, and that Tom and Alice were no doubt by this time very near home. But here my reasoning brought me little comfort. I could not warn them that there were burglars in the house, and what might not happen when they did arrive? I spoke to the dog in as friendly and ingratiating a tone as I could muster; he took no earthly notice. I even advanced a diffident hand to pat him but that he clearly would not allow. There seemed nothing to do but wait and see what would turn up next.

Suddenly the dog lifted his head uneasily, and gave another low growl. Did the brute mean to attack me then, whether I moved or not? No, his ears had been quicker than mine, and my heart leaped as I, too, heard footsteps crossing the tiled hall; no stealthy ones this time, but the unmistakable, measured tread of a policeman—yes! and of more than one.

"Bring him on, Martin," I heard someone saying, "and keep a sharp eye on him—he's as slippery as any eel."

Then the door opened and a tall policeman entered the room. Oh! the relief of that moment!

"Miss, I'm downright sorry we didn't get wind of this half-an-hour sooner," he began. "Ah, would you, though?" as the dog, turning his attention on one whom, no doubt, he recognised as a natural enemy, made a spring, only to be stopped by a blow of the officer's truncheon that sent him reeling back half-stunned. "Speak to this brute of yours, you young vagabond, will you? before I give him what for a second time!"

And then, as the dog's master came forward to do as he was ordered, I had my first—and I hope my last—view of a burglar taken in the act. Not the typical black-masked, black-bearded ruffian of the children's stories this!

Blinking in the bright light of lamp and fire he stood, a shock-headed, undersized boy of, perhaps, sixteen years, with the tattered clothes and hunger-sharpened face of a London street-arab; his quick, bird-like eyes glancing this way and that even now for a possible chance of escape.

"How did you catch him? How did he get in?" I asked, finding my voice at last. "Perhaps there are more of them somewhere in the house!"

"No, he's the only one in the job, miss. He'd managed to lift the catch of the kitchen window, so we slipped in after him easy enough. A pal of his gave him away, and if we'd have only heard of it a few minutes earlier, we'd have put our hands on him without you ever being frightened by such as him."

"I ain't frit her more'n I could help," here broke in the sinner. "Gimme credit, lidy, and tell 'em so! I peeked in 'tween the blind and the winder-sill, and seed her a-sittin' theer by the fire, and s'elp me! she looked such a pretty kiddy as it went agin me to scare her. Says I to myself, 'Blowed if I'll show up to her on this arrant, Old Nick shall do the job!"

This was flattering. Pretty kiddy! Why, I was older, in years at least, than the young vagabond himself was; I was nineteen, and engaged to be married! Pretty kiddy indeed! I felt my temper rise. My lack of inches has always been a sore point.

"I don't think you could have frightened me much more than your dog did," I said, speaking as severely as I knew how. "Now, what do you suppose is to be done with you?"

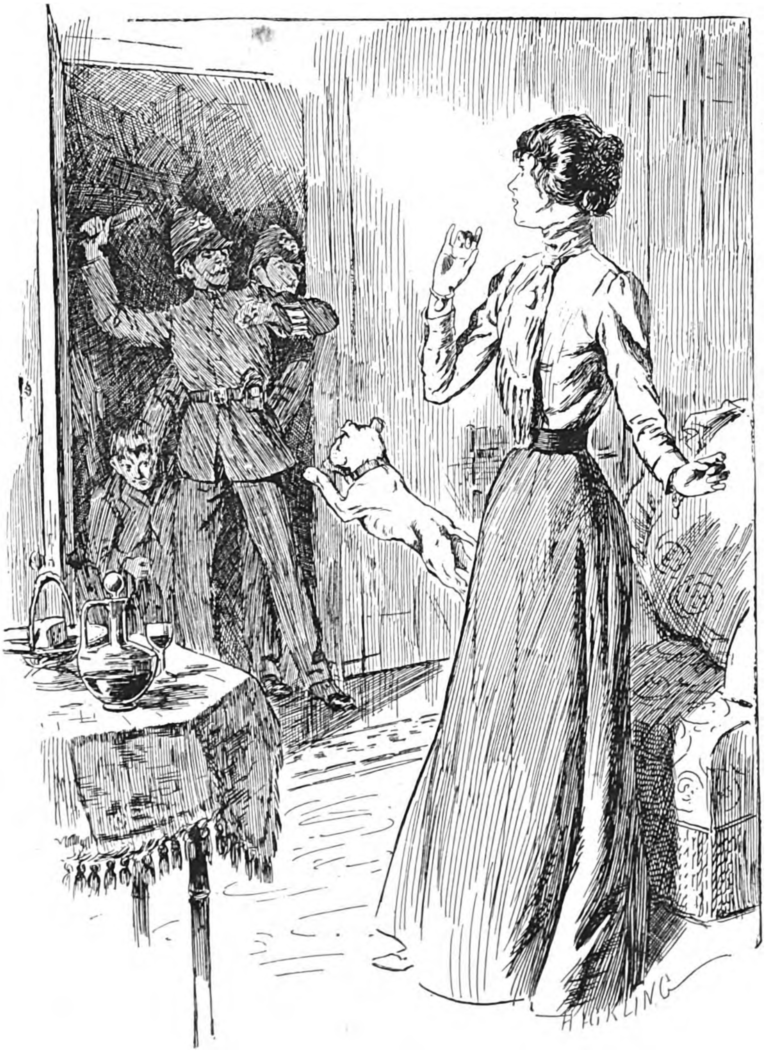
"Gaol," answered one of the policemen, laconically. "But, with your leave, miss, we'll wait here until the doctor comes back, and see if anything's missing besides what this bag has got in it. Perhaps we might step into the kitchen?"

Which they accordingly did, and when Tom and Alice returned a few minutes later, they came upon a curious spectacle enough. Finding that the boy was hungry—but that is too mild a word for it, he seemed literally famishing—I was allowed to bring him a plate of cold meat and bread, and he sat at the table devouring it, securely guarded on either side by a burly officer; while Old Nick also condescended to accept refreshment from my hands. Even the guardians of the law themselves did not decline a proffered glass of ale to pass the time away, and Tom certainly rather annoyed me by the amusement he showed, when, had things gone only a little differently, he might have returned to find his house ransacked, and his only sister dead of fright.

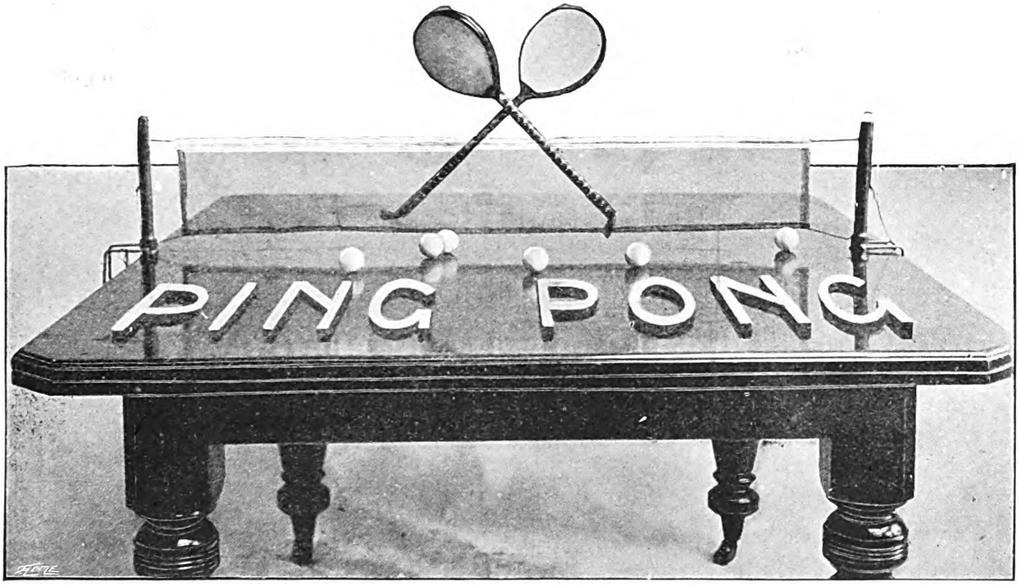
But there *was* good in the boy, trust Tom for finding that, if it was to be found, and gratitude brought it out. While the young scamp was in prison, my brother, with characteristic good nature, took charge of Old Nick, and thus found a clue to the better side of his master's character. When the boy was released, he allowed himself to be sent to a home, where he was taught to work, and soon earned golden opinions from everyone about him. As he himself said, all that he wanted was a fair start, and he had got it.

The last I heard of my burglar was that Tom, who never did things by halves, had taken him on as useful help under the coachman, and he was thus working, a trusted and faithful servant, for the very man whom he had tried to rob. Old Nick, too, nobly retrieved his character, and developed into a most satisfactory watch-dog, attaching himself to the family in quite a wonderful way, especially to baby Frank, to whom his devotion was something really pathetic.

Of course, for a long time "Aunt Kitty's burglar" was *the* special joke of the family; equally, of course, for a long time, I quite failed to see any joke in the matter. Nor even now that I am much older, and have a house of my own as a scene of possible burglaries, do I feel that it would be at all amusing to go through any such experience again.



The dog, turning his attention on one whom, no doubt, he recognised as a natural enemy, made a spring, only to be stopped by a blow of the officer's truncheon.



By Stanley White.

When a man is out of humour, confined to the house on a winter's night, let not a well-meaning friend, if he values his safety, seek to restore him by any of those brain-wearing recreations so much in vogue with our forefathers. Let him reflect on the degeneracy of the age, and at his peril offer riddles or conundrums to solve, or sets of rhyming words on which one is to append lines. Such jobbing carpentry in literature is sinful, without sin's attractions. Neither let him think to foist upon his friend that stale suburban pastime, bagatelle. The very name of solitaire makes one feel lonely; and many years ago the impossibility of cup and ball has been demonstrated.

A man need not be thought blasé by confessing himself indifferent to Chinese bagatelle, or if he be actually insensible to the most superior relaxation afforded by parlour billiards. Without pausing to discuss the propriety of table skittles, though the fact of its association with malt liquors, in common phrase, may raise some qualms, one may be pardoned for thinking a game of tin soldiers more suitable for adults.

Few of these mentioned possess the charm of "hunt the slipper" or "family coach," which are of a period almost prehistoric. Although by no means an advocate of fashion, progress demands that some slight evolution in parlour games should be made, even though it should take hundreds of years before the change is perceptible.

But at last the true principle on which house games should be based has been grasped. Reduce your favourite open air sport to miniature, and play it on the table. Already we have table golf, table croquet, and soon, who knows, our indoor sports may be further supplemented with table cricket, or even Rugby football.

The latest and undeniably the greatest of the new games is one rejoicing in the euphonious title of Ping Pong, or table tennis. Strangely enough, when originated some years back, this exhilarating game languished in obscurity, and it is only within the last few months that the general public have come to recognise its merits. It is now in the hands of one of the leading toy manufacturers and salesmen, and this firm, though it has been established nearly two hundred years, has never experienced such a boom in games.

In all essentials the mode of playing is exactly the same as in ordinary tennis. A set consists of a gauze net 4ft. wide, and 6in. high, put up on a stand provided, which when not in use can be folded up into a small compass; a pair of small racquets, after the style of the familiar battledore, and little balls, airy as bubbles, made of xylonite, better known as celluloid. The musical sound made by the striking of the balls on the

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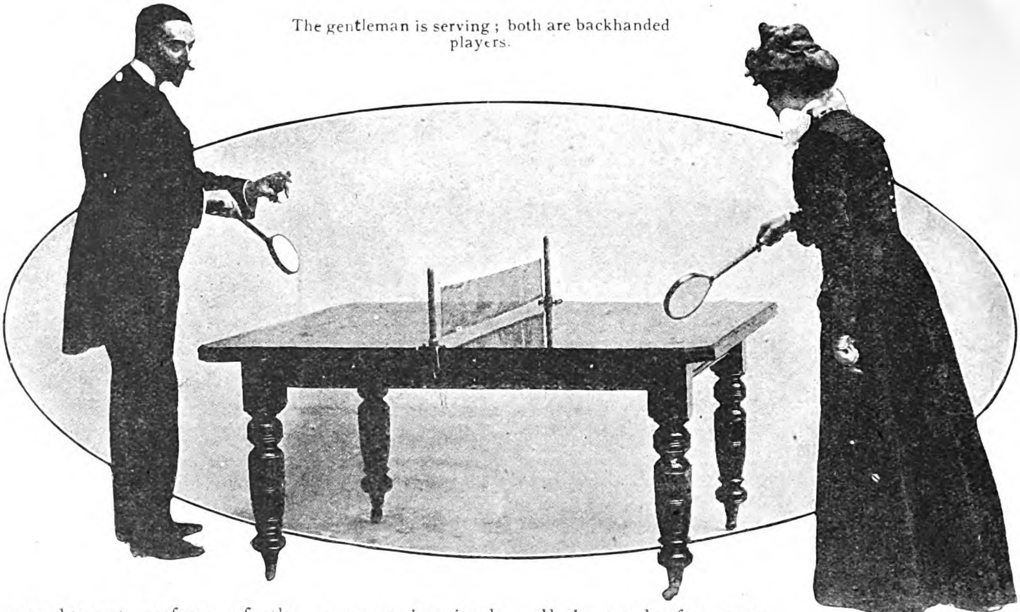
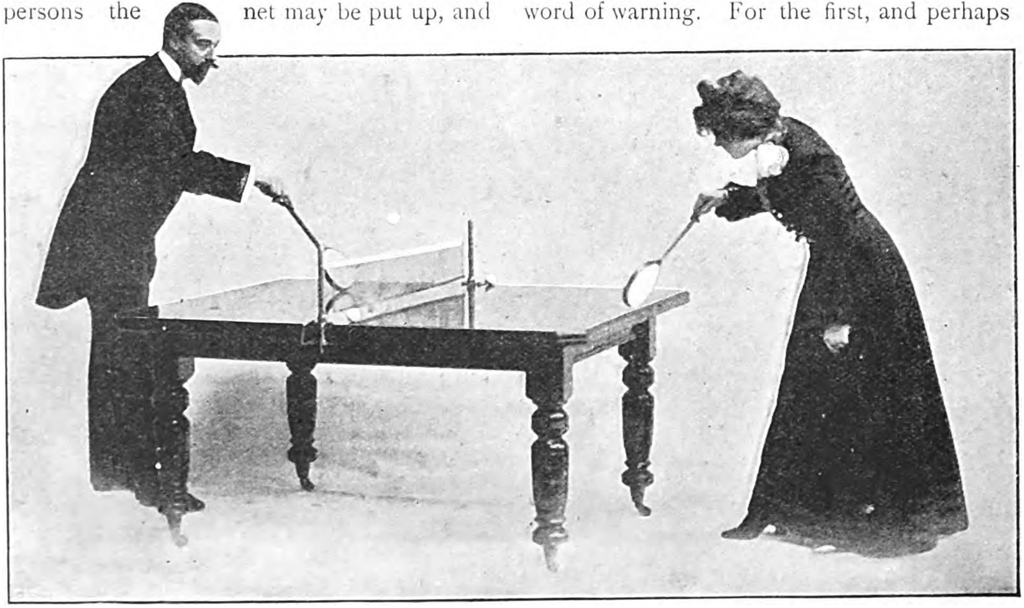


The gentleman is serving; both are backhanded players.

parchment surface of the racquet inspired the catchy title, Ping Pong. The regulation length of table is seven feet. Few tables in ordinary use being anything like such a size, a male member of the party had better proceed to the lumber room, where such things as table-leaves are generally kept, while another applies himself to the more difficult task of unearthing the table key. While these obliging friends are removing the cobwebs from their persons the net may be put up, and all is ready for commencement.

Unlike lawn-tennis, only two can play this game with comfort, but as a set lasts little more than five minutes, a tournament can easily be arranged, in which quite a large number can take part. Underhand service only is allowed, but the ball may be returned in any way considered most effective, except that volleying is barred.

And just here it would be well to give a word of warning. For the first, and perhaps



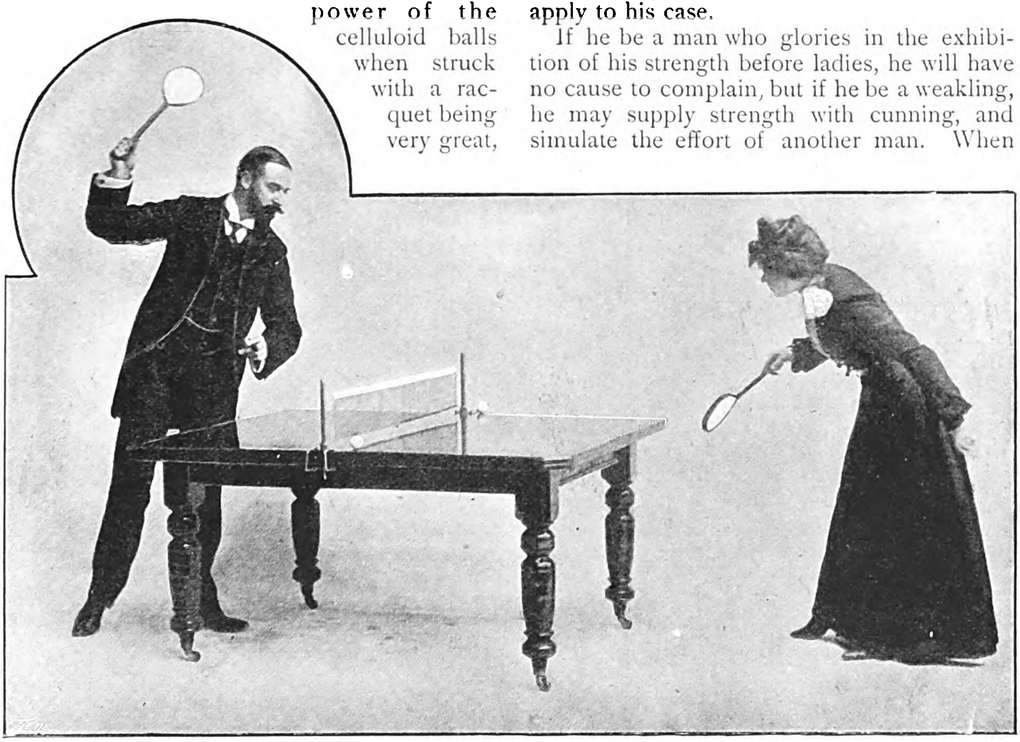
This represents a very typical rally; the partners have not yet gauged each other's calibre, and play warily.

the second, time of playing (to be on the safe side) the male sex should put on a suit of some hard-wearing material. While granting that corduroys would, perhaps, be going too far, something almost as enduring is rendered absolutely necessary by the painful experiences suffered by beginners—experiences technically known as "grovelling."

Naturally it is the lot of the gentlemen to "grovel," and this is why instructions as to dress are here confined to them. The bouncing power of the celluloid balls when struck with a racquet being very great, the tendency of all learners is to use too much force. It is then wonderful the flights these little spheres will take, and the extraordinary out-of-the-way places into which they will disappear. A person sitting in an armchair in a corner of the room seems to attract them with magnetic power, especially if he has an objection to being disturbed. They will roll into almost inaccessible corners, whence they are only extricated after much "grovelling."

After an hour of this sort of thing, a man can draw from memory a map with the accuracy required by the Ordnance Department of every angle, protuberance, or recess that goes to make up the topography of the apartment. He will have explored every inch from floor to ceiling; he will learn for the first time of the fruitful land which is lying fallow on the summit of the bookcase, and the idea of utilising it as a bed of mustard and cress may occur to him. Sometimes he will be called upon to exercise a nice judgment as to the approximate locality of the ball when it lodges behind a row of books, if he would avoid clearing the shelf. It is ten to one that in the end the good old comforting adage, "lazy people take the most pains," will apply to his case.

If he be a man who glories in the exhibition of his strength before ladies, he will have no cause to complain, but if he be a weakling, he may supply strength with cunning, and simulate the effort of another man. When once the stroke has been acquired, there will be little further inconvenience of this nature, the ball being confined to the table nearly the whole of the time.



A high bounce, in an easy position, places the lady at the mercy of a ruthless opponent. Smashing down the ball is a privilege which should be reserved to the fair sex, in mixed playing.

The table space on each side of the net is a court; there are no subdivisions as in lawn-tennis, and should the server fail the first time a point is registered to his opponent. The amount of science it is possible to display in this game is wonderful. Some crack players can do almost anything with the ball. When two adepts are playing rallies of forty or fifty are not uncommon, and as many as sixty-four have been known.

One of the great points to cultivate is the art of "placing" the ball, so that it will be difficult for your opponent to return it; in this connection the trick of striking the ball on to the extreme edge of the table from which it flies off at incalculable angles may be mentioned. When this comes off it is a killing stroke. Another and more feasible way to score is, after serving to your opponent's right, place the following to the extreme left.. This will tie him up in a knot, as it were. Then there is half-volleying—that is, catching the ball just on the rise; the man who can do this well generally comes off victor. To meet a hard service, stand well back, and let the ball rebound from the racquet. As in billiards, much depends on the acquisition of a firm and delicate touch.

After some practice it is amazing how rapidly the ball travels to and fro. Some good players prefer to use the back-handed stroke all through, and there is no doubt that very rapid play can be maintained in this manner.

To such a height of popularity has the game attained that regular match fixtures are arranged amongst clubs. One gentleman of the writer's acquaintance, once a slave of the billiard cue, has transferred his allegiance to the Ping Pong racquet, and his wife and daughters are grateful to the new game for his reformation; their only regret is that Ping Pong was not invented years before.

It is, indeed, a capital game socially, and one of which one does not readily tire, an absence of monotony being assured by the great variety of strokes. No indoor game could possibly afford more healthy physical exercise: people are actually playing it in flannels now. No one but those who have played would credit the muscular exertion involved; hence unsuspecting ones who essay their first game in frock coats are glad to doff them with the permission of the company, and appear on the next occasion in more suitable garments. Ping Pong is a downright hard sporting game, which does not accord with the languor of a tailor's dummy.

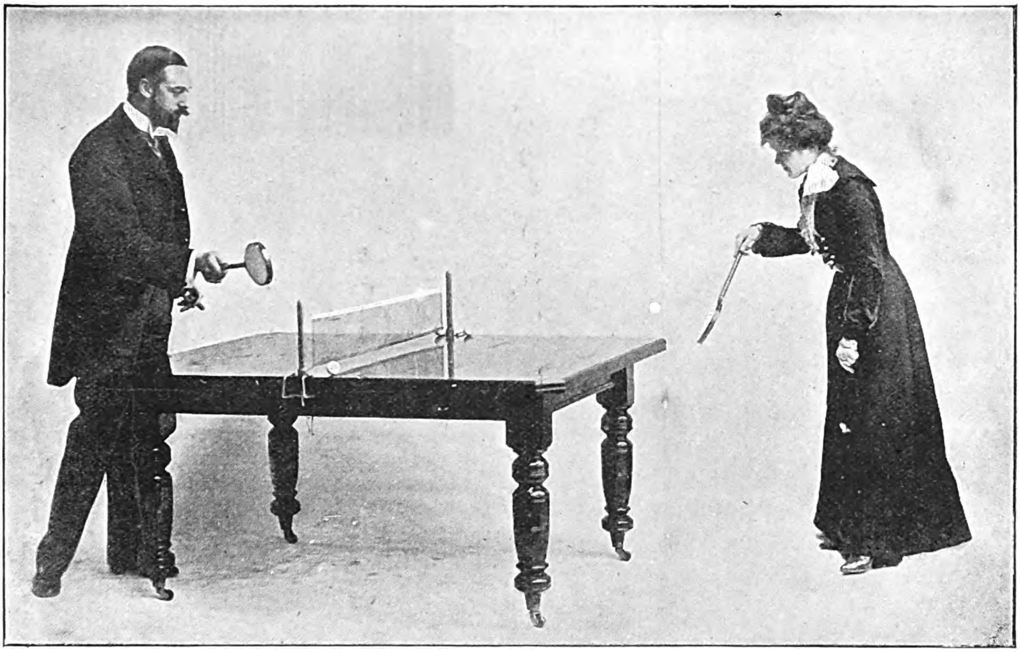
All the essentials of Ping Pong can be purchased for the small sum of half-a-crown. The net is the most expensive part by far, and fortunately it is not an essential; a broomstick and a newspaper will answer the purpose equally well. The way to set up this extempore net is simplicity itself. Place a couple of chairs with their backs to the table, pass the broom-handle through so that it rests upon the rails, spanning the table, and then drop the newspaper over the pole.

Some extremely orderly people may have an almost religious objection against diverting things from their proper uses in this way. Those people had better act up to their convictions and pay the difference; for our own part we love to find new uses for things, it improves one's inventive faculties, and pays.

We have learned from Shakespeare that there are sermons in stones, and only the knowledge that we have been forestalled by the witty Dean Swift restrains us from delivering our soul of a moral essay on broomsticks.

There is, however, one point that we don't remember him to have covered, and that is

A long shot from the extreme corner; he will be lucky if he gets it over the net.

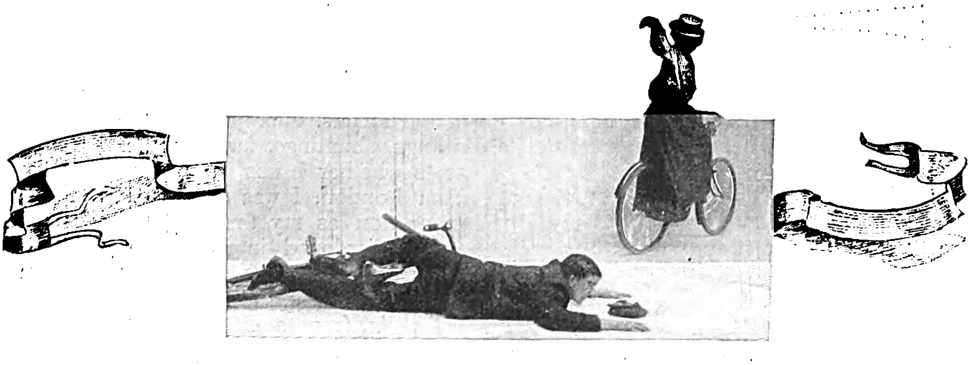


They wear each other down by steady, determined play; the lady being driven back looks like losing the point.

the moral obligation to divert the broomstick, or any other article that we can, from its traditional use. Anyone would think that a Trade Union existed among broomsticks, and pails, and tubs, so tender are people in restricting their use. This using a broomstick for a Ping Pong net is most encouraging.

Well, Ping Pong is a game that has come to stay; and the reason for its universal popularity lies in its adaptability to all, young and old, rich and poor. We have it on no less authority than the manufacturers, Messrs. Hamley, of Oxford Street, that the aristocracy are delighted with it, and that uneasy heads that wear crowns find in it their solace; so it is now veritably the sport of kings.

A very good set, with net complete, can be obtained for 5*s.* 6*d.* If you have large ideas, according to your ambition you may go by easy stages up to 12*s.* 6*d.* The larger the net the bigger the price. The height of the net must be regulated according to the length of the table, in the ratio of an inch to a foot. A six-foot table is the minimum on which the game can be played properly. The table looks smaller in the photos, but six feet to nine is the best length.



This is an illustration from an amusing and instructive article, "Self-Protection on a Cycle," in the April number of Pearson's Magazine," on sale Saturday, March 30. Price Sixpence.

THE PURPLE CLOUD

By M. P. Shiel.

SYNOPSIS.

A MILLIONAIRE has left a fortune to the first man who reaches the North Pole. In spite of the warning of a preacher that misfortune will happen to the earth if the Pole is reached, a great expedition is prepared. In order that her *fiancé*, Adam Jeffson, may take the place of her nephew, who was a member of the expedition, the Countess Clodagh poisons the latter. Jeffson, the narrator, after killing his five companions, reaches the Pole alone. Then, seized with a strange terror, he retraces his steps. The ships he meets are full of corpses, and landing twice at Norway he finds every man and beast dead. He sails for England full of foreboding.

IV.

In Dover there were wonderfully few dead. That westward stampede of mankind, which I had been able to conjecture at the Norway coast-towns, must have taken place here also, leaving the town half empty. The bodies which I saw in both the streets and the houses seemed to be, in general, those of the old, the very young, and the very poor.

The better-class houses were without dead. Only in one of these I saw a ragged girl, dead in an arm-chair, a roll of bank-notes clutched in her left hand, and three watches in her lap.

The bodies, I noticed, lay, almost without exception, in poses of distraction, with wildly spread arms, and distorted limbs, like men, who, at the moment before death, call upon the rocks and hills to cover them. And over everything still lay and roamed the purple-brownish dust which I knew, and all in the air was a fragrance of flowers, and a stench of death.

* * * *

At Harbour Station I found no trains, but at Priory Station there were two, neither of them being liquid-air engines, so that I had to water a boiler, and kindle a fire. All that I did, I did in a species of real trance—the world, as I found it, being precisely like a new planet to me; yet my brain worked with intelligence, as it were mechanically, by itself, apart from me. I forgot nothing. I tried feebly to uncouple the long string of carriages behind the engine, for I saw that they were crowded with dead, but I did not succeed. I bore from the engine the dead driver and stoker, and I took my place there. At about eight in the evening I ran out from Dover, my throttle-valve shrieking high a long falsetto through the quiet, dark night.

My aim was London. But even as I set out my heart smote me: I knew nothing of the metals, their junctions, facing-points, sidings, shuntings, and complexities. Even as to whether I was going toward or away from London, I was not sure. But just in proportion as my first timorousness of the engine hardened into familiarity and self-sureness, I quickened speed, wilfully, with an obstinacy deaf and blind.

Finally, from a mere crawl at first, I was flying at a shocking velocity, while some-

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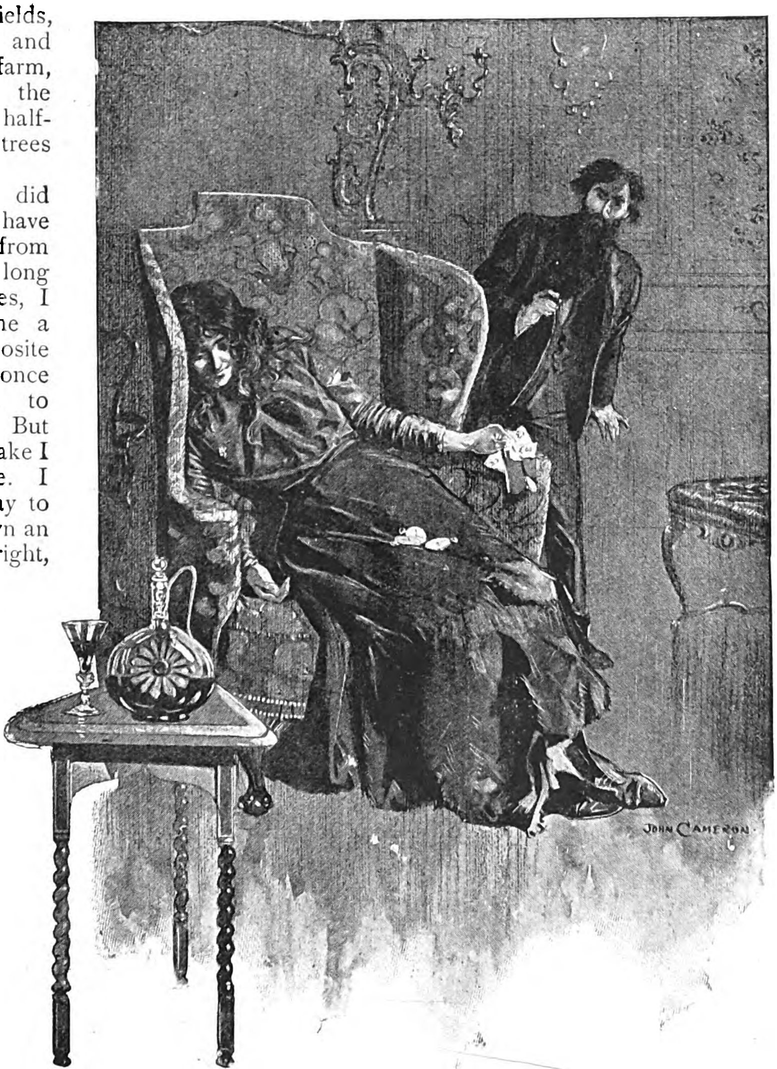
thing, tongue in cheek, seemed to whisper me: "There must be other trains blocking the lines, at stations, in yards, and everywhere—it is a maniac's ride, a ride of death, the Flying Dutchman's frenzy; remember your dark five-deep brigade of passengers who rock and bump together, and will suffer in a collision." But, with mulish stubbornness, I thought: "They wished to go to London;" and on I raced, not wildly exhilarated, so far as I can remember, nor lunatic, but feeling the dull glow of a wicked and morose Unreason urge in my bosom, while I stoked all blackened at the fire, or saw the vague mass of dead horse or cow, and trees and fields, and dark homestead and deep-slumbering farm, flit ghostly athwart the murky air, as the half-blind saw "men like trees walking."

Long, however, it did not last. I could not have been twenty miles from Dover when, on a long reach of straight lines, I made out before me a tarpaulined mass opposite a signal-point, and at once callousness changed to terror within me. But even as I plied the brake I felt that it was too late. I rushed to the gangway to make a wild leap down an embankment to the right, but was thrown backward by a quick series of rough bumps, caused by eight or ten cattle which lay there across the lines; and when I picked myself up, and leapt, some seconds before the impact, the speed must have considerably slackened, for I received no fracture, but lay in semi-coma in a patch of yellow-flowered whin on level ground, and was even conscious of a fire on the lines forty yards away, and all the night, of vague thunder sounding from somewhere.

* * * *

About five, or half-past, in the morning I was sitting up rubbing my eyes, in a dim light mixed with drizzle. I could see that the train of my last night's debauch was a huddled-up chaos of fallen carriages and disfigured bodies. A five-barred gate on my left opened into a hedge, and swung with creaks; two yards from my feet lay a little shaggy pony, with swollen, wan body, the picture of death, and also about me a number of dead wet birds.



I saw a ragged girl, dead in an arm-chair, a roll of bank-notes clutched in her left hand, and three watches in her lap.

Afterwards I went, following the rail-track on foot, for the engines of both the collided trains were smashed. I knew northward from southward by the position of the sun, and after a good many stoppages at houses and by railway-banks, I came, at about eleven in the night, to a great and populous town.

By the Dane John and the Cathedral I immediately recognised it as Canterbury, which I knew quite well. And I walked up Castle Street to the High Street, conscious for the first time of that regularly repeated sound, like a sob or groan, which was proceeding from my throat. As there was no visible moon and these old streets were very dim, I had to pick my way lest I should desecrate the dead with my foot, and they all should rise with hue and cry to hunt me. However, the bodies here were not numerous, most, as before, being foreigners, and these scattered about. This strict old English burg, that mourning, dark night, presented such a scene of the baneful wrath of God, and all abomination of desolation, as broke me quite down at one place, where I stood in travail with jeremiads and sore sobbings and lamentations, crying out upon it all.

* * * *

Only when I stood at the West entrance of the Cathedral, I could discern reaching up the dark nave, up to the Lanthorn, up even to the choir, a vague mass of forms huddled in every pose of death. I struck a match, and peered; the two transepts, too, seemed crowded—the cloister-doorway was blocked—the south-west porch heaped. A great congregation must have flocked thither to pray at the moment when their fate overtook them.

Here I first concluded that the after-odour of the poison was not merely lingering in the air, but was being given off by the bodies of its victims, for the blossomy odour of the nave was actually stronger than the odour of death, the church giving out the scent of old mouldy linens long embalmed in cedars.

I entered several houses, and in three instances found locked room-doors, and evidences of the vain attempt to make the apartments air-tight by stuffing key-holes, etc. The catastrophe, therefore, must have been fore-known some time before its arrival.

Off again, near eleven, I started, hoping to reach London, but the train took me down some branch-line, and after stopping at many stations of whose position relatively to London I was not sure, I felt my head nod, and my eyes close. I had travelled all night, the workings of dawn were in the East, and there, in mid-country I stopped, threw myself on a grass-bank, and slept for thirteen hours.

About 5 p.m. I awoke, and ate some pemmican. The country round me now seemed more like Surrey than Kent: there was that regular swell and sinking of the land. I could see that for over a year no hand had tended the soil: there were many unsown fields, and some few unreaped harvests, and already the country had an aspect of return to a state of wild nature.

I was searching for a stream of water, and in my search, spied all among forest-trees behind a hill, a great mansion, which I seemed to recognise—probably from some etching of it I may have seen. I entered it, and found that at the time of the catastrophe, it was full of guests in evening-dress. Out on the lawn, and in the great dining-hall were two long tables spread; and over the hall-portal I could still read in big letters of leaves the words: "Many happy returns of the Day." I was not sufficiently versed in heraldry to decipher the hatchment, but I could see, from its simplicity, that it was very ancient. These people had defied a fate which they must have foreknown. I saw two quadrille-parties lying dead, head to head. In an upper room I saw a lady in low-neck dress, a coronet on her head, with her arms about a man, her face still pressed to his.

Here I found drink, and returned to my train. This time, after several efforts, I succeeded in uncoupling the engine from its long train of hearses.

I had lit up again, and set off, noticing the direction of the sunset, and guessing the points of the compass.

But so intricate is the railway net-work of the country, each line mixing with the others, that three days later I found myself at Reading.

Meanwhile, I made frequent stoppages, diligently searching, no longer indeed for a man, but at least for a dog, or a bird, a horse, or an ox. An incredible number, almost like a rain, of dead birds strewed the country; but my only living companions were flies, and once, to my great emotion, I saw a little yellow butterfly staggering in the air over a flower-bed of a railway station between Reading and Slough.

I stuck, meanwhile, in the matter of food, to pemmican, autumn fruits and wine, avoiding for the present—though it was needless—the hams, flour, rice, jams, vegetables, and so on, which may have been exposed to the poison, and now remained to me.

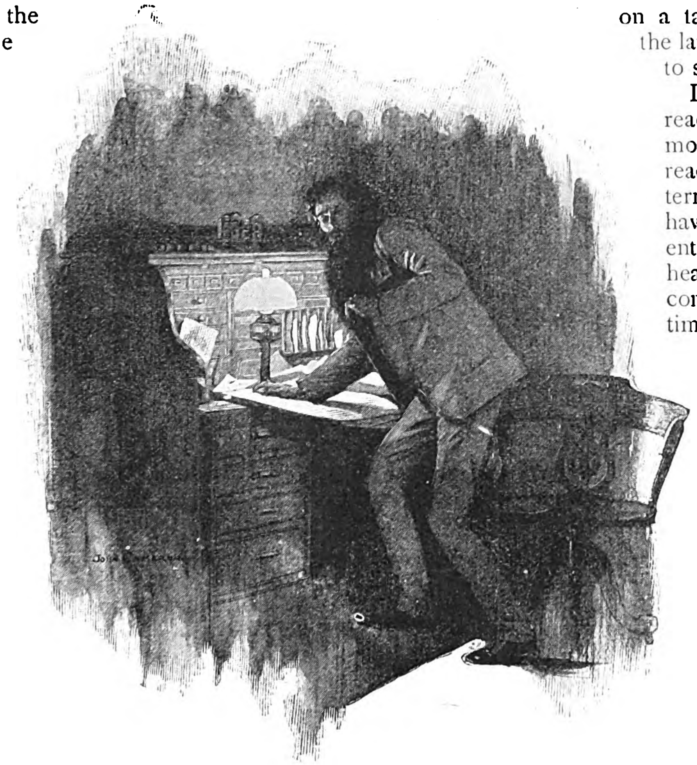
At Reading I searched for, and finally found, a compass in a little shop by the river. This, I hoped, would greatly help me; and, in truth, by carefully advancing, at last, two nights later, I reached Paddington.

Used as I was to the universal soundlessness, I *still* somehow expected to hear London give out its roar; and I received a shock of intensest awe, when, instead of its noise and rumour, I heard a silence, which seemed to reach high, and blend with the silence of the stars in heaven.

As I had passed under the roof of the station, I had observed that the wheels of the engine waded through a thick slough of bodies; and when I stopped, impinging upon a train crowded with dead, I saw that it would be impossible to walk from the platform without walking over a carpet of decay.

Westward! Westward! had evidently been the word.

My object in coming to this unbounded catacomb of London was to reach the *Times* office. The impulse to *know*—to gloat upon the real Truth—was strong upon me. As soon as I had dodged my foul way through the block of vehicles which reached to Edgware Road, and more thinly all the way to Oxford Circus, I overhauled an automobile, entered it, and went urging my jolting and spattered way through streets sown thick with the dead.



The absolute certainty that some hideously silent presence stood at my elbow so filled me, that I leapt to my feet in frightful terror.

I had seized upon every newspaper which I could find; their dates gave me a rough idea of the time when printing ceased in England. It was soon after the 17th July—three months after I had reached the Pole—for I found no paper later than this date. None, however, gave me that minute information for which I had an intense curiosity; I wished to reach the file of the *Times*.

I made my way to Printing House Square. Even here the number of dead was unexpectedly large. I passed through them, and entered the dark building, but found that it had formerly been lighted by electricity. I retraced my steps, and presently returned with a lighted lamp taken from a small shop near. I found the file, laid it on a table, and, with the lamp near, began to search.

I searched and read far into the morning. But I read in spite of terrors such as have never yet entered into the heart of man to conceive. Sometimes the profound interest of what I read would fix my mind; but presently I would jump afresh, remembering the innumerable host of the wan dead that camped about me, and pierced with terror lest they should start and stand, and confront and accuse me. Twice the absolute certainty that some hideously silent presence stood at my elbow so filled me, that I leapt to my feet in frightful terror. But with the first pale intrusion of the day, my fears calmed, and then vanished.

* * * *

What I read in the *Times* in the main confirmed the inferences which I had previously made.

There had occurred a great volcanic event—another Krakatoa—in the South Seas. It occurred either on the 14th, 15th, or 16th of April—for no one was certain—one, two, or three days after the arrival of the *Boreal* party at the Pole; and it had poured forth scoria, which travelled westward at a rate varying from a hundred to a hundred and fifty miles a day, involving the whole world, with the exception of the region round the Poles, or, at least, the North Pole.

The most learned article which I read, was one from the pen of Professor Armitage. It was remarkable for its clear divination, because written so early—immediately, in fact, after the cessation of telegraphic communication with Australia and China. He not only guessed an eruption, but stated that its chief product must be potassic ferrocyanide, which, undergoing distillation with the products of sulphur in the heat of the eruption, would produce hydrocyanic acid; and this acid, he said, remaining in a vapourous state in all climates above 26·5° Centigrade, might involve the entire earth except the colder regions of the Arctic circles, where it would assume the liquid state, and fall. He stated, that if the facts were so, he could suggest no hiding-place for the race, unless mines could be made air-tight; nor could even they be of use except in the event of the poisonous state of the air being of very short duration.

* * * *

The mines! I had not thought of them. There perhaps I might find—

But a second thought convinced me of the unlikeliness of this. As that purple cloud rode westward, mankind, as I read, had fled westward too, fled faster than the cloud. All in the West of Europe, therefore, there must have ensued a great crush of the nations. And all, the hint having once gone forth, would seek the mines only to crowd themselves there into a horror of suffocation. And there was hunger. . . .

Still, the mere mention of mines was enough to spur me to search. After a long sleep, I left London on an engine, going northward.

* * * *

Seven long months of unremitting search I spent, and at the end of that time had scoured Britain. As I had expected, scenes of extraordinary wildness were presented to me at every excavation into the earth. Everywhere the fugitives had brought rope-ladders in abundance, and in no case was I unable to descend. In every instance, I found that the guggs, dipples, twinways, and topples of the mine had all been walled in and again broken open, whether from without by new-comers, or from within at the spur of hunger, or suffocation, I could not always determine.

For miles round the neighbourhood of every mine in the kingdom—for I have visited nearly all—the country presented a shocking spectacle of heaped-up death—men of all nations being here, brown and yellow, black and white—calpac and fez—fur-cap and turban, lungi and pugaree.

At the Farnbrook Colliery in Durban I was able to conjecture that the mine-owner had imprisoned himself as in a stronghold with his family in his mine, shutting out the world; but all his elaborate precautions had failed; the mob had bombarded and invaded him; and the whole interior to the furthest galleries, even the puttways and "tubs," was over-strewn with the harvest of the Reaper. I went with a Davy-lamp peering everywhere, and discovered that, besides the walls built to block-up the shafts, the mine-owner (as I supposed) had built another across a remote dipple, behind which to entrench himself; but this, too, had been attacked, and, prying through a breach, I could discern a man holding a gun, his family of seven, and a quantity of provisions.

I have visited Northumberland and Durham, Fife and Kinross, South Wales and Monmouthshire, Cornwall and the Midlands; I have explored many quarries and excavations, mines of coal, of iron, of lead, of tin, of graphite, of cobalt, of granite; but I have found no living thing.

I have also crossed to the Isle of Man and Ireland.

In the Severn Valley, near Gloucester, I spied a singular erection, and approached it. It was of considerable size, built all of stone, its shape being the half of a globe. Its one door, now open, was rimmed with india-rubber, and when slammed was air-tight. Within I saw fifteen bodies, well-dressed, and a large store of provisions.

I concluded that they must have used up all the air in the building, had opened the door to escape suffocation, and had so met instant death.

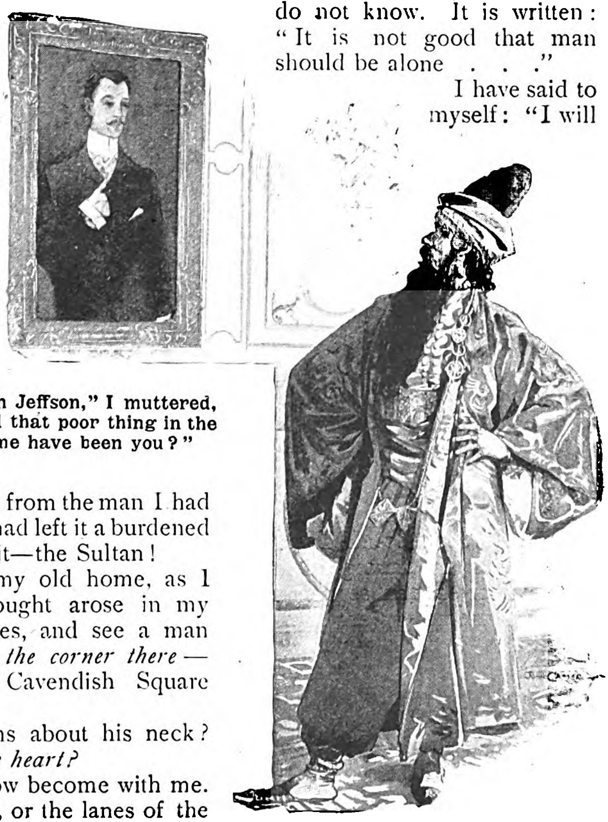
Two of them had either sacrificed themselves for the others by shooting themselves before the exhaustion of the air, or else had been shot by the others; I could not determine which.

I remarked that the rich must have been much more in earnest in taking measures than the poor, for the poor in general credited only what they could see, and cherished the always-false notion that to-morrow would be like to-day; in the out-patients' waiting-room of the Oakham Infirmary, for instance, I actually saw eight bodies of poor old women in shawls, come to have their ailments seen-to on the day of doom. They had not believed that anything could really happen to the old earth which they knew, and upon which they had walked with such careless assurance. In the adjoining room there sat an old doctor at a table, the stethoscope-tips still clinging in his ears, a woman with bared chest dead before him. I said to myself: "That man died doing his work. . ."

In this same Infirmary, there was one surgical ward where the patients had not died of the poison, but of hunger. The doctors had apparently made the long room air-tight, double-boarding the windows, felting the doors, and locking them outside. They themselves may have perished before their precautions for the poor imprisoned patients were complete, for I found a heap of maimed forms, mere skeletons, crowded round the door within. I knew that they had not died of the poison, for the pestilence of the ward was unmixed with that heavy peach-odour which seemed to have an embalming effect upon the bodies which it saturated.

I rushed from the spot, and at once set to work to burn the building to the ground.

As I sat in an armchair in the street, observing the flames of this structure, I had a thought; and I sprang upright; and I said: "I will return to London."



"Adam Jeffson," I muttered, "could that poor thing in the frame have been you?"

* * *

I returned to it a very different man from the man I had left it hardly seven months before: I had left it a burdened and lonesome wretch: I returned to it—the Sultan!

Going from St. Pancras toward my old home, as I walked down Harley Street, this thought arose in my mind: "if, now, I should lift my eyes, and see a man walking yonder—just yonder—*at the corner there*—turning from Oxford Street into Cavendish Square . . . what would I do?"

Would I rush and throw my arms about his neck? Would I not rush, *and stab him to the heart?*

Most frequent was this question now become with me. Often, as I walk the streets of a town, or the lanes of the country, I have the invincible assurance that, if I only turn the head, and glance yonder—*at a certain fixed spot*—I shall surely see—I *must* see—a man. And when I *do* glance—though my hairs bristle with terror, yet in my eyes, I know, is monarch indignation against the intruder, and my neck is stiff as sovereignty itself, and on my brow sits the lordship of the Shahs of old.

So rapidly does the mind change with its environment. Already the present condition of the earth with one sole inhabitant and master on its surface, seems to me not only natural and proper—but the *only* natural and proper condition. That the whole world should have been made for *me* alone—that London should have been built in order that *I* might leisurely enjoy the vast spectacle of its burning—that *all* history, and *all* civilisation, should have existed only in order to accumulate for my pleasure its stores of purple and wine, of spices and gold—all this has ceased to seem in the least degree extraordinary to me; it has become the commonplace of my life.

To what point of wantonness this arrogance of Kingship may lead me, I do not know. It is written: "It is not good that man should be alone . . ."

I have said to myself: "I will

ravage and riot in my Earth. I will burn and rage like the Cæsars, I will be a destroying blight like Sennacherib, I will wallow in soft delights like Sardanapalus. I will build me a palace, vast as a city, with stones of pure molten gold, and rough frontispiece of diamond, and cupola of amethyst, and pillars of pearl. There is wine and opium and haschisch; there are flowers, and corns, and oils. I will say to my soul: "Be full."

There is an oil-painting of my head in the drawing-room at Harley Street, and I have been laughing with loud mockery looking at it; so different am I already to the man portrayed there. It was painted by—I forget his name now—a close friend of mine he was for many years—in his studio at St. John's Wood. It was really very like me as I was: there is my highly-curving brow—truly a kingly brow it seems now to me—and that vacillating look in the eyes, and about the mouth, which used to make my sister say: "Adam is weak and luxurious"; and there is the longish face, and the rather thin moustache, showing the lips, and the neat pink cravat—ah, yes, it was *the cravat* that made me burst into laughter, when I noticed it.

"Adam Jeffson," I muttered afterwards, "could that poor thing in the frame have been *you?*"

I cannot clearly state why the tendency toward Orientalism—toward Oriental dress—all the manner of an ancient Oriental monarch—has taken possession of me. But that is the fact. I am no longer a Western and "modern" mind, but a primitive and Eastern one. *The cravat!*—it has receded *far enough from me.* I seem to have gone right back to the beginnings—to a resemblance with man in his first, simple, gaudy conditions. This is perhaps the natural accident to a mind freed from all social trammels. My hair already hangs a black, oiled string down my back, and my scented beard sweeps in two opening whisks to my ribs. I am clad, as I write, in the most barbaric of the jewelled robes which I could find at the Persian Embassy. My ankles—my ten fingers—my wrists—are heavy with ornaments. For shoes I wear Turkish babooshes.

Oh Liberty! I am free. . . .

The slightest whim has become more imperious within me than all the laws of the Medes and Persians.

Some days since, for instance, I was going about making preparations for the burning of London, when the singular whim seized me to write down first an account of what has happened. Instantly I succumbed to it, leaving the preparations for the conflagration.

Being near the Houses of Parliament, I entered, and here, in the Speaker's Chair, have for seven days been writing what has so far been written.

But now I will write no more; I will go out and prepare London for her funeral rites.

* * * *

I have deeply enjoyed myself. It was a heroic spectacle.

For eight days I had driven about London at the head of a train of vehicles, I being on a petrol motor which drew them. They were loaded with combustibles—coal, straw, oil, wood, powder, gun-cotton—and I had with me a pile of time-fuses of various timing, found at the Woolwich Royal Ordnance Factory.

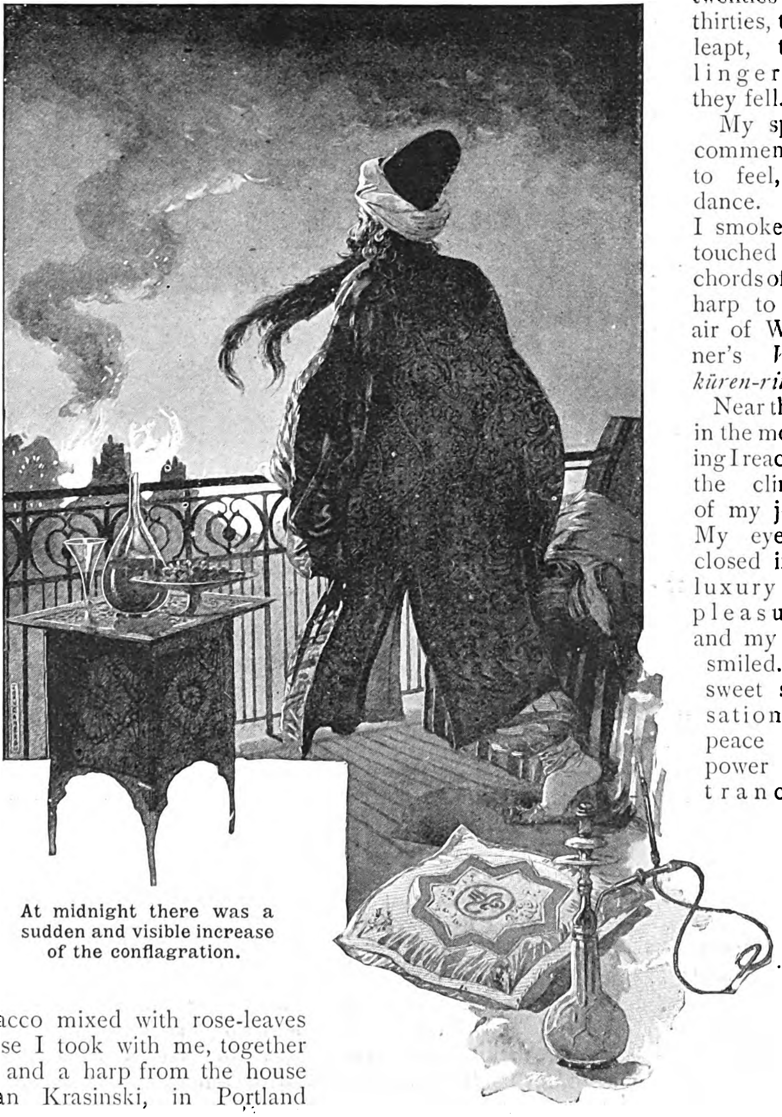
It was there, in the Arsenal itself, that I began to deposit the fagots of that great burning; and I connected the pile with a time-fuse which would ignite it at midnight of the ninth day.

I left no quarter unremembered. I visited West Ham and Richmond, Finchley and Clapham. I deposited piles in the Guildhall, in Holloway Gaol (all prisoners had apparently been liberated before the arrival of the poison-cloud), in the Tower, in the Houses of Parliament, in St. Giles' Workhouse (the inmates lay in crowds round three casks of beer), in the South Kensington Museum, in the Royal Agricultural Society's offices, in the Trinity House, in the office of Works, in the British Museum, in a hundred warehouses, in a thousand private dwellings. And I timed every fuse for ignition at midnight of the 25th March.

Shall I write down here the secret of my human heart? Shall I put the dark fact on paper? It is this: as I worked, I waxed wicked as a demon! a fiendish, though vague, malevolence was in my smile, in my stalk. The rage to burn and ravage and riot was upon me like a rabies—it was the mood of Nero and Nebuchadnezzar. Here was no harmless burning which I did—it was the crime of arson. But this way lies madness. . . .

I see, I begin to see, "*it is not good that man should be alone.* . . ."

For eight days I worked. Most of that time strong March winds blew from the North, and on the morning of the ninth day had increased to a noisy storm. Rising early from the bed where I had slept in Kilburn, I was able to guess that some of my fuses had anticipated the appointed hour, for I saw three red hazes in the air, and heard far off the boom of an occasional explosion. By noon I knew that a large tract of north-eastern London was in flames, for I heard the distant rumour of its bickering roar. With the solemn feelings of a bridegroom on his marriage-morning, I set about making preparations for the festival of the night.


At midnight there was a sudden and visible increase of the conflagration.

There is a house on high ground near Hampstead Heath, having at one corner a lofty, square tower. This I had selected for my seat, and thither at about eleven in the evening, I drove. I had found a genuine Saloniki hookah in Seymour Street, at a house which contained some dark-skinned corpses, also, a casket of pale tobacco mixed with rose-leaves and opium; these I took with me, together with wine, nuts, and a harp from the house of the musician Krasinski, in Portland Street.

I drove northward, my heart quailing with a secret joy at the solemn noise which now encompassed me.

The city, in most directions, was ablaze. All above my head there rushed southward with eager wing a sparkling smoke.

I took my place in the top of the tower, secure from injury owing to the direction of the wind, and the isolation of my position.

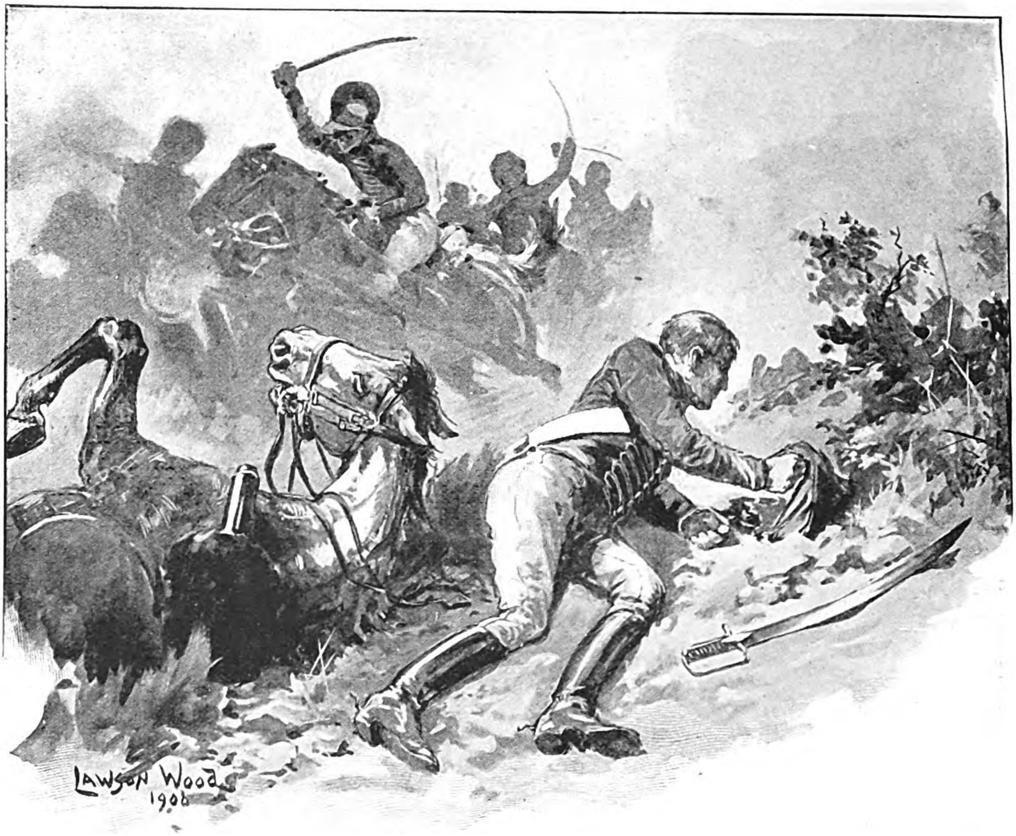
At midnight there was a sudden and visible increase of the conflagration. On all hands I began to see blazing structures soar, with grand hurrahs, on high. Up, in fives and tens, in twenties and thirties, they leapt, they lingered, they fell.

My spirit commenced to feel, to dance. As I smoked, I touched the chords of the harp to the air of Wagner's *Walküren-ritt*.

Near three in the morning I reached the climax of my joys. My eyelids closed in a luxury of pleasure, and my lips smiled. A sweet sensation of peace and power entranced me. For now the whole area which through streaming tears I surveyed, mustering its ten thousand thunders, and brawling to heaven the voice of its southward-rushing torment, weltered to the horizon one ocean of flame.

I had sent a signal to the planet Mars.

(*To be continued.*)



Private Maneely, desperately wounded in the battle of Rousbeck, uses his last remaining strength to dig a hole in which to conceal the standard from the enemy.

WAR FLAGS "RETIRED."

The Battle-Worn, Shot-Torn, and Time-Tattered Colours and Standards of the British Army.

By Robert Machray.

Flags are in themselves perishable things—just so much silk and stuff attached to a staff or pole of wood, bound to decay in the course of time, to say nothing of the chances of the battlefield; but the principles and ideas they represent, as well as the stirring stories that circle round them, prompt us to guard and preserve them so long as it may be possible to do so.

Therefore it is that the flags of our army, once the period of what may be called their active service is past, have been given a place of honour in our cathedrals, in our churches, in the castles of great nobles whose names or whose lands are associated with particular regiments, or in military institutions such as the museum of the Royal United Service Institute.

It may be doubted if churches are exactly the best repositories for these war-worn flags, for many of our ecclesiastical buildings are damp and dusty, and, the colours once hung upon the walls, no very special care appears to be taken of them. A striking instance of the effect of neglect and carelessness on the part of church authorities was seen in the fact that the flags which had been taken from the French during the campaigns of Marlborough, and which had been deposited for preservation in St. Paul's, were so little regarded that a hundred years later nothing of them remained but naked staves and

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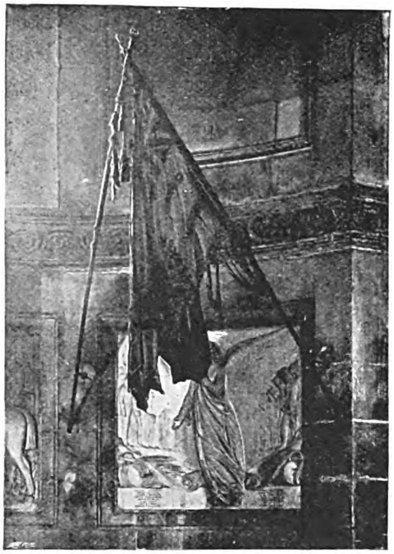
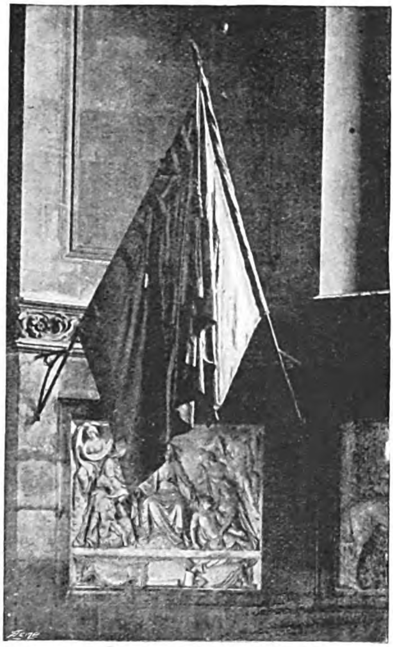
poles. At the present time there may be noticed in St. Paul's two almost bare poles—all that is left of the old colours of the Royal Fusiliers (City of London Regiment).

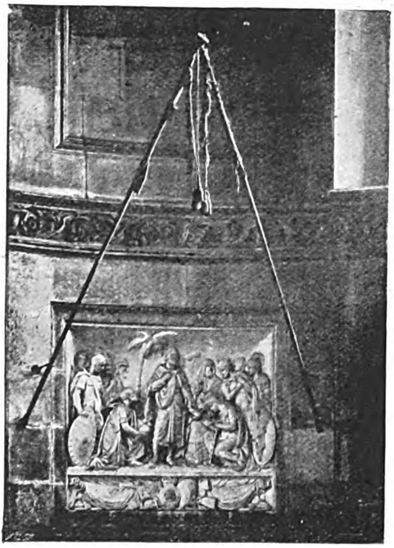
The term *colours* is used to denote the flags of infantry regiments, while the insignia of cavalry are known as *standards* or *guidons*, the last named being forked or "swallow-tailed." Prior to the reign of William III., each troop in a regiment of horse had its standard, and every company of foot its colour. The number was then reduced to three for each battalion of infantry, and in Queen Anne's time to two. One of the two flags was called the Queen's colour, the other was designated the regimental. A few regiments, however, in India still have three flags, as, for example, the 20th Madras Native Infantry, which has for its third colour a flag captured from Hyder Ali.



War flags of the 57th Middlesex Regiment in St. Paul's.



Although they have seen much fighting, these flags of the 57th West Middlesex Regiment are still in good condition.



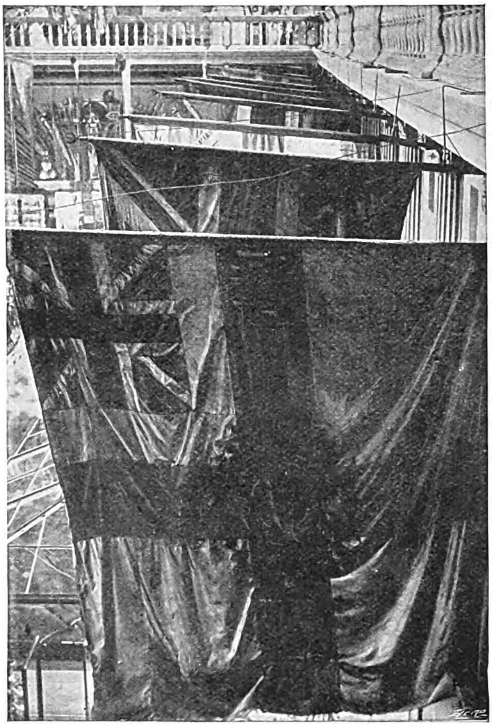
All that is left of two war flags of the Royal Fusiliers in St. Paul's Cathedral. These flags were carried in the last Afghan War.

In our army to-day each regiment has its "Queen's Colour," a flag having upon it the Union Jack, with the Imperial crown in the centre, and the number of the regiment beneath in gold, and its Regimental Colour, which, as a rule, is of the colour of the facings of the uniform of the regiment; in the upper corner is a small Union Jack, and the rest of the ground of the flag bears the badges and devices conferred upon the regiment by royal authority, as well as the names of the battles in which it has taken part. The army flags are made of silk. It may be noted in passing that our naval flags are of bunting.

Some exceptions to the general use of army flags must be observed. Both Hussar and Lancer troops are without standards, nor have the Artillery and Royal Engineers any colours.

The flags of the army no longer play the very important part they formerly did in time of war. Like everything else calculated to attract the attention of an enemy, they have disappeared from the field, and are seen no more except on parades. The last great war in which the flags were carried was the Crimea, but the Queen's colour and the black regimental colour of the 58th (now 2nd Battalion Northamptonshire) waved over them at Lang's Nek in the Boer War of 1881.

The principal use of the army flag was to serve as



A Waterloo flag belonging to the 1st West York Regiment. It was carried at the funeral of the Duke of Wellington, and hangs now in the Royal United Service Institution.

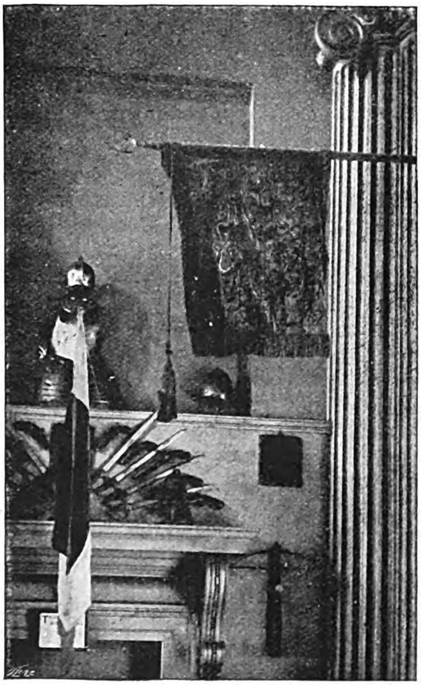
a rallying point. The Duke of Wellington, when presenting a new set of colours in 1842 to the 72nd Highlanders, emphasised this feature. "You are henceforth," he said, "to consider the colours as your headquarters, and in every circumstance, and in all times of privation and distress, you will look to them as your rallying point."

The familiar words, "Rally round the Flag," had in those days not merely a figurative significance, but embodied in the most literal sense one of the chief principles of the conduct of war. The preservation of the flag was no mere matter of sentiment; it was vital to the success of an army in the field. And so men grudged no sacrifice, no matter what, to save the colours. The most heroic deeds have been done in their defence. Therefore, when we behold old war-flags in our churches and elsewhere, let us not forget what is the meaning and what is the story of these dumb but eloquent memorials:—

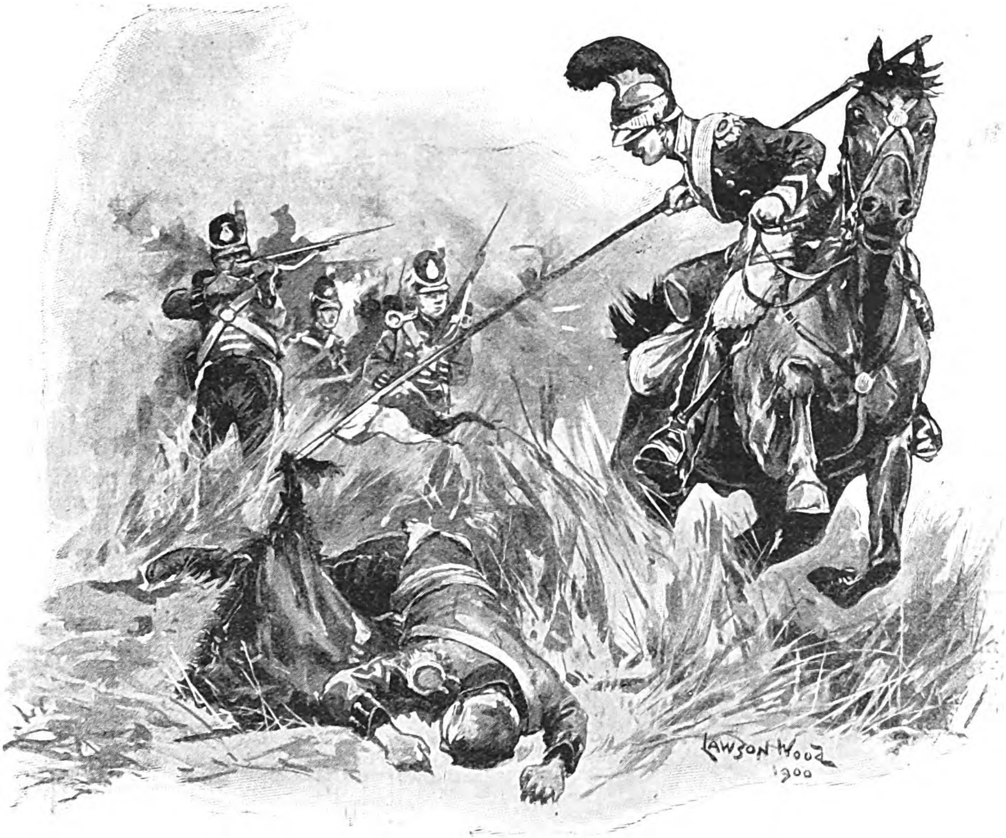
A moth-eaten rag on a worm-eaten pole,
It does not look likely to stir a man's soul;
'Tis the deeds which were done 'neath the moth-eaten rag,
When the pole was a staff and the rag was a flag.

In the officers' mess of the 1st Battalion of the Essex Regiment there is a fragment of a colour, preserved with the utmost care, and attached to this faded piece of silk is one of the most striking tales of "deeds that were done" for the flag.

A certain Ensign Christie, who, by the way, had risen from the ranks, was carrying one of the regiment's colours at Quatre Bras in 1815, when a French Lancer made a gallant and desperate charge at the flag, and succeeded in wounding Christie with his lance, which entered the ensign's left eye and penetrated his left jaw. The French soldier endeavoured to seize and carry off the flag, but Christie, who was blinded with blood and suffering agonies from his eye and face, managed to throw himself upon it—not, of course, to save himself, but the emblem, from capture. A part of the flag was left unprotected by Christie's body, and as it fluttered upon the ground, the Frenchman was able to tear off a piece of the silk with the point of his lance. He was bearing it off in triumph, but had not gone very far when he was shot down by the nearest soldiers of the 44th (now 1st Essex). It is this fragment, recovered in these circumstances—equally



A standard of the Royal Horse Guards in the Royal United Service Institution. Below is a flag captured from the Boers at Pieter's Hill, outside Ladysmith, by Captain Agnew.



Ensign Christie saving the flag at Quatre Bras. Sorely wounded, he flung his body upon the flag to prevent it being carried away by a French Lancer.

creditable to friend and foe—which is still shown with pride by the officers of the regiment.

The 1st battalion of the Royal Sussex (formerly the 35th) can tell a wonderful story with regard to their old colours.

Rather more than a hundred years ago the regiment was present at the battle of Bergen, and suffered so severely that at the close of the day it was found that it had lost eight officers and nearly four hundred men.

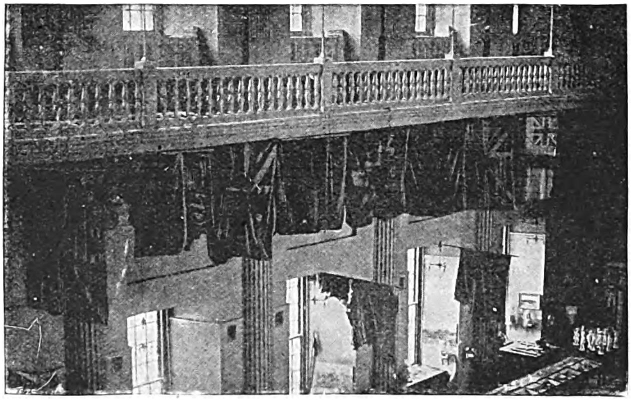
Among the officers slain during the fight was the ensign who carried one of the colours; the other was in the hands of another ensign, called John Renton. As soon as the latter saw what had happened, and that the colour which had slipped from the grasp of his fallen comrade was in danger, Renton took the flag from the dead man, stripped it from the staff which had held it, and bound it with a pocket handkerchief to his thigh. He next cut his own colour from its pole, and tied it round his body

A moment later he was fiercely attacked by no fewer than three French officers. But notwithstanding the fearful odds against him, he faced and fought them in the most brave and determined manner. One of the Frenchmen he killed, but in doing so had the bad luck to break his sword. His plight was now desperate indeed—two to one, and his weapon gone! Yet, marvellous to relate, he actually kept his adversaries off with the staff of one of the colours so effectually that in the end he saved them both.

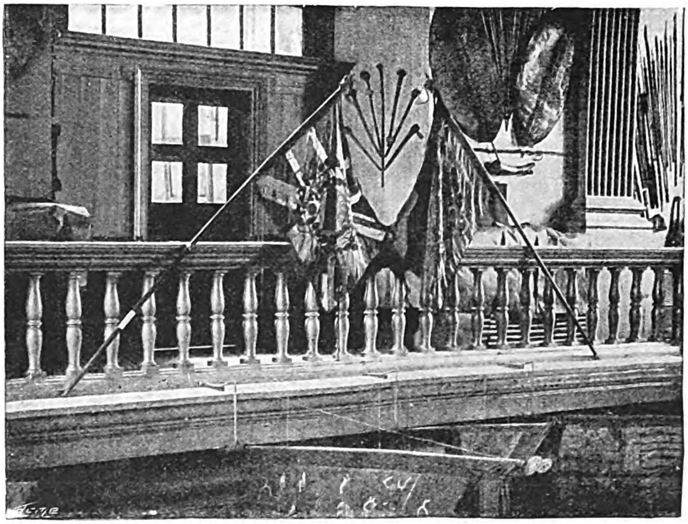
It is a story of this kind that should make these old war-flags have an honoured place amongst our national treasures. And, happily, there is no lack of similar stories. Nearly every regiment has something of the same sort to tell.

Here is a tale of the Royal Scots:—

The regiment, then known as the "Royal Regiment," was hotly engaged at Steenkirk in 1692—a battle, the incidents of which are not generally known, but which is



Old flags in the Royal United Service Institute. Those hanging from the gallery are British; those below are French, captured in various Napoleonic battles.



Two flags of the 39th Regiment in the Royal United Service Institute, Whitehall.

imperishably associated with devotion to the flag. The men, who were commanded by Sir Robert Douglas, were hard pressed—so much so that the first battalion had lost one of its colours.

Douglas, who was as courageous as a lion, had given many proofs of his extraordinary personal courage, and constantly cheered on his wearied men to greater exertions. In the press and confusion of the struggle he suddenly saw the lost colour on the other side of a hedge. There it waved in the hands of the enemy, and the sight maddened him. Plunging through a gap in the hedge, he leaped into the thickest of the ranks of the foe, beat them back to right and left and in front of him, slew the French officer who was carrying the captured colour, and, with a mighty effort, threw it over the hedge to his own men. The enemy closed around him, but again he beat them off, only to fall, however, when he was in the act of re-passing the hedge.

A somewhat different, but hardly less splendid, story is that of a private of the 8th Light Dragoons (now Hussars), of the name of Michael Maneely.

One of the standards of his regiment was in his care at the battle of Rousbeck, during the campaign in Holland, in 1794. These were the days of terrible hand-to-hand encounters, when soldiers had to stand up to each other—not of long-range firing and of smokeless powder, such as we have now, with the troops on either side as "invisible" as possible. Maneely, as befits an Irishman, was in the thick of the fray, bearing aloft his standard. He was a conspicuous object, and naturally came in for a good deal of attention at the hands of the enemy. In the course of the engagement he was wounded several times, and his horse was killed under him. Lying on the ground he still clung to his flag, but he was sore spent from loss of blood and all the travail of the battle.

He felt that it would soon be over so far as he was concerned—but what was to be done with the standard? The poor brave fellow, half-delirious with pain, but, perhaps, with something of a madman's strength coming to him in that supreme moment, dug a hole in the earth and *buried the flag as in a grave.* Then he fainted, and when consciousness returned he found himself a prisoner—but the standard was saved from being taken.

That is not the only time that a flag has been buried in order that it might be preserved from falling into the power of an enemy. But perhaps the strangest way taken of saving regimental insignia from suffering this desecration was that adopted by some of Napoleon's officers during the retreat from Moscow. They actually had their eagles consumed by fire, the ashes being afterwards carefully gathered together and placed in water, which they forthwith *drank*.

And this reminds me that English colours have sometimes been cremated on their falling into decay and disuse. They have also been buried in similar circumstances.

The colours of the old 74th Highlanders (now 2nd Battalion Highland Light Infantry) were buried on their becoming "past their work," and the ashes are kept in the lid of a gold snuff-box, I believe. When the 50th (now 1st Battalion Queen's Own Royal West Kent) received new colours from Queen Adelaide in 1827, the old colours were cremated, the ashes being preserved in a box, which forms a part of the regimental plate.

Colours have been buried with full military honours when they have become too worn and tattered, but this is a very rare proceeding. Two instances of this may be quoted. The old 25th Edinburgh Regiment (now the King's Own Scottish Borderers) had their flag, which war and time had turned into a thing of shreds and patches, solemnly interred at Newcastle-on-Tyne. Some thirty years later, the 36th Regiment (now 2nd Battalion Worcestershire) buried a worn-out flag at Winchester the whole regiment witnessing the interment, which was made the occasion of very impressive ceremonies.

As a general thing the flags of our army are consecrated on their being presented to the regiments, and this perhaps may account for such extraordinary incidents as those just mentioned.

The thrilling stories of our war flags are not all attached to the battlefield.

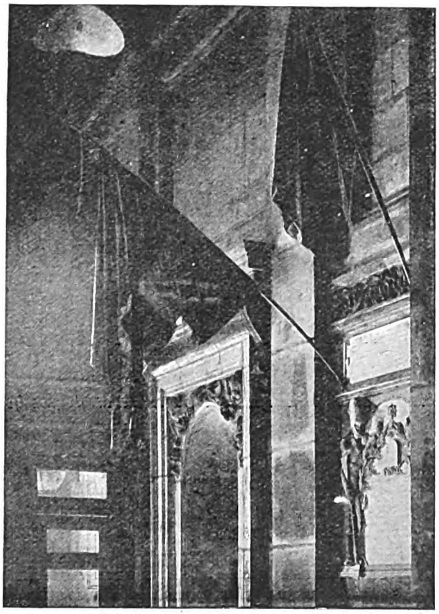
In Norwich Cathedral there hangs a set of colours, with a singularly heroic story, though it is not a story of war. The flags are those of the 54th Regiment (now 2nd Battalion Dorset).

The regiment was on the ocean in the transport "Sarah Sands." The ship caught fire, and the colours—those now in Norwich Cathedral—were rescued from the burning vessel with the greatest difficulty. The flags were fastened against the end of the saloon, which was so full of smoke that it was almost impossible to move in it. Two lieutenants tried to enter to get the colours, but they were beaten back by the smoke. Then the quartermaster of the ship, wrapping his head in a wet cloth, rushed into the saloon with a hatchet. Moving the cloth a little from his face, he succeeded in cutting down the flags, but had no sooner done so than the smoke overpowered him and he swooned away. Several attempts to rescue him were made, and finally a private of the name of Wills got both him and the colours from the room.

Our Indian soldiers have often given many examples of their devotion to their colours.

In one of our numerous campaigns at the beginning of the past century in India, the rear-guard of a retreating force was nearly annihilated at the passage of the Banass River. A mere handful of men was left, and amongst them was a native officer, a subadar of the 2nd Bengal Infantry, carrying the regimental colour. Attacked by overwhelming numbers, he still managed to hold the flag. With his face to the foe, he slowly backed to the edge of the river, still bearing the precious flag. The bank gained, he plunged with a great shout of triumph into the stream, and sank with the flag — to rise no more.

There are, happily, in the annals of our army many more such gallant rescues and defences of the colours. Did space permit I would gladly relate them here, for they should be inscribed on the heart of every Englishman.



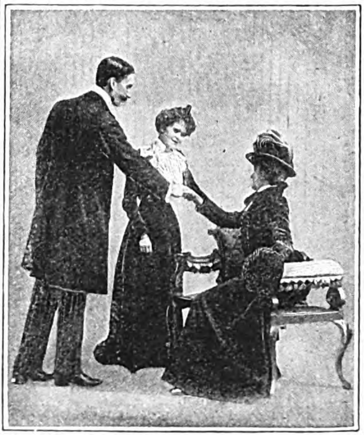
The resting place of the old flags of the Coldstream Guards in St. Paul's.

"HOW D'YOU DO?"

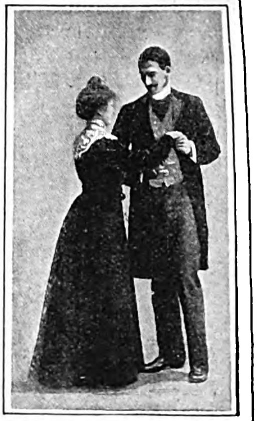
A few words on the distinguished art of shaking hands.

BY MARGARET COLLINSON.

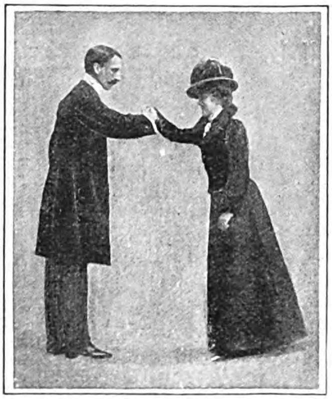
Illustrated with Photographs.



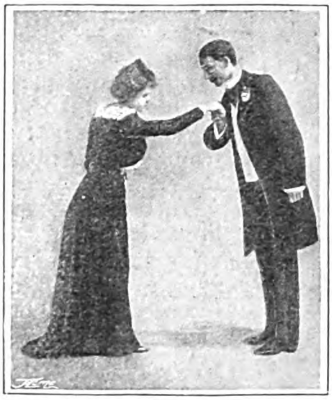
The indifferent way some women have of greeting a mere man.



The charming method lovers adopt.



Shaking hands with protruding elbows—a method happily in its decadence.



The man who imagines himself irresistible greets all women thus.

IT would appear that the custom of taking the hand by way of indicating friendship is as ancient as history itself. For did not that famous warrior of the old Hebrew writings, Jehu, say to Jonadah: " Is thy heart right as my heart with thine heart? If it be, give me thine hand ? " To-day, handshaking is no longer so serious a matter; the hands of two individuals may be clasped while their hearts remain very far apart. Although the custom has become a mere form, yet to the keen observer it remains full of significance and a source of endless amusement.

For in none of our trivial, everyday actions do we express our separate individualities so strongly as in this conventional form of shaking hands. No two men or women do it exactly alike, and it is just this endless difference of method that makes the custom well worth observing. In the present article I am able to illustrate only a few of the best known methods, but if they influence the reader to keep an observant eye on friends and acquaintances when greeting one another, I shall have done what I wished—I shall have given him a fresh amusement in life.

Do you know the man who never takes a woman's hand without bending his face over it in a manner reminiscent of the custom now obsolete in English-speaking countries of greeting the fairer sex with a respectful kiss on the back of the hand? This individual hails chiefly from the Continent, but there are not a few of his species still extant in the British Islands. And when he happens to be an Englishman, he is not always entirely to the liking of the present writer. For he is practically certain to be one of those extraordinary persons who go through life fully persuaded that no woman has ever been able to resist them—a quaint error when one remembers that if there is one kind of man Englishwomen instinctively dislike, it is precisely the kind that affect ardent gestures of this nature.

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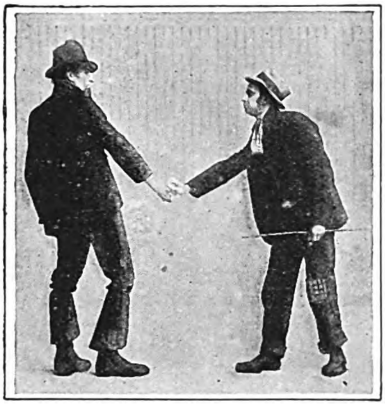
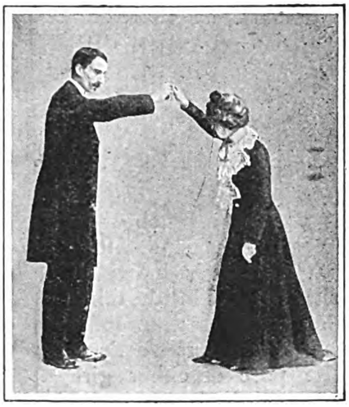


The British workman greets a friend.



A fashionable style largely adopted by the *élite* of America.

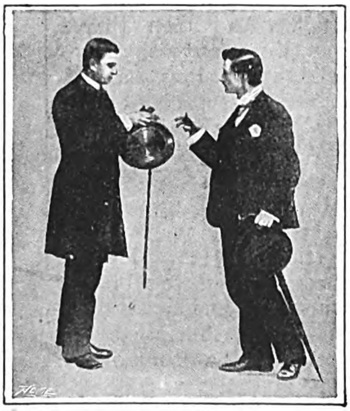
Lovers have many ways of greeting each other; with their eyes, with their lips, with their hands. The latter method is full of endless varieties. You see a man as often as not greet his *fiancée* with a mere conventional handshake; sometimes he retains the hand rather longer than is strictly necessary; sometimes he bends over it in the manner just described, which in his case may be freely condoned; and very frequently he captures both the girl's hands—a charming and picturesque method, and one which English lovers, who are curiously fearful of displaying their emotions, rarely affect in public.

But if we as a people dislike sentiment and gesture, we are the prime originators of all manner of fads, and the invention of new fads in hand-shaking has become quite a national pastime.

To stand as far apart from one another as possible and stretch out the arm so that little more than the tips of the fingers can touch is a method greatly in fashion to-day. It allows of neither a squeeze nor a shake, but looks rather elegant if done properly; the same may be said of the high hand-shake, absurd as it is. But the method which has no virtue whatever to recommend its adoption is that which consists in thrusting out the elbow at a right angle from the body and grasping hands on a level with the chest. Detestable and hideous as it is, this hand-shake became once quite a mania in England and America, and was also widely adopted on the Continent. It has still some vogue to-day, but is happily in its decadence.

It is customary for total strangers of opposite sex to bow on being introduced to each other, and when a man forgets this rule and extends his hand, a rather awkward situation ensues. For a woman very seldom forgets matters of social etiquette, and will, in all probability, ignore the proffered hand, or if she take it, do so in a fashion unmistakably suggestive of protest and disapproval. There are many women of strong-minded nature who entertain a pitying contempt for men in general, and their manner of greeting such inferior creatures is hardly calculated to soothe the latter's self-esteem. If one of these ladies should happen to be engaged in conversation with a friend, she never thinks of rising from her seat when you say your "How-do-you-do," but extends an indifferent hand, and

"Oh, dearest, is it really true?"

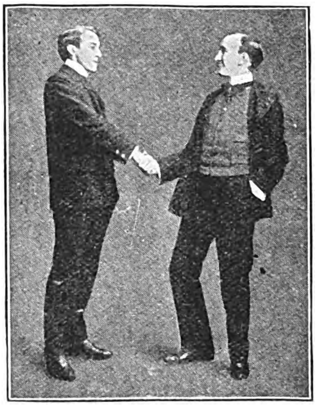


The meanest method in the world.

continues her conversation as though you were not worth a moment's consideration.

I think that men, as a rule, put more expression into their handshakes than women; it is in the face and manner of the latter, when they greet their friends, that you read their individualities. Examine the third photograph on the second page of this article. The pose of either girl is wonderfully full of meaning; the one on the left seems to be gratified but slightly embarrassed, the one on the right pleased, congratulatory, playful, and inclined to be teasing. But it is not in the grasping of the four hands that we read all this, it is in the whole position, and could we see the faces plainer, what new subtleties of mood and temperament might they not divulge! I have noticed also that when two women shake hands they very seldom look into each other's eyes; each casts a glance over the other's whole person as though to take in every possible outward detail. And then they draw those astonishingly rapid conclusions based on trivialities such as the colour of a skirt, the curve of an eyebrow, the style of a hat.

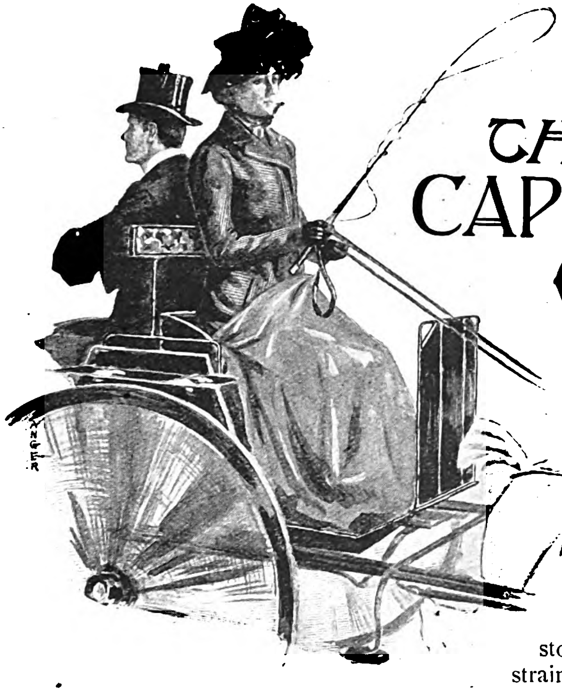
It is in his grip and shake that a man puts most expression. Have you ever seen two bluff British workmen greeting each other? Their hands meet with a sounding clap, and the vehement shaking that ensues would be extremely trying to men of less robust build. Indeed, I scarcely know which is the most unpleasant: this ultra-hearty grip and shake — a method of hand-shaking by no means monopolised by the working man—or the soft, clammy, limp hand that some men extend to you — men whose friendship one is seldom very eager to cultivate. Then you have men who adopt a thrusting motion instead of a shake, others a sideward jerk, others, again, keep the arm perfectly stiff and merely squeeze the hand — three methods very disconcerting to those who shake hands in the conventional manner.


The man on the right delights in crushing your hand to a pulp

"How are you, my dear fellow?"

A pair of "bounders" glad to meet each other.

I may be a very intolerant and carping individual, but I must confess to a strong antipathy for the average doctor's hand-shake. It is scarcely a shake; it is rather a suave, confidential pressure, which becomes little short of intolerable —to me, at least—if the doctor in question happen to be the possessor of fat hands. And if you ask my reasons for this quaint antipathy, I can only say that this gentle pressure always seems to me the dumb expression of "sincere condolences," or to suggest that you are too brittle to stand much shaking. It means well, no doubt; it means to be kindly and encouraging. But to me it fails to convey this impression, and I wish from the bottom of my soul that all doctors would greet their patient with a strong, "hail-fellow-well-met" grip and shake—a conventional enough method, but infinitely the most pleasing and satisfactory.



THE CAPITULATION OF THE EARL

By Gerald Biss.

I.

From *Social Life*, May 15th:

"The Earl of Skelmarnock, K.T., left town unexpectedly last Saturday. He was accompanied by Lady Augusta Trefoil, his only daughter and the heiress to his immense wealth and unentailed estates, who, it is understood, was breaking down owing to the strain of the season. She is very much admired, being *petite* and fair haired, with wonderful black eyes. Needless to say, she has had many offers of marriage during this, her first season, and will doubtless marry in due course one of the unappropriated dukes, at least; but up to the present she remains heart-whole. His lordship, who watches over her with every tender care and solicitude, has taken her to his beautiful place in the Highlands to recruit; and we trust that she will soon be restored to her usual health. Her loss so early in the season will greatly be felt."

* * * * * * * *

Captain Jack Davenant, whose raiment bore not the slightest resemblance to that of Solomon in his glory, but was far more comfortable, entered the sitting-room of his flat in Jermyn Street, in pyjamas and a Paisley dressing-gown. Tall, well-built, and handsome, with brown hair inclined to curl, and a well-grown moustache, he had the reputation of being one of the smartest men in town, and was universally acknowledged to be a credit to the Coldstreams.

His breakfast was ready, and by his plate lay a pile of letters. These he picked up and glanced at critically, sifting the wheat from the chaff. Half his correspondence daily was the result of the exiguity of his account at Parr's, and had inexorably to be relegated to the blazing fire unopened. One, however, he seized with avidity and tore open, regardless of scented wax and dainty seal. It ran as follows:—

Skelmarnock Castle, N.B.

My very own darling,

Your letters are awfully sweet, but I must see *you* again. Ever since the Earl bundled me off in the middle of the season, months ago now, to this benighted spot, without even so much as a good-bye, I've been dying for a look at your dear face. You really must come up here to see me, as there is no possible chance of my being allowed to run up to town to see you—no such luck! I'm tired to death of Scotch scenery, local lairds, and perennial rain. You tell me in your last letter that you will get some leave in a few days, and I have hit on such a lovely plan to enable us to spend it together. You won't be able to spend any money, which will be a good thing; in fact, you will earn some! Our second footman is leaving in a few days; why shouldn't you come and take his place? You need only stay a short time, and then you can give notice. Do come, there's a darling! I can't live any longer without seeing you again. Because I am the greatest heiress in England, that is no reason why I can help loving the handsomest man in the world! You remember you played the footman in the Guards' burlesque, and did it awfully well, too; so this won't be your first place, will it? I'll see you get taken on: I'll get Lily Fancourt to write and recommend you very strongly, and, as we want a man badly, you are sure to get the situation. It was thinking of that Guards' burlesque and how nice you looked in it, that made me think of this. Isn't it a splendid idea? Wire me (*via* Louisa), in case Mrs. Matthews engages anyone else. I *am* looking

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forward to seeing you again so soon, darling. Hooray! I feel *so* excited.

Heaps of love and kisses from your own little sweetheart,

Gus.

P.S. The Earl is very shortsighted and sure not to notice you. The butler, the only one of the servants who has seen you, only saw you *once*, the Saturday in Ascot week. Do you remember?

Jack read it to the end without moving a muscle of his face. Then he whistled. "Whew! Here's a rum start with a vengeance! Fancy living in the servants' hall and kow-towing to the old butler! Never mind, it's worth it; by Jove, it is! Anything to see the little woman again! Wonder how I shall look in plush in real life?"

He got up and looked in the mirror.

"Confound it," he groaned, "I shall have to shave my moustache! They would never let a second footman wear one. Can't be helped; it's got to be done. Fancy her noticing me in the burlesque!" Here he picked up a photo of a little lady with laughing eyes and an enticing mouth, unprotected by reason of a slightly *retroussé* nose, and kissed it fervently.

"She didn't know me at all in those days. By Jove, I'll go; and bother the moustache and all the other inconveniences!"

So, with mind made up, Jack rang for a telegraph form and sat down contentedly to cold kidneys and coagulated bacon.

II.

Skelmarnock Castle is one of those portentous products of early Scottish art, that have little to recommend them save antiquity, bare and bleak, half ruined and wholly historical; and, needless to say, the austerity of its outside did not impress Captain Davenant favourably after his cold night journey to Glasgow, followed by three hours on a Caledonian branch line and a fifteen mile drive through the rain.

It was hard to settle down into his new position; he missed his moustache, he had nearly given himself away by travelling first class, and somehow the groom, who had driven him from the station, had seemed offensively familiar and jarred on his nerves. The butler's greeting had been coldly patronising, but motherly Mrs. Matthews, a quaint combination of dignity and docility, had stirred the uttermost depths of his gratitude by her kindly and cordial reception.

Mentally and physically, he was just beginning to thaw on the following morning, while the housekeeper was detailing his duties, when the door flew open and a familiar voice made his heart thump and jump in a most unwonted manner.

"Oh, I beg your pardon, Mrs. Matthews," she began, pretending to draw back, "I had no idea that you were busy."

"Oh, it is of no consequence, your ladyship," the housekeeper answered, rising and smiling. "I was just explaining his duties to the new footman."

"Oh, this is the new footman, is it?" said Gussie, surveying him with critical eye and beating heart. "He is the one that is to attend on me, isn't he? Mind," she went on, turning to Jack, "when I ring, I insist on the bell being answered smartly. By the way, what is your name?"

"Dalton, your ladyship," answered Jack, torn between a desire to laugh and a desire to catch in his arms and hug her dignified little ladyship.

Then, turning away from him, as though his presence was of no further interest to her, she went on to the housekeeper:

"Please, Mrs. Matthews, might I trouble you to ask Benson for a glass of sherry? I'll wait here for it."

"Certainly, my lady. I'll fetch it myself," answered Mrs. Matthews, who for years had worshipped at Lady Augusta's shrine, waddling eagerly out of the room.

Almost before the door shut behind her, Gus was nestling close in Jack's arms.

"Wasn't that clever of me, dear?" she gasped in the midst of the hail-storm of Jack's kisses.

"You little genius," said Jack, ceasing from his pleasant occupation for an instant and holding her at arm's length, "how lovely it is to see you again!"

"Oh, Jack," she went on mournfully, "I forgot you'd have to lose your beautiful moustache!"

"Never mind, sweetheart," said the footman, resuming his duties.

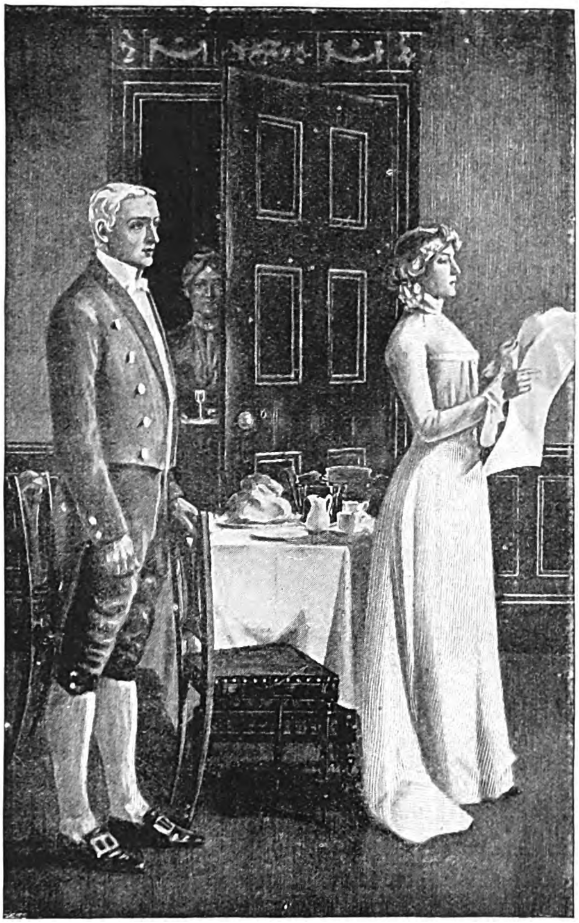
"Careful, Jack darling," whispered Gus, half stifled; "I hear the shuffle of ox-footed Mrs. Matthews!"

In an instant the model Dalton was at attention, and her ladyship was glancing at the *Morning Post*, with her back haughtily turned on him.

During the next fortnight Captain Davenant, alias Dalton, mixed the bitters with the sweets of life. Three or four times a day he snatched a few sweet knavish moments with Gus in the library or in her boudoir, when he carried up her tea.

Three times on his afternoons off she had met him in one of the plantations, and they had wandered about making love, forgetful of their strange position and thankful to Scotland for its solitude.

But as for the rest of the twenty-four hours, he existed in the seventh purgatory of disgust; he was forced to fetch and carry for the pompous and tyrannical Benson, to listen to the coarse humour of his senior officer in lackeydom, whose strictures and satires included the whole household from Lady Augusta to the scullerymaid, from the Earl to the boot-boy—to ward off the well-laid attacks on his virtue of the ogling second housemaid—to valet the Earl's ancient and cantankerous guests—to answer the constantly clanging and jingling bells, and to wait at table.



Her ladyship was glancing at the "Morning Post," with her back haughtily turned on him.

Altogether the uncongeniality of his surroundings decided him, as he lay awake one night in his cheerless bedroom, to tell Gus the next day he must throw it up.

The second housemaid had been more persistent than ever, the footman more objectionable, and Benson more overbearing; and the camel's back was broken.

When the library bell rang the next morning, Jack answered it with the firm determination of coming to an understanding with Augusta.

He opened the door and went in, but not a soul was in sight.

"Confound!" he muttered, but his ejaculation was stifled by a pair of arms round his neck and a merry laugh behind him.

"Oh, Jack, such fun!" she cried out; "I knew you'd be cross at not finding me here; so I hid behind the door. But you shouldn't swear, you naughty boy," she continued, as Jack picked her up in his arms and kissed her. Suddenly she saw the reflection of the scene in the pier-glass near her.

"Jack, darling, what would people say?"

"They'd say what a sensible and lucky chap I am, little sweetheart," answered the powdered Captain. "But there isn't going to be much more footman about it, I can tell you. I'm not going to live in plush all my life and go about *poudré*, like a dowager at a fancy dress ball."

"But, darling," broke in Gus sympathetically. "You've no idea how funny you look with powdered hair and no moustache."

"I'm hanged if I'm going to look funny any longer, even for your sake," broke in Jack, almost angrily. "I've come to tell you that I'm going to give Mrs. Matthews notice and clear out as soon as possible. If you had to put up with Benson's bullying——"

"The brute!"

"Or James's vulgar gibes about you and the rest of the household. . . ."

"The beast!"

"Or Maria's persistent ogling and love-making. . . ."

"The minx!"

"You'd be pretty sick of it in a fortnight," went on Jack, regardless of interruptions and not waiting to draw breath.

"You poor old darling," said Gus, deeply sympathetic, "I had no idea it was so awful as all that. Perhaps the best thing you can do *is* to go away as soon as possible. Besides, do you know the Earl is beginning to ask whom you are like? He says you remind him very much of somebody, and you are quite getting on his nerves. I think it is about time you were off!"

"I don't see," broke in Jack rather irritably, "why your old curmudgeon of a father should object to me so. I've got the best part of a thousand a year, and our family is old as the hills, or the Trefoils for that matter. Why, I should have been an earl, too, if Kilcork hadn't chanced to arrive first!"

"Poor old Jack," said Gus. "What bad luck!"

"Why don't you come with me, then," asked Jack, drawing her close to him, "and settle the matter once for all? The Earl is going away for a day or two next week, I heard him say so, as I handed him the potatoes last night. Why shouldn't we go, too? You could ask for me to drive with you in the afternoon, and we could be over at Killmalloch in time for the 4.15, and at Glasgow by dinner time. Then we could go on to town by the night-mail and be married the first thing the next morning. As the 4.15 is the last train, no one could follow us till the next day at the earliest, and by then we should be married. Besides, no one would know where we were, as they'd think that you had bolted with the footman!"

"What fun, Jack, what fun!" cried the Lady Augusta clapping her hands. "And think of the Earl's face! He would have a bad quarter of an hour. . . ."

"Or longer!" interrupted Jack, grinning grimly. "Are you game, little woman? You know, if he cuts up crusty, it means very short commons for us both."

"Oh, Jack darling, what will that matter?" said Gus, blissfully ignorant of poverty. "I shall have *you*. And who is to say that the Earl won't come out of his shell, when he finds it *isn't* the footman?"

"Well, well, we'll see," said Jack doubtfully. "We can arrange the details later on."

"Yes, Jack, you must run back to your work," she said mischievously, "or you'll be getting the sack!"

During the next few days, life seemed less irksome to Jack in his capacity of Dalton. Benson's bullying amused him, James's jests seemed to have more point, and he even condescended in the buoyancy of his heart to kiss the persevering Maria one day behind the pantry door, to see what it was like.

In the little oases of their meetings, Gus and he arranged all the details of their departure, even down to what dress she should wear and how long they should stay in Jermyn Street *en route* for Paris, to restock her voluntarily relinquished wardrobe.

At last the eventful day arrived. All went well, and the Earl left in the morning for a still more bleak and northern castle.

After lunch Gus ordered the trap and told Dalton that she would require him to drive with her, careless of comment.

It evoked a good deal of gossip in the servants' hall and a parting *bon mot* from James, that nearly ended Jack's and his friendly intercourse with blows, but Davenant restrained his longing.

At a quarter to three they started, Gus driving and Jack perched up behind with folded arms, in a dark suit and a regulation white tie. In his pocket he carried another tie and a false moustache, to replace the one he had lost.

"Guess she'll have him up in front in a mile or two," sneered James to Benson, as they watched the trap disappear down the avenue.

"Shouldn't be surprised," assented Benson. "Sure to, if she's made of the same stuff as Maria!"

And for once they were not so far out as usual, as two miles from the lodge-gates Gus stopped and turned round.

"Shut up the back, darling, and jump up beside me. How sweet you look!" she went on, noticing the moustache. "I suppose you'll grow a real one on the honeymoon!"

At Kilmalloch they put up the trap and caught the train comfortably. They dined in Glasgow and travelled by the mail. Once in town, they breakfasted, and then visited Doctor's Commons.

By two o'clock they were married, and, as Gus said, it seemed so absurd not to have a reception or go away at once by train: what were they to do for the rest of the day?

So they went off to Prince's for lunch.

III.

From the time he received Benson's telegram till he was back in his favourite chair in the library, the Earl spoke never a word. He was like a man in a dream, dreading to wake to the reality of life and bite the dust of humility. He sat with his head bowed in his hands, trying to grope his way out of the darkness of dismay and disorder. At last a dim ray of light flashed through his dislocated thoughts.

"Perhaps Davenant will help," he muttered. "Perhaps he'll save her. It shall be worth his while."

Galvanised into sudden activity by the thought, he got up and rang the bell.

"A trap, Benson, in five minutes," he ordered peremptorily, speaking for the first time. "I've just time to catch the 4.45, and catch it I *must*."

The hours of waiting in Glasgow were a weary contrast to the merry meal of Jack and Gus; and throughout his long journey, full of fancies, the Earl's eyes never closed, as he sat in melancholy meditation.

As soon as Euston was reached, he jumped into a cab and drove furiously to Jermyn Street.

The knocking brought the real Dalton hurriedly to the door.

"Is Captain Davenant within?" asked his lordship eagerly.

"Yes, sir," said Dalton, for once off his guard, eyeing the stranger; "but he is not dressed yet."

Almost before the words had flown irrevocably from the man's mouth, the old gentleman had elbowed his way past him, saying excitedly:

"Tell him that the Earl of Skelmarnock is most anxious to speak to him, and ask him please to make all possible haste."

Fearing he had made a *faux pas*, Dalton knocked timidly at the door, and delivered the message.

"What the blazes do you mean by letting him in, you idiot!" exclaimed Jack in a wrathful whisper, slamming the door in the man's face.

But he lost no time in completing his toilet. Then, sticking on his moustache, he went out to meet his father-in-law.

As he entered his own sitting-room, he felt decidedly sheepish, and was aghast to see how terribly haggard and old the Earl looked—grey and gaunt as his own castle.

The old gentleman sprang forward eagerly.

"Excuse my early intrusion, Captain Davenant, but I am in terrible trouble about my daughter."

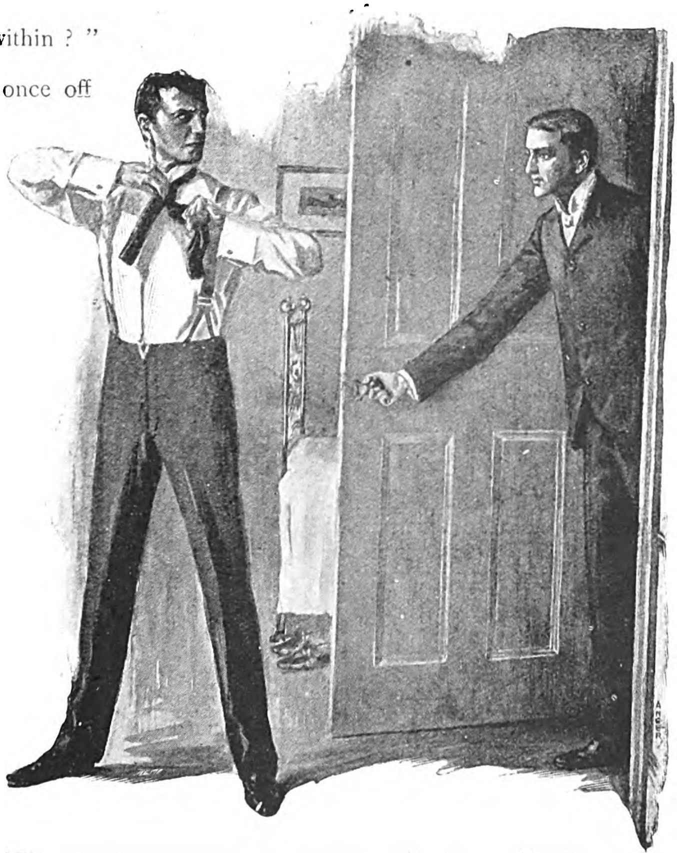
"Really?" said Jack, not knowing what else to say and not realising the situation.

"And you only," continued the Earl, "can help me out of it—that is, if you will. I feel I've no right to ask, and I hardly dare suggest it; but I know you love my daughter."

"Indeed I do, sir," interrupted Jack, still puzzled.

"A terrible thing has happened. My daughter ran away from home on Tuesday with a mere flunkey! Will you help me to find her, and, if it is not too late, marry her?"

"I will," said Jack, at last grasping the situation.



"What the blazes do you mean by letting him in, you idiot!"

"You are a noble fellow, Captain Davenant, and I have treated you abominably in the past," exclaimed the old Earl with brimming eyes, as he seized Jack's hand. "I feel half responsible on account of my harshness for this terrible occurrence. Well, Captain Davenant, my daughter shall not go to you dowerless. Pay this cheque into your bank, and the moment my daughter is your bride, it is your own to make any use of you may wish."

Jack took the cheque and said: "Now, sir, I should suggest that you go to some hotel and rest, while I go to Lyons' and start some detectives on Lady Augusta's track. I assure you everything possible shall be done."

"Thank you, my boy, thank you," said the old gentleman brokenly, "I am sure you will do your best. Come to lunch with me at the Victoria and bring me any news there is. I must take some rest, or I shall break down."

Almost before Lord Skelmarnock was out of the flat, Jack ran to his wife waving the cheque like a madman.

"Your dowry, darling," he cried, kissing her; "a quarter of a million!"

And it was about five minutes before Gus could get a rational explanation of what had passed. When she heard, she joined in the war-whoops, until something occurred to her.

"Didn't you tell him in the end, darling?" she asked.

"Not I," answered Jack, "I'm going to take you round to lunch and explain then!"

"Oh, Jack," said Gussie in horror, "I'm afraid to go."

"Never you fear, little woman," asseverated Jack stoutly, "I'll see you through all right."

Nevertheless, it was with a certain amount of trepidation that Jack led his blushing bride upstairs to the Earl's private sitting-room at the Victoria.

As they entered, taking the bull by the horns, Jack said in a loud voice:

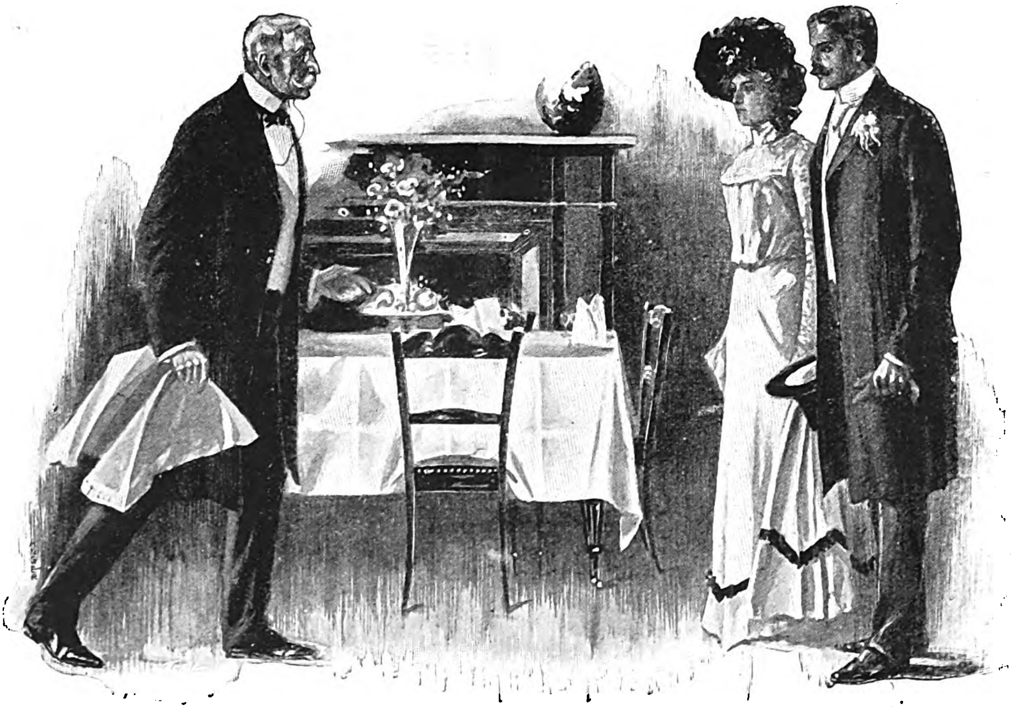
"Allow me to present to your lordship the Lady Augusta Davenant."

The Earl started forward, exclaiming: "Good Heavens, how did you manage to do it so quickly?"

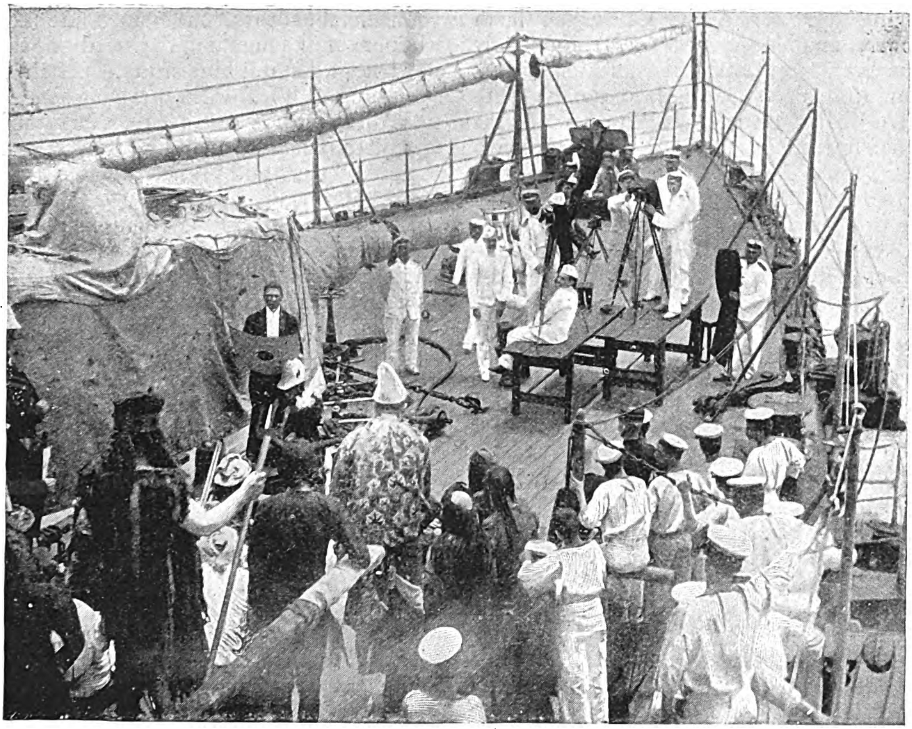
Slipping off his moustache, Jack took his wife's hand and said, bowing to the Earl:—

"Allow me, also, to present to your lordship Mr. and Mrs. John Dalton, the second footman and his bride."

And then, in a flash, the Earl realised whom the new footman had resembled so closely.



"Allow me to present to your lordship the Lady Augusta Davenant."



Captain Percy Scott, to whose ingenuity it was due that the naval guns arrived at the nick of time to the defence of Ladysmith, taking a photograph of Neptune and his party.

(By permission of the "Navy and Army Illustrated.")

CROSSING THE LINE.

Being one of a series of articles on "How the Navy is Run."

By Archibald S. Hurd.

Every schoolboy knows that the Equator is an imaginary line round the earth equally distant from the poles and dividing the globe into two hemispheres. It is not until he crosses the line in one of His Majesty's ships or in a merchant vessel that he learns of the toll which Father Neptune demands of all sailors when they pass this mystic circle. The line has its terrors, but they are not what they were in the memory of many naval seamen, when the occasion was sometimes seized as an opportunity for horseplay that verged on actual cruelty and led to illness of a more or less serious character. The old bluejackets who won our victories in the past were so inured to hardship that they probably saw nothing extreme in their celebrations.

The experience of crossing the Line was regarded as the hall-mark of a full fledged sailorman and gave to a youngster an importance that he had not enjoyed before. The function was participated in by officers and men: none was allowed to escape if muscle or guile could secure his attendance. Occasionally the crew would make the ceremonies an excuse for paying off old scores against an unpopular officer or petty officer.

Of late years this old naval custom has become less general, and when observed, is accompanied by none of the brutalities that sometimes marred the fun in times gone by. Even when the Dukes of Clarence and York crossed the line twenty years ago, Lord Charles Scott, the present Naval Commander-in-Chief at Devonport, saw no reason why these royal officers should not pay toll to Neptune like ordinary seamen, and very good fun resulted. From one of the members of the crew of *H.M.S. Bacchante*, an account has been obtained of the ceremonies that were observed when the Sailor Prince was made a freeman of the sea.

The functions began after dark on the

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evening previous to the day when it was known that the *Bacchante* and her attendant ships would reach the dividing line. The first intimation to the uninitiated came about nine o'clock, from the following dialogue, carried on in stentorian tones, between an oakum-bearded old salt (rigged up as Father Neptune, and surrounded by half-a-dozen smaller gods of the sea, who stood on the forecastle, after climbing in over the bows from the hawser pipes below) and Lord Charles Scott, the Captain, who stood on the poop with his senior officers.

"Ship ahoy!" shouted Neptune from the bows.

"Aye, aye!" replied the Captain from the poop.

"What ship is this?" inquired the god of the seas.

"Her Britannic Majesty's ship *Bacchante*, cruising with the detached squadron of Rear-Admiral the Earl of Clanwilliam!" replied Lord Charles.

"Are there any of my 'chickens' on board," asked Neptune.

"A few!" answered the skipper.

"Then I will pay a visit and receive toll to-morrow forenoon!" shouted Neptune as he and his oakum-haired crew vanished over the bows and down the cutwater once more.

This conversation, of course, attracted considerable attention among the younger officers and men, who swarmed on the quarter-deck and forecastle to listen to the dialogue. This was the long anticipated opportunity for the old salts who had previously climbed to the fore, main and mizzen tops, and had hauled up buckets of water for this very moment. As Neptune and his companions vanished, buckets of water were thrown over the top rails, and came down in a shower which completely drenched those unsuspecting young sailors beneath, who thus had their first experience of Neptune's christening ceremonies.

The following morning a huge canvas bath was rigged up in the gangway, on the upper deck, with all its sides at such a slope that it was most difficult to scramble from its centre to the outer edges; especially when it was partly filled with water. At the other end of this bath, a platform was built, which overlooked it in a manner that made it easy for a man to be tilted backward out of a chair into the water. These arrangements were made before breakfast, and hoses from all the fire mains, with branch pipes at their ends, were laid along the upper deck ready for use.

After the men had been mustered at "divisions" as usual, the fun of the day began. Neptune, armed with his trident, and accompanied by Amphitrite and the remainder of his court and sprites, all dressed out in the most approved water-nymph style, and followed by about a dozen great "bears," with whom to work his will on his "chickens," again appeared on the forecastle. They formed a quaint procession which marched aft to call on the captain, and be regaled with a glass of grog before opening the morning's ceremony.

All the hatchways leading from the upper to the

Every sailor who has not previously crossed the Line has to go through many tribulations when first doing so. The ducking process pictured above is, perhaps, the most trying.

(By permission of the "Navy and Army Illustrated.")

other decks (except one on the quarter-deck) were then temporarily closed so that those inclined to dodge their baptism of the ocean might be more readily caught and brought before the great sea-god. At the conclusion of his call on the captain, Neptune mounted the platform and took his place on the judgment seat, with his court around him while the "bears" disposed themselves elsewhere, some going into the large bath while others—so as to be handy to do duty as barbers and policemen—took up their positions near a chair placed on the edge of the platform with its back to the bath.

Sailors preparing the costumes for the ceremony of crossing the Line.
(By permission of the "Navy and Army Illustrated.")

The "chickens" were, one at a time, marched up to His Majesty who sentenced them on their merits—or demerits—to number one, two or three "razor," consisting of species of hoop-iron with varying degrees of rough jagged edges, number one being the worst. The sentence largely depended upon the report of the policemen and the trouble the "chicken" had given before he could be caught, and was added to generally by any latent prejudices the police or the judge had against the victim.

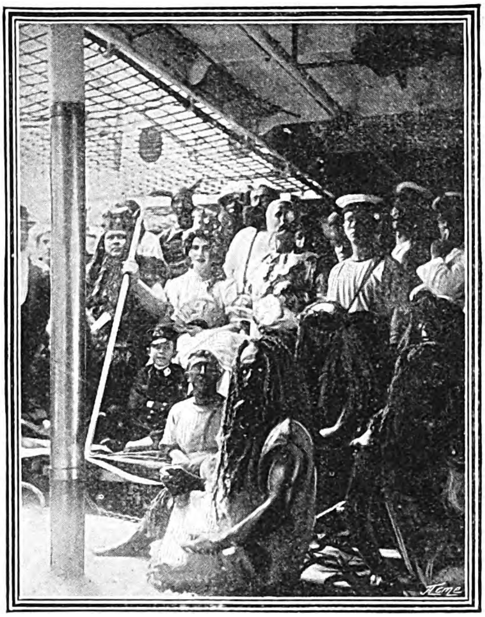
Once sentenced, the "chicken" was instantly placed in the chair with its back to the bath, and one of the bears dipped a large whitewash brush into a bucket of lather composed of soap and lime, with just enough vegetable tar to give the necessary adhesive quality to it, and began to lather the face of the culprit, whose arms were held behind his back while the barber operated on him. During the lathering process the "chicken" was asked innumerable questions about his age, place of birth, the last ship he served in, and various other subjects. If he remained silent he was considered obstinate, and his sentence increased, while every time he opened his mouth to reply, the lathering brush choked it up with the shaving preparation.

Following the brush came the razor, and while his face was still smarting from its unpleasant attentions, the victim found his heels in the air in the act of being canted backwards into the bath, where he passed into the hands of the "bears," who dipped and ducked him regardless of breathing time, as they passed him from one to the other end of the double line which they had formed along the bath. But even when he had run the gauntlet in this way, his trouble was not at an end. After, with great difficulty, struggling up the slippery and slanting sides to the edge of the canvas, his fingers were rapped until he was compelled to let go his hold, or he was beaten back with old stockings filled with oatmeal, or sawdust, and a dozen other kinds of weapons held by men who surrounded every inch of the rim of the bath, and who had themselves just passed through the ordeal or had previously crossed the line. On sliding back into the centre, the victim again became the sport of the "bears," and was only allowed to scramble out and regain his liberty when he was almost exhausted by their mauling.

But while all this is going on in the bath

Two of the funny men at their antics.
(By permission of the "Navy and Army Illustrated.")

and on the platform, there is not a dry spot to be found on the upper deck from the main-top downwards. For the fire pump is started down below in the engine-room the moment Neptune comes on board, and water at a good pressure is forced through a dozen branch pipes at the end of hoses on the upper deck. These are held by a dozen burly old sea-dogs who play their streams freely upon everyone within reach. Even the rigging is no shelter from this, for the jet follows the would-be runaway half-way up the mainmast, and he is then met either by another jet from a hose that has been hauled up into the main-top, or is douched with buckets of water showered on him by men who station themselves aloft for that purpose.



Neptune and his court as they appear on the day when the Line is crossed.
(By permission of the "Navy and Army Illustrated.")

Fortunately the weather on the Line is always so hot as to make a suit which is wet through, a grateful rather than an ungrateful covering to the body. It is not, however, altogether pleasant to find oneself the target of a concentration of half-a-dozen branch pipes, especially when these hard-hitting jets of water strike one in the face. A good deal of swab-throwing is also indulged in during the forenoon, and in the "chicken" hunt every nook and cranny of the ship is searched, and a bucket of water thrown in any suspicious looking hole often discloses the fact that a novice has his nest there. At noon the pumps are stopped and the ceremony ends, and anyone who has managed to conceal himself until that time, may congratulate himself on having cheated Neptune of his toll, and can emerge from the hiding-place that has served him so well.

On the occasion of the ceremonies on the *Bacchante* the two young princes joined in the morning's frolics with the utmost good humour. It is certain that Neptune and his followers thoroughly enjoyed the unique sensation of initiating the two middies of royal blood, whose spirited determination to undergo the same pains and penalties as their companions of less noble birth raised them in the estimation of the crew immensely. The Rev. John Dalton, then governor of the princes, and now a C.M.G. and Prebendary of Windsor, was also baptised in a faith he knew not of before. It has been said that his illustrious pupils (who preceded him in his initiation) thoroughly enjoyed seeing the reverend gentleman taking his bath good-naturedly; even if they did not have a hand in the business—about which also rumour has its own story.

This day's fun laid the foundation of the popularity which the sailor prince, now a Rear-Admiral of the Fleet, has always enjoyed in the Navy. In later years His Royal Highness has cemented this feeling of hearty appreciation by his bearing, his geniality, and simple unaffected manners when at sea in the *Thrush*, the *Melampus*, and in the *Crescent*, and several other ships of war. Now he is the only Royal Prince on the active list of the Navy, and officers and men are proud of the distinction he has conferred on the sea-service.

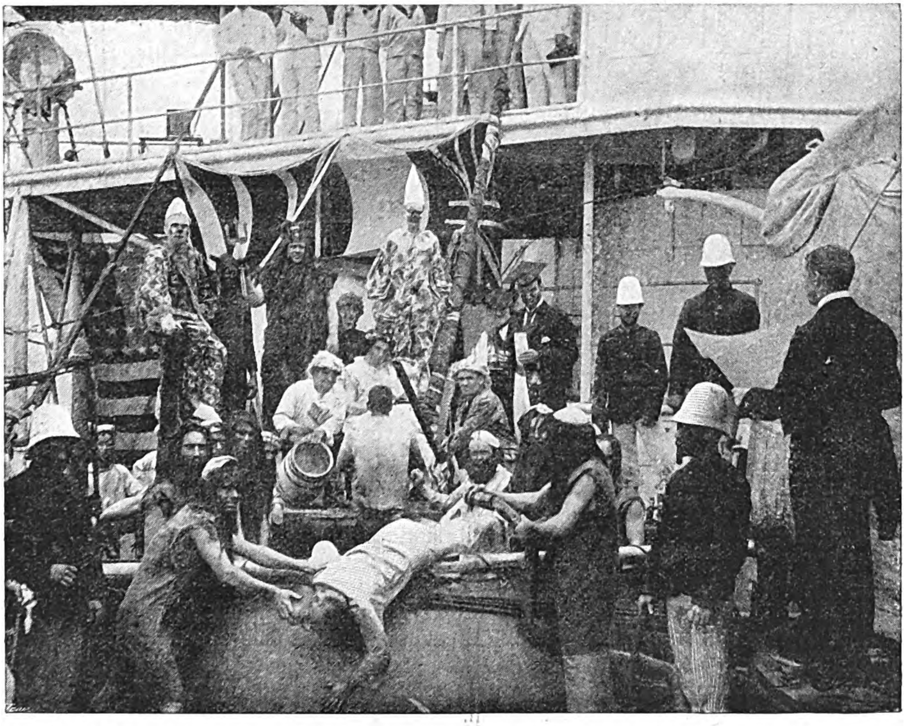
The old crossing-the-line ceremonies are still honoured, though not so generally as in the old days. When the great cruiser *Terrible* passed over the Equator on her way to Durban to land a naval brigade, the respect due to the old Man of the Sea was not forgotten even among the stern preparations for war. Captain Percy Scott, her popular commanding officer, keen as he is on good gunnery and smart drills, belongs to the old school so far as the observance of quaint customs are concerned. A few days before the ship was expected to cross the Line, the arrangements began, and soon Neptune and his suite had been provided with the regulation garments, the sea-king's attire being completed by a crown studded with imitation jewels. His wife, the Lady

Amphitrite, was impersonated by one of the younger lieutenants, who wore a dress of white natural Japan silk. These two personages were accompanied by their son, a middy, and their daughter, a ship's steward's boy.

On the night previous to the crossing of the Line, the customary permission was asked and given to come on board to exact toll due to the king of the ocean. When Neptune and his personal suite appeared, they were received on the starboard gangway by a Marine Guard who presented arms with broom handles, the ship's band meantime playing, and then the visitors were received with ceremony by Captain Scott and his chief officers, and the final arrangements made for the morrow's event.

The following morning the visitors were again ceremoniously welcomed. After Neptune and Amphitrite had been seated in a state car they were drawn round the ship by the inevitable "bears," and on reaching the quarterdeck the party, which numbered nearly fifty, was welcomed by the captain and officers, a master of ceremonies reading an address consisting of a series of topical verses. This was followed by another example of rhyme from the "royal secretary." After presents of a smokeable character had been bestowed on Neptune and his crew, the procession was continued, and then commenced the business of the morning, which was gloriously fine, though it was the beginning of chill October. The fun was fast and furious. No fewer than thirty officers of the ship had not previously crossed the Equator, and paid toll. Neptune held that, in virtue of their positions, they had to undergo the shaving and bathing operations before the men, with the result, that owing to the passage of time, many seamen had to be excused the customary formalities. The day's festivities concluded with a smoking concert. From these details it will be understood that the *Terrible* is what sailors call a "happy ship," and it almost goes without saying that her crew are also among the most efficient in the whole service, and hold the record for naval gunnery.

It is a pity that there should be a tendency to disregard these old customs in the new Navy, for they cement the feelings of respect and good-fellowship between officers and men, without undermining the necessary strict discipline of life at sea.



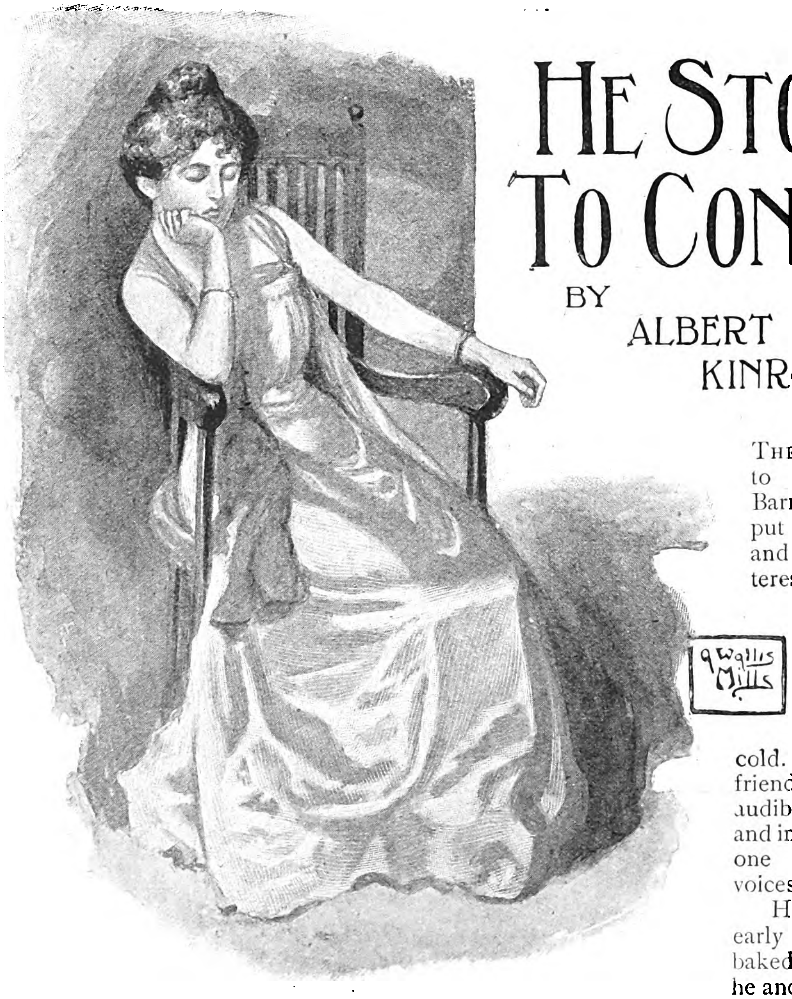
The "chicken," or sailor who is crossing the Line for the first time, being made a freeman of the sea.

(By permission of the "Navy and Army Illustrated.")

HE STOOPS TO CONQUER

BY

ALBERT KINROSS



The hotel had begun to stare at Captain Barry. True, he had put aside his crutches and with them the interesting invalid — he leaned now heavily upon a stick—but that was not the reason. The hotel had grown cold. Barry and Barry's friend were discussed audibly in the lounge, and in the drawing-room one heard indignant voices.

He had come there early in the year, sun-baked, lean and crippled, he and his nurse and the crutches. "Shot through both thighs at Magersfontein," was the rumour, and inquiry confirmed it. Everybody petted Barry then. The ladies hardly waited for an introduction, the men in the smoke-room left him the easiest chair. But now—people were shaking their heads.

He had long since discarded the crutches and sent away the nurse. Instead of her and a nine o'clock bed-time, came Hooper from the camp, young, tall, the unmistakable subaltern; and these two sat together in the smoke-room till unholy hours and drank. They drank whiskey, often a bottle at a sitting, said report. The ladies in the drawing-room were neglected and those in the lounge, outside where you could smoke, saw naught of Barry. Barry had declined. The head waiter had put him to bed three times in one week, so said report. As a matter of fact, it was only once. And then Hooper was sent out to South Africa, was bundled off to the Front, and Barry became sober again and took a comfortable seat in the shade; and one dear woman, cosily lodged in the Sandgate Road, reviled Barry under her breath and said insulting things about Hooper.

I had looked on. I had seen that Barry had not taken nearly so much as he pretended; that Hooper had had more than his fair share of the whiskey, and was, indeed, as that dear woman to whom reference has already been made had put it, a fool garnished with liberal and changing adjectives.

He was vain, he was weak, he was gullible and doubly broke. He borrowed money for cab fares and never had cigarettes of his own.

Once I had more than looked on, only once. It was Hooper's last night in camp; he

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was to sail next day. Barry came into my room before dinner, threw away his stick, and sat down on the bed.

"Excuse me," he said, "but will you join Hooper and me this evening? He's dining here and I must keep him till twelve. If you join us, it'll be easier."

I looked at Barry for more.

"I must keep him till twelve—he'll have to leave the Service if I don't.

Barry had dropped his invalid's graces, even the husky drawl he had of late affected; he was short, brisk, and quite the soldier.

"I don't really know you," he said, "except from stopping at the hotel—but you're an Englishman, are you not?"

I nodded, waiting for him.

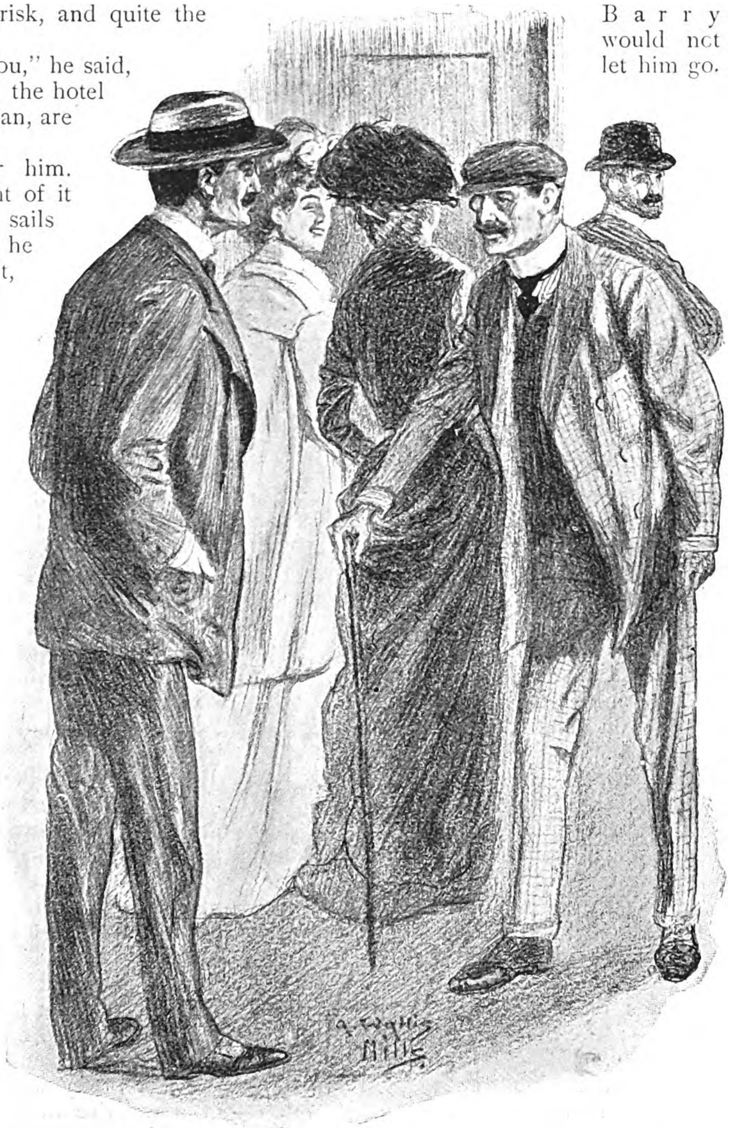
"We're to make a night of it and then—well, Hooper sails to-morrow. And—er" he added as an after-thought, "if we're a bit rowdy you needn't mind Gutekunst"—the hotel was Gutekunst's—"I've squared him, and a cab will be here at twelve to take the cub home. We've to hold him till then," and Barry went out.

That was all I knew for the present, but it seemed enough to go on with. I was down in Folkestone for change, and this promised a little.

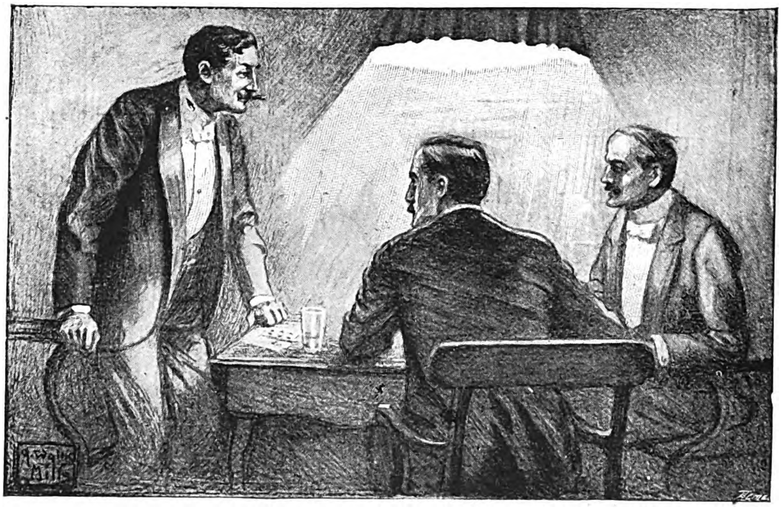
Ten minutes later I met Barry in the hall. He was leaning heavily on his stick, and the ladies were making way for him as for one who had fallen. They were very cold, and his laugh was harsh and husky, and he had a bold look that none of them seemed to like.

By-and-bye came Hooper. The two dined together at their table and drank much wine. People remarked upon the quantity of wine and the loudness of Barry's laugh. Even Hooper reproved him, kicking him under the table with that object.

They had their coffee in the lounge, and there I was introduced, and there Barry ate lighted matches, called the waiter by original names, and otherwise misconducted himself. He insisted on our arms when we turned into the smoke-room, and there he produced cards, letting Hooper win. Soon, however, Hooper grew restless and looked at the clock. But Barry would not let him go.



Ten minutes later I met Barry in the hall. He was leaning heavily on his stick.



"Didn't know I was as bad as this," he said doubtfully, "I'll have a fly."

"You've won our money," said Barry, "and now you're off."

Hooper pleaded an important engagement — "my last night, you know," he explained.

"Let her go," said Barry, "you're off to-morrow, and I want some of my money back."

So we played on, and Hooper won. We let him win, Barry handing me coin—"It'll save you the fag of going up to your room," he said, and he winked.

I lost most of it; and Hooper, fired by his winnings, began to grow reckless. He also drank much whiskey.

A second time he looked at the clock and threw down his cards.

"No, you don't. Have another peg and give us a fair chance!" said Barry.

And between us we kept him. It was expensive at first, but when we started to win, we overhauled him pretty fast. His play became wilder, and he was losing quicker than he had won.

Every once in a while he looked at the clock, but now that the game had turned, it was he who wanted to stay, and, when we had quite cleaned him out, he kept on, marking his losses on a piece of paper. And we stood this; even let him cheat, at which he was clumsy.

He was something to the good when we left off and fairly resigned.

"You chaps have made me miss a good thing—poor girl, I've a good mind to knock her up now," he said, pocketing his money.

But Barry didn't mind this time. "Another peg, old chap, and good luck to you," he said, filling for Hooper. Half and half it was. And then Hooper got up and staggered.

"Didn't know I was as bad as this," he said doubtfully, "I'll have a fly."

We rang for the sleepy waiter. He'd been abusing us in German for keeping him out of bed, but he was wide awake enough to know that Hooper's fly was there.

And so presently Hooper set out, very unsteady, and we said good-bye to him on the kerb.

He gave an address in the Sandgate Road.

But Barry was ready for this. He had thrown his stick away, taken somebody's cap and coat from the hall, and had actually mounted the box.

"If you're not too tired you might wait," he said, as they rolled off, "I'd better see this through." I grinned; for he was personally conducting Hooper back to his quarters at Shorncliffe Camp.

Barry came to me in my room not so long after. The electric light had gone and we sat with candles. "Hooper's safe," said Barry; "and—and—there'll be the dickens to pay somewhere!"

I looked, and Barry caught my look.

"But, of course, you don't understand all this," he continued. "You've been deuced good to trust me. It's like this. They're short of men at the Camp owing to the war, too short for words, and so Hooper's been on the Staff—they've had an ass like Hooper on the Staff! The General doesn't know what I know—Hooper's in my regiment, t'other battalion, but transferred now—the General doesn't know that he's hard up and a silly young fool and just the sort to blab to the first pretty woman that takes any notice of him. I've done all this off my own bat, kept him out of one sort of mischief as far as I was able. You see I know Hooper's people and how sick they'd be if he got the boot, had to leave the Service—and he's in my regiment. He's ordered out, and I think he'll come on with a little kicking—Africa 'll do him good." Then he asked quite casually as it seemed, "Know Folkestone?"

"Only the Front."

"I know it well," said Barry. "Now, there's the Sandgate Road, for instance, and a lady living there—nice house, plenty of money, she entertains, manners charming, everything as it should be. But nobody knows where it all comes from. Well, we say France—in the Service, you know. We can't prove it, not yet. We say that the lady in the Sandgate Road draws a handsome salary from the French War Office, and that most of it's spent on subalterns—especially when they're on the Staff. No, you never meet a woman there, but young fools like Hooper and perhaps an innocent person like me. But mostly young fools like Hooper, and, if they're on the Staff, they're worth knowing. You see they come across secrets, and, if they're broke, they may sell 'em, and, if they're vain and silly, they may tell 'em, especially if they're helped. Hooper thinks he's quite the lady-killer because he was going round there to-night to blab—something about the Dover mine-fields.

"It's been a fight all the last month—myself and whiskey and cards against the lady in the Sandgate Road—I've made him come here as much as I could—kept up the invalid and this stick on purpose. It's been a fight—and I fancy I've won," said Barry. "But I've ruined my reputation," he added with a smile, "the hotel's near cutting me."

He rose to go.

"Of course, this—this is private—you're an Englishman," said he.

"And a journalist," said I. "But I'll change the names."

"Well, I can't stop you," said Captain Barry.

NORAH

Wid jealousy crazy,
I feel so onasy,
For sure, such a daisy,
  There niver was seen;
Her face is the swatest,
Her form the complatest,
Her foot is the natest
  E'er stepped on the green;

Oh, faith, how I love her!
Stars, shining above her,
Can niver discover
  A colleen so fair;
Her eyes are entrancing,
Wid divilment dancing,
Whin on ye they're glancing,
  Ye'd betther beware.

If she be relenting,
And not so tormenting,
But swately consenting,
  I'll make her my wife;
As deep as the ocean,
Shall be my devotion,
No fuss or commotion,
  Shall trouble our life.

The Finding of the Kings Cup

By Victor L. Whitechurch.

"Now, I'll give you a plot for a story," said the Squire.

"Thanks very much," I replied, but I fear with rather bad grace, for I am too used to the remark. Friends who know that I write are constantly making the same sort of offer to me, and ninety-nine times out of a hundred the "plot" is palpably absurd or totally unworkable. "Oh, *you* can make something out of it, I'm sure," they say when they have finished, and one has to grin and bear it. And they fondly think they are doing me a service, and go and brag about it!

"It's a most remarkable story, and it's perfectly true," went on the Squire. "It happened to me in this very house."

Worse and worse! Some little dry fact or event in his simple country life that would bore me to death.

I lit a cigar, resigned myself, and the Squire began.

Strangely enough, it was the hundredth exception that proves the rule, and when he had finished I found myself asking:

"Will you allow me to publish this, Davenant?"

"Certainly. Do what you like with it."

So I have taken him at his word, and have done what I liked with it. I have tried to tell the story in his own words as nearly as possible, making him the narrator. Therefore the Squire shall speak for himself.

* * * *

You've heard of Roden Forbes, the smart criminal barrister? Ah, of course you have. He was up at John's with me, you know, in the old 'Varsity days, and we always hit it off pretty well together. Since then, our lives have drifted apart. I've settled down here in the old family mansion, and followed the hounds like my ancestors, and generally devoted myself to an honest country life, while Forbes has had to use his brains, perhaps not always in the cause of honesty, but certainly with success, though, mind you, I wouldn't work as he does, if I were paid ten times the money. I don't believe in all this modern rush of life and wearing away of the brain at high pressure. Our forefathers never did it, and they were as fine a set of men as—but, there, I was talking about Forbes. The way that fellow works is a marvel. Reading briefs far into the night, rushing about the courts all day, interviewing solicitors, no time for meals or rest or anything else! No wonder that every now and then he gets thoroughly done up and fit for nothing for a week or two.

It was in such a condition that he came down here to stay last summer. I'd asked him several times to put in a few days at King's Court—once he had run down from Saturday to Monday—but I could never get him to fix up a fortnight or three weeks. He was always too busy. At length he wrote and said he would come, hinting that he should be glad of a rest, as he felt rather done up after some intricate cases that had been occupying him.

I was quite shocked when he drove up to the house. He looked a total wreck. His face was drawn and careworn, his head drooped listlessly, he had grown much thinner; in fact, he looked downright ill.

"You've been overdoing yourself, Forbes," I said, as soon as he was in the house.

He smiled feebly.

"I've had a fair racket lately," he owned, "but a week's rest will soon put me right."

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"I'll see that you have it, too; aye, and more than a week, my boy," I said, "You'll just take it easy here and do what you like."

"Thanks," he said, "I confess I don't feel very energetic, but the country air will work wonders. I'm already longing for a stroll in your grounds. I remember when I came here before a lovely walk over some fields and through a wood to the source of a little stream."

"Ah, yes, Deadman's Pool we call it. That's a bit too far for you to walk to-day."

"I shall try it to-morrow, perhaps. I've often thought since what a beautiful bit of country it was?"

"It *is* a beautiful bit of country," I said with some pride, for I love the place with all my heart, "you know what Charles the First said about it?"

"Charles the First?"

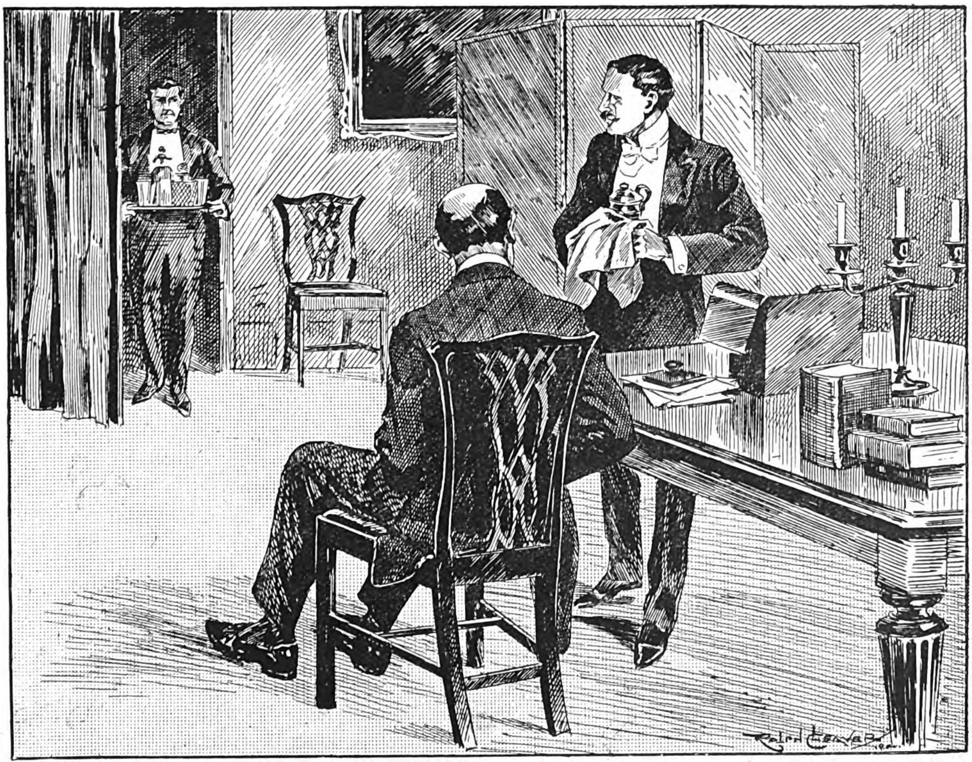
"Yes. He stayed here once. Sir Richard Davenant was one of the old loyalist cavaliers, and proud he was to welcome his king, and proud has every Davenant been since to think of it. That's why Sir Richard changed the name from Davenant Court to King's Court. Well, His Majesty said these words: 'Right content would I be to turn aside from the irksome life of a monarch, and live and die in peace in this fair portion of the land. But God forbids it, Sir Reginald.' These words have been treasured in the history of our family, Forbes, together with the King's gift—our silver cup."

"And what is that?"

"I'll show it to you after dinner," I said. "It's a little silver goblet that Charles the First gave to Sir Reginald Davenant, the most precious heirloom I possess."

At dinner Forbes seemed almost worse. He ate very little food, and his hand trembled so much that in setting down his glass on the table he broke it, and inflicted a nasty cut on his finger. My wife tore a strip off her own handkerchief and bound it up for him, for he seemed quite faint over it. Later on in the evening I took him into my study to smoke a cigar and to show him the King's cup.

You know it is kept in a little iron safe let into the study wall. Now some years ago I took it into my head to have a "letter-lock" attached to this safe. One sometimes leaves



I was taking the cup from its wrapping of chamois leather, when Peters, my butler, entered.

keys about, and once I had mislaid the key altogether, so I took this course of action. I had a lock made with a combination of seven letters. Forbes remarked upon it as I opened the safe.

"Suppose you forgot the right order of the letters," he said.

"There's no danger of that," I replied, "See, the word is 'Carolus.' Most appropriate, isn't it?"

I had just uttered this, and was taking the cup from its wrappings of chamois leather, when Peters, my butler, entered with a tray of glasses and spirits. I did not think anything of this at the time, and, simply telling him there was nothing more required, bade him good-night, and he left the room.

Then I handed Roden Forbes the precious silver cup, and he examined it critically, admiring particularly the chased work upon the handle.

"I should like to see this again by daylight, if you don't mind," he said presently.

"You shall," I replied, as I locked up the cup in its safe once more, and we settled down for a smoke. After a bit he rose and said he would go to bed. I closed the French window, which had been open on account of the heat, and he looked out for a moment across the lawn, which was beginning to glisten with dew in the moon-light, and then I drew down the blind and went with him to his room.

"Good-night," I said; "I hope you'll sleep well and feel better in the morning."

"I hope I shall," he answered, "I'm awfully tired, and my nerves seem to be shaken up. Good-night, old chap!"

When he came down in the morning he was as pale as ever; in fact, my wife and I felt quite nervous about him, and even asked if we should call in a doctor.

"Oh, no," he said, "I've had a bad night, that's all. I woke up very early, feeling quite exhausted. I think I dreamed a good bit, but I can't remember what about."

"You shall have some refreshments put in your room to-night," said my wife.

He thanked her, and we sat down to breakfast. As soon as we had finished he reminded me of my promise to show him the King's cup by daylight. So I took him into the study. It lies to the north, and the shadow of the house lay darkly across the lawn, which was still steeped in dew. I found the word "Carolus" on the lock, opened the safe, and put in my hand——

"What's the matter?" asked Forbes as I gave a cry of alarm.

"The cup!" I exclaimed. "It's gone!"

"Gone!"

"Yes. The safe is empty. It's stolen!" And I rushed to the bell-pull.

"Stop!" cried Forbes, catching me by the arm, "don't give the alarm yet. If it's stolen, as you say, let's think a moment. Was the house locked up last night?"

"Yes," I replied. "I went the rounds, as I always do, after I said good-night to you."

"And you were the last up?"

"Yes."

"That's a help."

"How?"

"Don't you see? If anyone from *outside* had broken in the servants would have discovered it before now."

I looked at the man as he spoke. His face had undergone an entire change. It was animated in the extreme. His eye flashed, the colour had come into his cheeks. And then I remembered that one of the cleverest criminal barristers of the day stood before me, one whose life's work was the investigation of mysteries of this kind.

"Now then," he went on, "who's been in this room since we left it?"

"Only the housemaid."

"*And* the thief. How many people are there in the house?"

"Ourselves, my wife and the two children, their governess, three men-servants and four female domestics."

"And how many of them knew the secret of that lock?"

"Only my wife and myself."

"You're wrong," he said, "you told me, and remember there was someone close outside the door when you did so."

"Who?"

"Your butler!"

"Peters? Why, he's an old and trusted servant, and——"

"They generally *are*, I find," said Forbes impatiently.

"I'll call him at once," I said.

"Don't be a fool, Davenant," he replied. "The great thing for the present is not to let anyone know you've missed the cup. Don't tell a soul. There's ten times the chance of catching a thief if you can get on his trail before he thinks the robbery is discovered."

"What's to be done, then?"

"I'll tell you in a moment. Here's my theory. The cup's stolen by someone *in* the house. Then it isn't likely to be inside, for he'd suspect a search. Perhaps he'd even lay a false trap."

He walked quickly to the window.

"I thought so!" he exclaimed.

"What?"

"Look at those tracks across the grass going *and* returning. See?"

I looked out, and there, sure enough, were footprints over the heavy dew, both from and to the study window, right across the lawn.

"Wait a bit!" went on Forbes, dropping down on his knees. "Look! Here are a couple of muddy footmarks on the polished floor, and made by someone coming *in*. That settles it."

"Settles what?"

"Why, that he went out first and then returned. It was a cute idea, but clumsily worked. Now look here, Davenant, will you let me go on investigating this, for a few hours, at least? I'm not exactly a detective, but it's all in my day's work, you know. You might drive into Dullminster and tell the police quietly, and ask them to send a couple of plain clothes men into the village to hang about in case Peters tries to bolt. But let me follow up this clue—at any rate till lunch-time."

"You'll tire yourself out ——" I began.

"My dear fellow," he interrupted, "I shall tire myself much more if I keep thinking about it and don't *do* anything."

So I consented. I nonchalantly ordered the dog-cart and started to drive into the neighbouring town of Dullminster, alone, lest the groom should see me go to the police. Before I drove off I saw Roden Forbes strolling across the lawn, his eyes directed to the ground. He was on the track.

He was late back to lunch, and we had already sat down when he came in, looking terribly worn and feverish. He gave me a warning look not to mention anything that had occurred, and as soon as the meal was over we repaired to the study.

"Well?" I asked anxiously, "have you discovered anything?"

"Yes, I think I have," he replied.

"What?"

He waited a full minute before answering, and then said, very slowly:

"Davenant, you'll think me very strange—but I hardly care to tell you *what* I have found out. It is worrying me fearfully. I was right in the basis of my conjectures, but—I never thought—the mischief is, Davenant, that though I *know* who took it I can't discover where the cup is."

"You know who took it?"

"I am certain."

"You have proofs?"

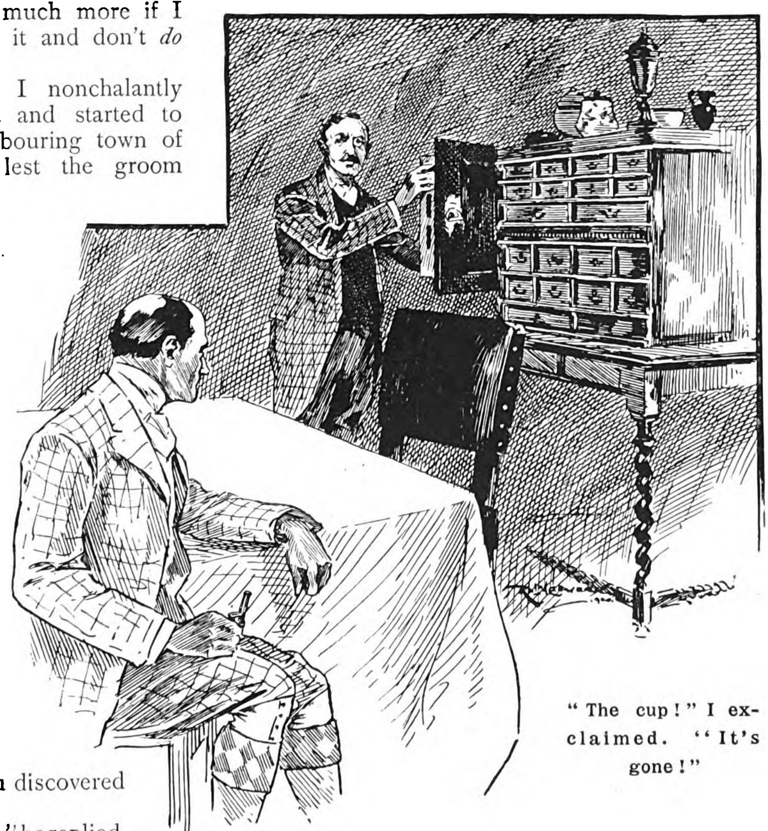
"Absolutely."

"Then let us put the scoundrel into the hands of the police at once, and force him to confess," I said impatiently.

"It won't do," he said, "the only chance to get that cup back again is to do exactly what I tell you."

"And what's that?"

"Tell Mrs. Davenant to give your cook orders to put precisely the same dinner as we had last night on the table. Take that silver cup I noticed your little girl was using at



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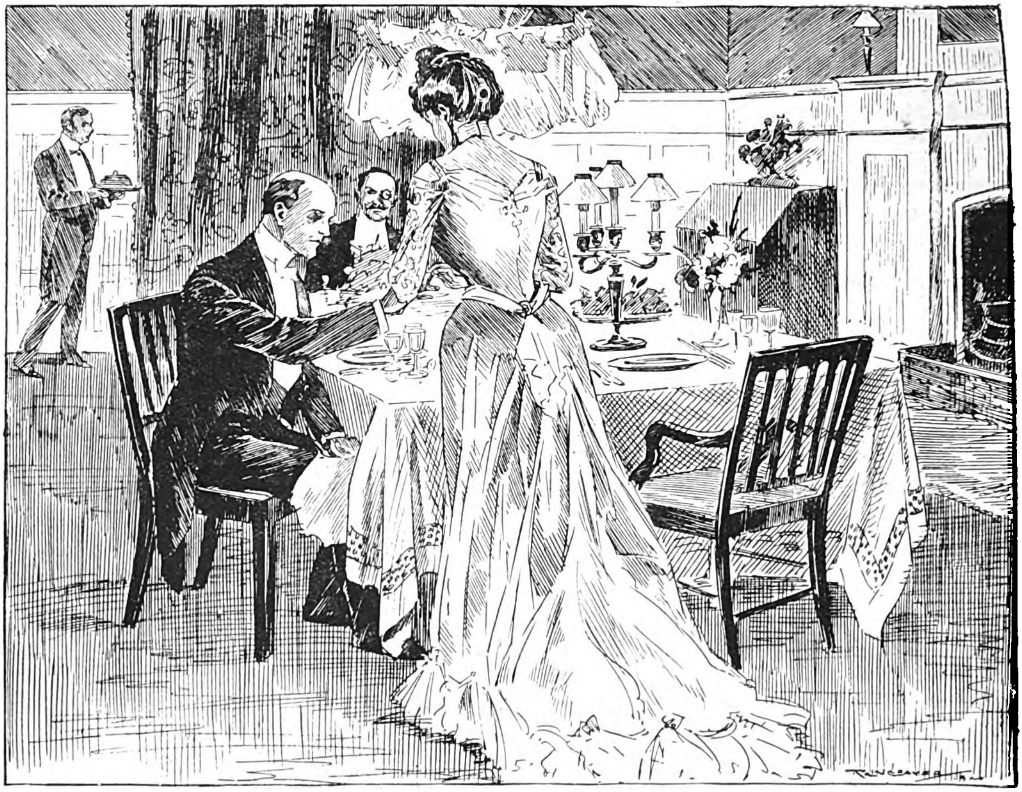


She was very much astonished at the request, but did it.

table and lock it up in the safe exactly as if it were the King's cup, and don't ask me another question till to-night. Then I'll give you some still more peculiar instructions, and if you carry them out you may be rewarded for it. One thing more, though. Have you got any fuzees in the house?"

"Fuzees?" I asked in blank astonishment. "No. I never keep them."

"Can you buy them in the village?"

"I'm afraid not."

"Then send your groom into Dullminster to get a box. It's essential."

I think he must have seen that for the moment I doubted his sanity, for he exclaimed with a laugh:

"It's all right, old chap. I'm perfectly in my senses. Only there's a curious little psychological problem to be solved before that cup can be found."

At dinner he was as nervous as ever, so much so that he again broke a wineglass, apologising profusely the moment afterwards.

"I hope you haven't cut yourself again," said my wife.

"No," he replied, "but I've opened the wound. Would you—*would* you mind binding it up again with a strip of your handkerchief?"

She was very much astonished at the request, but she did it.

After dinner, we went into the study as before, and Forbes made me open the safe and show him my little girl's christening cup, handling it exactly as he had done the King's cup on the previous evening. Curiously enough, too, he contrived that I should open the lock at the moment that we heard Peters' step outside the door. The latter brought in the tray containing the decanters and the box of fuzees for which I had sent specially to Dullminster. Forbes took the box into his hands, opened it, and deliberately emptied the contents on to the table, selecting one fuzee, which he put back into the box, and leaving the rest.

"I only want one," he said with a smile.

"I quite fail to understand you," I replied.

"I'm quite sure you do," he answered, "and my actions must appear very strange to you. I'm sorry I cannot explain them yet, but if all turns out as I hope it will, you will see that there has been considerable method in my madness. All my aim is to recover the lost cup for you, and then I shall be satisfied."

When he had finished his cigar, he rose to go to bed, handing me a note.

"Read that after you've locked up and obey it implicitly," he said, "and now, see me to my room and say good-night."

I did so. A few minutes later I read the following mysterious communication:

> Don't go to bed, but stay in the corridor outside my room and wait till I come. On no account show a light. When I come out, *follow me wherever I go*, but neither speak to me, nor touch me, nor make any noise unless you wish to lose the King's cup for ever.
>
> N.B.—You'll want your hat and overcoat.

I went to my room and showed this curious letter to my wife, telling her the whole story. She listened attentively.

"It's very strange," she said, "but I should go, I think. Take a stick or a pistol with you, dear!"

I must have waited in that corridor for three mortal hours. The clock had just struck two, and I was making up my mind that Roden Forbes had gone hopelessly insane, when his door opened, and I saw him appear in the moonlight, dressed in evening dress, and smoking a cigarette. I nearly spoke, but, restraining myself, followed him as he walked down the stairs and made straight for the study.

His next move was to go to the safe, on which the moon was shining, and calmly to turn the letter-lock to the word "Carolus." This done, he opened the safe, took out the christening mug, closed and locked it. Then he went to the window, undid the bolts, slipped the fastening, and stepped out on to the lawn.

I followed in astonishment. He walked on at a quick pace to a gate leading into the fields at the back of the house. As he went through this gate, he threw away the stump of the cigarette. Then he kept on, across two fields, and climbed over a style. He paused a moment, put a fresh cigarette in his mouth, took out the box of fuzees I had sent for and rattled it.

"Only one," I heard him mutter.

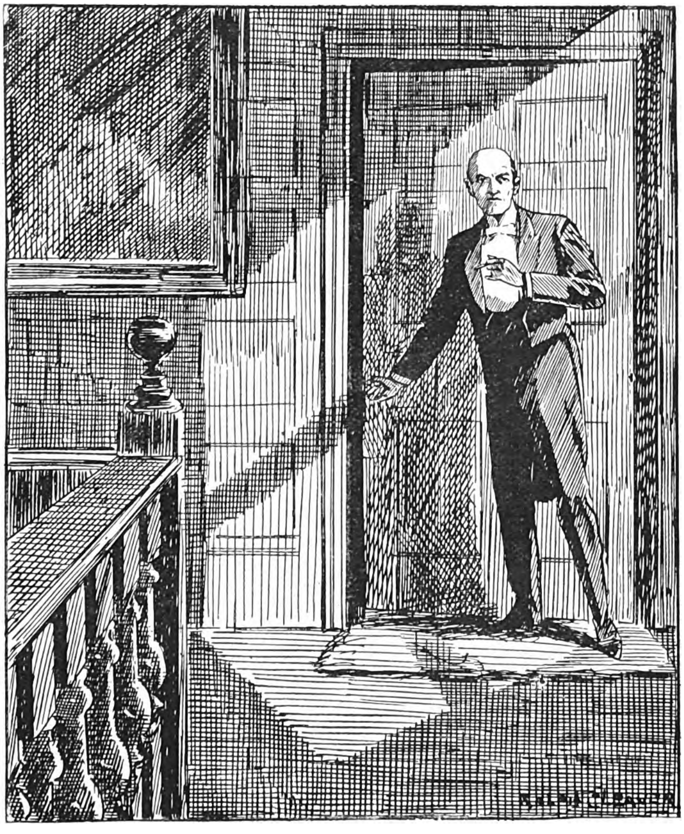
He struck this and lit his cigarette, throwing the empty box away. Then he started on. We were close to a wood now, and he seemed to hesitate. Apparently he was doing something to the bandage on his finger.

"It's a nuisance," he murmured.

And he took it off and threw it on the ground.

I still followed him silently as he walked along the path through the wood, the moonlight streaming down through the trees. It was getting more and more mysterious. At length we reached a clearing, and the reflection of the moon shone on some water. It was Deadman's Pool.

I confess I felt a bit uncomfortable as he



His door opened, and I saw him appear in the moonlight.

stepped to the edge of the water. The next moment he had raised his hand aloft and the silver cup was flying through the air.

"Splash!" The moon glittered on it as it sank in the deep water.

Then Roden Forbes turned and started home as fast as he could run. I've been after the harriers myself many a day, but I've never had such a chase as that was. However, I managed to keep within a few yards of him all the way to the house. He recrossed the lawn and flung open the study window, entered the room, and was pushing the window to as I rushed to it.

There was a struggle. He tried to keep me out. But I was the stronger of the two, and forced myself in. I could restrain myself no longer.

"Forbes," I cried, "what on earth——"

He stood still for a moment, his eyes gazing on me in terror.

"Good Heavens, where am I?" he exclaimed.

Then he sank into a chair. I lit a candle. The decanter of spirits was still on the table, and I poured a wineglass of brandy down his throat.

"I know—I know now," he gasped. "Did you follow me, Davenant?"

"Yes," I said, "but what——"

"And what did I do with the cup—tell me—did you see?

"You threw it into Deadman's Pool, but——"

"Then the King's cup lies there too. It's all right, old chap. You must get it dragged."

"But you?"

"I was *asleep*, Davenant."

"Asleep?"

"Yes. Let me explain."

"Not now," I urged. "Come to bed."

"No. It'll be better to tell you and get the strain over. Let me have a cigarette. That's right; not too much of that brandy, please. Now I'll tell you. When I started out on my search in the morning I tracked the footsteps to that gate opening into the field. Then I picked up the stump of a cigarette. It was gold tipped, and I made a note of it, thinking it was a strange coincidence that *I* had been smoking a similar kind. The grass across the fields was long, and I had no difficulty in following the footmarks. The other side of the stile I found an empty fuzee box, and then, for the first time, a horrible suspicion crept over me, for it bore on it the name of a tobacconist in Fleet Street whom I patronise, and I remembered that the previous evening I had only one fuzee left in my box. A few paces further on I found the last bit of evidence, a blood-stained bit of rag, with your wife's initials on the corner. Then I was sure of the horrible truth. Many years ago I was much over-wrought, and for several nights I walked in my sleep and did things concerning which I had no recollection the next day.

Once more the curse was upon me, and I knew *I* had stolen the cup. It was quite plain. You had given me the secret word, and I had gone to sleep thinking of it. You know very well that when one's nerves are in a strained or shattered condition, as mine are just at present, that the brain is often most ready to receive queer impressions—impressions that often lie dormant at the time, until the effect of them comes out in dreams. The strange part is that these impressions vanish away again in one's waking moments. If only the faintest recollection of the dream had remained, I might have got my clue directly we discovered the cup had been taken. As it happened, though, it was only the incontrovertible proof of what must have taken place that I had to go upon, and this proof only carried me to a certain limit, as I will explain to you.

"The great question was, what had I done with it? The pathway now was hard ground, and I could make out no more traces. I searched all over the neighbourhood in vain, and then I thought of my plan. It seemed to me that if I spent the evening *exactly* as I had done the previous one, that it would have the same effect upon my night's rest—or rather unrest, and that if I was followed the hiding-place would be found. That's why I wanted the same dinner, and upset the glass, and had my hand bound up, and got you to unlock the safe just as Peters entered, do you see?"

I nodded.

"I *forced* myself into the same psychological state, as it were. We all know how strong an influence the minutest circumstance has upon the brain in such a case. All things that influence the senses—the smell of a cigar, the taste of a particular dish—all had played their own particular parts in this strange psychological drama, and I determined, though I knew you would think me eccentric, to leave not the slightest detail that I could possibly remember out of the question. When I undressed I laid my clothes exactly as I had done the previous night, taking care that the fuzee box and my cigarette case should be in the same pockets. Everything had to be worked on a parallel. The mind was ready, and the materials had to be prepared to suit it. Now, tell me. Was I smoking when I came downstairs?"

"You were."

"And did I throw away my cigarette end as I went through the gate?"

"Yes."

"Exactly. And I lit another and chucked away the fuzee box on the other side of the stile."

"You did."

"And then, I suppose, I must have taken the bandage off and dropped it."

"Yes. It seemed to annoy you."

"Then, my dear Davenant, depend upon it, you'll find the King's cup all right. It has been a perfect parallel all through. What induced me to throw it into the water I don't know. I suppose Deadman's Pool mixed itself up with the distorted imagery of my brain simply because I had been talking about the place to you. At all events, I feel absolutely certain that it is at the bottom of that pool that your precious little treasure lies. Well, I'm glad Peters is cleared. And now I think I'll go to bed again."

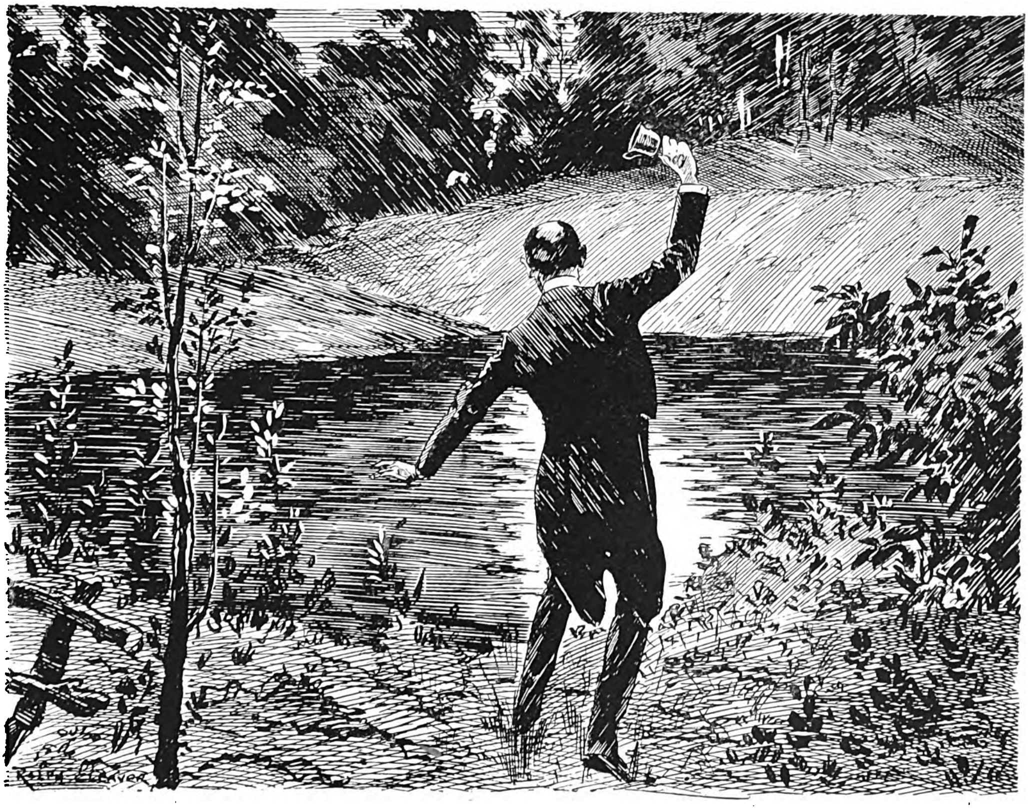
"And you'll rest there till my doctor's seen you, Forbes," I said. "It's been an awful strain upon you. But we'll have no more night excursions!"

By this time he was very exhausted, for the strain of the night's sleep-walking, together with the suppressed excitement of the previous day, and the sudden awakening in the library after his adventure had begun to tell upon him very much. He quite trembled as he took my arm and I led him up to his room once more. I did not leave him until I had helped him to undress and had seen him safely installed in bed. Then I wished him good night—or rather "good morning."

"I'm awfully sorry for all the trouble I've caused," he said. "But I feel sure it will all be right now."

"So do I," I replied.

Well, I had the little pool searched in the morning. It did not want dragging, for the water was clear, and we soon found both cups. Roden Forbes got quite well and strong before he left. Poor chap! It's a terrible mistake to work as he does. But fancy a detective detecting himself!



The next moment he had raised his hand aloft.

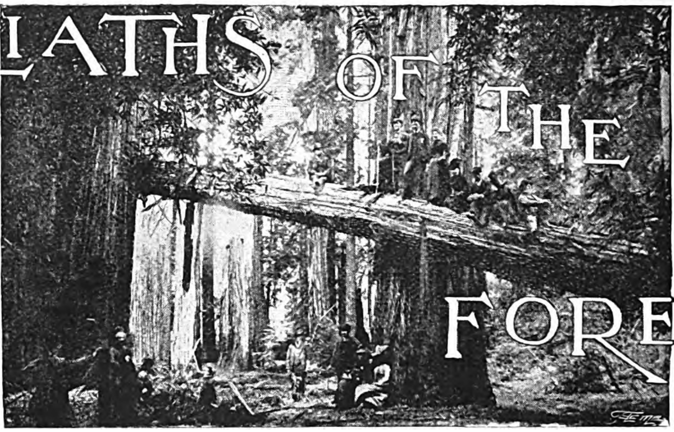
GOLIATHS OF THE FOREST.

By

Harold

Shepstone.

Illustrated with Photographs.



An excursion party among the giant trees of California.

Of all the natural wonders to be found in the land of "big things," there is nothing, perhaps, more wonderful, or more awe-inspiring, than the "Big trees" of California. Even the mighty geysers of Yellowstone Park pale into insignificance when compared with these stately monarchs of the forests.

The region where these forest giants are to be found is about 150 miles long, by about twenty miles wide, in the State of California, easy of approach by rail from San Francisco. Taking leave of this busy port, Felton Station—better known in the locality as "Big Tree" Station—is quickly reached, and the visitor is at once in the very heart of this land of natural wonders.

There are two "classes" of trees, those known as the "Big trees," which are religiously guarded by the United States Government, and those known as the "Redwoods." Botanically speaking, both the Redwoods and the Big trees are species of the *genus Sequoia*. The name Sequoia was bestowed upon them in honour of an intelligent Cherokee Indian, Sequoyah, who invented an alphabet for his people, but as he was never associated in any way with California or with the Big trees it is somewhat difficult to see why his name should be coupled with the grandest production of the vegetable kingdom.

The honour of discovering the Big trees belongs to Mr. A. T. Dowd, a hunter, who came across them by accident in 1852. He

A fallen tree, the hollow trunk of which is used as a miner's cabin.

The hollow in this tree trunk is capable of accommodating several vehicles and horses in wet weather.

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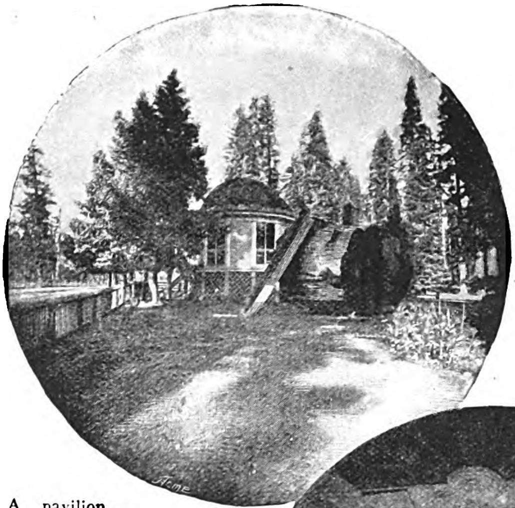
had wounded a bear and was pursuing his quarry when he suddenly beheld one of these immense monsters of the forests. Naturally, all thoughts of hunting were banished, as he stood gazing at one of these forest giants, the like of which are to be seen in no other part of the world. Since then, thousands of tourists have travelled from all parts of the globe to see for themselves these mammoth trees.

The Big trees which are only to be found on the western slopes of the Sierra Nevada Mountains grow in clusters or groves, yet there would seem to be no apparent reason why they should be found in patches, as the intermediate country is well adapted for their propagation. In the Calaveras Grove, which occupies an area of about 50 acres, there are over a hundred trees of goodly size. It would be impossible to give even a brief description of the trees of this grove, but an allusion may be made to some of the largest. Excursions may be taken from the Mammoth Grove Hotel—a large, yet cosy white building, nestling comfortably among tall pines—to the surrounding places of interest. The principal trees have been christened with characteristic names by which they are universally known. These appellations have been printed in large letters and pasted on boards which are nailed to the respective trees, so that visitors can easily identify them.

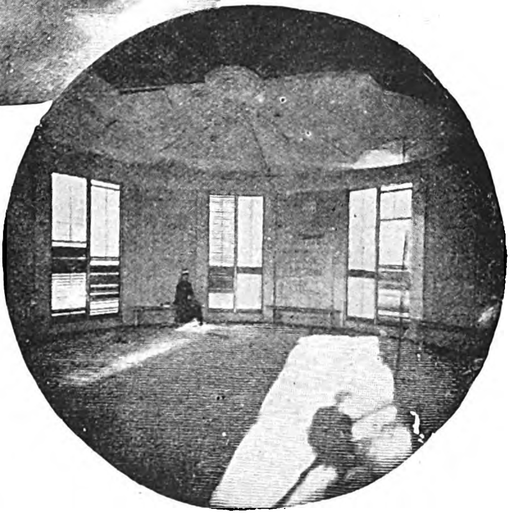
The largest tree now standing in this grove is "The Mother of the Forest." As far back as 1854 the bark was stripped from this forest monster to the height of 116ft., by Mr. George Hale, for purposes of exhibition. Before the bark was removed, it boasted of a circumference of 90ft. at the base, while its present girth is no less than 84ft. It is nearly 140ft. to the first branch, and its height cannot be less than 320ft. The average thickness of the bark was 11in., although in places it was nearly two feet. It is estimated that this tree alone contains 537,000 feet of sound timber.

Not far from this giant lies the prostrate and majestic body of the "Father of the Forest," the largest tree of the entire group, and we give an illustration of the present appearance of this monster. This tree measures in circumference at the base, 110ft. To the first branch, the distance is 200ft. Up to this point the tree is a hollow, through which a man can easily walk erect. It is difficult to judge what the exact height of this tree must have been when its graceful branches waved to and fro in the breeze, but it is stated that it could not have been less than 435ft. in height, higher than the cross on the top of St. Paul's Cathedral!

And yet this magnificent tree is not the tallest in the world! Americans who are accustomed to use the superlative gender when speaking of the size of any of their products or phenomena, will no doubt be most incensed when they learn that their "goliaths of the forest" are out-goliathed by a mere Australian. And yet this is the case, and our good cousins may as well resign themselves to a back seat with the best available grace. The victor of the Californian pine is the Victorian gum-tree (*Eucalyptus amygdalina,*



A pavilion made out of the stump of a big tree and used as a ball-room.



Interior of the same pavilion; the floor is one solid piece of timber.

as the botanist has it), an imperial monster, standing on a white, smooth stem, and without branches for 60 or 70 feet from the ground. In some districts of Victoria the *average* height of these trees is no less than 300ft! But the tallest—the tallest, indeed, that has ever been seen by man in historic times—is one that was discovered lying prostrate, like the "Father of the Forest" in California, on the Black Spur. It was found to be 470ft. in length, and 81ft. round the waist—slimmer, therefore, than either the "Mother" or the "Father of the Forest," but 35ft. longer than the latter.

A curious growth of giant tree, known as "The Eagle's Wing."

EM
CARRIE
BELLE
3 GRACES

The "Three Graces," each over 290ft. high.

To return to California there are also the "Husband and Wife," a graceful pair of trees, 252ft. in height, which have earned for themselves this title on account of the pretty and affectionate way in which they lean against each other. Then there is the "Old Maid," a broken-topped and forlorn-looking spinster of the big tree family, while at a respectable distance from it stands the dejected form of the "Old Bachelor."

"Uncle Tom's Cabin," is another fanciful name given to one of the giants, on account of the tent-like opening at its base—an opening in which twenty-five persons can easily find sitting room without being cramped.

"The Pioneers' Cabin" is another tree which has a large opening at its base, in which visitors, and even conveyances and horses, can find shelter on a rainy day.

Mention, too, must be made of the "Pride of the Forest," one of the most beautiful trees in the grove. It is not, however, so large as many of the others, but is nevertheless a fine growth, 275ft. in height, with a circumference at its base of 60ft. "The Three Graces" is the name bestowed on a cluster of three. They are all sound, well-shaped, noble-looking giants, each measuring about 295ft. in height.

A better idea, perhaps, of the size of these kings of the forest may be gauged from our two illustrations on the opposite page, which depicts what is known as the Pavilion Stump House. In the first photograph a round pavilion is shown with a dome, while near it is a section or stump of an immense tree, with a ladder leading to the top of it, on the topmost rung of which a man may be noticed in a sitting posture. The novelty about the pavilion is the fact that it is made out of one of the stumps of these forest giants. The interior is shown in the next picture. The walls are decorated everywhere with names and dates which have been carved thereon by various tourists and visitors. The floor is one solid piece of timber, cut from a section of the stump outside. No fewer than thirty-two persons have danced on this floor at one time, without suffering any inconvenience whatever, while musicians and onlookers were also accommodated at the same time. The floor, I believe, measures nearly 9yds. in diameter, and is a beautiful piece of timber, without a crack or flaw of any kind. The pavilion is still used as a ball-room. The tree took five men the greater part of twenty-two days to fell.

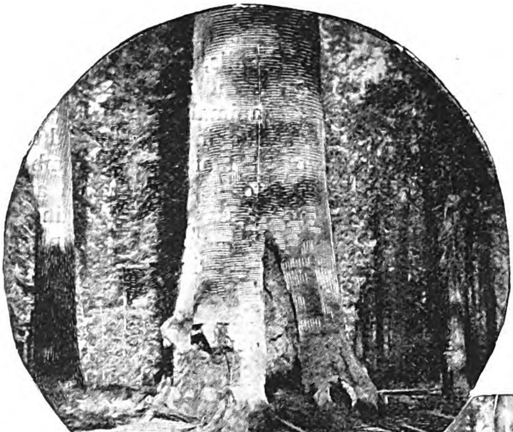
Another interesting grove is the Mariposa

Grove, which contains some 600 or 700 majestic trees. It has been set apart by Congress as a National Park, and everything is done by the military police to protect the trees. Forest fires, however, have, at times, wrought much havoc among the trees, and the neighbouring forests.

One of the most famous growths in the Mariposa Grove, perhaps, is the "Grizzly Giant," a sturdy, gnarled old fellow, which, although badly burned and its bark peeled off, so that a large portion of its original size is lost, is, nevertheless, 93ft. in circumference at the base. One has to look up over 200ft. before the first branch is seen, which is 8ft. in diameter. It stands about 280ft. in height. Everyone has seen the famous picture of a coach driving through a tree, which is used to advertise the merits of the juicy Californian grape. This tree is known as the "Wawona" tree, and is a particular favourite with tourists on account of the road which has been cut through it, and along which a coach and horses can easily be driven.

Astonishing as the figures we have quoted in respect to the circumferences and heights of some of the largest of these forest monsters may seem, one is still more surprised at their age, for it cannot be less than 2500 or 3000 years. Botanists believe that each concentric circle is the growth of one year, and as nearly 3000 such circles can be counted in some of the fallen giants, botanists contend that many of these mammoth trees must be nearly 3000 years old! When Saul was anointed King of Israel, these vast vegetable columns broke their way through the soil, mere little green sprouts; the years passed: Israel was conquered and taken into Babylonian captivity; Babylon in turn fell beneath the armies of Persia; Persia was brought to the dust by Alexander the Great; Rome arose and drew the whole of Greece into its vast possessions; and all the while these trees grew steadily upwards in their mountain solitude. Rome fulfilled her stupendous destiny, sank into decadence, and fell before the victorious barbarians of Alaric; the Middle Ages began, and the nations of the modern world slowly evolved out of savagery into civilisation—France, England, Germany gradually became what they are to-day, and the big trees of California grew with them, and will, in all likelihood, stand when these countries have gone the way of Babylonia and Rome.

Mention has been made in this article of the Californian Redwoods, which grow in such large quantities along the coast that it is not necessary for the Government to protect them, and the Redwood industry of California is enormous. The Redwoods, it would seem are imperishable, except through the axe of the woodman, for the wood resists combustion, and is difficult to destroy by fire even when dry. No other timber is as durable as Redwood; it is a good substitute for



The "Mother of the Forest," which stands 320ft. high, the highest tree now growing.

The "Father of the Forest," the highest tree ever seen in the New World. Its height when standing was 435ft., or 70ft. taller than St. Paul's Cathedral.

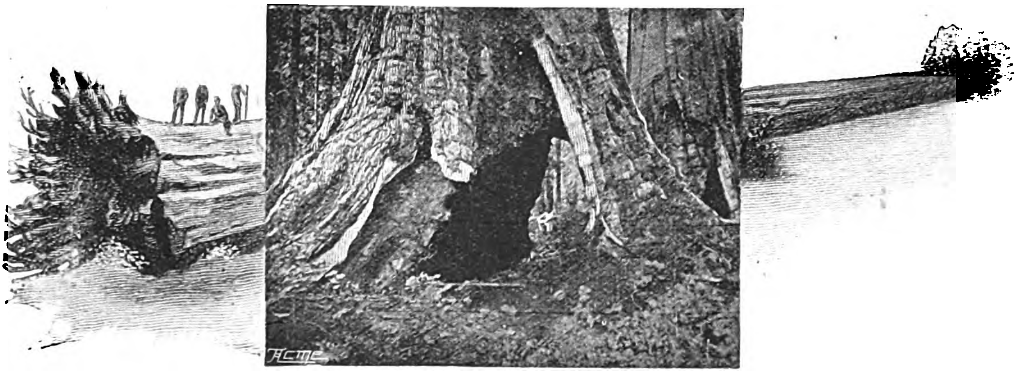
Two remarkable photographs, the first of their kind ever taken in the forests of California. They show the view looking up the giant trees. To see these pictures to advantage hold them above your head and look up at them.

mahogany and black walnut, and can also take the place of the white pine.

Remembering, therefore, the qualities of the Redwood, one is not altogether surprised to hear that the Redwood forests of California have been turned into scenes of busy activity by the lumberman. To cut down a Redwood is no easy task, and it often takes two choppers a fortnight to bring one of these giants to the earth.

Various means are resorted to for conveying the heavy logs to the sawmills. Many of the large mills in Humboldt Country include in their plant several miles of railway with locomotives and trucks for transporting the timber. In not a few instances a system of wire cables on the endless chain principle, with a powerful stationary engine for dragging the logs to the railway, is in operation. Some of the mills, however, employ oxen, and a strange sight it is to see a long string of these animals, dragging heavy and unwieldy-looking logs behind them.

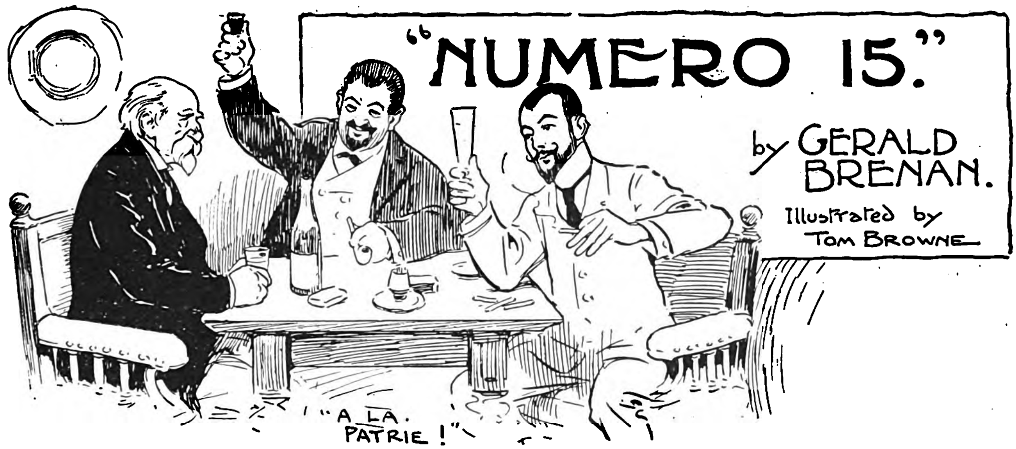
Many of the lumbermen, however, resort to the rivers, which are used with great success, for transporting the logs to the mills. Some may be inclined to think that eventually the timber of these far western forests will be exhausted, but experts tell us that California alone has a capacity of lumber in her standing forests of over 100,000,000,000 feet, valued at more than enough to pay the National Debt of Great Britain.



"NUMERO 15."

by GERALD BRENAN.

Illustrated by TOM BROWNE



"A LA PATRIE!"

THE ocean liner *La Normandie* was steaming towards Havre. In her smoking-room, three Frenchmen—chance acquaintances of the voyage—sat together around one of the tables.

The first, an elderly gentleman with a grey imperial, was discussing a bottle of white wine, and occasionally resorting to the silver snuff-box which lay before him.

The second sleek, portly, and middle-aged, varied the smoking of a briar pipe by frequent *petits verres* of cognac.

A tumblerful of dripped absinthe stood before the third, who inhaled cigarettes and could not have been more than twenty-five.

"*A la Patrie!*" exclaimed the man with the cognac, emptying his glass.

He of the white wine drank the toast with enthusiasm.

The boy blew some smoke over the dull green surface of his absinthe, and took a reflective sip.

"*La Patrie!*" murmured the old man. I have not seen it these thirty years. But now I am going back to spend my money in my beloved Paris."

"What, M. Crépin," exclaimed the toast-giver; "then you also are a Parisian?"

"Indeed I am, M. Barbey. Let us drink to Paris the unsurpassable."

The cigarette-smoker took a long pull at his absinthe.

"I am Parisian too," he said; "Parisian of the Parisians, as sure as my name is Rebillon. Moreover, I am going home to marry a Parisienne."

"Ah, *monsieur*, how interesting!"

"But, yes, it is interesting enough; particularly as my Clairette will bring me one of the best dots in Montmartre."

"The dear Montmartre!" sighed M. Crépin. "It is my native quarter."

"And *mine*," said M. Barbey.

"*And* mine," echoed the young *absintheur* who answered to the name of Rebillon.

Old Crépin pulled his imperial thoughtfully.

"On the 6th of October, 1869," he remarked, "I left my little *café* in the Rue Maréchal Canrobert—."

"*Tiens!*" interrupted Rebillon. "I thought I knew every street in Montmartre, but I never heard of a Rue Canrobert."

"Nevertheless, it is an excellent street," maintained Crépin, taking a pinch of snuff with dignity. "And my *café*, at Numero 15, was a money-maker. But, unfortunately, I had a wife; and my wife had a Disposition. I shall say no more than that she had a Disposition. And so—."

"And so you went to America, eh?" chuckled Barbey. "Wise man. I did the same thing, under much the same circumstances. Curiously enough, I had, like you, a *café*."

"Not in Montmartre?"

"Certainly in Montmartre. And what is odder still, the number of my place was '15' too. The street, however, was the Rue Paul Bert."

"I do not remember that street," put in Crépin, knitting his brows. "But perhaps my memory grows weak—."

Rebillon lit a fresh cigarette impatiently. "These must be very obscure streets you speak of, *messieurs*," he objected. "Otherwise I should certainly know them."

"Obscure!" cried Barbey. "My young friend, you are in error. The Rue Paul Bert was a fine business thoroughfare; and, when

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I married the heiress of the *café* at Numero 15, I was doing splendidly. But, as in the case of M. Crépin, there were drawbacks. Not only did my wife have a Disposition, but her worthy mother had a Disposition as well. In consequence of this, I unwittingly followed M. Crépin's example, and decamped to America, where I have done well in California clarets."

"Well," said young Rebillon. "I don't know anything about the Rue Paul Bert or the Rue Maréchal Canrobert either; but it seems a droll coincidence that I shall soon have a *café* in Montmartre, and that Numero 15 is over the door."

"Strange!" ejaculated Crépin.

"Marvellous," commented Barbey. "*Garçon*, another *petit verre*. We must drink to the Numero 15."

They drank with enthusiasm.

"What is more," continued Rebillon, "I shall resemble M. Barbey in obtaining the business by marriage. The dot of my Clairette will be a share in the best *café* of the best street in all Montmartre—I allude to Numero 15, Rue Grand' Panama."

"*Sacré!* where on earth is the Rue Grand' Panama?" demanded Barbey; while old Crépin shook his head sadly, and muttered that his memory was certainly failing.

"Not know the Rue Grand' Panama? Not know the most bustling place between La Chapelle and the Batignolles? *Messieurs*, your wits are wool-gathering. I shall have great pleasure in showing you the street, and introducing you to my Clairette, her *maman*, and her grandmother."

"Ah, the young lady has female relatives?"

"But yes," replied young Rebillon, as he puffed his cigarette discontentedly. "The *maman* and the *grand'mère* are to remain partners in the business."

Barbey winked slyly at Crépin, and set that ancient sneezing over his snuff.

"It is rather a pity," Rebillon went on. "I should have preferred the entire control of the *café*. And then the old ladies have a little of what M. Crépin calls Disposition. However, since *Madame la Mère* has fallen out with the clergy, and given up religion, she is not so bad. Too much religion is a nuisance—."

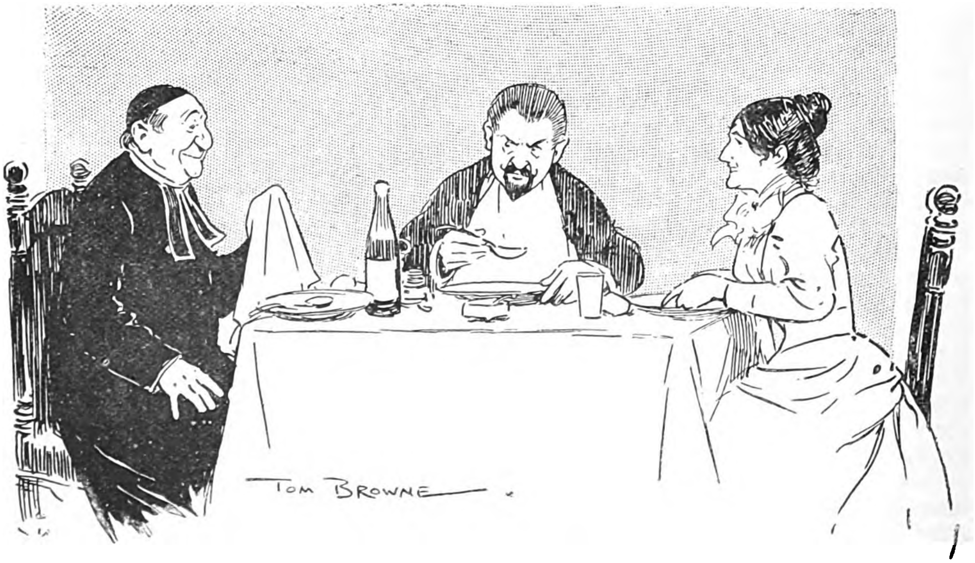
"It is indeed," assented Barbey. "My wife was a positive fanatic; and we had a priest to dinner every other day."

"Clairette's grandmother, too, has greatly improved since she lost her teeth. Nowadays she talks with difficulty, which is somewhat of a blessing."

"My faith, but you are right," said old Crépin heartily. "The wife of my bosom, while a fine woman otherwise, had a most distressing fluency of language. But Mademoiselle Clairette herself; what of her, M. Rebillon?"

"Oh, Clairette is charming."

Crépin sighed, so did Barbey. They had felt thus about their *fiancées*, until disillusionment came. Nevertheless Barbey called out



"My wife was a positive fanatic; and we had a priest to dinner every other day."

"*Garçon*, another *petit verre*. We must drink to Mademoiselle Clairette."

"It is most extraordinary," said Crépin, after the toast had been honoured, "that I cannot recall the whereabouts of the Rue Grand' Panama."

"Or I of the Rue Maréchal Canrobert," cried Barbey.

"Or I," young Rebillon remarked, "of the Rue Paul Bert. Yet Montmartre is not such a large place, and I was born, brought up, and did my schooling and lovemaking there."

"I was quite as intimately connected with the quarter, but I never traversed the Rue Grand' Panama," Barbey excitedly put in.

"I fancied that I knew every stone in dear Montmartre," old Crépin murmured plaintively. "But the names of Grand Bert—I should say Paul Bert, and Paul Panama—that is Grand' Panama, awake no chord of memory."

Rebillon finished his absinthe with a gulp.

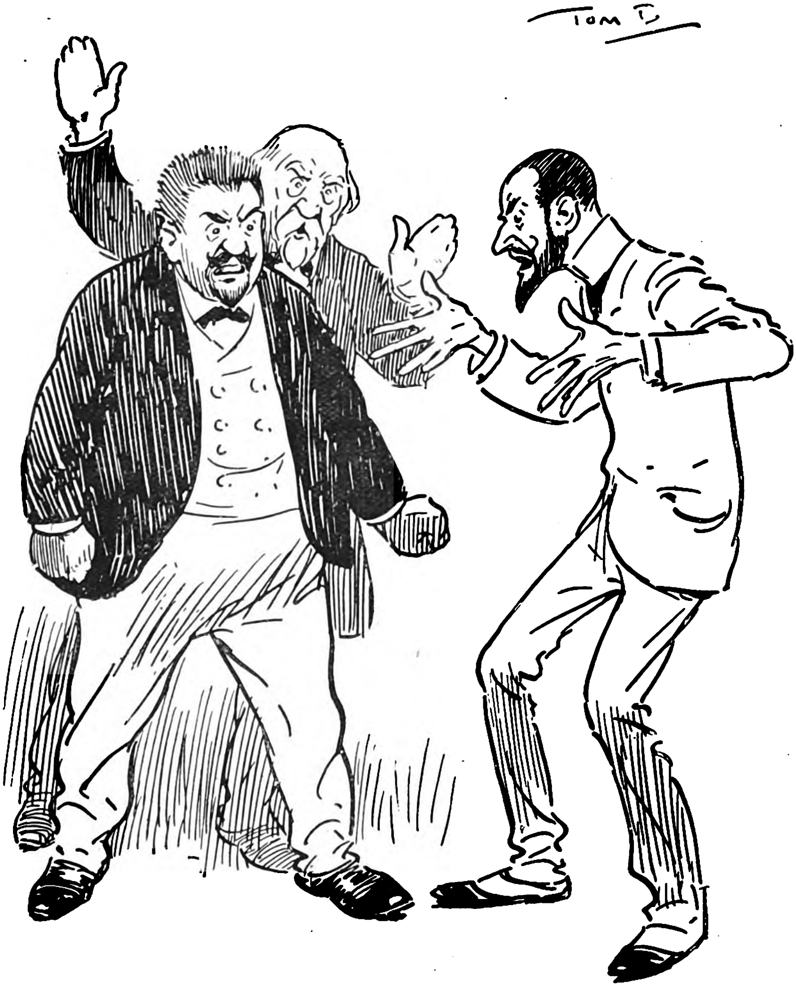
"I don't believe there's such a street as the Rue Maréchal Canrobert," he snapped.

"Oh, *monsieur*," exclaimed Crépin reproachfully.

"Or such a street as the Rue Paul Bert either."

Barbey half rose from his seat. "And I," he cried, "believe that you were never in Montmartre in your life. Rue Grand' Panama, forsooth! The name is an invention."

"*Monsieur*, you're an old fool!"



"*Monsieur*, you're an old fool!"

"And you, *monsieur*, are a young liar."

"Imbecile!"

"Fabricator!"

"Oh, *messieurs! messieurs!*" called out old Crépin, rushing between his companions, who were glaring fire and fury at each other. "Do not quarrel on the eve of returning to our native land. Be calm, I implore you. Yonder is the Doctor. Let us lay the matter before him; he will decide among us."

The ship's physician had in fact approached their table, attracted by the noisy dispute.

"I'm agreeable," said Barbey, "let us leave it to the Doctor.

Young Rebillon shrugged his shoulders, and sat down.

"*M. le médecin*," said Crépin, when the party had resumed its former tranquility, "you are requested to settle a debated point, and thereby allay ill-feeling. You are, by your accent, a Parisian?"

"I am from Montmartre," replied the physician.

"How lucky! You are our very man. Our argument was on these lines: M. Rebillon here claims that his *fiancée* lives in the Rue Grand' Panama, Montmartre. Neither M. Barbey nor myself have ever heard of such a thoroughfare. M. Barbey alleges that he was married in the Rue Paul Bert, Montmartre; but M. Rebillon and I agree in stating that there is no street of that name. And, lastly, while I am quite positive that I founded and administered a *café* at Numero 15, Rue Maréchal Canrobert, Montmartre, these two gentlemen boldly aver such is not the case, there being no Rue Maréchal Canrobert at all."

The medical man smiled broadly.

"My dear neighbours," he said, "you are all wrong. None of the streets you mention exist in Montmartre."

The trio leaped up in wild excitement, but with a wave of his arm the doctor quelled their wrath. "One moment," he cried, "give me time to explain. Although these streets do not now exist, they once had a place on the map. Modern Paris loves nothing better than to change its street-names. There is to-day in Montmartre a prosperous thoroughfare known as the Rue de l'Armée. It was so named only one month ago, just before we sailed for New York. But thirty years ago, under the Second Empire, this street had a different appellation. It was then the famous Rue Maréchal Canrobert."

"Famous indeed!" old Crépin remarked proudly.

"But after the Empire gave way to the Republic, the street was re-named the Rue Paul Bert."

"*Sacré!*" spluttered Barbey, while Crépin threw up his hands in astonishment.

"So it continued," went on the Doctor, "until the financial excitement of a few years ago, when the name was again altered. This time it was called the Rue Grand' Panama."

A simultaneous shout from the three men—then blank silence.

"So much for your dispute, *messieurs*," concluded the physician. "In Paris we are fond of change, and the present Rue de l'Armée, known at former intervals as the Rue Grand' Panama, the Rue Paul Bert, and the Rue Maréchal Canrobert, is a striking example of this trait. You see I speak *ex cathedrâ*, as it were; and indeed, by a lucky chance, I have in my possession something which bears directly upon the subject. My hobby, when ashore, is photography; and this I preserve as my most successful effort."

He took from his pocket-book a photograph, and laid it with evident pride upon the nearest table. It was a Parisian street view, showing in the foreground a *café* of prosperous aspect, upon the window of which, in bold lettering, were the words:—"No. 15 . . . . BOUSIGNOT; CI-DEVANT TICQUET." Before the door stood three figures—those of an elderly dame, of a buxom woman in middle age, and of a pretty, coquettish girl. One glance at the face of the last was sufficient for young Rebillon.

"Clairette!" he cried. "Behold my little Clairette! Doctor, I must have a copy of this photograph.

The two older men gazed long and earnestly at the features of the little group; but they gazed in silence.

None of the three spoke until the Doctor had gone. Then Barbey looked awkwardly at young Rebillon, and asked in nervous tones: "Since your Mademoiselle Clairette resides with her mother at Numero 15, will you kindly tell me the elder lady's name?"

"She is called the Widow Bousignot."

Old Crépin laid a fat hand on the young man's arm.

"And the grandmother of your Clairette?" he demanded. "What is her name?"

"Oh, *la grand'mère* is the Widow Ticquet."

"You said that the loss of her teeth had made a difference in the old lady's conversational powers, I believe?"

"Why, yes. She hardly talks at all."

"And Madame Bousignot? I think you observed," whispered Barbey, "that she had modified her religious views?"

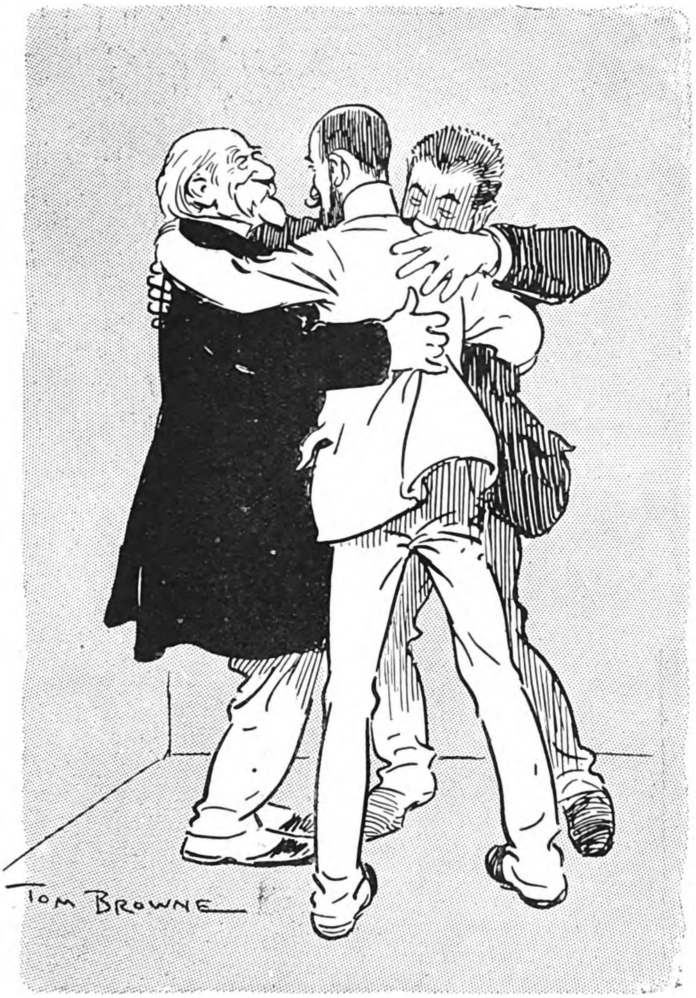
"That is so," replied young Rebillon. "She only goes to church once a week, and you hardly ever see a priest in the house."

Barbey looked eloquently at Crépin; Crépin, at Barbey. Then, actuated by a common impulse, they rose. Crépin kissed the astonished Rebillon solemnly on the cheek; Barbey, with equal solemnity, saluted him on the forehead. After which, they cordially embraced each other.

"Name of a dog!" cried Rebillon. "Are you both crazy?"

"My son!" exclaimed Barbey.

"My son's son!" murmured Crépin.



After which they cordially embraced each other.

"Can you not see how the land lies?" Barbey continued. "The so-called Widows Ticquet and Bousignot are not widows at all. In me you behold the runaway but repentant Bousignot—father of your Clairette."

"And I am Ticquet," laughed the old fellow with the imperial—"your Clairette's grandfather. It was I who founded the celebrated *café* at Numero 15, Rue Maréchal Canrobert."

"—Afterwards Rue Paul Bert," interjected Barbey, *alias* Bousignot.

"—And afterwards Rue Grand' Panama," roared young Rebillon, who being a rather stupid fellow, had only just seen through the tangle. "Oh, *la-la!* What a joke, to be sure. How Clairette will stare. And *la maman!* And *la grand'mère!* — But" — (with sudden gravity) — "do you propose to resume business at the *café*, Numero 15, *messieurs?*"

The two older men smiled.

"Never fear, my boy," cried Barbey-Bousignot. "I am pretty well off; and, so far from intruding on you at the *café*, it is my intention to build a villa at Suresnes. If your mother-in-law keeps her religion within bounds, she will be welcome to live there."

"I am thinking of a country estate," remarked Crépin-Ticquet; "and your Clairette's grandmother will make an admirable *châtelaine* now that she has lost her teeth."

Young Rebillon heaved a sigh of relief. "We shall have Numero 15 all to ourselves then—Clairette and I," he said. "Of course, I shall deeply regret losing *la maman* and *la grand'mère*; but—"

The pause was expressive. Again Barbey-Bousignot winked at Crépin-Ticquet; and again Crèpin-Ticquet sneezed over his snuff.

"Listen!" the former exclaimed, "we must drink to Numero 15. Another *petit verre, garçon.*"

"And a bottle of *Grâve*," added Crépin-Ticquet.

Young Rebillon handed his empty glass to the steward, and went through the motion of dripping absinthe.

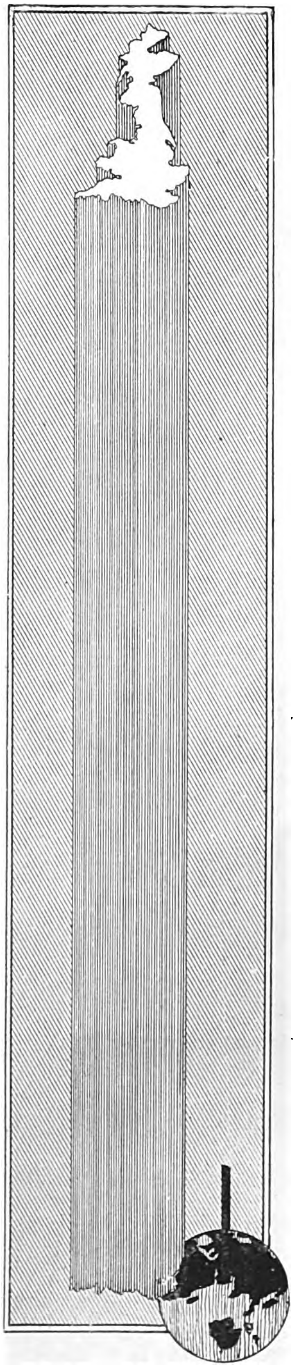
Each one toasted the street in Montmartre by the name he knew best. The white wine was elevated in honour of the Rue Maréchal Canrobert; the cognac, of the Rue Paul Bert; the absinthe, of the Rue Grand' Panama.

But all three glasses clinked approvingly together, as the travellers chorussed:

"Numero 15!"

A Mountain of Gold at Large

By Harold Macfarlane.



To hold the entire waters of the oceans would require a vessel of the area of Great Britain, 3649 miles high. The height of this column in proportion to the earth will be seen by the smaller diagram above.

Lest the hopes of the reader, suddenly raised by the prospect of attaching to himself a few barrowfulls of the precious metal, should on further consideration of this article be dashed to the ground, we hasten to explain that the mountain in question is very much at large, being, indeed, distributed all over the world from Pole to Pole; it is, in fact, at the present moment in a state of solution, and that it will very likely for a considerable time to come evade the gold seeker's cradle the reader can readily believe when we point out that it is and has been for the last four thousand odd years "rocked in the cradle of the deep."

Britannia is, we are told, the ruler of the waves, but we are very much afraid her real dominion over them is merely that of suzerainty, for at present they undoubtedly get considerably more gold from the Outlanders (in every sense) who embark upon them than she does from her turbulent subjects. But if, in the course of time, a method of coercion is discovered that will profitably extract the precious metal undoubtedly contained in our ocean gold-fields, the waves will on an average yield one grain of gold for every ton of salt water, or, to put it in another way, each 123 tons of water will disgorge gold equal in weight to one sovereign.

Without doubt the most desirable method of extraction would be to collect the oceans of the world, which contain some 322,000,000 cubic miles of water, into a huge receptacle and cause them by some chemical or electrical action to yield up the gold they contain as they run out. In our first diagram we show the appearance of such a vessel, having exactly the same area as Great Britain—that is to say, 88,226 square miles and being 608 miles in its greatest length. If this receptacle had no bottom and were placed over Great Britain, it would exactly follow the configuration of the coast line of England, Wales, and Scotland, and would, if it were 3649 miles high (or almost exactly six times its greatest length), about hold all the oceans of this sphere without spilling a drop. At the foot of the diagram we show the appearance of the world as seen, say, through a powerful telescope from Mars; the height of the vessel in question, which would cause the Martian *savant* considerable uneasiness, being represented by the black column drawn to exactly the same scale as the diameter of the sphere.

Three hundred and twenty-two million cubic miles of water, the reader will readily believe, do not weigh exactly a featherweight. Those scientific gentlemen who have theoretically weighed it on their letter scales, tell us that it tips the beam within a few ounces of 1,332,000,000,000,000,000 tons, which makes a fine

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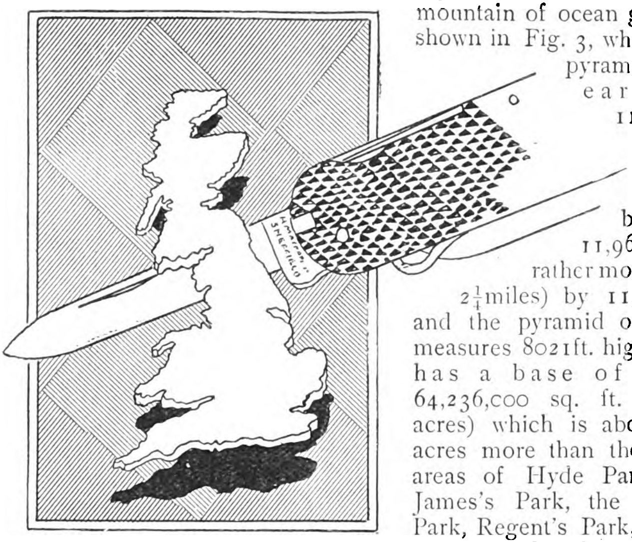
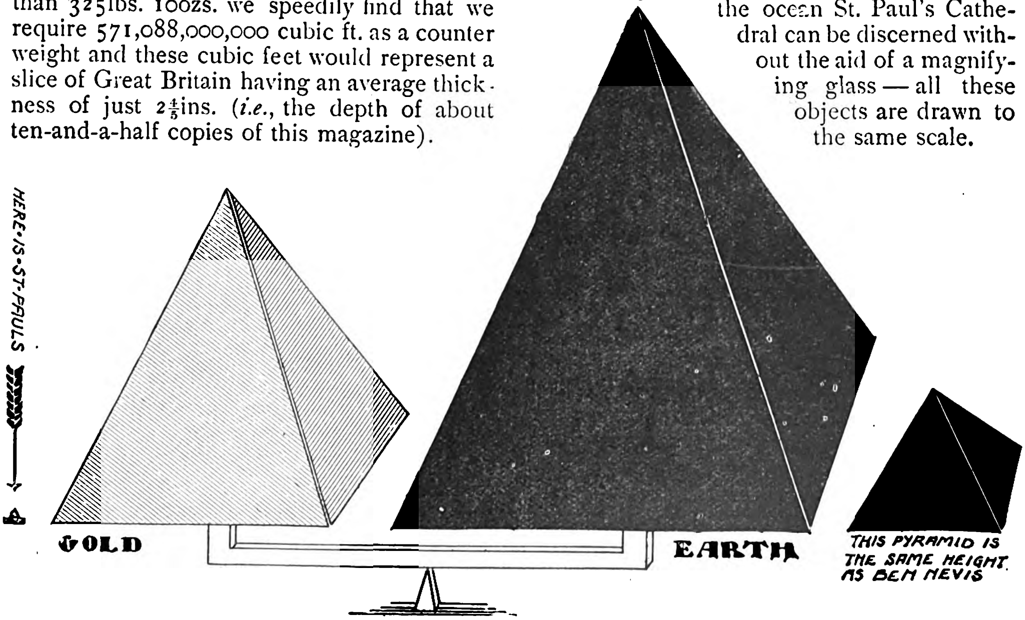
show as a figure landscape but does not convey very much to the ordinary householder, who is more accustomed to contemplating one ton at a time, and that in his coal cellar. We however have only to deal with the single grain of gold contained in each of the afore-mentioned tons. Consequently when we extract our precious metal by dividing the afore-mentioned huge bulk by 15,680,000 (the number of grains in a ton avoirdupois) we get as our modest but golden quotient — 84,949,000,000 tons.

The question that next arises is—how are we to weigh our gold in order to prove that the oceans have yielded up their aggregate grains? A suggestion as to how the difficulty *might* be solved is made in our second diagram where we see a Gargantuan pen-knife slicing off the upper crust of Great Britain for the purpose of placing the same in one scale to counterbalance our grains of gold which are weighing down the other. As a cubic foot of this sphere weighs a trifle less than 325lbs. 10ozs. we speedily find that we require 571,088,000,000 cubic ft. as a counter weight and these cubic feet would represent a slice of Great Britain having an average thickness of just 2⅝ins. (*i.e.*, the depth of about ten-and-a-half copies of this magazine).



The gold in solution in the sea weighs 84,949,000,000 tons, equal to the weight of a slice of Great Britain 2⅝in. deep.

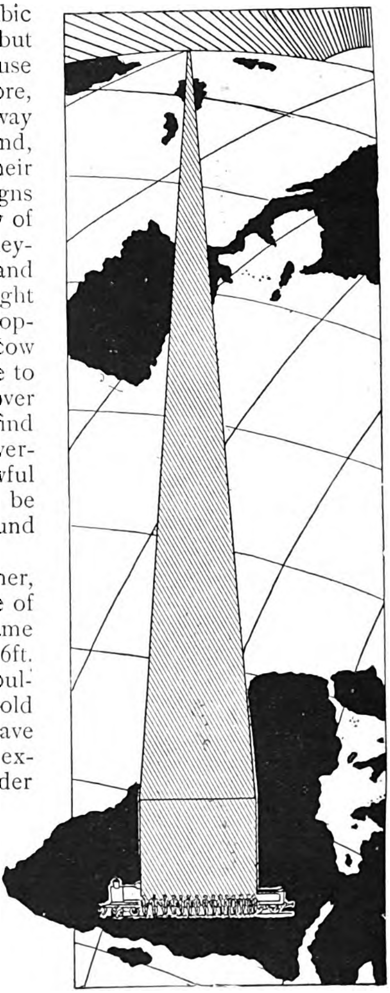
Having scraped the Earth together it would be perhaps just as well to arrange it neatly in the shape of a pyramid ere we dump it on the scale. Its appearance, when so arranged together, with that of the mountain of ocean gold is shown in Fig. 3, where the pyramid of earth is 11,966ft. high and has a base of 11,966ft. (or rather more than 2¼ miles) by 11,966ft., and the pyramid of gold measures 8021ft. high, and has a base of over 64,236,000 sq. ft. (1474 acres) which is about 37 acres more than the total areas of Hyde Park, St. James's Park, the Green Park, Regent's Park, Kensington Gardens, and Greenwich Park. For the purpose of comparison we show to the right of the earth mountain a pyramid over 4000ft. high, *i.e.*, the height of Ben Nevis, our largest mountain, whilst to the left of the gold taken from the ocean St. Paul's Cathedral can be discerned without the aid of a magnifying glass — all these objects are drawn to the same scale.



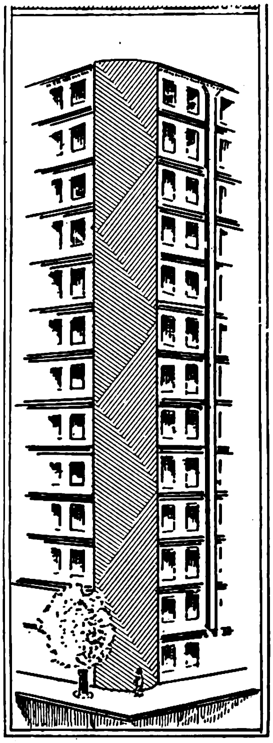
A pyramid made of the gold from the sea would be very much smaller than a pyramid made of the slice of England 2⅝in. deep. The former pyramid would be 8021ft. high, the latter 11,966ft.

Over one hundred and seventy-two thousand million cubic feet of gold is undoubtedly a very desirable possession, but left promiscuously about in one's back garden might cause the covetous acute moral indigestion; we must, therefore, ere we are indicted for harbouring a nuisance, stow it away somewhere—but where? If we were to cover England, Scotland, and Wales with it, some people who found their bulbs and seeds hidden by a layer of gold fourteen sovereigns in thickness, or woke up one morning to find a canopy of gold of the same average thickness resting on their chimney-pots might grumble at the liberty taken with their homes and castles. The man blessed with three acres and a cow might with justice complain that although his land had a top-dressing of gold worth £344,100,000 upon it, his cow objected to browse on that metal, and what, I should like to know, would our farmers say—gentlemen who are not over and above famous for their good temper—when they find their fields yellow, not with ripe corn, but with a heavy covering of pure gold? What, then, can be done with this awful incubus? The only way out of the difficulty appears to be to hurry it down south and absent-mindedly wrap it round the Equator when no one is looking.

In another diagram, we have, in the most obliging manner, cut off a section of the golden belt, and for the purpose of comparison drawn to the same scale fifteen gentlemen each 6ft. high and 28in. across the shoulders, who are supporting the gold by leaning against it. We have also allowed a North-Eastern express, which is with its tender about 60ft. long, to tunnel through it; the golden belt is, in fact, 36ft. wide by 36ft. high by 24,900 miles long.



If the gold from the sea were wrapped round the earth at the Equator it would form a band 36ft. wide by 36ft. high, and 24,900 miles long. A further explanation of this diagram will be found in the article.



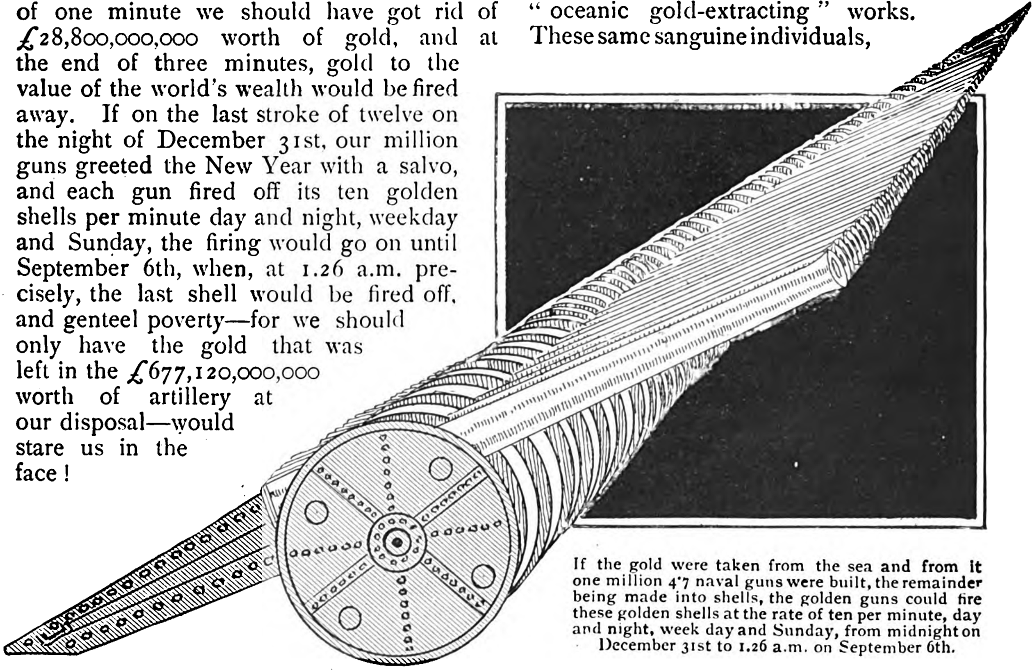
The interest at three per cent. on the ocean gold for three minutes fourteen seconds is equal to a column of gold fifteen feet in diameter and as high as a thirteen storey house.

As the Equator might most reasonably object to having a belt thrust about it, it would perhaps be advisable to have an alternative scheme to fall back upon. To endow every man, woman and child in the United Kingdom with £267,000,000 each, or every soul in the world with £7,220,000 might dislocate the Bank Rate, or cause some other disaster such as engendering a spirit of extravagance. We might indeed invest it in the Three Per Cents., but, as we see from Figure 4, the interest at the end of the first three minutes, fourteen seconds, would mount up to a sum which, if taken in pure gold, would be represented by a column of that metal 153ft. high and 15ft. in diameter, which is in point of fact equivalent to every grain of gold produced during the last 400 years throughout the world; as the sum in question (£2,000,000,000, of which £1,000,000,000 has been discovered during the last forty years, and £500,000,000 in the last fifteen) only represents one-five million four hundred and fifteen-thousandth part of the value of the ocean gold there might be some difficulty at the close of the year to pay over the accrued interest.

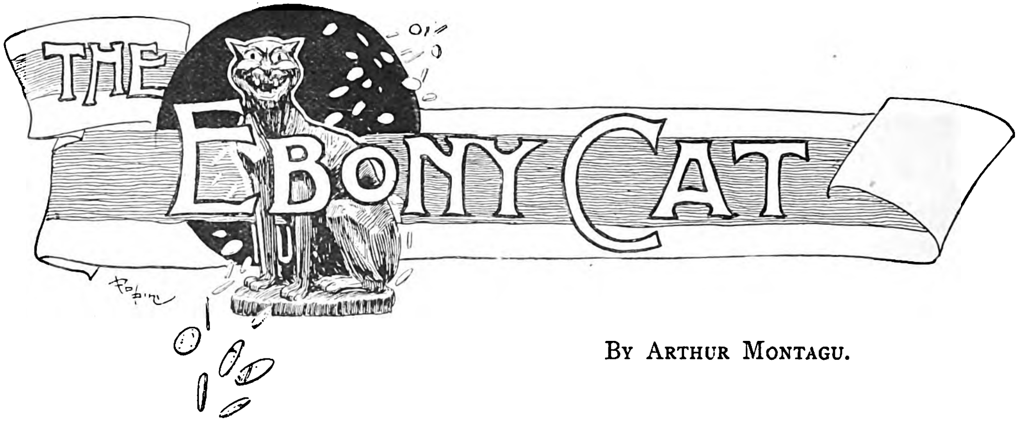
The ocean gold appears so awkward to dispose of that we are tempted to play "ducks and drakes" with it on a large scale; and the thought occurred to us that as the 4·7 naval guns were "worth their weight in gold" at Ladysmith recently, it would be a well-deserved compliment if we used them for our purpose. The 4·7 gun (we depict a few thousands of them in our diagram below) measures 16ft. 2in. long, and as it weighs 41cwt. must contain about 9⅕ cubic feet of steel; if we replaced these 9⅕ cubic feet of steel by a similar quantity of gold, it could be done for the trivial sum of £677,120, and if we used gold shells weighing 45lbs. in place of the ordinary shell of the same weight, each of the projectiles would cost £2880. Having built one million 4·7 guns at a cost of £677,120,000,000, our ocean gold heap instead of being worth £10,380,000,000,000,000 would now be valued at only £10,329,322,880,000,000—a sum upon which some people could still manage to pass as rich. As each gun could fire ten shots a minute, each shot costing £2880, at the close of one minute we should have got rid of £28,800,000,000 worth of gold, and at the end of three minutes, gold to the value of the world's wealth would be fired away. If on the last stroke of twelve on the night of December 31st, our million guns greeted the New Year with a salvo, and each gun fired off its ten golden shells per minute day and night, weekday and Sunday, the firing would go on until September 6th, when, at 1.26 a.m. precisely, the last shell would be fired off, and genteel poverty—for we should only have the gold that was left in the £677,120,000,000 worth of artillery at our disposal—would stare us in the face!

And now from this bewildering array of figures and stupendous dreams of wealth, let us descend a moment to the prosaic world of fact and possibility. The "Mountain of Gold" is, indeed, no figment of the brain; it is a gorgeous reality, and patiently awaits the man who has the leisure, the capability, and, above all, the *gold*, requisite for pocketing it and putting it away as his treasure trove. Will that man ever arise? To prophesy before the event is a dangerous thing, but, in strict confidence, I very much doubt if he will. For as things are at present situated, he would have to be a phenomenon, such as this modest little planet, with all the good will in the world, would find it a hard job to produce. A Vanderbilt a hundred times over *plus* an Edison of a thousand times Edison's intellect, *plus* a Job at least as patient as that much-afflicted individual—such would have to be the man who shall attempt to draw unto himself the gold of the ocean and profit thereby.

And yet not long ago the idea of extracting gold from the sea seized on the popular imagination, and many people were taken with great ideas. Things were said in the newspapers, some lectures even were held on the subject, and I believe that a few sanguine individuals went so far as to take a trip to the South Coast and look around for a convenient piece of shore whereon to build some "oceanic gold-extracting" works. These same sanguine individuals, however, found it necessary before floating the company to go into figures, when the extraordinary discovery was made that it would cost about ten pounds to extract a single pound from the sea. So the idea collapsed. But some day or other, when machinery has progressed to an extent which only Mr. H. G. Wells of all living men can foresee, the idea may become feasible.



If the gold were taken from the sea and from it one million 4·7 naval guns were built, the remainder being made into shells, the golden guns could fire these golden shells at the rate of ten per minute, day and night, week day and Sunday, from midnight on December 31st to 1.26 a.m. on September 6th.



THE EBONY CAT

By Arthur Montagu.

I.

When Dick Bagnigge announced his intention of leading Emily Ann Jorgins to the hymeneal altar, the town of Flitchwick considered it a knockdown blow.

Such a development to the family feud had not been contemplated even by the most romantic and scatter-brained. For the Jorginses and the Bagnigges were as the Montagus and Capulets, at variance deadly and uncompromising.

What the cause of quarrel amongst those furnishers of poetical romance was, chroniclers do not relate. Perhaps as history repeats itself, Mrs. Capulet could have enlightened us. But certain it is, whether those ancient squabbles fell out from over-affection or not, that of the elder generation of the Bagnigges was born of a love episode—the hungering of prosaic Uncle Ben Bagnigge for Emily Ann Jorgins's mother.

True, it happened many years ago, when both were young, but memory was none the less bitter.

Had not the false fair one, on that never-to-be-mentioned occasion, kept the said gentleman waiting a full hour in the church porch, attired in his best kerseymere, while she came not—a fact which had made him foreswear her frailty and sex for ever after.

" 'Twas his own fault," she retorted hotly when reproached with her perfidy. "I told him I never wanted him. An' he would come pestering."

Be this as it may, Uncle Ben never married, and Susan Stanridge did—which act the Bagnigges never could forgive—and had a fine daughter. Hence it was that the senior Bagnigges now sat in solemn conclave.

"There now, look at him!" his mother exclaimed, surveying the family reprobate in undisguised shame and anger.

A long, low kitchen room hung with implements of craft; at the table by the fire with the ruddy glow gleaming on the rubicund features and white whiskers, which wreathed up to the pink crown of his weatherbeaten head, sat an old man imbibing steaming grog. It was Uncle Ben, the hero of the past romance.

"Don't mention it—nor him either to me!" he grumbled, his glowing face flushing more crimson. "Don't mention it!" and he turned to the fire and his grog in extreme disgust.

"Don't mention it?" the widow screamed. "Look at him."

"Well!" said the old man, slowly turning round, "I don't see he looks no bigger fool than usual, do he?"

"There's no need to 'mention it'; it's in the neighbours' mouths enough already. A son of mine, a Bagnigge, to be seen walkin' with a Jorgins, and in face of the whole world, too."

The uncle puffed vigorously at the black-bowled pipe. "Don't mention it to me!" he repeated; then, feeling a monotony of diction apparent in his utterance, he plied the steaming glass of fluid several times till refreshed, while his face turned hotter and hotter and his cheeks puffed till they threatened to explode and scatter his whiskers in awful anger.

"Well," he said, as at last an idea struck him: "Well!"—turning himself round in his easy chair—"and what has he to say for himself?"

"What has he to say for himself? I haven't done saying things for him yet," vociferated the mother angrily. "Aren't no other girls good enough for him, but what he must go walking with her. Her own mother's as stuck up with pride as a blown-out grampus, an' now glad to take the washing o' folks she's looked down on. Haven't I

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been a good mother to him, ain't I trained him as a child not to walk on the same side of the street as the Jorginses. Now hasn't he his father's own boat come Christmas, haven't the whole family done well by him? An' now to be turning round on 'em an' trapesing off every night with that stick of a girl; and for why, I should like to know?"

"For the very reason you dinned it into my ears how worthless they all was. Till I discovered the prettiest girl in the village was under her bonnet," said Dick, finding tongue at last, "and now you can say as you likes and do as you likes, I'm going to——"

"What?" cried the old woman, now paler than her son.

"Bed!" he concluded, "but in six weeks time I shall marry Emily Ann Jorgins, and till then you can say what you like."

"You! you marry her?" shrieked his mother desperately. "You?"

"A Bagnigge—that have been Bagnigges here since there was fishing in the Hawl—marry a Jorgins?" thundered the uncle, forgetting he once had contemplated a like mishap.

The young man calmly nodded assent.

"Then," cried the widow vehemently, "you're no son of mine!"

"It's disrespect to your aged parent, sir," grunted the old sea-dog (taking another pull at the toddy), "to your bereaved relatives."

"It's a slur on your uncle, bearing in mind the way the hussy's mother treated him," chorussed the trainer of his youth.

"Oh!" said the satellite of Bacchus. "Don't let him consider me. But she'll bring you to ruin, sir," he reiterated, wagging his forefinger solemnly before him. "Yes, to ruin."

"Then," retorted Dick, "I shall be ruined in pleasant company."

"We want no slurs on present company," snapped Uncle Ben, growing irate. "It's no pleasant sight to see a young man going to ruin as a thief to destruction"—floundering into metaphor.

"An' you'll be a cast-off from your family and a prodigal son; I see you going fast to ruin, young man, as fast as if you had the bad luck of the Bagnigges."

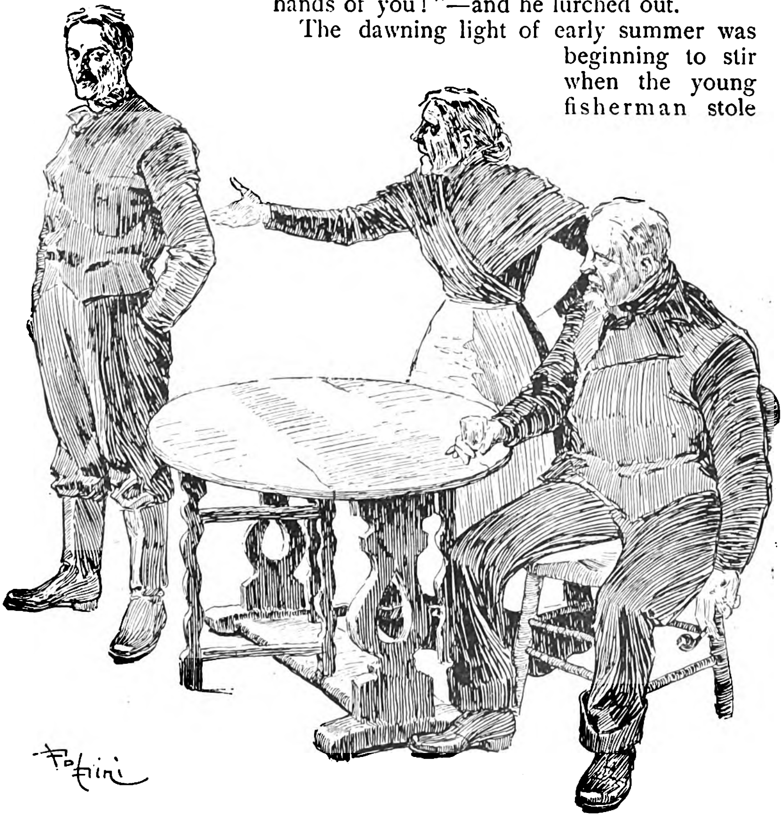
What the bad luck of the Bagnigges was, though by no means clear, will appear later.

The young man muttered something about "If things were like that, they could begin to cast off. And that if Emily Ann Jorgins wasn't good enough for them, he wasn't neither; and he supposed he could go to bed."

The old man rose unsteadily from the fireside and looked round. The whisky bottle stood empty. He moved with dignity to the door.

"This," he said, "is an insult too deep to be borne. Marry the daughter of the woman that refused your uncle! I wash my hands of you!"—and he lurched out.

The dawning light of early summer was beginning to stir when the young fisherman stole



"Aren't no other girls good enough for him, but what he must go walking with her."

quietly upstairs. But an angry woman still sat below, hurling heated anathemas of bitter invective at her supplanter in her son's affections, who, peacefully ignorant of the indignant diatribe, had been asleep some hours.

II.

Dick had the matter his way, in spite of high words or pleading remonstrances. Soon a new house was bespoken further from the town down by the beach, where also the boat was being repainted and smartened with new gilding and a new flag, while Dick's mother heard, with a snort of indignation, of the change of name from *Maria Jane*—her own—to *Emily Ann*. She and her cronies watched these proceedings with scornful eyes, and prophesied all manner of evil to come.

Carpenters, slaters, and plasterers busied around; chips flew, planes whirled, and the work of furbishing went on in earnest. His relatives stood watching in little groups with scornful faces the preparations for the incoming of the bride as Dick with a cartload of furniture drove proudly up, and some of the female cousins eyed with feelings akin to envy the brightly-painted green chest of drawers, destined, together with a real brass bedstead and a mahogany clock, amongst other treasures, to delight her eyes. Uncle Ben joined the onlookers, and smiled contemptuously on the preparations, but Dick held aloof from the crowd of inquisitors and sightseers, and, regardless alike of contempt and pity, worked away with a will.

At length the momentous day arrived, and amidst hurry and bustle, clamour and tinkle, well-wishing neighbours, cries of children, showers of rice and favours, a blushing bridegroom escorted home a happy, self-possessed bride.

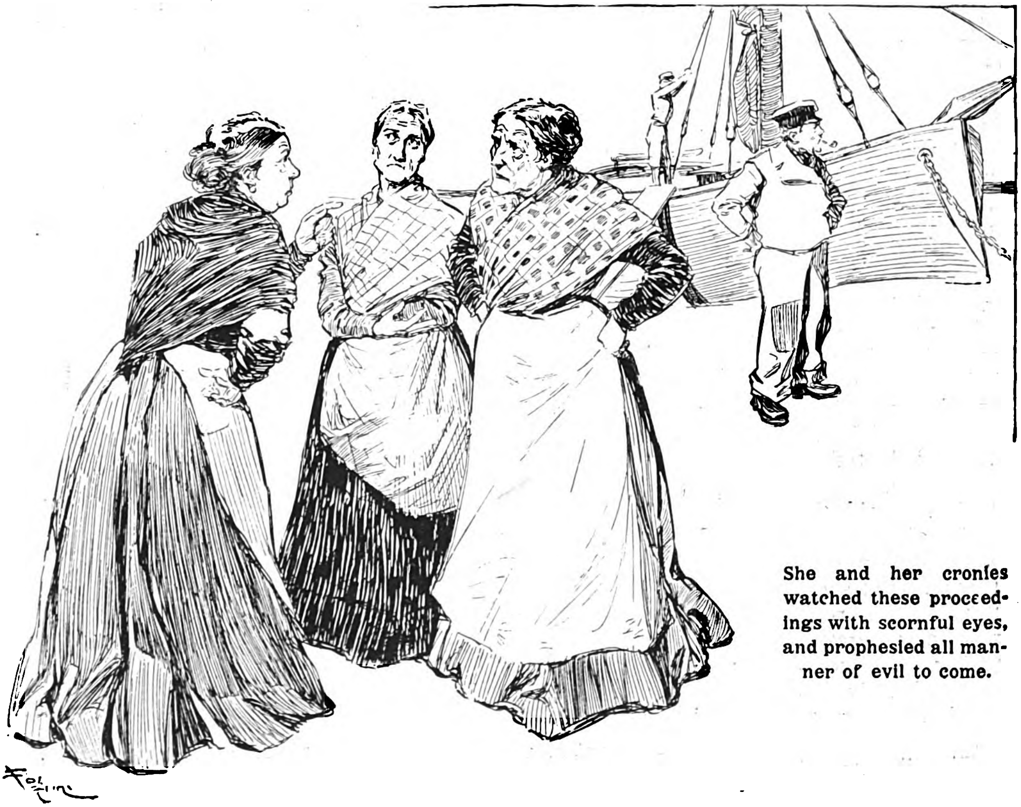
Inside the door an unexpected visitor awaited them. It was Uncle Ben.

The young couple greeted him with dubious looks.

"Well!" said Dick shortly. The bride looked embarrassed, as though intuitively scenting trouble.

"Come yo' in peace?" said the mother-in-law grimly.

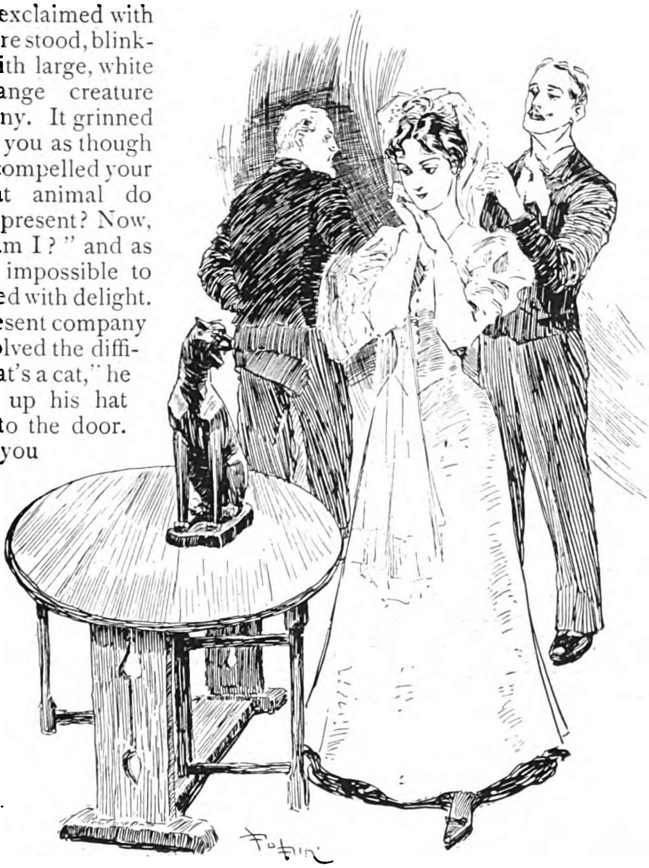
"I come in peace," said Uncle Ben piously; "an' I've brought you a wedding present," he added blandly, pointing to the table.



She and her cronies watched these proceedings with scornful eyes, and prophesied all manner of evil to come.

The bride exclaimed with delight. There stood, blinking glassily with large, white eyes, a strange creature carved in ebony. It grinned and glared at you as though asking, as it compelled your gaze, "What animal do you think I represent? Now, come, what am I?" and as you found it impossible to answer grinned with delight.

For the present company Uncle Ben solved the difficulty. "That's a cat," he said picking up his hat and edging to the door. "I thought you might like to have it. It's a historic animal. You'll find out all about it in the note," he added furtively, pointing to a much screwed and thumb-marked missive.



There stood, blinking glassily with large, white eyes, a strange creature carved in ebony.

Before they could turn to thank him, he had gone with a peculiar chuckle. Dick opened the note, perfectly puzzled. It ran thus:

"Dear nefew—and also neese,
On yore marridge
The akumpanying may interst yew, it waz brut over 2 England buy yore grate grate grandfather woo stol it frum a porė ethun an bad luk follod im it az bin kep shut up fore fiftye yeers fore bad az allays happnd wenevr it waz let owt.
it iz kalld the bad luk ov the bagnigges an az yew seem deturmind 2 go 2 the bad yore one way it seems an apropur8t prezent an iz ownli rite yew shuld av it."

Then came an outburst of poetry,

"As on Emily ann Jorgins yewr clene strany like smitten
Yew may as wel av this doggond kitten"
its kitten to rime but it should be kat.
Yore affecshun8 unkil
Ben.
may povrty cum 2 yew."

Dick's brow grew black and foreboding.

Emily Ann burst into tears. "Oh, it's cruel!" she moaned.

"I thought the kindly-spoken old man meant mischief,'' smirked the mother-in-law.

Dick thought a moment.

"It's nonsense. Cheer up, lass!" he said. "They've only done it to hurt us. 'The Bad Luck of the Bagnigges' are you? Well, you're not good featured nor nice looking, somehow, but I an' my lass aren't afraid of you, an' we'll stick you up there," and he placed the figure on the mantelpiece. "I love my lass an' she loves me; we aren't afraid of either you, nor them," he said threateningly, "an' we means to prosper an' be happy in spite o' you." And he kissed the girl tenderly, who smiled through her fast vanishing tears.

But the black cat only grinned.

III.

Some months went by, all smiles and happiness. Nothing unusual occurred; no sign of the ill-luck associated with the ill-reputed cat, save an occasional joint would burn, or, perhaps, undercook, all in the way of matrimonial experiment. By and bye a rosy-cheeked, chubby, crowing baby joined the fireside circle, to delight the sturdy Dick on his return from toil, and gladdening the tasks of the mother, bringing a new and crowning beauty into her face, and sunlight into the eyes, and a soft tenderness into the voice of the proud young father.

"The Bad Luck of the Bagnigges!" and a fat, gurgling baby there, wriggling and kicking to the plaudits of his enraptured worshippers. And as the father caught sight of the Cat and glanced back at the baby he laughed for sheer merriment, and wheeled out to work whistling cheerily.

And the baby laughed back at the Cat, and the Cat even laughed at the baby, and at the absurdity of everything, which was always what the cat was doing—laugh, laugh, laugh—a silly, inane grin, that you scarcely knew whether to take as a friendly greeting or a threat; and whichever way you did take it the result was the same to the cat and to you, unless you lost your temper, which was absurd over a senseless piece of carved wood.

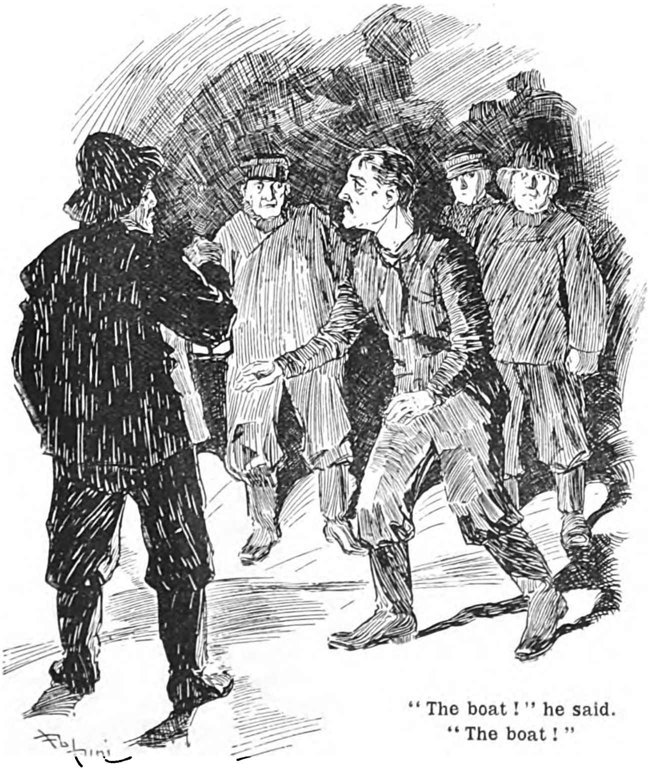
The setting up of the cat over the mantelpiece had been a nine days' wonder to Flitchwick. The few aged enough to remember the stories of its traditional past upheld their hands in horror as they told to many eager listeners how Captain Bagnigge, the Buccaneer, was said to wander round the Abbey Church in search of his head—some said his head, others said his wife, though if rumour is to be credited, it was a good day for him when he lost the latter, and for the world at large when a French cannon-ball carried off the former. Yet to the living memory of all sexagenarians, did not Dick's father lose all his nets twice running the one time he had taken it from its hiding-place in the cupboard, from whence its malicious influence seemed of no effect, and his grandfather was drowned at sea while it was smiling on the rest of the family from the midst of the Christmas decorations, for which purpose it had been specially brought out. No wonder the thing was deemed accursed!

Since then Uncle Ben, as senior member of the family, and as one used to foreign parts, had taken charge of it. Dick had forgotten its existence, as he did now, save as a reminder of his many happinesses born from such doubtful promise, and as nothing happened, the neighbours, too, ceased to regard it otherwise than as an ornament (a marvellous excess of charity!) and a striking example of the blindness of the heathen in far off lands for which purpose it was often loaned by request to the local missionary society's meetings; whence it returned bright and beaming as ever—having been the benevolent means of the collection of many pennies for their necessitous funds.

So things went on, the family curse actually turned to a blessing and a religious boon—to strictly Presbyterians only—till one summer when Dick's sea harvest failed him.

Not a breath of wind—an ideal fishing sea—a ripple as of a shoal; Dick would put out and sail till nightfall without a herring. Then he would put out with the fleet; they would return loaded, while not a scale would cross his nets. Out alone with the same results. Now he always went alone, for his mates had come to regard him as a second Jonah, who spoiled the catch or stirred up a squall; always and always accursed.

Still he toiled on, early and late, just as cheerily, singing and whistling as though nothing was the matter. Came the rough weather, while the other boats were safely beached and housed, he roved the seas on the chance of stray catches with which to yet make the year's rent.

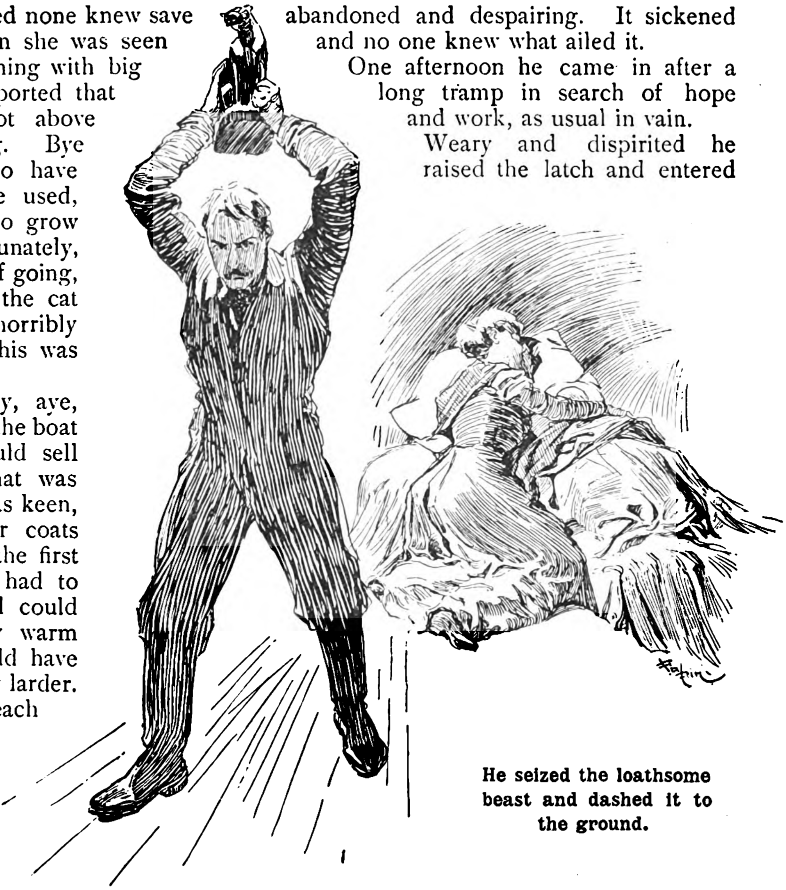


"The boat!" he said. "The boat!"

How the months passed none knew save the hopeful pair. Soon she was seen going to and fro at evening with big bundles, and it was reported that Emily Jorgins was not above taking in plain sewing. Bye and bye she seemed to have more washing than she used, and they both seemed to grow chary of visitors, who, fortunately, were now equally chary of going, while it was rumoured the cat had assumed a most horribly ferocious glare. But this was libel.

Still they were happy, aye, and defiant. They had the boat—at the worst they could sell that—and the child—that was priceless. The wind was keen, they only buttoned their coats tighter; they were not the first young couple who had had to pinch, and if the world could only have known how warm their hearts were it would have envied them their scanty larder.

Going down to the beach one morning on the chance of picking up something to do, Dick ran up against Uncle Ben. They had not met since the gift-bringing, over a year agone.



He seized the loathsome beast and dashed it to the ground.

"Morning," said Uncle Ben benevolently. "Fine morning! Things going well?"

"Going immense," replied Dick blithely.

"So I heard," murmured Uncle Ben sweetly. "Did 'IT' bring you luck?"

"Yes, thanks," laughed Dick, thinking of the kid.

"I thought it would," said the old man, and with that parting shot he hobbled off.

So the days wore on; the boat—it was winter time—lay useless on the quay, and he strolled up and down feeling pretty well as useless.

Not another penny to be earned with fishing till the next season, long ahead.

He saw his wife's face getting pale and thin, and she watched the bronze fade from his cheeks; they told each other bravely they did not mind, yet he would see the tears start in her eyes and she catch the cruel lines hardening round his mouth. The little one, too, caught the expression from their eyes, that hunted, not wanted look of the abandoned and despairing. It sickened and no one knew what ailed it.

One afternoon he came in after a long tramp in search of hope and work, as usual in vain.

Weary and dispirited he raised the latch and entered the cottage. The child was worse—its old enemy, the croup—and the distracted mother aidless. Across the moorland he strode, through snow and sleet, then down the town he ranged like one possessed, from place to place in search of the only medical attendant Flitchwick possessed.

He tracked him down at last—at last, and how long it seemed! Yes, he would go at once, but he shook his head when he heard how long the child had lain and feared it was little good.

The horse's head was turned and faced the driving sleet on that venturesome journey on which the little life depended. A broken man watched the gig-lamps flash away through the darkness, and with a cry that was a prayer, buried his face in his hands, then hurried the other way.

He woke from a daze to find himself at the quay; the wind was rising, but the snow had cleared. His own boat lay by the side. He wrestled, maddened, with the frozen tackle, got into her and cast off with her head to the wind, to sail any way, anywhere, only away.

The wind whistled piercing and cutting, the waters tumbled and roared; he neither felt nor heard; but drove the icebound tiller crackling round as they fled over the foaming, seething water. The storm increased. Suddenly he became sensible that the way to realise on a boat is not to drive her bottomwards first to Davy Jones. He tried to turn, and fought with the wind for the mastery, but the gale proved triumphant, and the little boat flew on before the fury of the storm. Now they were pitching from side to side—and now making for the shore.

Somewhere near he could see lights. He found a dry match and lit a flare, and then for dear life—that life he had regarded as nought but a moment before—he bent to the helm with one last effort, held it a moment, and drove staggering in. The next it was jerked aside, spun back, and he, flung into the surf and tossed to willing hands upon the beach.

"The boat!" he said. "The boat!"

"Ashore!" cried several voices.

Yes, there she was safely beached, but scarcely saleable. With a hole in her side it would take many pounds to repair. The men would have seen him to his door. He thanked them all, laughed weariedly, and then strode home.

The outer room was dark. Within he heard sobbing. Then, completely exhausted, fell senseless on the floor.

IV.

The winter sun was shining when he awoke, falling in a pale beam on the door opposite. He shook and trembled as he remembered the inner room, then with an effort and a faint shiver grasped the handle, and turned the door inward.

The child lay there white and still, a cross of wintry sunlight feebly playing from door to window across the bed. At the foot, a woman half knelt, half lay, her face resting on the clothes; the woman who had been sobbing the night before — his wife.

All, then, was over. He "thanked God all, then, was over." He turned, and his gaze fell on the Cat.

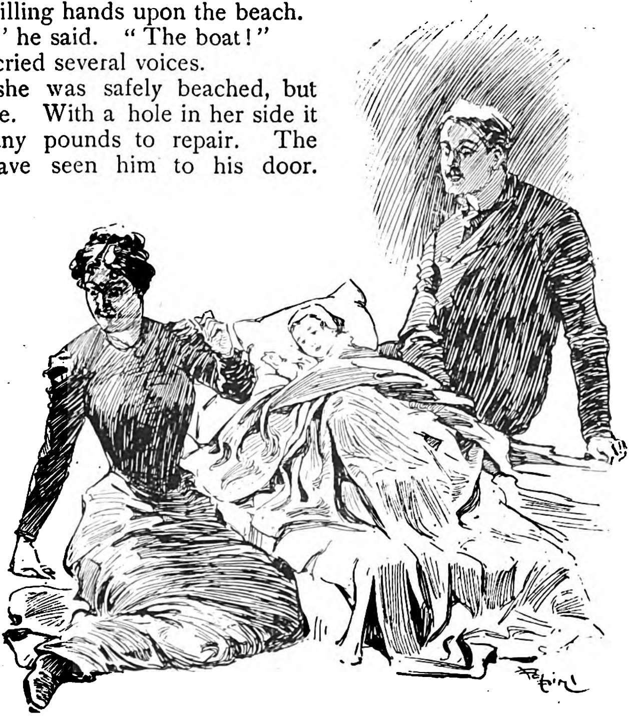
It still sat smiling, looking at the fair waves of the child's hair pillowed on his little white breast, and glinting golden in the sunlight.

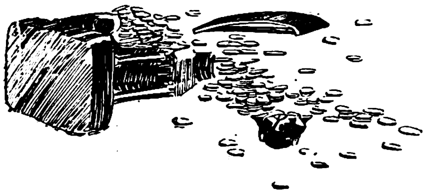
With a groan and a cry he reached his hand across the mantel, seized the loathsome beast, and dashed it to the ground; then sank down by the couch head, sobbing big tears.

The crash awakened the mother—and the child. Through the mist of his scalding tears he seemed to see it smile and stretch its hand towards a yellow stream that flooded the carpet.

"The child is saved," said the mother joyously. But what had happened to the Cat?

There it lay upon the ground in three pieces, and a shining stream of Portuguese moidores pouring out from its hollow bowl. The Black Cat always was peculiar, but the child was well, and so it had some reason for smiling after all.





There it lay upon the ground in three pieces, and a shining stream of Portuguese moidores pouring out of its hollow bowl.

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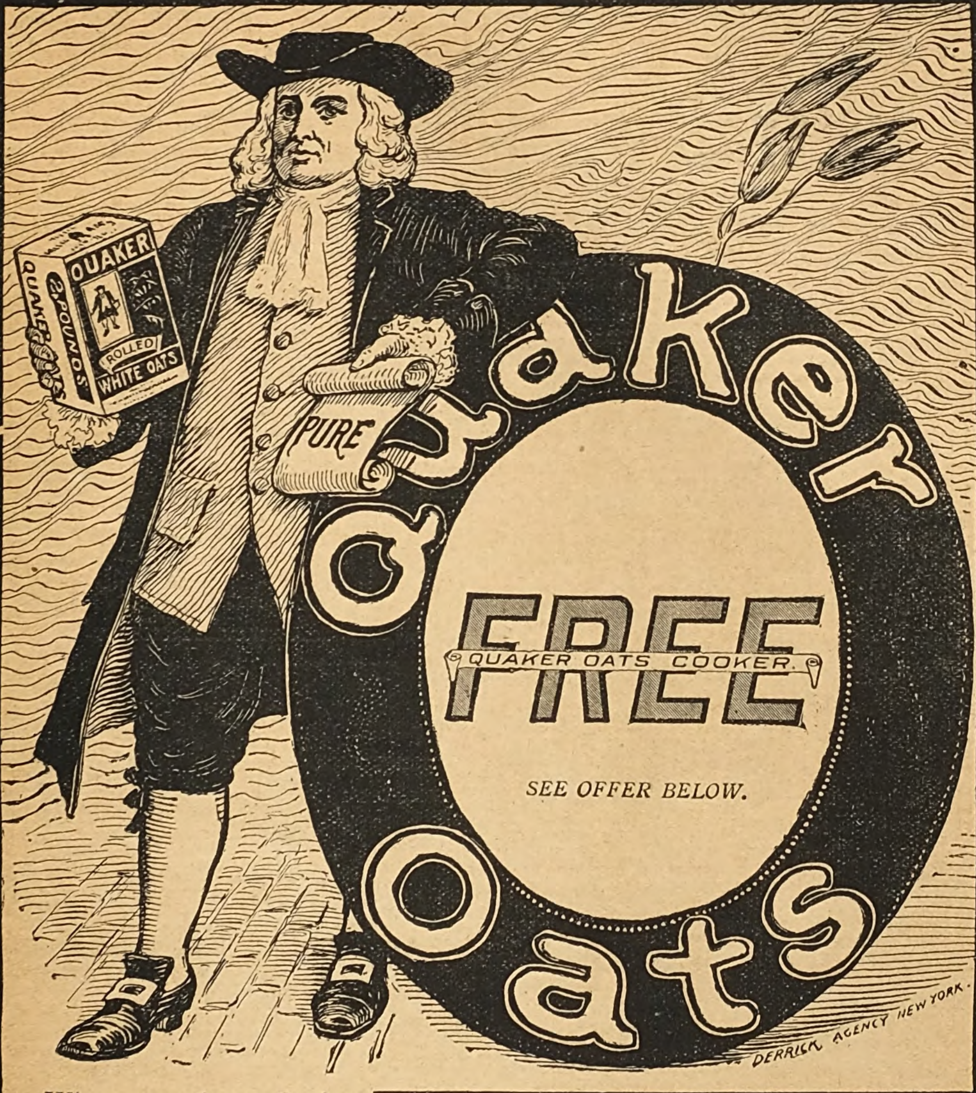
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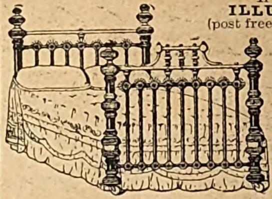

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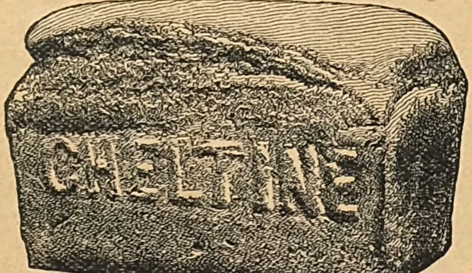

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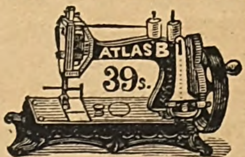

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